

LIFE OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

THE LIFE
OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

BY
JOSEPH S. C. ABBOTT

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

J. S. C. ABBOTT.

PREFACE.

THE history of Napoleon has often been written by his enemies. This narrative is from the pen of one who reveres and loves the Emperor. The writer admires Napoleon because he abhorred war, and did everything in his power to avert that dire calamity; because he merited the sovereignty to which the suffrages of a grateful nation elevated him; because he consecrated the most extraordinary energies ever conferred upon a mortal to promote the prosperity of his country; because he was regardless of luxury, and cheerfully endured all toil and all hardships that he might elevate and bless the masses of mankind; because he had a high sense of honour, revered religion, respected the rights of conscience, and nobly advocated equality of privileges and the universal brotherhood of man. Such was the true character of Napoleon Bonaparte. The narrative contained in these pages is offered as a demonstration of the truth of this assertion.

The world has been bewildered by the contradictory views which have been presented of Napoleon. Hostile historians have stigmatized him as a usurper, while admitting that the suffrages of the nation placed him on the throne; they have denounced him a tyrant inexorable as Nero, while admitting that he won the adoring love of his subjects; he is called a bloodthirsty monster, delighting in war, yet it is confessed that he was, in almost every conflict, struggling in self-defence and imploring peace; it is said that his insatiable ambition led him to trample remorselessly upon the rights of other nations, while it is confessed that Europe was astonished by his moderation and generosity in every treaty which he made with his vanquished foes; he is described as a human butcher, reckless of suffering, who regarded his soldiers merely as food for powder, and yet, on the same page, we are told that he wept over the carnage of the battle-field, tenderly

pressed the hand of the dying, and won from those soldiers who laid down their lives in his service a fervour of love which earth has never seen paralleled; it is recorded that France at last became weary of him and drove him from the throne, and in the next paragraph we are informed that, as soon as the bayonets of the Allies had disappeared from France, the whole nation rose to call him back from his exile, with unanimity so unprecedented, that without the shedding one drop of blood he traversed the whole of France, entered Paris, and reascended the throne; it is affirmed that a second time France, weary of his despotism, expelled him, and yet it is at the same time recorded that this same France demanded of his executioners his beloved remains, received them with national enthusiasm, consigned them to a tomb in the very bosom of its capital, and has reared over them such a mausoleum as honours the grave of no other mortal. Such is Napoleon as described by his enemies.

The judgment which the reader will form of the Emperor will depend upon the answer he gives to the three following questions:—

1. Did Napoleon *usurp* the sovereignty of France?

2. Having attained the supreme power, was he a tyrant, devoting that power to the promotion of his own selfish aggrandizement?

3. Were the wars in which he was incessantly engaged provoked by his arrogance?

These are the questions to be settled; and documentary evidence is so strong upon these points, that even the blindest prejudice must struggle with desperation to resist the truth. The reason is obvious why the character of Napoleon should have been maligned. He was regarded justly as the foe of *aristocratic privilege*. The English oligarchy was determined to crush him. After deluging Europe in blood and woe, during nearly a quarter of a century, for the *establishment of this end*, it became ne

to prove to the world, and especially to the British people, who were tottering beneath the burden of taxes which these wars engendered, that Napoleon was a tyrant, threatening the liberties of the world, and that he deserved to be crushed.

All the Allies who were accomplices in this iniquitous crusade were alike interested in consigning to the world's execration the name of their victim; and even in France, the reinstated Bourbons, sustained upon the throne by the bayonets of the Allies, silenced every voice which would speak in favour of the monarch of the people, and rewarded with smiles, and opulence, and honour, all who would pour contempt upon his name. Thus we have the unprecedented spectacle of all the monarchies of Europe most deeply interested in calumniating one single man, and that man deprived of a possibility of reply. The writer surely does not expect that he can thus speak in behalf of the Emperor and not draw upon himself the most vehement assaults. Claiming the privilege of expressing his own views freely, he cheerfully grants that privilege to others. It is even pleasant to share the reproach of one who is unjustly assailed.

It would, indeed, be a bitter disappointment to the author of this work should it not prove to be a powerful advocate of the cause of peace. It is impossible to frame a more impressive argument against the folly of war than the details of the crimes and woes of these awful wars waged by the Allies against the independence of France. All who engaged in them alike suffered. Multitudes which cannot be numbered perished in every form of mutilation and agony upon the field of battle. From millions of homes a wail of anguish was extorted from the hearts of widows and orphans louder than the thunders of Marengo or of Waterloo. All Europe was impoverished. Brutal armies swept, like demons of destruction, over meadows and hill sides, crampling the harvest of the husbandman, burning villages, bombarding cities, and throwing shot and shells into thronged streets, into galleries of art, and into nurseries where mothers, and maidens and infants cowered in an agony of terror.

War is the science of destruction. Millions were absolutely beggared. Every nation was, in turn, humiliated and weakened. England, the soul of this conflict, the unrelenting inciter of these wars, protected by her navy and by her insular position, succeeded, by the aid of enormous bribes, in inducing other nations to attack France in the rear, and thus to draw the armies of the Emperor from the shores of Britain. Thus the hour of her punishment was postponed. But the day of retribution is at hand. England now groans beneath the burden of four thousand million dollars of debt. This weighs upon her children with a crushing pressure, which is daily becoming more insupportable.

The plan of this book is very simple. It is

a plain narrative of what Napoleon did, with the explanations which he gave of his conduct, and with the record of such well-authenticated anecdotes and remarkable sayings as illustrate his character. The writer believes that every incident here recorded, and every remark attributed to Napoleon, are well authenticated. He is not aware of any well-established incident or remark which would cast a different shade upon his character that has been omitted. The historian is peculiarly liable to the charge of plagiarism. He can only record acts and describe scenes which he gleams from public documents and from the descriptions of others; and it is impossible to narrate events already penned by the ablest writers, and to avoid all similarity of expression.

It has been the endeavour of the author, during the progress of the work, not to write one line which, dying, he would wish to blot. In that solemn hour it will be a solace to him to reflect that he has done what he could to rescue one of the greatest and noblest of names from unmerited obloquy.

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Corsica—Charles Bonaparte—Family home—Birth of Napoleon—Death of his father—Napoleon's estimate of maternal influence—Country residence—Napoleon's grotto—His disposition—His mother's dignity—Her character drawn by Napoleon—Anecdotes—Count Marboeuf—Giacometta—Napoleon enters the school at Brienne—Early espousal of Republican principles—Love of severe study—Contempt for novel-reading—Religious education—Snow fortification—The disobedient General—Intimacy of Paoli and Napoleon—The writing-master—Love of retirement—Appointment in the army—Mademoiselle de Colombier—Kindness of a Genoese lady, and its result—A vow of Republican sentiments—Anecdotes—Serious embarrassment—Sorée at M. Necker's—Napoleon's reply to the Bishop of Autun—Its effect—Visit to Corsica—The water excursion.

THE island of Corsica, sublimely picturesque with its wild ravines and rugged mountains, emerges from the bosom of the Mediterranean Sea, about one hundred miles from the coast of France. It was formerly a province of Italy, and was Italian in its language, sympathies, and customs. In the year 1767 it was invaded by a French army, and, after several most sanguine conflicts, the inhabitants were compelled to yield to superior power, and Corsica was annexed to the empire of the Bourbons.

At the time of this invasion there was a young lawyer, of Italian extraction, residing upon the island, whose name was Charles Bonaparte. He was endowed with commanding beauty of person, great vigour of mind, and his remote lineage was illustrious. But the opulence of the noble house had passed away. The descendant of a family, whose line could be traced far back into the twilight of the Dark Ages, was under the fortunate necessity of being dependent for his support upon the energies of his own mind. He had married Letitia Ramolini, one of the most beautiful and accomplished of the young ladies

of Corsica. Of thirteen children born to them, eight survived to attain majority. As a successful lawyer, the father of this large family was able to provide them with an ample competence. His illustrious descent gave him an elevated position in society, and the energies of his mind, ever vigorous in action, invested him with powerful influence.

The family occupied a town-house, an ample stone mansion, in Ajaccio, the principal city of the island. They also enjoyed a very delightful country retreat near the sea-shore, a few miles from their city residence. This rural home was the favourite resort of the children during the heats of summer. When the French invaded Corsica, Charles Bonaparte, then quite a young man, having been married but a few years, abandoned the peaceful profession of the law, and, grasping his sword, united with his countrymen, under the banner of General Paoli, to resist the invaders. His wife, Letitia, had then but one child, Joseph. She was expecting soon to give birth to another. Civil war was desolating the little island. Paoli and his band of patriots, defeated again and again, were retreating before their victorious foes into the fastnesses of the mountains. Letitia followed the fortunes of her husband, and, notwithstanding the embarrassment of her condition, accompanied him on horseback in these perilous and fatiguing expeditions. The conflict, however, was short; Corsica became a province of France, and the Italians, who inhabited the island, became the unwilling subjects of the Bourbon throne. On the 15th of August, 1769, in anticipation of her confinement, Letitia had taken refuge in her town-house at Ajaccio. On the morning of that day she attended church, but, during the service, was obliged suddenly to return home, and, throwing herself upon a couch, covered with an ancient piece of tapestry upon which was embroidered the battles and the heroes of the Iliad, she gave birth to her second son, Napoleon Bonaparte. Had the young Napoleon seen the light two months earlier, he would have been by birth an Italian, not a Frenchman, for but eight weeks had then elapsed since the island had been transferred to the dominion of France.

The father of Napoleon died not many years after the birth of that child, whose subsequent renown has filled the world. He is said to have appreciated the remarkable powers of his son, and in the delirium which preceded his death, he was calling upon Napoleon to help him. Madame Bonaparte, by this event, was left a widow with eight children, Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, Jerome, Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline. Her means were limited, but her mental endowments were commensurate with the weighty responsibilities which devolved upon her. Her children all appreciated the superiority of her character, and yielded, with perfect and unquestioning submission, to her authority.

Napoleon, in particular, ever regarded his mother with the most profound respect and

affection. He repeatedly declared that the family were entirely indebted to her for that physical, intellectual, and moral training which prepared them to ascend the lofty summits of power to which they finally attained. He was so deeply impressed with the sense of these obligations, that he often said, "My opinion is, that the future good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely upon its mother." One of his first acts, on attaining power, was to surround his mother with every luxury which wealth could furnish. And when placed at the head of the government of France, he immediately and energetically established schools for female education, remarking that France needed nothing so much to promote its regeneration as good mothers.

Madame Bonaparte, after the death of her husband, resided with her children in their country house. It was a retired residence, approached by an avenue overarched by lofty trees, and bordered by flowering shrubs. A smooth, sunny lawn, which extended in front of the house, lured these children, so unconscious of the high destinies that awaited them, to their infantine sports. They chased the butterfly; they played in the little pools of water with their naked feet; in childish gambols they rode upon the back of the faithful dog, as happy as if their brows were never to ache beneath the burden of a crown. How mysterious the designs of that inscrutable Providence, which, in the island of Corsica, under the sunny skies of the Mediterranean, was thus rearing a Napoleon, and far away, beneath the burning sun of the tropics, under the shade of the cocoa-groves and orange-trees of the West Indies, was moulding the person and ennobling the affections of a beautiful and lovely Josephine! It was by a guidance which neither of these children sought, that they were conducted from their widely-separated and obscure homes to the metropolis of France. There, by their united energies, which had been fostered in solitary studies and deepest musings, they won for themselves the proudest throne upon which the sun has ever risen—a throne which, in power and splendour, eclipsed all that had been told of Roman, or Persian, or Egyptian greatness.

The dilapidated villa in Corsica, where Napoleon passed his youthful days, still exists, and the thoughtful tourist loses himself in pensive reverie as he wanders over the lawn where those children have played—as he passes through the garden in the rear of the house, which enticed them to toil with their tiny hoes and spades, and as he struggles through the wilderness of shrubbery, now running to wild waste, in the midst of which once could have been heard the merry shouts of these embryo kings and queens. Their voices are now hushed in death. But the records of earth can not show a more eventful drama than that enacted by these young Bonapartes between the cradle and the grave.

There is, in a sequestered and romantic spot upon the ground, an isolated granite rock, of wild and rugged form, in the fissures of which

In consequence of this state of feeling, he secluded himself almost entirely from his fellow-students, and buried himself in the midst of his books and his maps. While they were wasting their time in dissipation and in frivolous amusements, he consecrated his days and his nights with untiring assiduity to study. He almost immediately elevated himself above his companions, and, by his superiority, commanded their respect. Soon he was regarded as the brightest ornament of the institution, and Napoleon exulted in his conscious strength and his undisputed exaltation. In all mathematical studies he became highly distinguished. All books upon history, upon government, upon the practical sciences, he devoured with the utmost avidity. The poetry of Homer and of Ossian he read and re-read with great delight. His mind combined the poetical and the practical in most harmonious blending. In a letter written to his mother at this time, he says, "With my sword by my side, and Homer in my pocket, I hope to carve my way through the world." Many of his companions regarded him as morose and moody, and though they could not but respect him, they still disliked his reclusive habits and his refusal to participate in their amusements. He was seldom seen upon the playground, but every leisure hour found him in the library. The "Lives of Plutarch" he studied so thoroughly, and with such profound admiration, that his whole soul became imbued with the spirit of these illustrious men. All the thrilling scenes of Grecian and Roman story, the rise and fall of empires, and deeds of heroic daring, absorbed his contemplation. So great was his ardour for intellectual improvement, that he considered every day as lost in which he had not made perceptible progress in knowledge. By this rigid mental discipline he acquired that wonderful power of concentration by which he was ever enabled to simplify subjects the most difficult and complicated.

He made no efforts to conciliate the good-will of his fellow-students; and he was so stern in his morals, and so unceremonious in his manners, that he was familiarly called the Spartan. At this time he was distinguished by his Italian complexion, a piercing eagle eye, and by that energy of conversational expression which, through life, gave such an oracular import to all his utterances. His unrelenting application to study probably impaired his growth, for his fine head was developed disproportionately with his small stature. Though stubborn and self-willed in his intercourse with his equals, he was a firm friend of strict discipline, and gave his support to established authority. This trait of character, added to his diligence and brilliant attainment, made him a great favourite with the professors. There was, however, one exception. Napoleon took no interest in the study of the German language. The German teacher, consequently, entertained a very contemptible opinion of the talents of his pupil. It chanced that upon one occasion Napoleon was absent

from the class. M. Bouer, upon inquiring ascertained that he was employed that hour in the class of engineers. "Oh! he does learn something then," said the teacher, ironically. "Why, sir!" a pupil rejoined, "he is esteemed the very first mathematician in the school." "Truly," the irritated German replied, "I have always heard it remarked, and have uniformly believed, that any fool could learn mathematics." Napoleon, afterwards relating this anecdote, laughingly said, "It would be curious to ascertain whether M. Bouer lived long enough to learn my real character, and enjoy the fruits of his own judgment."

Each student at Brienne had a small portion of land allotted to him, which he might cultivate or not, as he pleased. Napoleon converted his little field into a garden. To prevent intrusion, he surrounded it with palisades, and planted it thickly with trees. In the centre of this his fortified camp, he constructed a pleasant bower, which became to him a substitute for the beloved grotto he had left in Corsica. To this retirement he was wont to repair to study and to meditate, where he was exposed to no annoyances from his frivolous fellow-students. In those trumpet-toned proclamations which subsequently so often electrified Europe, one can see the influence of these hours of unrelenting mental application.

At that time he had few thoughts of any glory but military glory. Young men were taught that the only path to renown was to be found through fields of blood. All the peaceful arts of life which tend to ameliorate and adorn the world were despised. He only was the chivalric gentleman whose career was marked by conflagrations and smouldering ruins, by the despair of the maiden, the tears and woes of widows and orphans, and by the shrieks of the wounded and the dying. Such was the school in which Napoleon was trained. The writings of Voltaire and Rousseau had taught France that the religion of Jesus Christ was but a fable; that the idea of accountability at the bar of God was foolish superstition; that death was a sleep from which there was no waking; that life itself, aimless and objectless, was so worthless a thing, that it was a matter of most trivial importance how soon its vapour should pass away.

These peculiarities in the education of Napoleon must be taken into account in forming a correct estimate of his character. It could hardly be said that he was educated in a Christian land. France renounced Christianity, and plunged into the blackest of Pagan darkness, without any religion, and without a God. Though the altars of religion were not, at this time, entirely swept away, they were thoroughly undermined by that torrent of infidelity which, in crested billows, was surging over the land. Napoleon had but little regard for the lives of others, and still less for his own. He never commanded the meanest soldier to go where he was not willing to lead him. Having never been taught any correct ideas of probation or retribution, the question whether a few thousand illiterate

ants should eat, drink, and sleep for a few years more or less, was in his view of little importance compared with those great measures of political wisdom which should advance the condition of Europe for ages.

It is Christianity alone which stamps importance upon each individual life, and which invests the apparent trivialities of time with the sublimities of eternity. It is, indeed, strange that Napoleon, graduating at the schools of infidelity and of war, should have cherished so much of the spirit of humanity, and should have formed so many just conceptions of right and wrong. It is, indeed, strange that, surrounded by so many allurements to entice him to voluptuous indulgence and self-abandonment, he should have retained a character so immeasurably superior in all moral worth, to that of nearly all the crowned heads who occupied the thrones around him.

The winter of 1784 was one of unusual severity. Large quantities of snow fell, which so completely blocked up the walks that the students at Brienne could find but little amusement without doors. Napoleon proposed that, to beguile the weary hours, they should erect an extensive fortification of snow, with intrenchments and bastions, parapets, ravelins, and horn-works. He had studied the science of fortification with the utmost diligence, and, under his superintendence, the works were conceived and executed according to the strictest rules of art. The power of his mind now displayed itself. No one thought of questioning the authority of Napoleon. He planned and directed, while a hundred busy hands, with unquestioning alacrity, obeyed his will. The works rapidly rose, and in such perfection of science as to attract crowds of the inhabitants of Brienne to inspect them. Napoleon divided the school into two armies, one being intrusted with the defence of the works, while the other composed the host of the besiegers. He took upon himself the command of both bodies, now heading the besiegers in the desperate assault, and now animating the besieged to an equally vigorous defence. For several weeks this mimic warfare continued, during which time many severe wounds were received on each side. In the heat of the battle, when the bullets of snow were flying thick and fast, one of the subordinate officers, venturing to disobey the commands of his general, Napoleon felled him to the earth, inflicting a wound which left a scar for life.

In justice to Napoleon, it must be related, that when he had attained the highest pitch of grandeur, this unfortunate schoolboy, who had thus experienced the rigour of Napoleon's military discipline, sought to obtain an audience with the Emperor. Calamities had darkened the path of the unfortunate man, and he was in poverty and obscurity. Napoleon, not immediately recalling his name to mind, inquired if the applicant could designate some incident of boyhood which would bring him to his recollection.

"Sir," replied the courtier, "he has a deep scar upon his forehead, which he says was inflicted by your hand."

"Ah!" rejoined Napoleon, smiling. "I know the meaning of that scar perfectly well. It was caused by an ice bullet which I hurled at his head. Bid him enter."

The poor man made his appearance, and immediately obtained from Napoleon everything that he requested.

At one time the students at Brienne got up a private theatre for their entertainment. The wife of the porter of the school, who sold the boys cakes and apples, presented herself at the door of the theatre to obtain admission to see the play of the "Death of Caesar," which was to be performed that evening. Napoleon's sense of decorum was shocked at the idea of the presence of a female among such a host of young men, and he indignantly exclaimed, in characteristic language, "Remove that woman, who brings here the license of camps."

Napoleon remained in the school at Brienne for five years, from 1779 till 1784. His vacations were usually spent in Corsica. He was enthusiastically attached to his native island, and enjoyed exceedingly rambling over its mountains and through its valleys, and listening at humble firesides to those traditions of violence and crime with which every peasant was familiar. He was a great admirer of Paoli, the friend of his father and the hero of Corsica. At Brienne the students were invited to dine, by turns, with the principal of the school. One day, when Napoleon was at the table, one of the professors, knowing his young pupil's admiration for Paoli, spoke disrespectfully of the distinguished general, that he might tease the sensitive lad. Napoleon promptly and energetically replied, "Paoli, sir, was a great man; he loved his country; and I never shall forgive my father for consenting to the union of Corsica with France. He ought to have followed Paoli's fortunes, and to have fallen with him."

Paoli, who, upon the conquest of Corsica, had fled to England, was afterwards permitted to return to his native island. Napoleon, though in years but a boy, was in mind a full-grown man. He sought the acquaintance of Paoli, and they became intimate friends. The veteran general and the manly boy took many excursions together over the island, and Paoli pointed out to his intensely-interested companion the fields where sanguinary battles had been fought, and the positions which the little army of Corsicans had occupied in the struggle for independence. The energy and decision of character displayed by Napoleon produced such an impression upon the mind of this illustrious man, that he at once exclaimed, "Oh, Napoleon! you do not at all resemble the moderns. You belong only to the heroes of Plutarch."

Pichegru, who afterwards became so celebrated as the conqueror of Holland, and who came to so melancholy a death, was a member of the school at Brienne at the same time with Napo-

leon. Being several years older than the young Corsican, he instructed him in mathematics. The commanding talents and firm character of his pupil deeply impressed the mind of Pichegru. Many years after, when Napoleon was rising rapidly to power, the Bourbons proposed to Pichegru, who had espoused the Royalist cause, to sound Napoleon, and ascertain if he could be purchased to advocate their claims.

"It will be but lost time to attempt it," said Pichegru; "I knew him in his youth. His character is inflexible. He has taken his side, and he will not change it."

His character for honour and integrity ever stood very high. At Brienne he was a great favourite with the younger boys, whose rights he defended against the invasions of the older. The indignation which Napoleon felt at this time, in view of the arrogance of the young nobility, produced an impression upon his character, the traces of which never passed away. When his alliance with the royal house of Austria was proposed, the Emperor Francis, whom Napoleon very irreverently called an "old granny," was extremely anxious to prove the illustrious descent of his prospective son-in-law.

He accordingly employed many persons to make researches among the records of genealogy, to trace out the grandeur of his ancestral line. Napoleon refused to have the account published, remarking, "I had rather be the descendant of an honest man than of any petty tyrant of Italy. I wish my nobility to commence with myself, and to derive all my titles from the French people. I am the Rodolph of Hapsburg of my family. My patent of nobility dates from the battle of Montenotte."¹

Upon the occasion of this marriage, the Pope, in order to render the pedigree of Napoleon more illustrious, proposed the canonization of a poor monk, by the name of Bonaparte, who for centuries had been quietly reposing in his grave. "Holy Father!" exclaimed Napoleon, "I beseech you, spare me the ridicule of that step. You being in my power, all the world will say that I forced you to create a saint out of my family." To some remonstrances which were made against this marriage, Napoleon coolly replied, "I certainly should not enter into this alliance if I were not aware of the origin of Maria Louisa being equally as noble as my own."

Still Napoleon was by no means regardless of that mysterious influence which illustrious descent invariably exerts over the human mind. Through his life one can trace the struggle of those conflicting sentiments. The marshals of France, and the distinguished generals who surrounded his throne, were raised from the rank of a file of the army by their own merit; but he divorced his faithful Josephine, and married a

daughter of the Cæsars, that by an illustrious alliance he might avail himself of this universal and innate prejudice. No power of reasoning can induce one to look with the same interest upon the child of Cæsar and the child of the

Near the close of Napoleon's career, while Europe in arms was crowding upon him, the Emperor found himself in desperate and hopeless conflict on that very plain at Brienne where in childhood he had reared his fortification of snow. He sought an interview with the old woman whom he had ejected from the theatre, and from whom he had often purchased milk and fruit.

"Do you remember a boy by the name of Bonaparte," inquired Napoleon, "who formerly attended this school?"

"Yes, very well," was the answer.

"Did he always pay you for what he bought?"

"Yes" replied the old woman, "and he often compelled the other boys to pay when they wished to offend me."

"Perhaps you may have forgotten a few sons," said Napoleon, "and here is a purse of gold to discharge any outstanding debt which may remain between us."

At this same time he pointed out to his companion a tree, under which, with unbounded delight, he read, when a boy, "Jerusalem Delivered," and where, in the warm summer evenings, with indescribable luxury of emotion, he listened to the tolling of the bells on the distant village-church spires. To such impressions his sensibilities were peculiarly alive. The monarch then turned away sadly from these reminiscences of childhood, to plunge, seeking death, into the smoke and the carnage of his last and despairing conflicts.

It was a noble trait in the character of Napoleon that, in his day of power, he so generously remembered even the casual acquaintances of his early years. He ever wrote an exceedingly illegible hand, as his impetuous and restless spirit was such that he could not drive his pen with sufficient rapidity over his paper. The poor writing-master at Brienne was in utter despair, and could do nothing with his pupil. Years after, Napoleon was sitting one day with Josephine, in his cabinet at St. Cloud, when a poor man, with a threadbare coat, was ushered into his presence. Trembling before his former pupil, he announced himself as the writing-master of Brienne, and solicited a pension from the Emperor. Napoleon affected anger, and said—"Yes, you were my writing-master, were you? and a pretty chirographist you made of me too. Ask Josephine, there, what she thinks of my handwriting!" The Empress, with that amiable tact which made her the most lovely of women, smilingly replied—

"I assure you, sir, his letters are perfectly delightful." The Emperor laughed cordially at the well-timed compliment, and made the old man comfortable for the rest of his days.

¹ Rodolph of Hapsburg was a gentleman who, by his own energies, had elevated himself to the imperial throne of Germany, and became the founder of the house of Hapsburg. He was the ancestor to whom the Austrian kings looked back with the loftiest pride.

In the days of his prosperity, amid all the cares of empire, Napoleon remembered the poor Corsican woman who was the nurse of his infancy, and settled upon her a pension of a thousand francs a-year. Though far advanced in life, the good woman was determined to see her little nursling, in the glory of whose exaltation her heart so abundantly shared. With this object in view she made a journey to Paris. The Emperor received her most kindly, and transported the happy woman home again with her pension doubled.

In one of Napoleon's composition exercises at Brienne, he gave rather free utterance to his republican sentiments, and condemned the conduct of the royal family. The professor of rhetoric rebuked the young republican severely for the offensive passage, and, to add to the severity of the rebuke, compelled him to throw the paper into the fire. Long afterwards, the professor was commanded to attend a levee of the First Consul, to receive Napoleon's younger brother Jerome as a pupil. Napoleon received him with great kindness, but, at the close of the business, very good-humouredly reminded him that times were very considerably changed since the burning of that paper.

He had just entered his fifteenth year when he was promoted to the military school at Paris. Annually, three of the best scholars from each of the twelve provincial military schools of France were promoted to the military school at Paris. This promotion, at the earliest possible period in which his age would allow his admission, shows the high rank, as a scholar, which Napoleon had attained. The records of the Minister of War contain the following interesting entry.

"State of the king's scholars eligible to enter into service, or to pass to the school at Paris: Monsieur de Bonaparte (Napoleon), born 15th of August, 1769; in height five feet six and a half inches; has finished his fourth season; of a good constitution, health excellent, character mild, honest, and grateful; conduct exemplary; has always distinguished himself by application to mathematics; understands history and geography tolerably well, is indifferently skilled in merely ornamental studies, and in Latin, in which he has only finished his fourth course; would make an excellent sailor; deserves to be passed to the school at Paris."

The military school at Paris, which Napoleon now entered, was furnished with all the appliances of aristocratic luxury. It had been founded for the scions of the nobility, who had been accustomed to every indulgence. Each of the three hundred young men assembled in this school had a servant to groom his horse, to polish his weapons, to brush his boots, and to perform all other necessary menial services. The cadet reposed on a luxurious bed, and was fed with sumptuous viands. There are few lads of fifteen who would not have been delighted with the dignity, the ease, and the independence of the style of living.

Napoleon, however, immediately saw that this was by no means the training requisite to prepare officers for the toils and hardships of war. He addressed an energetic memorial to the governor, urging the banishment of this effeminacy and voluptuousness from the military school. He argued that the students should learn to groom their own horses, to clean their armour, and to perform all those services and to inure themselves to those privations which would prepare them for the exposure and the toils of actual service.

No incident in the childhood or in the life of Napoleon shows more decisively than this his energetic, self-reliant, commanding character. The wisdom, the firmitude, and the foresight, not only of mature years, but of the mature years of the most powerful intellect, were here exhibited. The military school which he afterwards established at Fontainebleau, and which obtained such world-wide celebrity, was founded upon the model of this youthful memorial. And one distinguishing cause of the extraordinary popularity which Napoleon afterwards secured was to be found in the fact that, through life, he called upon no one to encounter peril or to endure hardships which he was not perfectly ready himself to undergo.

At Paris, the elevation of his character, his untiring devotion to duty, his peculiar conversational energy, and the almost boundless information he had acquired, attracted much attention. His solitary and reclusive habits, and his total want of sympathy with most of his fellow-students in their idleness and in their frivolous amusements, rendered him far from popular with the multitude. His great superiority was, however, universally recognised. He pressed on in his studies with as much vehemence as if he had been forewarned of the extraordinary career before him, and that but a few months were left in which to garner up those stores of knowledge with which he was to remodel the institutions of Europe, and almost change the face of the world.

About this time he was at Marseilles on some day of public festivity. A large number of young gentlemen and ladies were amusing themselves with dancing. Napoleon was rallied upon his want of gallantry in declining to participate in the amusements of the evening. He replied, "It is not by playing and dancing that a man is to be formed." Indeed, he never, from childhood, took any pleasure in fashionable dissipation. He had not a very high opinion of men and women in general. He was perfectly willing to provide amusements which he thought adapted to the capacities of the masculine and feminine minions fitting about the court, but his own expanded mind was so engrossed with vast projects of utility and renown, that he found no moments to spare in cards and billiards, and he was at the furthest possible remove from what may be called a lady's man.

On one occasion, a mathematical problem of great difficulty having been proposed to the class, Napoleon, in order to solve it, secluded himself in his room for seventy-two hours; and he solved

the problem. This extraordinary faculty of intense and continuous exertion, both of mind and body, was his distinguishing characteristic through life. Napoleon did not blunder into renown. His triumphs were not casualties; his achievements were not accidents; his grand conceptions were not the brilliant flashes of unthinking and unpremeditated genius. Never did man prepare the way for greatness by more untiring devotion to the acquisition of all useful knowledge, and to the attainment of the highest possible degree of mental discipline. That he possessed native powers of mind of extraordinary vigour is true, but those powers were expanded and energized by herculean study. His mighty genius impelled him to the sacrifice of every indulgence and to sleepless toil.

The vigour of Napoleon's mind, so conspicuous in conversation, was equally remarkable in his exercises in composition. His professor of Belles-Lettres remarked that Napoleon's amplifications ever reminded him of "flaming missiles ejected from a volcano." While in the military school at Paris, the Abbé Raynal became so forcibly impressed with his astonishing mental acquirements, and the extent of his capacities, that he frequently invited him, though Napoleon was then but a lad of sixteen, to breakfast at his table with other illustrious guests. His mind was at that time characterized by great logical accuracy, united with the most brilliant powers of masculine imagination. His conversation—laconic, graphic, oracular—arrested every mind. Had the vicissitudes of life so ordered his lot, he would undoubtedly have been as distinguished in the walks of literature and in the halls of science as he became in the field and in the cabinet. That he was one of the profoundest of thinkers, all admit; and his eloquent proclamations resounded through Europe, rousing the army to almost a phrensy of enthusiasm, and electrifying alike the peasant and the prince. Napoleon had that comprehensive genius which would have been pre-eminent in any pursuit to which he had devoted the energies of his mind. Great as were his military victories, they were by no means the greatest of his achievements.

In September, 1785, Napoleon, then but sixteen years of age, was examined to receive an appointment in the army. The mathematical branch of the examination was conducted by the celebrated La Place. Napoleon passed the ordeal triumphantly. In history he had many very extensive attainments. His proclamations, his public addresses, his private conferences with his ministers in his cabinet, all attest the philosophical discrimination with which he had pondered the records of the past, and had studied the causes of the rise and fall of empires. At the close of his examination in history, the historical professor, Monsieur Kerignon, wrote opposite to the signature of Napoleon, "A Corsican by character and by birth. This young man will distinguish himself in the world, if favoured by fortune." This professor was very strongly attached to his brilliant pupil. He often invited him to

dinner, and cultivated his confidence. Napoleon in later years did not forget this kindness, and many years after, upon the death of the professor, settled a very handsome pension upon his widow. Napoleon, as the result of this examination, was appointed a second lieutenant in a regiment of artillery. He was exceedingly gratified in becoming thus early in life an officer in the army. To a boy of sixteen it must have appeared the attainment of a very high degree of human grandeur.

That evening, arrayed in his new uniform, with epaulets and the enormous boots which at that time were worn by the artillery, in an exuberant glow of spirits, he called upon a female friend, Mlle. Permon, who afterwards became Duchess of Abrantes, and who was regarded as one of the most brilliant stars of the imperial court. A younger sister of this lady, who had just returned from a boarding-school, was so much struck with the comical appearance of Napoleon, whose feminine proportions so little accorded with his military costume, that she burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, declaring that he resembled nothing so much as "Puss in Boots." The raillery was too just not to be felt. Napoleon struggled against his sense of mortification, and soon regained his accustomed equanimity. A few days after, to prove that he cherished no rancorous recollections of the occurrence, he presented the mirthful maiden with an elegantly bound copy of "Puss in Boots."

Napoleon soon, exulting in his new commission, repaired to Valence to join his regiment. His excessive devotion to study had impeded the full development of his physical frame. Though exceedingly thin and fragile in figure, there was a girlish gracefulness and beauty in his form; and his noble brow and piercing eye attracted attention and commanded respect. One of the most distinguished ladies of the place, Madame de Colombier, became much interested in the young lieutenant, and he was frequently invited to her house. He was there introduced to much intelligent and genteel society. In after life he frequently spoke with gratitude of the advantages he derived from this early introduction to refined and polished associates. Napoleon formed a strong attachment for a daughter of Madame de Colombier, a young lady of about his own age, and possessed of many accomplishments. They frequently enjoyed morning and evening rambles through the pleasant walks in the environs of Valence.

Napoleon subsequently, speaking of this youthful attachment, said, "We were the most innocent creatures imaginable. We contrived short interviews together. I well remember one which took place on a midsummer's morning just as the light began to dawn. It will scarcely be credited that all our felicity consisted in eating cherries together." The vicissitudes of life soon separated these young friends from each other, and they met not again for ten years. Napoleon, then Emperor of France, was, with a magnifi-

retinue, passing through Lyons, when this young lady, who had since been married, and who had encountered many misfortunes, with some difficulty gained access to him, envired as he was with the etiquette of royalty. Napoleon instantly recognised his former friend, and inquired minutely respecting all her joys and griefs. He immediately assigned to her husband a post which secured for him an ample competence, and conferred upon her the situation of a maid of honour to one of his sisters.

From Valence Napoleon went to Lyons, having been ordered with his regiment to that place, in consequence of some disturbance which had broken out there. His pay as lieutenant was quite inadequate to support him in the rank of a gentleman. His widowed mother, with six children younger than Napoleon, who was then but seventeen years of age, was quite unable to supply him with funds. This pecuniary embarrassment often exposed the high-spirited young officer to the keenest mortification. It did not, however, in the slightest degree impair his energies or weaken his confidence in that peculiar consciousness which from childhood he had cherished, that he was endowed with extraordinary powers, and that he was born to an exalted destiny. He secluded himself from his brother officers, and, keeping aloof from all the haunts of amusement and dissipation, cloistered himself in his study, and with indefatigable energy devoted himself anew to the acquisition of knowledge, laying up those inexhaustible stores of information and gaining that mental discipline which proved of such incalculable advantage to him in the brilliant career upon which he subsequently entered.

While at Lyons, Napoleon, friendless and poor, was taken sick. He had a small room in the attic of a hotel, where, alone, he lingered through the weary hours of languor and pain. A lady from Geneva, visiting some friends at Lyons, happened to learn that a young officer was sick in the hotel. She could only ascertain respecting him that he was quite young, that his name was Bonaparte — then an unknown name — and that his purse was very scantily provided. Her benevolent feelings impelled her to his bedside. She immediately felt the fascination with which Napoleon could ever charm those who approached him. With unremitting kindness she nursed him, and had the gratification of seeing him so far restored as to be able to rejoin his regiment. Napoleon took his leave of the benevolent lady with many expressions of gratitude for the kindness he had experienced.

After the lapse of years, when Napoleon had been crowned Emperor, he received a letter from this lady, congratulating him upon the eminence he had attained, and informing him that disastrous days had darkened around her. Napoleon immediately returned an answer, containing 10,000*fr.*, and expressing the most friendly assurances of his immediate attentions to any favours she might in future solicit.

The Academy at Lyons offered a prize for the best dissertation upon the question, "What are the institutions most likely to contribute to human happiness?" Napoleon wrote upon the subject, and though there were many competitors, the prize was awarded to him. Many years afterwards, when seated upon the throne, his minister Talleyrand sent a courier to Lyons, and obtained the manuscript. Thinking it would please the Emperor, he one day, when they were alone, put the essay into Napoleon's hands, asking him if he knew the author. Napoleon, immediately recognising the writing, threw it into the flames, saying, at the same time, that it was a boyish production, full of visionary and impracticable schemes. He also, in those hours of unceasing study, wrote a history of Corsica, which he was preparing to publish, when the rising storms of the times led him to lay aside the pen for the sword.

Two great parties, the Royalists and the Republicans, were now throughout France contending for the supremacy. Napoleon joined the Republican side. Most of the officers in the army, being sons of the old nobility, were of the opposite party, and this made him very unpopular with them. He, however, with great firmness, boldly avowed his sentiments, and eagerly watched the progress of those events which he thought would open to him a career of fame and fortune. He still continued to prosecute his studies with untiring diligence. He was, at this period of his life, considered proud, haughty, and irascible, though he was loved with great enthusiasm by the few whose friendship he chose to cultivate. His friends appreciated his distinguished character and attainments, and predicted his future eminence. His remarkable logical accuracy of mind, his lucid and energetic expressions, his immense information upon all points of history, and upon every subject of practical importance, his extensive scientific attainments, and his thorough accomplishments as an officer, rendered him an object of general observation, and secured for him the respect even of the idlers who disliked his unsocial habits.

About this time, in consequence of some popular tumults at Auxonne, Napoleon, with his regiment, was ordered to that place. He, with some subaltern officers, was quartered at the house of a barber. Napoleon, as usual, immediately when off duty, cloistered himself in his room with his law books, his scientific treatises, his histories, and his mathematics. His associate officers loitered through the listless days, coquetting with the pretty wife of the barber, smoking cigars in the shop, and listening to the petty gossip of the place. The barber's wife was quite annoyed at receiving no attentions from the handsome, distinguished, but ungallant young lieutenant. She accordingly disliked him exceedingly. A few years after, as Napoleon, then commander of the army of Italy, was on his way to Marengo, he passed through Auxonne. He stopped at the door of the bar-

ber's shop, and asked his former hostess if she remembered a young officer by the name of Bonaparte who was once quartered in her family. "Indeed I do," was the pettish reply, "and a very disagreeable inmate he was. He was always either shut up in his room or, if he walked out, he never condescended to speak to any one." "Ah! my good woman," Napoleon rejoined, "had I passed my time as you wished to have me, I should not now have been in command of the army of Italy."

The higher nobility and most of the officers in the army were in favour of Royalty. The common soldiers and the great mass of the people were advocates of Republicanism. Napoleon's fearless avowal, under all circumstances, of his hostility to monarchy and his approval of popular liberty often exposed him to serious embarrassments. He has himself given a very glowing account of an interview at one of the fashionable residences at Auxonne, where he had been invited to meet an aristocratic circle. The Revolution was just breaking out in all its terror, and the excitement was intense throughout France. In the course of conversation, Napoleon gave free utterance to his sentiments. They all instantly assailed him, gentlemen and ladies, pell-mell. Napoleon was not a man to retreat. His condensed sentences fell like hot shot among the crowd of antagonists who surrounded him. The battle waxed warmer and warmer. There was no one to utter a word in favour of Napoleon. He was a young man of twenty, surrounded by veteran generals and distinguished nobles. Like Wellington at Waterloo, he was wishing that some "Blucher or night were come." Suddenly the door was opened, and the mayor of the city was announced. Napoleon began to flatter himself that a rescue was at hand, when the little great man, in pompous dignity, joined the assailants, and belaboured the young officer at bay more mercilessly than all the rest. At last the lady of the house took compassion upon her defenceless guest, and interposed to shield him from the blows which he was receiving in the unequal contest.

One evening, in the year 1790, there was a very brilliant party in the drawing-rooms of M. Neckar, the celebrated financier. The Bastille had just been demolished. The people, exulting in newly-found power, and dimly discerning long-defrauded rights, were trampling beneath their feet, indiscriminately, all institutions, good and bad, upon which ages had left their sanction. The gay and fickle Parisians, notwithstanding the portentous approachings of a storm, the most fearful earth has ever witnessed, were pleased with the change, and with reckless curiosity awaited the result of the appalling phenomenon exhibited around them. Many of the higher nobility, terrified at the violence, daily growing more resistless and extended, had sought personal safety in emigration. The tone of society in the metropolis had, however, become decidedly improved by the greater commingling,

in all the large parties, of men eminent in talents and in public services, as well as of those illustrious in rank.

The entertainments given by M. Neckar, embellished by the presence, as the presiding genius, of his distinguished daughter, Madame de Staël,² were brilliant in the extreme, assembling all the noted gentlemen and ladies of the metropolis. On the occasion to which we refer, the magnificent saloon was filled with men who had attained the highest eminence in literature and science, or who, in those troubled times, had ascended to posts of influence and honour in the state. Mirabeau was there,³ with his lofty brow and thunder tones, proud of his very ugliness. Talleyrand⁴ moved majestically through the halls, conspicuous for his gigantic proportions and courtly bearing. La Fayette, rendered glorious as the friend of George Washington, and his companion in arms, had gathered around him a group of congenial spirits. In the embrasure of a window sat Madame de Staël. By the brilliance of her conversational powers she had attracted to her side St. Just, who afterwards obtained such sanguinary notoriety; Malesherbes, the eloquent and intrepid advocate of royalty; Lalande, the venerable astronomer; Marmontel and Lagrange, illustrious mathematicians, and others, whose fame was circulating through Europe.

In one corner stood the celebrated Alfieri, reciting with almost maniacal gesticulation his own poetry to a group of ladies. The grave

² Napoleon, at St. Helena, gave the following graphic and most discriminating sketch of the character of Madame de Staël:—"She was a woman of considerable talent and great ambition; but so extremely intriguing and restless, as to give rise to the observation that she would throw her friends into the sea, that, at the moment of drowning, she might have an opportunity of saving them. Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy, I was accosted by her in a large company, though at that time I avoided going out much in public. She followed me everywhere, and stuck so close that I could not shake her off. At last she asked me, 'Who is at this moment the first woman in the world?' intending to pay a compliment to me, and thinking that I would return it. I looked at her, and replied, 'She, madame, who has borne the greatest number of children,' an answer which greatly confused her." From this hour she became the unrelenting enemy of Napoleon.

³ "Few persons," said Mirabeau, "comprehend the
to
him, 'you must imagine
poor.'" "The life of Mirabeau," says Sydney Smith, "should embrace all the talents and all the vices, every merit and every defect, every glory and every disgrace. He was student, voluptuary, soldier, prisoner, author, diplomatist, exile, pauper, courtier, demagogue, orator, statesman, traitor. He has seen more, suffered more, learned more, felt more, done more, than any man of his own or any other age."

⁴ Talleyrand, one of the most distinguished diplomatists, was afterwards elevated by the Emperor Napoleon to be Grand Chamberlain of the Empire. He was celebrated for his witticisms. One day Mirabeau was recounting the qualities which, in those difficult times, one should possess to be minister of state. He was evidently describing his own character, when, to the

small-pox, should he not?"

and philosophical Neckar was the centre of another group of careworn statesmen discussing the rising perils of the times. It was an assemblage of all which Paris could afford of brilliance in rank, talent, or station. About the middle of the evening, Josephine, the beautiful, but then neglected, wife of M. Beauharnais, was announced, accompanied by her little son Eugène. Madame de Genlis soon made her appearance, attended by the brother of the King; and, conscious of her intellectual dignity, floated through that sea of brilliance, recognised whenever she approached by the abundance of perfumery which her dress exhaled. Madame Campan, the friend and companion of Marie Antoinette, and other ladies and gentlemen of the Court were introduced, and this party now consisted of a truly remarkable assemblage of distinguished men and women. Parisian gaiety seemed to banish all thoughts of the troubles of the times, and the hours were surrendered to unrestrained hilarity. Servants were gliding through the throng, bearing a profusion of refreshments, consisting of delicacies gathered from all quarters of the globe.

As the hour of midnight approached there was a lull in the buzz of conversation, and the guests gathered in silent groups to listen to a musical entertainment. Madame de Staël took her seat at the piano, while Josephine prepared to accompany her on the harp. They both were performers of singular excellence, and the whole assembly was hushed in expectation. Just as they had commenced the first notes of a charming duet, the door of the saloon was thrown open, and two new guests entered the apartment. The one was an elderly gentleman, of very venerable aspect, and dressed in the extreme of simplicity. The other was a young man, very small, pale, and slender. The elderly gentleman was immediately recognised by all as the Abbé Raynal, one of the most distinguished philosophers of France; but no one knew the pale, slender, fragile youth who accompanied him. They both, that they might not interrupt the music, silently took seats near the door. As soon as the performance was ended, and the ladies had received those compliments which their skill and taste elicited, the Abbé approached Madame de Staël, accompanied by his young protégé, and introduced him as Monsieur Napoleon Bonaparte. Bonaparte! that name which has since filled the world, was then plebeian and unknown, and upon its utterance many of the proud aristocrats in that assembly shrugged their shoulders and turned contemptuously away to their conversation and amusements.

Madame de Staël had almost an instinctive perception of the presence of genius. Her attention was instantly arrested by the few remarks with which Napoleon addressed her. They were soon engaged in very animated conversation. Josephine and several other ladies joined them. The group grew larger and larger as the gentlemen began to gather around the increasing circle

"Who is that young man who thus suddenly has gathered such a group around him?" the proud Alfieri condescended to ask of the Abbé Raynal.

"He is," replied the Abbé, "a protégé of mine, and a young man of very extraordinary talent. He is very industrious, well read, and has remarkable attainments in history, mathematics, and all military science."

Mirabeau came stalking across the room, lured by curiosity to see what could be the source of the general attraction.

"Come here, come here!" said Madame de Staël, with a smile; and in an undertone, "We have found a little great man, I will introduce him to you, for I know that you are fond of men of genius."

Mirabeau very graciously shook hands with Napoleon, and entered into conversation with the untitled young man without assuming any airs of superiority. A group of distinguished men were gathered round them, and the conversation became in some degree general. The Bishop of Autun commended Fox and Sheridan for having asserted that the French army, by refusing to obey the orders of their superiors to fire upon the populace, had set a glorious example to all the armies of Europe; because, by so doing, they had shown that men by becoming soldiers did not cease to be citizens.

"Excuse me, my lord," exclaimed Napoleon, in tones of earnestness which arrested general attention, "if I venture to interrupt you; but, as I am an officer, I must claim the privilege of expressing my sentiments. It is true that I am very young, and it may appear presumptuous in me to address so many distinguished men; but during the last three years I have paid intense attention to our political troubles. I see with sorrow the state of our country, and I will incur censure rather than pass unnoticed principles which are not only unsound, but subversive of all government. As much as any one I desire to see all abuses, antiquated privileges, and usurped rights annulled. Nay, as I am at the commencement of my career, it will be my best policy as well as my duty to support the progress of popular institutions, and to promote reform in every branch of the public administration. But as in the last twelve months I have witnessed alarming popular disturbances, and have seen our best men divided into factions which threatened to be irreconcilable, I sincerely believe that now, more than ever, a strict discipline in the army is absolutely necessary for the safety of our constitutional government and for the maintenance of order. Nay, if our troops are not compelled unhesitatingly to obey the commands of the executive, we shall be exposed to the blind fury of democratic passions, which will render France the most miserable country on the globe. The Ministry may be assured that if the daily increasing arrogance of the Parisian mob is not repressed by a strong arm, and social order rigidly maintained, we shall see not only this capital, but every other city in

France, thrown into a state of indescribable anarchy, while the real friends of liberty, the enlightened patriots now working for the best good of our country, will sink beneath a set of demagogues, who, with loud outcries for freedom on their tongues, will be, in reality, but a horde of savages, worse than the Neros of old."

These emphatic sentences, uttered by Napoleon with an air of authority which seemed natural to the youthful speaker, caused a profound sensation. For a moment there was a perfect silence in the group, and every eye was riveted upon the pale and marble cheek of Napoleon. Neckar and La Fayette listened with evident uneasiness to his bold and weighty sentiments, as if conscious of the perils which his words so forcibly portrayed. Mirabeau nodded once or twice significantly to Talleyrand, seeming thus to say, "That is exactly the truth." Some turned upon their heels, exasperated at this fearless avowal of hostility to democratic progress. Alfieri, one of the proudest of aristocrats, could hardly restrain his delight, and gazed with amazement upon the intrepid young man.

"Condorcet," says an eye-witness, "nearly made me cry out by the squeezes which he gave my hand at every sentence uttered by the pale, slender, and youthful speaker."

As soon as Napoleon had concluded, Madame de Staël, turning to the Abbé Raynal, cordially thanked him for having introduced her to the acquaintance of one cherishing views as a statesman so profound and so essential to present emergencies. Then turning to her father and his colleagues, she said, with her accustomed air of dignity and authority, "Gentlemen, I hope that you will heed the important truths that you have now heard uttered." The young Napoleon, then but twenty-one years of age, thus suddenly became the most prominent individual in that whole assembly. Wherever he moved many eyes followed him. He had none of the airs of a man of fashion. He made no attempts at displays of gallantry. A peaceful melancholy seemed to over-shadow him as he passed through the glittering throng, without being in the slightest degree dazzled by its brilliance. The good old Abbé Raynal appeared quite enraptured in witnessing the triumph of his young protégé. Soon after this, in September, 1791, Napoleon, then twenty-two years of age, on turlough visited his native land. He had recently been promoted to a first lieutenancy. Upon returning to the home of his childhood to spend a few months in rural leisure, the first object of his attention was to prepare for himself a study where he could be secluded from all interruption. For this purpose he selected a room in the attic of the house where he would be removed from all the noise of the family. Here, with his books spread out before him, he passed days and nights of the most incessant mental toil. He sought no recreation; he seldom went out; he seldom saw any company. Had some guardian angel informed him of the

immense drafts which in the future were to be made upon his mind, he could not have consecrated himself with more sleepless energy to prepare for the emergency. The life of Napoleon presents the most striking illustration of the truth of the sentiment—

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

One cloudless morning, just after the sun had risen, he was sauntering along by the sea-shore in solitary musings, when he chanced to meet a brother officer, who reproached him with his unsocial habits, and urged him to indulge for once in a pleasant excursion. Napoleon, who had for some time been desirous of taking a survey of the harbour, and of examining some heights upon the opposite side of the gulf, which, in his view, commanded the town of Ajaccio, consented to the proposal, upon the condition that his friend should accompany him upon the water. They made a signal to some sailors on board a vessel riding at anchor at some distance from the shore, and were soon in a boat propelled by vigorous rowers. Napoleon seated himself at the stern, and taking from his pocket a ball of packthread, one end of which he had fastened upon the shore, commenced the accurate measurement of the width of the gulf. His companion feeling no interest in the survey, and seeking only listless pleasure, was not a little annoyed in having his amusement thus converted into a study for which he had no relish. When they arrived at the opposite side of the bay Napoleon insisted upon climbing the heights. Regardless of the remonstrances of his associate, who complained of hunger, and of absence from the warm breakfast which was in readiness for him, Napoleon persisted in exploring the ground.

Napoleon, in describing the scene, says:—"My companion, quite uninterested in researches of this kind, begged me to desist. I strove to divert him, and to gain time to accomplish my purpose, but appetite made him deaf. If I spoke to him of the width of the bay, he replied that he was hungry, and that his warm breakfast was cooling. If I pointed out to him a church-steeple or a house which I could reach with my bomb-shells, he replied, 'Yes, but I have not breakfasted.' At length, late in the morning, we returned, but the friends with whom he was expecting to breakfast, tired of the delay, had finished their repast, so that on his arrival he found neither guests nor baguette. He resolved to be more cautious in future as to the companion he would choose, and the hour in which he would set out on an excursion of pleasure."

Subsequently the English surmounted these very heights by a redoubt, and then Napoleon had occasion to avail himself very efficiently of the knowledge acquired upon this occasion.

CHAPTER II.

DAWNING GREATNESS.

Salicetti—Magnanimous revenge—Attack upon the Tuileries—Key to the character of Napoleon—Foundation of the American Republic—Anecdotes—Interview between Paoli and Napoleon—Napoleon taken prisoner—Paoli and Madame Letitia—Embarkation of the Bonaparte family—The English conquer Corsica—Love of Napoleon for his island home—Surrender of Toulon to England—The French besiege Toulon—Napoleon's plan for its capture—His indomitable energy—Regardlessness of himself—The volunteers—Junot—Assault and capture of Little Gibraltar—Evacuation of Toulon—Lawlessness of the soldiers—Inhuman execution—Anecdote.

WHILE Napoleon was spending his few months of furlough in Corsica he devoted many hours every day to the careful composition, after the manner of Plutarch, of the lives of illustrious Corsicans. Though he had made considerable progress in the work, it was lost in the subsequent disorders of those times. He also established a debating club, composed of the several officers in the army upon the island, to discuss the great political questions which were then agitating Europe. These subjects he studied with most intense application. In this club he was a frequent speaker and obtained much distinction for his argumentative and oratorical powers. Napoleon at this time warmly espoused the cause of popular liberty, though most sternly hostile to lawless violence. As the reign of terror began to throw its gloom on Paris, and each day brought its tidings of Jacobin cruelty and carnage, Napoleon imbibed that intense hatred of anarchy which he ever after manifested, and which no temptation could induce him to disguise. One day he expressed himself in the club so violently that an enemy, Salicetti, reported him to the government as a traitor. He was arrested, taken to Paris, and obtained a triumphant acquittal.

Some years after, he had an opportunity to revenge himself most magnanimously upon his enemy who had thus meanly sought his life, and whom he could not but despise. Salicetti, in his turn, became obnoxious to the Jacobins, and was denounced as an outlaw. The officers of police were in pursuit of him, and the guillotine was ravenous for his blood. He ungenerously sought concealment under the roof of Madame Permon, the mother of the young lady who had suggested to Napoleon the idea of "Puss in Boots." By this act he exposed to the most imminent peril the lives of Madame Permon and of all the members of her household. Napoleon was on terms of familiar intimacy with the family, and Salicetti was extremely apprehensive that he might discover his retreat and report him to the police. Madame Permon, also, knowing the hatred with which Salicetti had sought Napoleon's life, participated in these fears.

The very next morning Napoleon made his appearance in the saloon of Madame Permon.

"Well, Madame Permon," said he, "Salicetti will now in his turn be able to appreciate

the bitter fruits of arrest. And to him they ought to be the more bitter, since he aided with his own hand to plant the trees which bear them."

"How!" exclaimed Madame Permon with an air of affected astonishment, "is Salicetti arrested?"

"And is it possible," replied Napoleon, "that you do not know he has been proscribed? I presumed that you were aware of the fact, since it is in your house that he is concealed."

"Concealed in my house," she cried. "Surely, my dear Napoleon, you are mad. I entreat you do not repeat such a joke in any other place. I assure you it would peril my life."

Napoleon rose from his seat, advanced slowly towards Madame Permon, folded his arms upon his breast, and fixing his eyes in a steadfast gaze upon her, remained for a moment in perfect silence.

"Madame Permon!" he then said emphatically, "Salicetti is concealed in your house. Nay, do not interrupt me. I know that yesterday at five o'clock he was seen proceeding from the Boulevard in this direction. It is well known that he has not in this neighbourhood any acquaintances, you excepted, who would risk their own safety, as well as that of their friends, by secreting him."

"And by what right," Madame Permon replied with continued duplicity, "should Salicetti seek an asylum here? He is well aware that our political sentiments are at variance, and he also knows that I am on the point of leaving Paris."

"You may well ask," Napoleon rejoined, "by what right he should apply to you for concealment. To come to an unprotected woman, who might be compromised by affording a few hours of safety to an outlaw who merits his fate, is an act of baseness to which no consideration ought to have driven him."

"Should you repeat abroad this assertion," she replied, "for which there is no possible foundation, it would entail the most serious consequences upon me."

Again Napoleon, with much apparent emotion, fixed his steadfast gaze upon Madame Permon, and exclaimed, "You, madame, are a generous woman, and Salicetti is a villain. He was well aware that you could not close your doors against him, and he would selfishly allow you to peril your own life and that of your child for the sake of his safety. I never liked him. Now I despise him."

With consummate duplicity Madame Permon took Napoleon's hand, and fixing her eye unqually upon his, firmly uttered the falsehood. "I assure you, Napoleon, upon my honour, that Salicetti is not in my apartments. But stay—shall I tell you all?"

"Yes, all! all!" he vehemently rejoined.

"Well, then," she continued with great apparent frankness, "Salicetti was, I confess, under my roof yesterday at six o'clock, but he left in a few hours after. I pointed out to him

the moral impossibility of his remaining concealed with me, living as publicly as I do. Salicetti admitted the justice of my objection, and took his departure."

Napoleon with hurried step traversed the room two or three times, and then exclaimed,

"It is just as I expected. He was coward enough to say to a woman, 'Expose your life for mine.' But," he continued, stopping before Madame Permon, and fixing a doubting eye upon her, "you really believe, then, that he left your house and returned home?"

"Yes," she replied, "I told him that since he must conceal himself in Paris, it were best to bribe the people of his own hotel, because that would be the last place where his enemies would think of searching for him."

Napoleon then took his leave. Madame Permon opened the door of the closet where Salicetti was concealed. He had heard every word of the conversation, and was sitting upon a small chair, his head leaning upon his hand, which was covered with blood from a hæmorrhage with which he had been seized. Preparations were immediately made for an escape from Paris, and passports were obtained for Salicetti as the *valet-de-chambre* of Madame Permon. In the early dawn of the morning they left Paris, Salicetti, as a servant, seated upon the box of the carriage. When they had arrived at the end of the first stage, several miles from the city, the postilion came to the window of the coach and presented Madame Permon with a note, which, he said, a young man had requested him to place in her hands at that post. It was from Napoleon. Madame Permon opened it and read as follows:—

"I never like to be thought a dupe. I should appear to be such to you did I not tell you that I knew perfectly well of Salicetti's place of concealment. You see, then, Salicetti, that I might have returned the ill you did to me. Which of us stands in the preferable point of view at the present moment? I might have avenged my wrongs, but I did not. Perhaps you may say that it was out of regard to your benefactress that I spared you. That consideration, I confess, was powerful. But you, alone, unarmed, and an outlaw, would never have been injured by me. Go in peace, and choose an asylum where you may cherish better sentiments. On your name my mouth is closed. Repent and appreciate my motives."

"Madame Permon! my best wishes are with you and your child. You are feeble and defenceless beings. May Providence and a friend's prayers protect you! Be cautious, and do not tarry in the large towns through which you may have to pass. Adieu!"

Having read the letter, Madame Permon turned to Salicetti and said, "You ought to admire the noble conduct of Bonaparte. It is most generous."

"Generous!" he replied with a contemptuous smile; "what would you have had him to do? Would you have wished him to betray me?"

The indignant woman looked upon him with disgust, and said, "I do not know what I might expect you to do; but this I do know, that it would be pleasant to see you manifest a little gratitude."

When they arrived at a seaport, as Salicetti embarked on board a small vessel which was to convey him to Italy, he seemed for a moment not to be entirely unmindful of the favour he had received. Taking Madame Permon's hand in his, he said, "I should have too much to say were I to attempt to express to you my gratitude by words. As to Bonaparte, tell him I thank him. Hitherto I did not believe him capable of generosity. I am now bound to acknowledge my mistake. I thank him."

Napoleon, after his acquittal from the charge brought against him by Salicetti, remained at Paris for two or three months. He lived in the most frugal manner, spending no money or time in dissipation or amusement. He passed most of his time in the libraries, reading volumes of solid worth, and seeking the conversation of distinguished men. His eye was surveying the world. He was meditating the rise and fall of empires. France, Europe even seemed too small for his majestic designs. He studied with intense interest the condition of the countless myriads of men who swarm along the rivers and the hillsides of internal Asia, and dreamed of himself being the founder of an empire there in comparison with which the dynasties of Europe should be insignificant. Indeed he never, in all his subsequent career, manifested the least surprise in view of his elevation. He rose from step to step, regarding each ascent as a matter of course, never shrinking in the least degree from assuming any degree of responsibility, and never manifesting the slightest embarrassment in taking the command from the hands of grey-headed veterans.

Whilst in Paris he was, on the famous morning of the 20th of June, 1792, walking with his friend Bourienne along the banks of the Seine when he saw a vast mob of men, women, and boys, with hideous yells and frantic gestures, and brandishing weapons of every kind, rolling in an inundation through the streets of the metropolis, and directing their steps towards the palace of the imprisoned monarch. Napoleon ran before them, that he might witness their proceedings. Climbing by an iron fence upon the balustrade of a neighbouring building, he saw the squalid mass of thirty thousand miscreants break into the garden of the Tuileries, swarm through the doors of the regal mansion, and at last compel the insulted and humiliated king, driven into the embrasure of a window, to put the filthy red cap of Jacobinism upon his brow. This triumph of the drunken vagrants from the cellars and garrets of infamy over all law and justice, and this spectacle of the degradation of the acknowledged monarch of one of the proudest nations on the globe, excited the indignation of Napoleon to the highest pitch. He turned away from the sight as a man

exclaiming, "The wretches! how could they suffer this vile mob to enter the palace? They should have swept down the first five hundred with grapeshot, and the rest would have soon taken to flight."

New scenes of violence were now daily enacted before the eyes of Napoleon in the streets of Paris, until the dreadful 10th of August arrived. He then again saw the triumphant and unresisted mobsack the palace of the Tuileries. He witnessed the king and the royal family driven from the halls of their ancestors, and followed by the frenzied multitude with hootings and hissings and every conceivable insult, in momentary peril of assassination, until they took refuge in the Assembly. He saw the merciless massacre of the faithful guards of the king as they were shot in the garden, as they were pursued and poniarded in the streets, as they were pricked down with bayonets from the statues upon which they had climbed for protection and in cold blood butchered. He saw, with his bosom glowing with indignation and shame, the drunken rioters marching exultingly through the streets of the metropolis with the ghastly heads of the slaughtered guards borne aloft upon the points of their pikes as the trophies of their victory.

These hideous spectacles wrought quite a revolution in the mind of Napoleon. He had been a great admirer of constitutional liberty in England, and a still greater admirer of republican liberty in America. He now became convinced that the people of France were too ignorant and degraded for self-government—that they needed the guidance and control of resistless law. He hated and despised the voluptuousness, the imbecility and the tyranny of the effete monarchy. He had himself suffered most keenly from the superciliousness of the old nobility, who grasped at all the places of profit and honour, merely to gratify their own sensuality, and left no career open to merit. Napoleon had his own fortune to make, and he was glad to see all these bulwarks battered down which the pride and arrogance of past ages had reared to foster a worthless aristocracy, and to exclude the energetic and aspiring, unaided by wealth and rank, from all the avenues of influence and celebrity. On the other hand, the dominion of the mob appeared to him so execrable that he said, "I frankly declare that if I were compelled to choose between the old monarchy and Jacobin misrule, I should infinitely prefer the former." Openly and energetically on all occasions, fearless of consequences, he expressed his abhorrence of those miscreants who were trampling justice and mercy beneath their feet, and who were by that act making France a byword among all nations.

This is a key to the character of Napoleon. It forces guided his future career. He even subsequently manifested the decisive resolution to crush the Jacobins. He displayed untiring energy in reconstructing in France a throne invincible in power, which should govern the people, which should throw

every avenue of greatness open to all competitors, making wealth, and rank, and influence and power the reward of merit. Napoleon openly avowed his conviction that France without education and without religion was not prepared for the republicanism of the United States. In this sentiment La Fayette, one of the wisest men of the French nation, fully concurred. With an arm of despotic power he crushed every lawless outbreak, and he gathered around his throne eminent abilities wherever he could find them—in the shop of the artisan, in the ranks of the army, in the hut of the peasant. In France, at this time, there was neither intelligence, religion, nor morality among the masses. There was no reverence for law, either human or divine. Napoleon expressed his high approval of the constitutional monarchy of England, and declared that to be the model upon which he would have the new government of France constructed. He judged that France needed an imposing throne, supported by an illustrious nobility, and by a standing army of invincible power, with civil privileges cautiously and gradually disseminated among the people. And though subsequent events compelled him to assume dictatorial power, few persons could have manifested during so long a reign, and through the temptations of so extraordinary a career, more unwavering consistency.

One evening he returned home from a walk through the streets of the tumultuous metropolis in which his ears had been deafened by the shouts of the people in favour of a new republican constitution. It was in the midst of the Reign of Terror, and the guillotine was drenched in blood. "How do you like the new Constitution?" said a lady to him. He replied, hesitatingly, "Why, it is good in one sense, to be sure, but all that is connected with carnage is bad;" and then, as if giving way to an outburst of sincere feeling, he emphatically exclaimed, "*No! no! no! Away with this Constitution! I do not like it!*"

In these days of pecuniary embarrassment Napoleon employed a bootmaker, a very awkward workman, but a man who manifested very kindly feelings towards him, and accommodated him in his payments. When dignity and fortune were lavished on the First Consul and the Emperor, he was frequently urged to employ a more fashionable workman, but no persuasion could induce him to abandon the humble artisan who had been the friend of his youthful days. Instinctive delicacy told him that the man would be more gratified by being the shoemaker of the Emperor, and that his interests would be thus better promoted than by any other favour he could confer.

A silversmith in one of Napoleon's hours of need sold him a dressing-case upon credit. This was never forgotten. Upon his return from the campaign of Italy he called upon the artisan, rewarded him liberally, ever afterwards employed him, and recommended him also to his

marshals and to his court in general. In consequence the jeweller acquired an immense fortune.

Effects must have their causes. Napoleon's boundless popularity in the army and in the nation was not the result of accident, the sudden outbreak of an insane delusion. These exhibitions of an instinctive and unstudied magnanimity won the hearts of the people as rapidly as his transcendent abilities and herculean toil had secured for him renown.

Napoleon, with his political principles modified by the scenes of lawless violence which he had witnessed in Paris, returned again to Corsica. Soon after his return to his native island in February, 1793, he was ordered at the head of two battalions, in conjunction with Admiral Turget, to make a descent upon the island of Sardinia. Napoleon effected a landing, and was entirely successful in the accomplishment of his part of the expedition. The Admiral, however, failed, and Napoleon in consequence was under the necessity of evacuating the positions where he had entrenched himself, and returned to Corsica.*

He found France still filled with the most frightful disorders. The King and Queen had both fallen upon the scaffold. Paoli, disgusted with the political aspect of his own country, treasonably plotted to surrender Corsica, over which he was appointed governor, to the crown of England. It was a treacherous act, and was only redeemed from utter infamy by the brutal outrages with which France was disgraced. A large party of the Corsicans rallied round Paoli. He exerted all the influence in his power to induce Napoleon, the son of his old friend and comrade, and whose personal qualities he greatly admired, to join his standard. Napoleon, on the other hand, with far greater penetration into the mysteries of the future, entreated Paoli to abandon the unpatriotic enterprise. He argued that the violence with which France was filled was too terrible to be lasting, and that the nation must soon return again to reason and to law. He represented that Corsica was too small and feeble to think of maintaining independence in the midst of the powerful empires of Europe; that in manners, language, customs, and religion it could not become a homogeneous part of England; that the natural connection of the island was with France, and that its glory could only be secured by its being embraced as a province of the French empire; and, above all, that it was the duty of every good citizen in such hours of peril to cling firmly and fearlessly to his country, and to exert every nerve to cause order to emerge from the chaos into which all things had fallen. These were unanswerable argu-

ments; but Paoli had formed strong attachment in England, and remembered with an avenging spirit the days when he had fled before the conquering armies of France.

The last interview which took place between these distinguished men was at a secluded convent in the interior of the island. Long and earnestly they argued with each other, for they were devoted personal friends. The veteran governor was eighty years of age, and Napoleon was but twenty-four. It was with the greatest reluctance that either of them could consent to draw the sword against the other. But there was no alternative. Paoli was firm in his determination to surrender the island to the English. No persuasions could induce Napoleon to sever his interests from those of his country. Sadly they separated to array themselves against each other in civil war.

As Napoleon, silent and thoughtful, was riding home he entered a wild ravine among the mountains, when suddenly he was surrounded by a party of mountaineers in the employ of Paoli and taken prisoner. By stratagem he managed to escape, and placed himself at the head of the battalion of National Guards, over which he had been appointed commander. Hostilities immediately commenced. The governor, who, with his numerous forces had possession of the town of Ajaccio, invited the English into the harbour, surrendering to them the island. The English immediately took possession of those heights on the opposite side of the gulf which it will be remembered Napoleon had previously so carefully examined. The information he gained was now of special service to him. One dark and stormy night he embarked in a frigate with a few hundred soldiers, landed near the entrenchments, guided the party in darkness over the ground with which he was perfectly familiar, surprised the English in their sleep, and after a short but sanguinary conflict took possession of the fort. The storm, however, increased to a gale, and when the morning dawned they strained their eyes in vain through the driving mist to behold the frigate. It had been driven by the tempest far out to sea. Napoleon and his little band were immediately surrounded by the allied English and Corsicans, and their situation seemed desperate. For five days they defended themselves most valiantly, during which time they were under the necessity of killing their horses for food to save themselves from starvation. At last the frigate again appeared. Napoleon then evacuated the town, in which he had so gallantly contended against vastly outnumbering foes, and after an ineffectual attempt to blow up the fort succeeded in safely effecting an embarkation. The strength of Paoli daily increasing, and the English in greater numbers were crowding to his aid. Napoleon saw that it was in vain to attempt further resistance, and that Corsica was no longer a safe residence for himself or the family. He accordingly disbanded his forces, and prepared to leave the island.

* "I will not detain you, sir, by entering into the long detail which has been given of their aggression and their violence. But let me mention Sardinia as one instance which has been strongly insisted upon. Did the French attack Sardinia when at with them? No such thing. The King of Sardinia had accepted a subsidy from Great Britain, and was bound to maintain the island in a state of peace."

Paoli called upon Madame Letitia and exhausted his powers of persuasion in endeavouring to induce the family to unite with him in the treasonable surrender of the island to the English. "Resistance is hopeless," said he, "and by this perverse opposition you are bringing irreparable ruin and misery on yourself and family." "I know of but two laws," replied Madame Letitia, heroically, "which it is necessary for me to obey—the laws of honour and of duty." A decree was immediately passed banishing the family from the island. One morning Napoleon hastened to inform his mother that several thousand peasants, armed with all the implements of revolutionary fury, were on the march to attack the house. The family fled precipitately, with such few articles of property as they could seize at the moment, and for several days wandered houseless and destitute on the sea shore until Napoleon could make arrangements for their embarkation. The house was sacked by the mob, and the furniture entirely destroyed.

It was midnight when an open boat, manned by four strong rowers with muffled oars, approached the shore in the vicinity of the pillaged and battered dwelling of Madame Letitia. A dim lantern was held by an attendant as the Bonaparte family, in silence and in sorrow, with the wide world, its poverty and all its perils before them, entered the boat. A few trunks and handboxes contained all their available property. The carsmen pulled out into the dark and lonely sea. Earthly boat never before held such a band of emigrants. Little did those poor and friendless fugitives then imagine that all the thrones of Europe were to tremble before them, and that their celebrity was to fill the world. Napoleon took his stand at the bows, for although the second son he was already the commanding spirit of the family.*

They soon ascended the side of a small vessel which was waiting for them in the offing with her sails fluttering in the breeze, and when the morning sun arose over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, they were approaching the harbour of Nice. Here they remained but a short time, when they removed to Marseilles, where the family resided in great pecuniary embarrassment until relieved by the rising fortunes of Napoleon.

The English immediately took possession of Corsica, and retained it for two years. The fickle Corsicans soon grew weary of their new masters, in whose language, manners, and religion they found no congeniality, and a general rising took place. A small force from France

affected a landing, notwithstanding one vigilance of the English cruisers. Beacon fires, the signals of insurrection, by previous concert blazed from every hill, and the hoarse sound of the horns echoing along the mountain sides and through the ravines summoned the warlike peasants to arms. The English were driven from the island with even more precipitation than they had taken possession of it. Paoli retired with them to London, deeply regretting that he had not followed the wise counsel of young Napoleon.

Bonaparte visited Corsica but once again. He could not love the *people* in whose defence he had suffered such injustice. To the close of life, however, he retained a vivid recollection of the picturesque beauties of his native island, and often spoke in most animating terms of the romantic glens and precipitous cliffs and glowing skies endeared to him by all the associations of childhood. The poetic and the mathematical elements were both combined in the highest degree in the mind of Napoleon; and though his manly intellect turned away in disgust from mawkish and effeminate sentimentalism, he enjoyed the noble appreciation of all that is beautiful and all that is sublime. His retentive memory was stored with the most brilliant passages of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, and no one could quote them with more appropriateness.

We now approach more eventful scenes in the life of this extraordinary man. Many of the monarchies of Europe were allied against the French Revolution, and slowly but resistlessly their combined armies were marching upon Paris. The emigrant nobles and Royalists, many thousands in number, were incorporated with the embattled hosts of these allies. The spirit of insurrection against the government began to manifest itself very strongly in several important cities. Toulon, on the shores of the Mediterranean, was the great naval dépôt and arsenal of France. It contained a population of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. More than fifty ships of the line and frigates were riding at anchor in its harbour, and an immense quantity of military and naval stores of every description were collected in this spacious magazine.

The majority of the inhabitants of this city were friends of the old monarchy. Some ten thousand of the Royalists of Marseilles, Lyons, and other parts of the South of France took refuge within the walls of Toulon, and meeting with the Royalist inhabitants surrendered the city, its magazines, its ships, and its forts to the combined English and Spanish fleet which was cruising outside of its harbour. The English ships sailed triumphantly into the port, landed 5,000 English troops, and 8,000 Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Piedmontese, and took possession of the place. This treacherous act excited to the highest pitch the alarm and the indignation of the revolutionary government and it was resolved at all hazards Toulon must be retaken and the English driven from the soil of France. But the English are not easily driven

*Louis Bonaparte, in his "Response to Sir Walter Scott," correcting some slight inaccuracies which have crept into history regarding this flight, says, "Though but a child I was with my mother at that time. It was not Lucien who accompanied Napoleon, but Joseph. Jerome, who was but seven years of age, and Caroline, who was eight, remained at Ajaccio, and did not join us till some time afterwards, though I remained with my mother, as did Uncle the Archdeacon Fisch."

pelles from posts they have once occupied, and it was an enterprise of no common magnitude to displace them with their strong army and invincible navy from fortresses so impregnable as those of Toulon, and where they found stored up for them in such abundance all the munitions of war.

Two armies were immediately marched upon Toulon, the place invested, and a regular siege commenced. Three months had passed away, during which no apparent progress had been made towards the capture of the town. Every exertion was made by the allied troops and the Royalist inhabitants to strengthen the defences, and especially to render impregnable a fort called Little Gibraltar, which commanded the harbour and the town. The French besieging force, amounting to about 40,000 men, were wasting their time outside of the entrenchments, keeping very far away from the reach of cannon balls. The command of these forces had been entrusted to General Cartaux, a portrait painter from Paris, as ignorant of all military science as he was self-conceited.

Matters were in this state when Napoleon, whose commanding abilities were now beginning to attract attention, was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and invested with the command of the artillery train at Toulon. He immediately hastened to the scene of action, and beheld with utter astonishment the incapacity with which the siege was conducted. He found batteries erected which would not throw their balls one-half the distance between the cannon and the points they were intended to command. Balls, also, were heated in the peasants' houses around, at perfectly ridiculous distances from the guns, as if they were articles to be transported at one's leisure. Napoleon requested the commander-in-chief, at whose direction these batteries were reared, to allow him to witness the effect of a few discharges from the guns. With much difficulty he obtained consent, and when the general saw the shot fall more than half way short of the mark, he turned upon his heels and said, "These aristocrats have spoiled the quality of the powder with which I am supplied."

Napoleon respectfully, but firmly, made his remonstrance to the Convention, assuring them that the siege must be conducted with far more science and energy if a successful result was to be expected. He recommended that the works against the city itself should be comparatively neglected, and that all the energies of the assaults should be directed against Little Gibraltar. That fort once taken, it was clear to his mind that the English fleet, exposed to a destructive fire, must immediately evacuate the harbour, and that the town would be no longer defensible. In fact, he pursued precisely the same course by which Washington had previously driven the British from Boston. The distinguished American general turned aside from the city itself, and by a masterly movement planted his batteries on Dorchester

heights, from which he could rain down a perfect tempest of balls upon the decks of the English ships. The invaders were compelled to fly, taking with them their Tory allies. Napoleon did the same thing at Toulon. The enterprise was, however, vastly more arduous, since the English had foreseen the importance of that post, and had surrounded it with works so unapproachable that they did not hesitate to call it their *Little Gibraltar*.

Napoleon undertook their dislodgment. Dugommier, a scarred and war-worn veteran, was placed in the supreme command, and cordially sympathized with his young artillery officer in all his plans. The agents of the Convention who were in the camp as spies to report proceedings to the Government, looked with much incredulity upon this strange way of capturing Toulon. One morning some of these commissioners ventured to criticise the position of a gun which Napoleon was superintending. "Do you," he tartly replied, "attend to your duty as commissioner, and I will be answerable for mine with my head."

Napoleon's brother, Louis, visited him during the siege. They walked out one morning to a place where an unavailing assault had been made by a portion of the army, and two hundred mangled bodies of Frenchmen were strewn over the ground. On beholding the slaughter which had taken place Napoleon exclaimed, "All these men have been needlessly sacrificed. Had intelligence commanded here none of these lives need have been lost. Learn from this, my brother, how indispensable it is that those should possess knowledge who aspire to assume the command of others."

Napoleon, with an energy which seemed utterly exhausted, devoted himself to the enterprise he had undertaken. By the utmost exertions he soon obtained from all quarters a train of 200 heavy battering cannon. In the midst of a storm of shot and shell incessantly falling around him, he erected five or six powerful batteries within point-blank range of the works he would assail. One battery in particular, which was masked by a plantation of olives, he constructed very near the entrenchments of the enemy. He seemed utterly regardless of his own safety, had several horses shot under him, and received from an Englishman so serious a bayonet wound in his left thigh that for some time he was threatened with the necessity of an amputation. All these operations were carried on in the midst of the storms of battle. There were daily and nightly skirmishes, and sallies, and deadly assaults, and the dreadful tide of successful and unsuccessful war ever ebbed and flowed. One day an artilleryman was shot down by his side, and the ramrod he was using was drenched with blood. Napoleon immediately sprang into the dead man's place, seized the rod, and to the great encouragement of the soldiers with his own hands repeatedly charged the gun.

While the siege was in progress, one

fifteen carriages from Paris suddenly made their appearance in the camp, and about sixty men alighting from them, dressed in gorgeous uniforms, and with the pomp and important air of ambassadors from the revolutionary government, demanded to be led into the presence of the commander-in-chief.

"Citizen-general," said the orator of the party, "we come from Paris; the patriots are indignant at your inactivity and delay. The soil of the Republic has been violated. She trembles to think that the insult still remains unavenged. She asks, why is Toulon not yet taken? Why is the English fleet not yet destroyed? In her indignation she has appealed to her brave sons. We have obeyed her summons, and burn with impatience to fulfil her expectations. We are volunteer gunners from Paris. Furnish us with arms. To-morrow we will march against the enemy."

The general was not a little disconcerted by this pompous and authoritative address. But Napoleon whispered to him, "Turn those gentlemen over to me; I will take care of them." They were very hospitably entertained, and the next morning at day break Napoleon conducted them to the seashore and gave them charge of several pieces of artillery which he had placed there during the night, and with which he requested them to sink an English frigate whose black threatening hull was seen through the haze of the morning at anchor some distance from the shore. The trembling volunteers looked around with most nervous uneasiness in view of their exposed situation, and anxiously inquired if there were no shelter behind which they could stand. Just then a whole broadside of cannon-balls came whistling over their heads; this was not the amusement they had bargained for, and the whole body of braggadocios took to precipitate flight. Napoleon sat quietly upon his horse without even a smile moving his pensive and marble features as he contemplated with much satisfaction the dispersion of such troublesome allies.

Upon another occasion, when the enemy were directing their fire upon the works he was constructing, having occasion to send a despatch from the trenches he called for someone who could write, that he might dictate an order. A young private stepped out from the ranks, and resting the paper upon the breastwork began to write as Napoleon dictated. While thus employed a cannon-ball from the enemy's battery struck the ground but a few feet from them, covering their persons and the paper with the earth.

"Thank you," said the soldier, gaily; "we shall need no more sand upon this page." The instinctive fearlessness and readiness thus displayed arrested the attention of Napoleon. He fixed his keen and piercing eye upon him for a moment, as if scrutinising all his mental and physical qualities, and then said, "Young man, what can I do for you?" The soldier blushed deeply, but promptly replied, "Everything!" and then touching his left shoulder with his

hand he added, "You can change this worsted into an epaulet." A few days after, Napoleon sent for the same soldier to reconnoitre the trenches of the enemy, and suggested that he should disguise his dress, as his exposure would be very great. "Never!" replied the soldier. "Do you take me for a spy? I will go in my uniform though I should never return." He set out immediately, and fortunately escaped unharmed. These two incidents revealed character, and Napoleon immediately recommended him for promotion. This was Junot, afterwards Duke of Abrantes, and one of the most efficient friends of Napoleon. "I love Napoleon," said he afterwards, most wickedly, "as my God. To him I am indebted for all that I am."

At last the hour arrived when all things were ready for the grand attempt. It was in the middle watches of the night of the 17th of December, 1793, when the signal was given for the assault. A cold storm of wind and rain was wailing its midnight dirges in harmony with the awful scene of carnage, destruction, and woe about to ensue. The genius of Napoleon had arranged everything, and inspired the desperate enterprise. No pen can describe the horrors of the conflict. All the energies of both armies were exerted to the utmost in the fierce encounter. To distract the attention of the army the fortifications were everywhere attacked, while an incessant shower of bombshells was rained down upon the devoted city, scattering dismay and death in all directions. In the course of a few hours 8,000 shells from the effective batteries of Napoleon were thrown into Little Gibraltar, until the massive works were almost one pile of ruins. In the midst of the darkness, the storm, the diening rain, the thunder of artillery and the gleaming light of bombshells, the French marched up to the very muzzles of the English guns, and were mown down like grass before the scythe by the tremendous discharges of grapeshot and musketry. The ditches were filled with the dead and dying. Again and again the French were repulsed only to return again and again to the assault. Napoleon was everywhere present, inspiring the onset, even more reckless of his own life than of the lives of his soldiers. For a long time the result seemed very doubtful. But the plans of Napoleon were too carefully laid for final discomfiture. His mangled, bleeding columns rushed in at the embrasures of the ramparts, and the whole garrison were in a few moments silent and still in death.

"General," said Bonaparte to Dugommier, as he raised the welcomed flag over the crumbling walls of the rampart, "go and sleep, we have taken Toulon."

"It was," says Scott, "upon this night of terror, conflagration, tears, and blood, that the star of Napoleon first ascended the horizon, and

7 It is pleasant to witness manifestations of gratitude, but God frowns upon impiety. The wealthy, illustrious, and miserable Junot, in a paroxysm of insanity, precipitated himself from his chamber window, and died in agony upon the pavement.

though it gleamed over many a scene of horror ere it set, it may be doubted whether its light was ever blended with that of one more dreadful."

Though Little Gibraltar was thus taken, the conflict continued all around the city until morning. Shells were exploding, and hot shot falling in the thronged dwellings. Children in the cradle, and maidens in their chambers had limb torn from limb by the dreadful missiles. Conflagrations were continually bursting forth, burning the mangled and the dying, while piercing shrieks of dismay and agony arose even above the thunder of the terrific cannonade. The wind howled in harmony with the awful scene, and a cold and drenching rain swept the streets. One cannot contemplate such a conflict without wondering that a God of Mercy should have allowed His children thus brutally to deform this fair creation with the spirit of the world of woe. For the anguish inflicted upon suffering humanity that night a dreadful responsibility must rest somewhere. Thousands of hearts were lacerated and crushed, with every hope of life blighted for ever. The English Government thought that they did right, under the circumstances of the case, to send their armies and take possession of Toulon. Napoleon deemed that he was nobly discharging his duty in the herculean and successful endeavours he made to drive the invaders from the soil of France. It is not easy for man, with his limited knowledge, to adjust the balance of right and wrong. But here was a crime of enormous magnitude committed—murder, and robbery, and arson, and violence—the breaking of every commandment of God upon the broadest scale; and a day of judgment is yet to come, in which the responsibility will be, with precise and accurate judgment, awarded.

The direful tragedy was, however, not yet terminated. When the morning sun dawned dimly and coldly through the livid clouds, an awful spectacle was revealed to the eye. The streets of Toulon were red with blood, while thousands of the mangled and the dead, in all the most hideous forms of mutilation, were strewn through the dwellings and along the streets. Fierce conflagrations were blazing in many parts of the city, while smouldering ruins and shattered dwellings attested the terrific power of the midnight storm of man's depravity. The cannonade was still continued, and shells were incessantly exploding among the terrified and shrinking inhabitants.

Napoleon, having accomplished the great object of his exertions—the capture of Little Gibraltar—allowed himself not one moment for triumph, or repose, or regret. He immediately prepared his guns to throw their balls into the English ships, and to harass them at every point of exposure. No sooner did Lord Howe see the tricolor flag floating from the parapets of Little Gibraltar, than, conscious that the city was no longer tenable, he made signal for the fleet to prepare for immediate evacuation. The day was passed by the English in filling their

ships with stores from the French arsenals, they having determined to destroy all the munitions of war that they could not carry away. The victorious French were straining every nerve in the erection of new batteries to cripple and, if possible, destroy the retiring foe. Thus passed the day, when another wintry night settled gloomily over the beleaguered and woe-exhausted city. The terror of the Royalists was dreadful. They saw by the embarkation of the British sick and wounded that the English were to evacuate the city, and that they were to be left to their fate. And full well they knew what doom they, and their wives, and their children were to expect from Republican fury in those days of unbridled violence.

The English took as many of the French ships of the line as could be got ready for sea to accompany them in their escape. The rest, consisting of fifteen ships of the line and eight frigates, were collected to be burned. A fire-ship, filled with every combustible substance, was towed into their midst, and at ten o'clock the torch was applied. The flames of the burning ships burst forth like a volcano from the centre of the harbour, illuminating the scene with livid and almost noonday brilliance. The water was covered with boats, crowded with fugitives, hurrying, frantic with despair, to the English and Spanish ships. More than twenty thousand Loyalists, men, women, and children of the highest rank, crowded the beach and the quays in a state of indescribable consternation, imploring rescue from the infuriated army, which, like wolves, were howling around the walls of the city, eager to get at their prey.

To increase the horror of the scene, a furious cannonade was in progress all the time from every ship and every battery. Cannon balls tore their way through family groups; bombs exploded upon the thronged decks of the ships, and in the crowded boats. Many boats were thus sunk, and the shrieks of drowning women and children pierced through the heavy thunders of the cannonade. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, were separated from each other, and ran to and fro upon the shore in delirious agony. The daughter was left mangled and dying on the beach; the father was borne by the rush into one boat; the wife into another; and no one knew who was living, and who, mercifully, was dead. The ships, the magazines, the arsenals, were all now in flames.

The Jacobins of Toulon began to emerge from garrets and cellars, and, frenzied with intoxication, like demons of darkness, with torch and sword, rioted through the city, attacked the flying Royalists, tore their garments from their backs, and inflicted upon maids and matrons every conceivable brutality. A little after midnight two frigates, each containing many thousand barrels of gunpowder, blew up with an explosion so terrific that it seemed to shake, like an earthquake, even the solid hills. As, at

last, the rear-guard of the English abandoned the ramparts and hurried to the boats, the triumphant Republican army, nearly 40,000 strong, came rushing into the city at all points. The allied fleet, with favourable winds, spread its sails, and soon disappeared beneath the horizon of the silent sea, bearing away nearly 20,000 wretched souls to homelessness, penury, and life-long woe."

Dugommier, the commander of the Republican army, notwithstanding all his exertions, found it utterly impossible to restrain the passions of his victorious soldiers, and for many days violence and crime ran rampant in the doomed city. The offence of having raised the flag of Royalty, and of having surrendered the city and its stores to the foe, was one not to be forgiven. The Jacobin government in Paris sent orders for a bloody and a terrible vengeance, that the Royalists all over France might be intimidated from again conspiring with the enemy. Napoleon did everything in his power to protect the inhabitants from the fury which was wreaked upon them. He witnessed, with anguish, scenes of cruelty which he could not repress.

An old merchant, eighty-four years of age, deaf, and nearly blind, was guilty of the crime of being worth five millions of dollars. The Convention, coveting his wealth, sentenced him to the scaffold. "When I witnessed the inhuman execution of this old man," said Napoleon, "I felt as if the end of the world were at hand."

He exposed his own life to imminent peril in his endeavours to save the helpless from Jacobin rage. One day a Spanish prize was brought into the harbour, on board of which had been taken the noble family of Chabrilant, well-known Royalists, escaping from France. The mob, believing that they were fleeing to join the emigrants, and the allied army in their march against Paris, rushed to seize the hated aristocrats, and to hang them, men and women, at the nearest lamp-posts. The guard came up for their rescue, and were repulsed. Napoleon saw among the rioters several gunners who had served under him during the siege. He mounted a platform, and their respect for their general secured him a hearing. He induced them, by those powers of persuasion which he so eminently possessed, to entrust the emigrants to him, to be tried and sentenced the next morning. At midnight he placed them in an artillery wagon, concealed among barrels of powder and casks of

bullets, and had them conveyed out of the city as a convoy of ammunition. He also provided a boat to be in waiting for them on the shore, and they embarked and were saved.

Though the representatives of the Convention made no allusion to Napoleon in their report, he acquired no little celebrity among the officers in the army, by the energy and skill he had manifested. One of the deputies, however, wrote to Carnot, "I send you a young man who distinguished himself very much during the siege, and earnestly recommend to you to advance him speedily. If you do not, he will most assuredly advance himself."

Soon after the capture of Toulon, Napoleon accompanied General Dugommier to Marseilles. He was in company with him there, when some one, noting his feminine figure, inquired, "Who is that little bit of an officer, and where did you pick him up?"

"That officer's name," gravely replied General Dugommier, "is Napoleon Bonaparte. I picked him up at the siege of Toulon, to the successful termination of which he eminently contributed, and you will probably one day see that this little bit of an officer is a greater man than any of us."

CHAPTER III.

Ceaseless Activity of Napoleon—Promotion—Departure for Nice—Attack upon the Austrians—Arrest of Napoleon, and Deprivation of his Commission—Temptation and Relief—Defeat of the Army of Italy—Studious Character of Bonaparte—His Kindness of Heart—Infidelity in France—New Constitution—Terror of the Convention—Napoleon is Presented to the Convention—Preparations—Results—New Government—Napoleon's Attention to his Mother—Fitting Speech.

NAPOLEON was immediately employed in fortifying the maritime coast of Southern France, to afford the inhabitants protection against attacks from the allied fleet. With the same exhaustless, iron diligence which had signalled his course at Toulon, he devoted himself to this new enterprise. He climbed every headland, explored every bay, examined all soundings. He allowed himself no recreation, and thought not of repose. It was winter, and cold storms of wind and rain swept the bleak hills. But the energies of a mind more intense and active than was perhaps ever before encased in human flesh, rendered this extraordinary man, then but twenty-four years of age, perfectly regardless of all personal indulgences. Drenched with rain, living upon such coarse fare as he chanced to meet in the huts of fishermen and peasants, throwing himself, wrapped in his cloak, upon any poor cot for a few hours of repose at night, he laboured with both body and mind to a degree which no ordinary constitution could possibly have endured, and which no ordinary enthusiasm could have inspired.

In a few weeks he accomplished that to which others would have devoted years of energetic action. It seems incredible that

"Thus terminated this memorable campaign, the most remarkable in the annals of France, perhaps in the history of the world. From a state of unexampled peril, from the attack of forces which would have crushed Louis XIV. in the plenitude of his power, from civil dissensions which threatened to dismember the State, the Republic emerged triumphant. Yet what fair opportunities, never again to recur, were then afforded to crush the hydra in its cradle! If thirty thousand British troops had been sent to Toulon, the Constitutional throne would have been at once established in all the South of France."—Alison

human mind, in so short a time, could have matured plans so comprehensive and minute, and could have achieved such vast results. While other young officers of his age were sauntering along the windings of mountain streams with hook and line, or strolling the field with fowling pieces, or in halls of revelry with youthful maidens were accomplishing their destiny in cotillions and waltzes, Napoleon, in herculean toil, was working day and night with an activity which has never been surpassed. He divided the coast battery into three classes; those for the defence of men-of-war in important harbours; those for the protection of merchant vessels; and those reared upon promontories and headlands, under whose guns the coasting trade could be carried on.

Having accomplished this vast undertaking in the two wintry months of January and February, he joined the headquarters of the army of Italy in Nice early in March, 1794, having been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general of artillery. The personal appearance of Napoleon at this time was anything but prepossessing. He was diminutive in stature, and thin and emaciated in the extreme. His features were angular and sharp, and his complexion sallow. His hair, contrary to the fashion of the times, was combed straight over his forehead. His hands were perfectly feminine in their proportions. Quite regardless of the display of dress, he usually appeared without gloves (which he said were a useless luxury), in a plain round hat, with boots clumsily fitted to his feet, and with a grey great coat, which afterwards became as celebrated as the white plume of Henry IV. His eye, however, was brilliant, and his smile ever peculiarly winning.⁹

Napoleon, upon his arrival at Nice, found the French army idly reposing in their entrenchments among the Maritime Alps, and surrounded by superior forces of Austrians and Sardinians. General Dumertrin, who was in command, was a fearless and experienced soldier, but aged and infirm, and suffering severely from the gout. The sun of returning spring was causing the hills and the valleys to rejoice. Mild airs from

the south were breathing gently over the opening foliage, and the songs of birds, the perfume of flowers, lured to listless indulgence. Napoleon was pale and thin from the toils of his batteries at Toulon, and from his sleepless exertions in fortifying the coast. He now had an opportunity for repose, and for the recruiting of his apparently exhausted frame. He, however, did not allow himself one single day of recreation or of rest. The very hour of his arrival found him intensely occupied in informing himself respecting all the particulars of the numbers, positions, organisation, and available resources of the two armies. He carefully examined every outpost of the French, and reconnoitred, with the most scrutinising attention, the line occupied by the opposing hosts. He studied the map of the country. He galloped, hour after hour, and day after day, through the ravines, and even the mountains, to make himself perfectly familiar with all the localities of the region. After a day of incessant toil, he would spend the night with his maps and charts before him, with every meandering stream, every valley, every river, carefully laid down, and with pins, the heads of some covered with red sealing-wax, to represent the French, and others with blue, to designate the enemy, he would form all possible combinations, and study the advantages or the perils of the different positions which the Republican army might assume. Having thrown himself upon his cot for a few hours of repose, the earliest dawn of the morning would find him again upon his horse's back, exploring all the intricate and perilous fastnesses of the Alps.

A large force of Austrians were entrenched near Saorgia, along the banks of the fertile Roza, in the enjoyment of ease and abundance, and dreaming not of peril. Napoleon, with great deliberation, formed his plan. He had foreseen all probable contingencies, and guarded against every conceivable danger. A council was assembled. He presented his suggestions so forcibly and clearly, as to ensure their immediate adoption. Massena,¹⁰ with fifteen thousand men, secretly and rapidly, was to ascend the banks of the Oreglia, a stream running parallel with the Roza, till, far up near the sources of the two rivers, crossing over to the Roza, he was to descend that valley, and fall unexpectedly upon the Austrians in the rear. At the same time, General Dumertrin the commander-in-chief, with ten thousand men, was to assual the enemy in

⁹ Lieutenant Bonaparte was one of the most exemplary young men of his age—not addicted to any of the usual vices or follies of young officers—no gambling, quarrelling, duelling, or dissipation of any kind disordered his first years in the army. His morals were as pure as his talents were superior, and his temperamable. That such undeniable youth should ripen to the wicked maturity so profusely imputed to him, seems contrary to nature. At school he was a favourite with his school-fellows, and in their choice of boys to preside at sports, or on other occasions, Napoleon was mostly elected. In the army, he was as generally esteemed. His popularity, as commander, with the soldiers is well known; his uniform and cordial kindness, attention to their wants and comforts, and studying their welfare more than that of the officers. Yet, at school, and in all military grades, he was a strict disciplinarian; never courted favour by unworthy or unmanly condescension, but, throughout his whole life, was authoritative, direct, simple, systematic, kind, and considerate.—Ingersoll's Second War,

¹⁰ Andre Massena rose from a common soldier to the rank of a commander, and became Duke of Rivoli, and Marshal of France. "He was," said Napoleon, "a man of superior talent. He generally, however, made bad dispositions previously to a battle. It was not until the dead began to fall about him that he began to act with that judgment which he ought to have displayed before. In the midst of the dying and the dead, and of balls sweeping away those who encircled him, he gave his orders and made his dispositions with the most perfect coolness and judgment. It was truly said of him that he never began to act with skill until the battle was going against him. He was, however, a robber. His

front. Napoleon, with ten thousand men, marching nearer to the Mediterranean coast, was to seize the important posts there, and cut off, from the fertile plains of the south, the retreat of the enemy. Thus, in three weeks after Napoleon had made his appearance at the head-quarters of the army in Nice, the whole force of the French was in motion.

The energy of the youthful commander was immediately communicated to the entire army. Desperate and sanguinary conflicts ensued, and his plans were triumphantly successful. The Piedmontese troops, twenty thousand strong, amazed at the storm thus suddenly bursting upon them, precipitately fled. Saorgia, the principal depôt of the allied forces, and well stored with provisions and ammunition of every kind, was taken by the French. Before the end of May, the French were masters of all the passes of the Maritime Alps, and their flags were waving in the breeze from the summits of Mont Cenis, Mont Tende, and Mont Finisterra. The news of these sudden and unexpected victories went with electric speed through France. With the nation in general the honour redounded to Dumerbion alone, the commander-in-chief. But in the army it was well understood to whose exertions and genius the achievements were to be attributed. Though, as yet, the name of Napoleon had hardly been pronounced in public, the officers and soldiers in the army were daily contemplating, with increasing interest, his rising fame. Indeed General Dumerbion was so deeply impressed by the sagacity and military science displayed by his brigadier-general, that he unresistingly surrendered himself to the guidance of the mind of Napoleon.

The summer months rapidly passed away, while the French, upon the summits of the mountains, were fortifying their positions to resist the attacks of a formidable army of Austrians and Piedmontese combining to displace them. Napoleon was still indefatigable in obtaining a familiar acquaintance with all the natural features of the country, in studying the modes of moving, governing, and provisioning armies, and eagerly watching for opportunities to work out his destiny for renown, for which he now began to believe that he was created.

But suddenly he was arrested on the following extraordinary charge, and narrowly escaped losing his head on the guillotine. When Napoleon, during the preceding winter, was engaged in the fortification of the maritime frontier, he proposed repairing an old state prison at Mar-

seilles, that it might serve as a powder magazine. His successor on that station proceeded to the execution of this plan, so evidently judicious. Some disaffected persons represented this officer to the Committee of Public Safety as building a second Bastille, in which to imprison patriotic citizens. He was accordingly at once arrested and brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Here he so clearly proved that the plan was not his own, but that he was merely carrying out the suggestions of his predecessor, that he was released, and orders were sent for the arrest of Napoleon. He was seized, and for fifteen days held under arrest. An order, however, soon came from Paris for his release. An officer, entering his room a couple of hours after midnight to communicate the tidings, found, much to his astonishment, Napoleon crouched and seated at his table, with maps, books, and charts spread out before him.

"What!" inquired his friend, "are you not in bed yet?"

"In bed!" Napoleon replied. "I have had my sleep, and am already risen."

"What, so early!" the other rejoined.

"Yes," continued Napoleon, "so early. Two or three hours of sleep are enough for any man."

Though the representatives of the government, conscious of the value of Napoleon's services, had written to the Convention, making such an explanation of the facts that he was immediately set at liberty, still they saw fit, in an ungenerous attempt at self-justification, to deprive him of his rank as general of artillery, and to assign him a post in the infantry in its stead. Napoleon, regarding this transfer as an insult, threw up his commission in disgust, and retired, in comparative indigence, to join his mother and the rest of the family, who were now residing at Marseilles. This was in the autumn of 1794. He spent the winter in comparative inaction, but carefully studying the convulsions of the times, the history of past revolutions, and the science of government.

Tired of inactivity, early in May, Napoleon, then twenty-five years of age, proceeded to Paris to seek employment. He was, however, unsuccessful. The government had its favourites to reward and promote, and Napoleon, deeply chagrined and mortified, found all his offers of service rejected. An old officer of artillery, who had seen but little active service, was president of the military committee. Rather superciliously he remarked to Napoleon, whose feminine and youthful appearance did not indicate that he was born to command, "You are too young to occupy a station of such responsibility as you seek." Napoleon imprudently retorted, "Presented in the field of battle, sir, ought to anticipate the claim of years." This personal reflection so annoyed the president, that he sought rather to obstruct than to aid the aspirations of the young officer. His situation became daily more painful, as his scanty funds were rapidly failing. He even formed the plan of going to Turkey to offer his services to the Grand Seignior. "How singu-

ware halves with the contractors and commissaries of the army. I signified to him often, that if he would discontinue his speculations, I would make him a present of a hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand dollars, but he had acquired such a habit that he could not keep his hands from money. On this account he was hated by the soldiers, who mutinied against him three or four times. However, considering the circumstances of the times, he was precious. Had not his bright parts been galled by avarice, he would have been a great man." Massena lived through all the wars of Napoleon, and died of chagrin when the master whom he adored was sent exile in St. Helena.

far it would be," said he at this time, to a companion, "if a little Corsican officer were to become King of Jerusalem!"

One gloomy night at St. Helena, when Napoleon, unable to sleep, was endeavouring to beguile the weary hours by conversation, he narrated the following anecdote, illustrative of his destitution and his distress in these early days of adversity. "I was at this period, on one occasion, suffering from that extreme depression of spirits which suspends the faculties of the brain, and renders life a burden too heavy to be borne. I had just received a letter from my mother, revealing to me the utter destitution into which she was plunged. She had been compelled to flee from the war with which Corsica was desolated, and was then at Marseilles, with no means of subsistence, and having nought but her heroic virtues to defend the honour of her daughters against the misery and the corruption of all kinds existing in the manners of that epoch of social chaos. I also, deprived of my pay and with exhausted resources, had but one single dollar in my pocket. Urged by animal instinct to escape from prospects so gloomy, and from sorrows so unendurable, I wandered along the banks of the river, feeling that it was unmanly to commit suicide, and yet unable to resist the temptation to do so. In a few more moments I should have thrown myself into the water, when I ran against an individual dressed like a simple mechanic, who, recognising me, threw himself upon my neck, and cried, 'Is it you, Napoleon? How glad I am to see you again!' It was D  m  sis, an old friend and former companion of mine in the artillery regiment. He had emigrated, and had afterwards returned to France, in disguise, to see his aged mother.

"He was about to leave me, when, stopping, he exclaimed, 'But what is the matter, Napoleon? You do not listen to me! You do not seem glad to see me! What misfortune threatens you? You look to me like a madman about to kill himself.' This direct appeal to the feelings which had seized upon me, produced such an effect upon my mind, that, without hesitation, I revealed to him everything. 'Is that all?' said he, unbuttoning his coarse waistcoat, and detaching a belt, which he placed in my hands. 'Here are six thousand dollars in gold, which I can spare without any inconvenience. Take them and relieve your mother.' I cannot to this day explain to myself how I could have been willing to receive the money, but I seized the gold as by a convulsive movement, and, almost frantic with excitement, ran to send it to my distressed mother.

"It was not until the money had left my hands and was on its way to Marseilles that I reflected upon what I had done. I hastened back to the spot where I had left D  m  sis, but he was no longer there. For several days continuously, I went out in the morning and returned not till evening, searching every place in Paris where I could hope to find him. All the resources I then made, as well as those I made

after my accession to power, were in vain. It was not till the empire was approaching its fall that I again discovered D  m  sis. It was now my turn to question him, and to ask him what he had thought of my strange conduct, and why I had never heard even his name for fifteen years. He replied, that as he had been in no need of money, he had not asked me to repay the loan, although he was well assured that I should find no difficulty in reimbursing him. But he feared that, if he made himself known, I should force him to quit the retirement in which he lived happily, occupying himself with horticulture. I had very great difficulty in making him accept sixty thousand dollars as an imperial reimbursement for six thousand lent to his comrade in distress. I also made him accept the office of director-general of the crown gardens, with a salary of six thousand dollars a year, and the honours of an officer of the household. I also provided a good situation for his brother.

"Two of my comrades in the military school, and the two to whom I was most closely united by the sympathies of early friendship, had, by one of those mysteries of Providence which we often witness, an immense influence upon my destiny. D  m  sis arrested me at the moment when I was about to commit suicide; and Philippeau prevented my conquest of St. Jean d'Acre. Had it not been for him, I should have been master of this key of the East. I should have marched upon Constantinople, and have established an empire in Asia."

But reverses began now to attend the army in Italy. Defeat followed defeat. They were driven by the Austrians from the posts to which Napoleon had conducted them, and were retreating before their foes. The Committee of Public Safety was in great trepidation. In their ignorance, they knew not what orders to issue. Some one who had heard of Napoleon's achievements among the Alps suggested his name. He was called into the meetings of the committee for advice. The local and technical information he had acquired, his military science, and the vast resources of his highly cultivated mind, placed him immediately at the head of the committee.

Though young in years, and still more youthful in appearance, his gravity, his serious and pensive thoughtfulness, gave weight to his counsels, and his plans were unhesitatingly adopted. He had studied the topography of the Maritime Alps with enthusiastic assiduity, and was familiar with the windings and characteristics of every stream, and the course of mountain ranges, and with the military capabilities of the ravines and glens. The judicious dispositions which he proposed of the various divisions of the army arrested the tide of Austrian conquest, and enabled the French, though much inferior in number to their allied foes, to defend the positions they had been directed to occupy.

During all this time, however, while Napoleon, in the committee-room in Paris, was guiding the movements of the army in Italy, he was studying in the public libraries, during every leisure

moment, with an assiduity so intense and inexhaustible that it could not have been surpassed had he been inspired with the highest ambition for literary and scientific honours.

In his occasional evening saunterings along the boulevards, as he saw the effeminate young men of that metropolis rolling in luxury, and in affected speech criticising the tones of an opera singer, or the exquisite moulding of a dancer's limbs, he could not refrain from giving utterance to his contempt. When he was thus, one evening, treading the dusty thoroughfares, and looking upon such a spectacle, he impatiently exclaimed, "Can it be that upon such creatures Fortune is willing to lavish her favours! How contemptible is human nature!" Though Napoleon excluded himself entirely from haunts of revelry and scenes of dissipation, and from all those dissolute courses into which the young men of those days so recklessly plunged, he adopted this course, not apparently from any conscientious desire to do that which is right in the sight of God, but from what has been called "the expulsive power of new affection." Ambition seemed to expel from his mind every other passion. The craving to obtain renown by the performance of great and glorious deeds; the desire to immortalize his name, as one of the distinguished men and illustrious benefactors of the human race, had infused itself so intensely throughout his whole nature, that animal passion even was repressed, and all the ordinary pursuits of worldly pleasure became in his view frivolous and contemptible.

The Duchess of Abrantes narrates the following incident, which pleasingly illustrates Napoleon's kind and sympathizing disposition. Her father was sick, and tumultuous Paris was in a state of anarchy.

"Bonaparte, apprised by my brother, came immediately to see us. He appeared to be affected by the state of my father, who, though in great pain, insisted on seeing him. He came every day; and in the morning he sent, or called himself, to inquire how he had passed the night. I cannot recollect his conduct at that period without sincere gratitude.

"He informed us that Paris was in such state as must necessarily lead to a convulsion. The Convention, by incessantly repeating to the people that it was their master, had taught them the answer which they made it in their turn. The sections were in, if not open, at least almost avowed insurrection. The section Lepelletier, which was ours, was the most turbulent, and, in fact, the most to be dreaded; its orators did not scruple to deliver the most incendiary speeches. They asserted that the power of the assembled people was above the laws. 'Matters are getting from bad to worse,' said Bonaparte; 'the counter-revolution will shortly break forth, and it will, at the same time, become the source of disasters.'

"As I have said, he came every day; dined with us, and passed the evening in the drawing-room, talking in a low tone beside the

chair of my mother, who, worn out with fatigue, dozed for a few moments to recruit her strength for she never quitted my father's pillow. I recollect that one evening, my father being very ill, my mother was weeping and in great tribulation. It was ten o'clock. At that time it was impossible to induce any of the servants of the hotel to go out after nine. Bonaparte said nothing. He ran down stairs, and posted away to Duchannois, whom he brought back with him, in spite of his objections. The weather was dreadful. The rain poured in torrents. Bonaparte had not been able to meet with a hackney-coach to go to M. Duchannois: he was wet through. Yes, indeed, at that period Bonaparte had a heart susceptible of attachment!"

At this time it can hardly be said that there was any religion in France. Christianity had been all but universally discarded. The priests had been banished; the churches demolished or converted into temples of science or haunts of merriment. The immortality of the soul was denied, and upon the gateways of the graveyards there was inscribed, "Death is an eternal sleep!" Napoleon was consequently deprived of all the influences of religion in the formation of his character. And yet his mind was naturally, if it be proper so to speak, a devotional mind. His temperament was serious, thoughtful, and pensive. The grand and the mysterious engrossed and overawed him. Even his ambition as not exulting and exhilarating, but sombre, majestic, and sublime. He thought of herculean oil, of sleepless labour, and of heroic deeds.

Peace, and luxury, and self-indulgence he had no desire, but he wished to be the greatest of men by accomplishing more than any other mortal had ever accomplished. Even in youth, life had but few charms for him, and he took a melancholy view of man's earthly pilgrimage, often asserting that existence was not a blessing. And when drawing near to the close of life, he exclaimed that he had known but few happy moments upon earth, and that for those few he was indebted to the love of Josephine.

The National Convention now prepared another constitution for the adoption of the people of France. The executive power, instead of being placed in the hands of one king, or president, was intrusted to five chiefs, who were to be called Directors. The legislative powers were committed to two bodies, as in the United States. The first, corresponding to the United States' Senate, was to be called the *Council of Ancients*. It was to consist of two hundred and fifty members, each of whom was to be at least forty years of age, and a married man or a widower. An unmarried man was not considered worthy of a post of such respectability in the service of the state. The second body was called the *Council of Five Hundred*, from the number of members of which it was to be composed. It corresponded with the American House of Representatives, and each of its members was to be at least thirty years of age.

This constitution was far superior to any other

which had yet been formed. It was framed by the moderate Republicans, who wished to establish a Republican government, protecting France on the one hand from the Royalists, who would re-establish the Bourbons upon the throne, and on the other hand from the misrule of the violent Jacobins, who wished to perpetuate the Reign of Terror. This constitution was sent down to the primary assemblies of the people for their adoption or rejection. It was accepted promptly in nearly all the rural districts, and was adopted by acclamation in the army.

The city of Paris was divided into ninety-six sections or wards, in each of which, as in our cities, the inhabitants of that particular ward assembled at the polls. When the constitution was tendered to these several sections of Paris, forty-eight of them voted in its favour, while forty-six rejected it. The Royalists and the Jacobins, the two extremes, united in the opposition, each party hoping that by the overthrow of the Convention its own views might obtain the precedence. The Convention declared that the majority of the nation had everywhere pronounced in favour of the new constitution, and they prepared to carry its provisions into effect. The opposing sections, now thoroughly aroused, began to arm, resolved upon violent resistance. The Parisian mob, ever ready for an outbreak, joined most heartily with their more aristocratic leaders, and all Paris seemed to be rousing to attack the Convention. The National Guard promptly joined the insurgents. The insurrection gun was fired, the tocsin tolled, and the gloomy, threatening masses, marshalled under able leaders, swarmed through the streets.

The Convention was in the utmost state of trepidation; for in those days of anarchy blood flowed like water, and life had no sacredness. It was not a mob of a few hundred straggling men and boys, who, with hootings, were to surround their hall and break their windows, but a formidable army of forty thousand men, in battle array, with artillery and musketry, headed by veteran generals who had fought the battles of the old monarchy, with gleaming banners and trumpet tones, were marching down from all quarters of the city upon the Tuileries. To meet this foe, the Convention had at its command but five thousand regular troops; and it was uncertain but that they, in the moment of peril, might fraternize with the insurgents. General Menou was appointed by the Convention to quell the insurrection. He marched to meet the enemy. Napoleon, intensely interested in the passing scenes, followed the solid columns of Menou. But the general, a mild and inefficient man, with no nerve to meet such a crisis, was alarmed in view of the numbers and the influence of his antagonists, and retired before them. Shouts of victory resounded from the National Guard through all the streets of Paris. They were greatly emboldened by this triumph, and felt confident that the regular troops would not dare to fire upon the citizens.

The shades of night were now settling down

over the agitated city. Napoleon, having witnessed the unsuccessful mission of Menou, ran through the streets to the Tuileries, and, ascending the gallery where the Convention was assembled, contemplated, with a marble brow and a heart apparently unagitated, the scene of consternation there. It was now eleven o'clock at night, and the doom of the Convention seemed sealed. In the utmost alarm, Menou was dismissed, and the unlimited command of the troops intrusted to Barras. The office was full of peril. Successful resistance seemed impossible, and unsuccessful was certain death. Barras hesitated, when suddenly he recollected Napoleon, whom he had known at Toulon, and whose military science and energy, and reckless disregard of his own life, and of the lives of all others, he well remembered. He immediately exclaimed, "I know the man who can defend us, if any one can. It is a young Corsican officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, whose military abilities I witnessed at Toulon. He is a man that will not stand upon ceremony." Napoleon was in the gallery at the time, and it is not impossible that the eye of Barras chancing to light upon him caused the suggestion.

He was immediately introduced to the Convention. They expected to see a man of gigantic frame and soldierly bearing, brusque and imperious. To their surprise, there appeared before them a small, slender, pale-faced, smooth-cheeked young man, apparently about eighteen years of age. The president said, "Are you willing to undertake the defence of the Convention?" "Yes!" was the calm, laconic reply. After a moment's hesitation, the president continued, "Are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?" Napoleon fixed that eagle glance upon him which few could meet and not quail before it, and replied, "Perfectly; and I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake." There was something in the tone and the manner of this extraordinary man which secured for him immediately the confidence of all the members of the House. His spirit, so calm and imperturbable in the midst of a scene so exciting, impressed them with the conviction that they were in the presence of one of no common powers. After the exchange of a few more words, Napoleon said, "One condition is indispensable. I must have the unlimited command, entirely untrammelled by any orders from the Convention." It was no time for debate, and there was unhesitating acquiescence in his demand.

The promptness, energy, and unfailing resources of Napoleon were now most conspicuously displayed. At Sablons, about five miles from Paris, there was a powerful park of artillery, consisting of fifty heavy guns. Napoleon instantly despatched Murat, with a party of dragoons, to take those guns, and bring them to the Tuileries. They were seized by the mounted troops but a few minutes before a party of infantry arrived from the sections for the same purpose. The insurgents, though more

rons, dared not attack the dragoons, and the guns were taken in safety to Napoleon. He disposed them, heavily charged with grape-shot, in such a way as to sweep all the avenues leading to the Convention.

The activity of the young general knew not a moment's intermission. He was everywhere during the night, giving directions, infusing energy, and inspiring courage. He was well aware of the fearful odds against him; for with five thousand troops he was to encounter forty thousand men, well armed, well disciplined, and under experienced officers. They could easily besiege him, and starve him into surrender. They could, from behind barricades, and from house-tops and chamber windows, so thin out his ranks, that resistance would be hopeless. The officers of the National Guard, however, had no conception of the firm, indomitable, unflinching spirit which they were to encounter. They did not believe that any one would dare to fire upon the citizens of Paris. The Convention were aroused to a most lively sense of the serious aspect of affairs when, in the gloom of night, eight hundred muskets were brought in, with an abundant supply of cartridges, by order of Napoleon, to arm themselves as a corps of reserve. This precaution indicated to them the full extent of the danger, and also the unwavering determination of him who was intrusted with their defence. As the light of morning dawned upon the city, the Tuileries presented the aspect of an intrenched camp. Napoleon had posted his guns so as to sweep all the bridges and avenues through which an opposing force could approach the capital. His own imperturbable calmness, and firmness, and confidence communicated itself to the troops he commanded. The few laconic words with which he addressed them, like electric fire, penetrated their hearts, and secured devotion, even to death, to his service.

The alarm-bells were now ringing, and the *générale* beating in all parts of the city. The armed hosts, in dense black masses, were mustering at their appointed rendezvous, and preparing to march in solid columns upon the Convention. The members in their seats, in silence and awe, awaited the fearful assault, upon the issue of which their lives were suspended. Napoleon, pale and solemn, and perfectly calm, had completed all his arrangements, and was waiting, resolved that the responsibility of the first blow should fall upon his assailants, and that he would take the responsibility of the second.

Soon the enemy were seen advancing from every direction, in masses which perfectly filled the narrow streets of the city. With exultant music and waving banners, they marched proudly on to attack the besieged band upon every side, and confident, from their overpowering numbers, of an easy victory. They did not believe that the few and feeble troops of the Convention would dare to resist the people, but cherished the delusion that a very few shots from their own side would put all opposition to flight. Thus, hesitatingly, they came within the step of the

grape-shot with which Napoleon had charged his guns to the muzzle.

But seeing that the troops of the Convention stood firm, awaiting their approach, the head of one of the advancing columns leveled their muskets and discharged a volley of bullets at their enemies. It was the signal for an instantaneous discharge, direct, sanguinary, merciless, from every battery. In quick succession, explosion followed explosion, and a perfect storm of grape-shot swept the thronged streets. The pavements were covered with the mangled and the dead. The columns wavered—the storm still continued; they turned—the storm still raged unabated; they fled in utter dismay in every direction; the storm still pursued them. Then Napoleon commanded his little division impetuously to follow the fugitives, and to continue the discharge, but with blank cartridges. As the thunder of these heavy guns reverberated along the streets, the insurgents dispersed through every available lane and alley, and in less than an hour the foe was nowhere to be found. Napoleon sent his division into every section and disarmed the inhabitants, that there could be no regathering. He then ordered the dead to be buried, and the wounded to be conveyed to the hospitals, and then, with his pale and marble brow as unmoved as if no event of any great importance had occurred, he returned to his head-quarters at the Tuileries.

"How could you," said a lady, "thus mercilessly fire upon your own countrymen?" "A soldier," he coolly replied, "is but a machine to obey orders. This is *my seal*, which I have impressed upon Paris." Subsequently, Napoleon never ceased to regret the occurrence; and tried to forget, and to have others forget, that he had ever deluged the streets of Paris with the blood of Frenchmen.

Thus Napoleon established the new government of France, called the Directory, from the five Directors who composed its executive. But a few months passed away before Napoleon, by moral power, without the shedding of a drop of blood, overthrew the constitution which his unpitiful artillery had thus established. Immediately after the quelling of the sections, Napoleon was triumphantly received by the Convention. It was declared, by unanimous resolve, that his energy had saved the Republic. His friend Barras became one of the Directors, and Napoleon was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and intrusted with the military defence and government of the metropolis.

The defeat of the insurgents was the death-blow to all the hopes of the Royalists, and seemed to establish the Republic upon a firm foundation. Napoleon manifested the natural clemency of his disposition very strongly in this hour of triumph. When the Convention would have executed Menou as a traitor, he pleaded his cause and obtained his acquittal. He urged, and successfully, that, as the insurgents were now harmless, he should not be punished, but that a

veil of oblivion should be thrown over all their deeds. The Convention, influenced not a little by the spirit of Napoleon, now honourably dissolved itself by passing an act of general amnesty for all past offences, and surrendering the government to the Directory.

The situation of Napoleon was now flattering in the extreme. He was but twenty-five years of age. The distinguished services he had rendered, the high rank he had attained, and the ample income at his disposal, gave him a very elevated position in public view. The eminence he had now attained was not a sudden and accidental outbreak of celebrity. It was the result of long years of previous toil. He was now reaping the fruit of the seed which he had sown in his incessant application to study in the military school; in his continued devotion to literary and scientific pursuits after he became an officer; in his energy, and fearlessness, and untiring assiduity at Toulon; in his days of wintry exposure, and nights of sleeplessness, in fortifying the coast of France, and in his untiring toil among the fastnesses of the Alps. Never was reputation earned and celebrity attained by more herculean labour. If Napoleon had extraordinary genius, as unquestionably he had, this genius stimulated him to extraordinary exertions.

Immediately upon the attainment of this high dignity and authority, with the ample pecuniary resources accompanying it, Napoleon hastened to Marseilles to place his mother in a position of perfect comfort. And he continued to watch over her with most filial assiduity, proving himself an affectionate and dutiful son. From this hour the whole family, mother, brothers, and sisters, were taken under his protection, and all their interests blended with his own.

The task which Napoleon now occupied was one of vast responsibility, demanding incessant care, moral courage, and tact. The Royalists and the Jacobins were exceedingly exasperated. The government was not consolidated, and obtained no command over the public mind. Paris was filled with tumult and disorder. The ravages of the Revolution had thrown hundreds of thousands out of employment, and starvation was stalking through the streets of the metropolis. It became necessary for the government, almost without means or credit, to feed the famishing. Napoleon manifested great skill and humanity, combined with unflinching firmness, in repressing disorders.

It was not unfrequently necessary to appeal to the strong arm of military power to arrest the rising array of lawless passion. Often his apt and pithy speeches would promote good-nature and disperse the crowd. On one occasion, a fishwoman, of enormous rotundity of person, exhorted the mob, with the most vehement volubility, not to disperse, exclaiming, "Never mind these coxcombs, with epaulettes on their shoulders; they care not if we poor people all starve, if they can but feed well and grow fat." Napoleon, who was as thin and meagre as a shadow, turned to her and said, "Look at me, my good woman,

and tell me which of us two is the fatter?" The Amazon was completely disconcerted by this happy repartee, and the crowd in good humour.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST CAMPAIGN IN ITALY.—

Napoleon's appearance and character.—His benevolence.—Josephine Beauharnais.—Eugene.—Marriage of Napoleon and Josephine.—Napoleon takes command of the army of Italy.—Departure from Paris.—Feeling in England.—State of the army at Nice.—Ascendancy of Napoleon over his generals and soldiers.—Influence of Letitia.—Napoleon's designs.—His proclamation.—Tolls and sufferings of the army.—Efforts to win the friendship of the Italians.—Battle at Cera.—Haughty treatment of the Sardinian Commissioners.—Proclamations.

THE discomfiture of the insurgent sections in Paris, and the energy, tact, and humanity which Napoleon displayed in the subsequent government of the tumultuous city, caused his name to be familiar as a household word in all parts of the metropolis. His slight and slender figure, so feminine and graceful in its proportions; his hand, so small and white, and soft, that any lady might covet it; his features, so mild and youthful in their expression; and all these combined in strange alliance with energies as indomitable, and a will as imperious, as were ever enshrined in mortal form, invested the young general with a mysterious and almost supernatural fascination.

Famine was rioting in the streets of Paris. All industry was at an end. The poor, unemployed, were perishing. The rich were gathering the wrecks of their estates, and flying from France. There was no law but such as was proclaimed by the thunders of Napoleon's batteries. The National Guard he immediately reorganized, and soon efficient order was established. Napoleon was incessantly occupied in visiting all parts of the city. Words of kindness and sympathy with suffering he combined with the strong and inexorable arm of military rule. More than a hundred families, says the Duchess of Abrantes, were saved from perishing by his personal exhortations. He himself climbed to the garrets of penury, and penetrated the cellars of want and woe, and, with a moistened eye, gazed upon the scenes of fearful wretchedness with which Paris was filled. He caused wood and bread to be distributed to the poor, and, totally regardless of ease and self-indulgence, did everything in his power to alleviate suffering.

One day, when alighting from his carriage to dine at Madame Permon's, he was addressed by a woman who held a dead infant in her arms. Grief and hunger had dried up the fountain of life in her bosom, and her unweaned child had perished of starvation. Her husband was dead, and five children were moaning for food at home. "If I cannot obtain relief," said the famished mother, "I must take my remaining five children and drown myself with them." Napoleon questioned her very minutely, ascertained her place of residence, and, giving her some money,

to meet her immediate wants, entered the house, and sat down with the guests at the brilliant entertainment. He was, however, so deeply impressed with the scene of wretchedness which he had just witnessed, that he could not obliterate it from his mind, and all were struck with his absent manner and the sadness of his countenance. Immediately after dinner, he took measures to ascertain the truth of the statements which the poor woman had made to him, and, finding all her assertions verified, he took the family immediately under his protection. He obtained employment for the girls in needlework among his friends, and the family ever expressed the most profound gratitude for their preserver. It was by the unceasing exhibition of such traits of character that Napoleon entwined around him the hearts of the French people.

There was at this time, in Paris, a lady who was rendered quite prominent in society by her social attractions, her personal loveliness, and her elevated rank. She was a widow, twenty-eight years of age. Her husband, the Viscount Beauharnais, had recently perished upon the scaffold, an illustrious victim of revolutionary fury. Josephine Tascher Beauharnais, who subsequently became the world-renowned bride of Napoleon, was born on the island of Martinico, in the West Indies. When almost a child, she was married to the Viscount Beauharnais, who had visited the island on business, and was captivated by the loveliness of the fair young Creole. Upon entering Paris, she was immediately introduced to all the splendours of the court of Marie Antoinette. The revolutionary storm soon burst upon her dwelling with merciless fury. She experienced the most afflictive reverses of friendlessness, bereavement, imprisonment, and penury. The storm had, however, passed over her, and she was left a widow, with two children, Eugene and Hortense. From the wreck of her fortune she had saved an ample competence, and was surrounded by influential and admiring friends.

Napoleon, in obedience to the orders of the Convention, to prevent the possibility of another outbreak of lawless violence, had proceeded to the disarming of the populace of Paris. In the performance of this duty, the sword of M. Beauharnais was taken. A few days afterwards, Eugene, a very intelligent and graceful child, twelve years of age, obtained access to Napoleon, and, with most engaging artlessness and depth of emotion, implored that the sword of his father might be restored to him. Napoleon had no heart to deny such a request. He sent for the sword, and, speaking with kind words of commiseration, presented it with his own hand to Eugene. The grateful boy burst into tears, and, unable to articulate a word, pressed the sword to his bosom, bowed in silence, and retired. Napoleon was much interested in this exhibition of filial love, and his thoughts were immediately directed to the mother who had formed the character of such a child. Josephine, whose whole soul was absorbed in love for her children, was so grateful for the kindness with which the dis-

tinguished young general had treated her fatherless Eugene, that she called in her carriage, the next day, to express to him a mother's thanks. She was dressed in deep mourning. Her peculiarly musical voice was treasured with emotion. The fervour and the delicacy of her maternal love, and the perfect grace of manner and of language with which she discharged her mission, excited the admiration of Napoleon. He soon called upon her. The acquaintance rapidly ripened into an unusually strong and ardent affection.

Josephine was two years older than Napoleon; but her form and features had resisted the encroachments of time, and her cheerfulness and vivacity invested her with all the charms of early youth. Barras, now one of the five Directors who had been established in power by the guns of Napoleon, was a very ardent friend of Josephine. He warmly advocated the contemplated connexion, deeming it mutually advantageous. Napoleon would greatly increase his influence by an alliance with one occupying so high a position in society, and surrounded by friends so influential. And Barras clearly foresaw that the energetic young general possessed genius which would insure distinction. Josephine thus speaks, in a letter to a friend, of her feelings in view of the proposed marriage:—

‘I am urged to marry again. My friends counsel the measure, my aunt almost lays her injunctions to the same effect, and my children intreat my compliance. You have met General Bonaparte at my house. He it is who would supply a father's place to the orphans of Alexander Beauharnais, and a husband's to his widow. I admire the general's courage, the extent of his information—for on all subjects he talks equally well—and the quickness of his judgment, which enables him to seize the thoughts of others almost before they are expressed. But I confess that I shrink from the despotism he seems desirous of exercising over all who approach him. His searching glance has something singular and inexplicable, which imposes even upon our Directors; judge if it may not intimidate a woman.

“Barras gives assurance that if I marry the general, he will secure his appointment to the command of the army of Italy. Yesterday, Bonaparte, speaking of this favour, said to me, ‘Think they, then, that I have need of their protection to arrive at power? Egregious mistake! They will all be but too happy, one day, should I condescend to grant them mine.’

“What think you of this self-confidence? Is it not a proof of excess of vanity? A general of brigade to protect the heads of government! That, truly, is an event highly probable! I know not how it is, but sometimes this waywardness gains upon me to such a degree that almost I believe possible whatever this singular man may take into his head to attempt. And with his imagination who can calculate what he will not undertake?”

Though the passion with which Josephine had

inspired Napoleon was ardent and impetuous in the highest degree, it interfered not in the least with his plans of towering ambition. During the day he was vigorously employed in his professional duties and in persevering study. But each evening found him at the mansion of Josephine, where he met and dazzled, by his commanding genius and his brilliant conversational powers, the most distinguished and the most influential men of the metropolis. In these social entertainments, Josephine testified that Napoleon possessed unlimited powers of fascination, whenever he saw fit to employ them. His acquaintance and his influence was thus extended among those who would be most available in the furtherance of his plans.

On the 6th of March, 1796, Napoleon and Josephine were married, Napoleon being then twenty-six years of age. It was a union of very sincere affection on both sides. It cannot be doubted that, next to ambition, Josephine was to Napoleon the dearest object of his admiration and homage. Marriage had then ceased to be regarded in infidel France as a religious rite. It was a mere partnership, which any persons could form or dissolve at pleasure. The revolutionary tribunals had closed the churches, banished the clergy, and dethroned God. parties contemplating marriage simply recorded their intention in the state register of Paris, with two or three friends to sign the record as witnesses. By this simple ceremony Napoleon was united to Josephine. But neither of the parties approved of this mercantile aspect of a transaction so sacred. They were both in natural disposition serious, thoughtful, and prone to look to the guidance of a power higher than that of man. Surrounded by infidelity, and by that vice with which public infidelity is invariably accompanied, they both instinctively revered all that is grand and imposing in the revelations of Christianity.

"Man, launched into life," said Napoleon, asks himself, 'Whence do I come? What am I? Whither do I go?' Mysterious questions, which draw him towards religion; our hearts crave the support and guidance of religious faith. We believe in the existence of God, because everything around us proclaims His being. The greatest minds have cherished this conviction—Bossuet, Newton, Leibnitz. The heart craves faith as the body food; and, without doubt, we believe most frequently without exercising our reason. Faith wavers as soon as we begin to argue. But even then our hearts say, 'Perhaps I shall again believe instinctively. God grant it!' For we feel that this belief in a protecting Deity must be a great happiness; an immense consolation in adversity, and a powerful safeguard when tempted to immorality.

"The virtuous man never doubts of the existence of God; for if his reason does not suffice to comprehend it, the instinct of his soul adopts the belief. Every intimate feeling of the soul is in sympathy with the sentiments of religion."

These are profound thoughts and I must leave

that they should have sprung up in the mind of one educated in the midst of the violence, and the clangour, and the crime of battle, and accustomed to hear from the lips of all around him every religious sentiment ridiculed as the superstition of the most weak and credulous.

When at St. Helena, Napoleon one evening read for the New Testament, and read to his friends the address of Jesus to his disciples upon the mountain. He expressed himself as having ever been struck with the highest admiration in view of the purity, the sublimity, and the beauty of the morality which it contained. Napoleon seldom spoke lightly even of the corruptions of the Church. But he always declared his most exalted appreciation of the religion of Jesus Christ.

When Napoleon was crowned Emperor, he was privately married again by Cardinal Fesch, in accordance with the forms of the Church, which the Emperor had re-established.

"Josephine," said Napoleon, "was truly a most lovely woman—refined, affable, and charming. She was the goddess of the toilet. All the fashions originated with her. Everything she put on appeared elegant. She was so kind, so humane—she was the most graceful lady and the best woman in France. I never saw her act inelegantly during the whole time we lived together. She possessed a perfect knowledge of the different shades of my character, and evinced the most exquisite tact in turning this knowledge to the best account. For example, she never solicited any favour for Eugene, or thanked me for any that I conferred upon him. She never showed any additional complaisance or assiduity when he was receiving from me the greatest honours. Her grand aim was to assume that all this was *my* affair—that Eugene was *our* son, not *her*s. Doubtless she entertained the idea that I would adopt Eugene as my successor."

A more beautiful exhibition of exquisite delicacy on the one part, and of full appreciation on the other, history has not recorded.

Again, he said of Josephine, "We lived together like honest citizens in our mutual relations, and always retired together till 1805, a period in which political events obliged me to change my habits, and to add the labours of the night to those of the day. This regularity is the best guarantee for a good establishment. It insures the respectability of the wife, the dependence of the husband, and maintains intimacy of feelings and good morals. If this is not the case, the smallest circumstances make people forget each other."

"A son by Josephine would have rendered me happy, and would have secured the reign of my dynasty. The French would have loved him very much better than they could love the son of Marie Louise; and I never would have put my foot on that abyss covered with flowers which was my ruin. Let no one, after this, rely on the wisdom of human combinations. Let no one venture to pronounce, before its close, upon

the happiness or misery of life. My Josephine had the instinct of the future when she became terrified at her own sterility. She knew well that a marriage is only real when there is an offspring; and, in proportion as fortune smiled, her anxiety increased. I was the object of her deepest attachment. If I went into my carriage at midnight for a long journey, there, to my surprise, I found her, seated before me, and awaiting my arrival. If I attempted to dissuade her from accompanying me, she had so many good and affectionate reasons to urge, that it was almost always necessary to yield. In a word, she always proved to me a happy and affectionate wife, and I have preserved the tenderest recollections of her.

"Political motives induced me to divorce Josephine, whom I most tenderly loved. She, poor woman, fortunately for herself, died in time to prevent her from witnessing the last of my misfortunes. After her forcible separation from me, she avowed, in most feeling terms, her ardent desire to share with me my exile, and extolled, with many tears, both myself and my conduct to her. The English have represented me as a monster of cruelty. Is this the result of the conduct of a merciless, unfeeling tyrant? A man is known by the treatment of his wife, of his family, and of those under him." ¹¹

Just before his marriage, Napoleon received the appointment, to him most gratifying, of Commander-in-Chief of the army in Italy. His predecessor had been displaced in consequence of excessive intemperance. Napoleon was but twenty-six years of age when placed in this responsible post. "You are rather young," said one of the Directors, "to assume responsibilities so weighty, and to take the command over veteran generals." "In one year," Napoleon replied, "I shall be either old or dead." "We can place you in the command of men alone," said Carnot, "for the troops are destitute of everything, and we can furnish you with no money to provide supplies." "Give me only men enough," Napoleon replied, "and I ask for

nothing more; I will be answerable for the result."

A few days after Napoleon's marriage he led his bride in Paris, and set out for Nice, the head-quarters of the army of Italy. He passed through Marseilles, that he might pay a short visit to his mother, whose love he ever cherished with the utmost tenderness, and on the 27th of March arrived at the cold and cheerless camps, where the dejected troops of France were enduring every hardship. They were surrounded by numerous foes, who had driven them from the fertile plains of Italy into the barren and dreary fastnesses of the Alps. The Austrian armies, quartered in opulent cities, or encamped upon sunny and vine-clad hillsides, were living in the enjoyment of security and abundance, while the troops of the distracted and impoverished republic were literally freezing and starving. But here let us pause for a moment to consider the cause of the war, and the motives which animated the contending armies.

France, in the exercise of a right which few will question, had, in imitation of the United States, and incited by their example, renounced the monarchical form of government and established a republic. For centuries uncounted, voluptuous kings and licentious nobles had trampled the oppressed millions into the dust. But now these millions had risen in their majesty, and, driving the king from his throne and the nobles from their wide domains, had taken their own interests into their own hands. They were inexperienced and unenlightened in the science of government, and they made many and lamentable mistakes. They were terrified in view of the powerful combination of all the monarchs and nobles of Europe to overwhelm them with invading armies, and in their paroxysms of fear when destruction seemed to be coming like an avalanche upon them, they perpetrated many deeds of atrocious cruelty. They simply claimed the right of self-government, and when assailed, fell upon their assailants with blind and merciless fury.

The kings of Europe contemplated this portentous change with inexpressible alarm. In consternation they witnessed the uprising of the masses in France, and saw one of their brother monarchs dragged from his palace and beheaded upon the guillotine. The successful establishment of the French Republic would very probably have driven every king in Europe from his throne. England was agitated through all her counties. From the mud cabins of Ireland, from the dark and miry mines, from the thronged streets of the city, and the crowded workshops all over the kingdom, there was a clamorous cry ascending for liberty and equality. The spirit of democracy, radiating from its soul in Paris was assailing every throne in Europe. There was no alternative for these monarchs but to crush this new power, or to perish before it.

There can be no monarchist whose sympathies will not beat high with the allied kings in the fearful conflict which ensued. There can be no

¹¹ "Nearly six hundred unpublished and most confidential letters to his brother Joseph, written with heart in hand, calculated to throw the truest light on Napoleon's real character, sentiments, and purposes, and dispel clouds of prejudices, with difficulty concealed by Joseph in Europe, and brought to this country for safe keeping, were, after his death, by my instrumentality, deposited in the United States Mint, at Philadelphia, as a place of security, and after four years' safe keeping, rendered, on the 23rd of October, 1849, in my presence, surrendered by Joseph's testamentary executor to his grandson Joseph, then twenty-five years of age, according to his grandfather's will, which bequeaths to that grandson, those precious developments, together with other unpublished manuscripts, among them part of Joseph's life, dictated by himself, and the republican Marshal Jourdan's memoirs, and brotherly confidential letters, several hundred in Napoleon's own handwriting, written before he became great, will demonstrate his real sentiments and character when too young for dissembling, and quite unreserved with his correspondent. Joseph relied upon them to prove, what he always said and often told me, that Napoleon was a man of warm attachments, tender feelings and honest purposes."—Ingenolf's *Second War*.—(These have lately been published.)

Republican who will not pray, "God speed the Eagles of France!" Both parties believed that they were fighting in self-defence. The kings were attacked by *principles*, triumphant in France, which were undermining their thrones. The French were attacked by bayonets and batteries—by combined armies invading their territories, bombarding their cities, and endeavouring, by force of arms, to compel a proud nation of thirty millions of inhabitants to re-instate, at foreign dictation, the rejected Bourbons upon the throne. The Allies called upon all the Loyalists scattered over France to grasp their arms, to rally beneath the banner of friends coming to their rescue, and to imbrue their country in the blood of a civil war. The French, on their part, summoned the *people* of all lands to hail the tricoloured flag as the harbinger of their deliverance from the servitude of ages.

From every city in Europe which Napoleon approached with his conquering armies, the Loyalists fled, while the Republicans welcomed him with an adulation amounting almost to religious homage; and the troops of the Allies were welcomed, in every city of France which they entered, with tears of gratitude from the eyes of those who longed for the restoration of the monarchy. It was a conflict between the spirit of republicanism on the one side, and of monarchical and ecclesiastical domination upon the other.

England, with her invincible fleet, was hovering around the coasts of the Republic, assailing every exposed point, landing troops upon the French territory, and arming and inspiring the Loyalists to civil war. Austria had marched an army of nearly two hundred thousand men upon the banks of the Rhine to attack France upon the north. She had called into requisition all her Italian possessions, and in alliance with the British navy, and the armies of the King of Sardinia, and the fanatic legions of Naples and Sicily, had gathered eighty thousand men upon the Alpine frontier. This host was under the command of experienced generals, and was abundantly provided with all the munitions of war. These were the invading foes whom Napoleon was to encounter in fields of blood.

It was purely a war of self-defence on the part of the French people. They were contending against the bullets and the bayonets of the armies of monarchical Europe, assailing them at every point. The allied kings felt that they, also, were engaged in a war of self-defence—that they were struggling against *principles* which threatened to undermine their thrones. Strange as the declaration to some may appear, it is extremely difficult for a candid and an impartial man severely to censure either side. It is not strange, contemplating frail human nature as it is, that the monarchs of Europe, born to a kingly inheritance, should have made every exertion to retain their thrones, and to secure their kingdoms from the invasion of republican principles. It is not strange that republicanized France, having burst the chains of an intolerable des-

potism, should have resolved to brave all the horrors of the most desperate war rather than surrender the right of choosing its own form of government. The United States were protected from a similar onset, on the part of allied Europe, only by the wide barrier of the ocean. And had the combined armies of monarchical Europe crossed that barrier, and invaded those shores, to compel the Americans to replace George III. upon his throne, they would have blessed the Napoleon emerging from their midst, who, contending for the liberties of his country, had driven them back into the sea. When Napoleon arrived at Nice, he found that he had but thirty thousand men with whom to repel the eighty thousand of the Allies. The government was impoverished, and had no means to pay the troops. The soldiers were dejected, emaciated, and ragged. The cavalry horses had died upon the bleak and frozen summits of the mountains, and the army was almost entirely destitute of

The young commander-in-chief, immediately upon his arrival, summoned his generals before him. Many of them were veteran soldiers, and they were not a little chagrined in seeing a youth, whom they regarded almost as a beardless boy, placed over them in command. But in the very first hour in which he met them his superiority was recognised, and he gained a complete and an unquestioned ascendancy over all. Berthier, Massena, Angereau, Serrurier, and Lannes were there, men who had already attained renown, and who were capable of appreciating genius. "This is the leader," said one, as he left this first council, "who will surely guide us to fame and to fortune."

The French were on the cold crests of the mountains. The Allies were encamped in the warm and fertile valleys which opened into the Italian plains. The untiring energy of the youthful general, his imperial mind, his unhesitating reliance upon his own mental resources, his perfect acquaintance with the theatre of war, as the result of his previous explorations, his gravity and reserve of manners, his spotless morality, so extraordinary in the midst of all the dissipated scenes of the camp, commanded the reverence of the dissolute and licentious, though brave and talented generals, who surrounded him. There was an indescribable something in his manner which immediately inspired respect and awe, and which kept all familiarity at a distance.

Decrès had known Napoleon well in Paris, and had been on terms of perfect intimacy with him. He was at Toulon when he heard of Napoleon's appointment to the command of the army of Italy. "When I learned," said he, "that the new general was about to pass through the city, I immediately proposed to introduce my comrades to him, and to turn my acquaintance to the best account. I hastened to meet him, full of eagerness and joy. The door of the apartment was thrown open, and I was upon the point of rushing to with my wonted familiarity. But his attitude, his look, the tone of his voice

suddenly deterred me. There was nothing haughty or offensive in his appearance or manner, but the impression he produced was sufficient to prevent me for ever again attempting to encroach upon the distance which separated us."¹²

A similar ascendancy, notwithstanding his feminine stature and the extreme youthfulness of his appearance, he immediately gained over all the soldiers and all the generals of the army. Every one who entered his presence was awed by the indescribable influence of his imperial mind. No one ventured to contend with him for the supremacy. He turned with disgust from the licentiousness and dissipation which ever disgrace the presence of an army, and, with a sternness of morality which would have done honour to any of the sages of antiquity, secured that respect which virtue ever commands. ✓

There were many very beautiful and dissolute females in Nice, opera singers and dancing girls, who, trafficking in their charms, were living in great wealth and voluptuousness. They exhausted all their arts of enticement to win the attention of the young commander-in-chief. But their allurements were unavailing. Napoleon proved a Samson whom no Delilah could seduce. And this was the more extraordinary, since his natural temperament was glowing and impetuous in the extreme, and he had no religious scruples to interfere with his indulgences.

"My extreme youth," said he afterwards, "when I took command of the army in Italy, rendered it necessary that I should evince great reserve of manners and the utmost severity of morals. This was indispensable to enable me to sustain authority over men so greatly my superiors in age and experience. I pursued a line of conduct in the highest degree irreproachable and exemplary. In spotless morality I was a Cato, and must have appeared such to all. I was a philosopher and a sage. My supremacy could be retained only by proving myself a better man than any other man in the army. Had I yielded to human weaknesses, I should have lost my power."

He was temperate in the extreme, seldom allowing himself to take even a glass of wine, and never did he countenance by his presence any scene of bacchanalian revelry. For gaming, in all its branches, he manifested then, and

through the whole of his life, the strongest disapproval. He ever refused to repose confidence in any one who was addicted to that vice. One day, at St. Helena, he was conversing with Las Casas, when some remark which was made led Napoleon to inquire, "Were you a gamester?" "Alas, sire!" Las Casas replied, "I must confess that I was, but only occasionally."

"I am very glad," Napoleon rejoined, "that I knew nothing of it at the time. You would have been ruined in my esteem. A gamester was sure to forfeit my confidence. The moment I heard that a man was addicted to that vice, I placed no more confidence in him."

From what source did this young soldier imbibed these elevated principles? Licentiousness, irreligion, gambling, had been the trinity of revolutionary France—the substitute which rampant infidelity had adopted for a benignant Father, a pleading Saviour, a sanctifying Spirit. Napoleon was reared in the midst of these demoralizing influences. And yet how unsullied does his character appear when compared with that of his companions in the camp and on the throne! Napoleon informs us that to his mother he was indebted for every pure and noble sentiment which inspired his bosom.

Letitia, the mother of Napoleon, was a woman of extraordinary endowments. She had herself hardly passed the period of childhood, being but nineteen years of age, when she heard the first wailing cry of Napoleon, her second-born, and pressed the helpless babe, with thanksgiving and prayer, to her maternal bosom. She was a young mother to train and educate such a child for his unknown but exalted destiny. She encircled, in protecting arms, the young babe, as it fondled a mother's bosom with those little hands, which, in after years, grasped sceptres, and uphove thrones, and hewed down armies with resistless sword. She taught those infant lips to lip "papa"—"mamma"—those lips at whose subsequent command all Europe was moved, and whose burning, glowing, martial words fell, shrill and sharp, upon the world, hurling nation upon nation in the shock of war. She taught those feeble feet to make their first trembling essays upon the carpet, rewarding the successful endeavour with a mother's kiss and a mother's caress—those feet which afterwards strode over the sands of the desert, and waded through the blood-stained snows of Russia, and tottered, in the infirmities of sickness and death, on the misty, barren, storm-swept crags of St. Helena. She instilled into the bosom of her son those elevated principles of honour and self-respect which, when surrounded by every temptation earth could present, preserved him from the degraded doom of the inebriate, of the voluptuary, and of the gamester, and which made the court of Napoleon, when the most brilliant court this world has ever known, also the most illustrious for the purity of its morals and the decorum of its observances.

The sincere, unaffected piety of Letitia rose so high above the corruptions of a degenerate

¹² Decrès was afterwards elevated by Napoleon to a dukedom, and appointed Minister of the Marine. He was strongly attached to his benefactor. At the time of Napoleon's downfall, he was sounded in a very artful way as to his willingness to conspire against the Emperor. Happening to visit a person of celebrity, the latter drew him aside to the fireplace, and, taking up a book, said, "I have just now been reading something that struck me very forcibly. Montesquieu here remarks, 'When the prince rises above the laws, when tyranny becomes insupportable, the oppressed have no alternative but—'" "Enough!" exclaimed Decrès, putting his hand before the mouth of the reader, "I will hear no more. Close the book." The other coolly laid down the volume, as though nothing particular had occurred, and began to talk on a totally different subject.

and profligate Charen, that her son, notwithstanding the all but universal infidelity of the times, was compelled to respect a religion which had embellished a beloved mother's life. He was thus induced, in his day of power, to bring back a wayward nation of thirty millions from cheerless, brutalizing, comfortless unbelief, to all the consoling, ennobling, purifying influences of Christianity. When, at the command of Napoleon, the church bells began again to toll the hour of prayer on every hillside and through every valley in France, and the dawn of the Sabbath again guided rejoicing thousands in the crowded city and in the silent country to the temples of religion—when the young in their raptures, and the aged in their death, were blessed by the solemnities of Gospel ministrations, it was a mother's influence which inspired a dutiful son to make the magic change which thus, in an hour, transformed France from a pagan to nominally a Christian land. It was the calm, gentle, persuasive voice of Letitia which was embodied in the consular decree. Honour to Letitia, the mother of Napoleon!

The first interview between this almost beardless youth and the veteran generals whom he was to command must have presented a singular scene. These scarred and war-worn chiefs, when they beheld the "stripling," were utterly amazed at the folly of the Directory in sending such a youth to command an army in circumstances so desperate. Rampon undertook to give the young commander some advice. Napoleon, who demanded obedience, not advice, impatiently brushed him away, exclaiming, "Gentlemen! be art of war is in its infancy. The time has passed in which enemies are mutually to appoint the place of combat, advance, hat in hand, and say, '*Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to fire?*' We must cut the enemy in pieces, precipitate ourselves like a torrent upon their battalions, and grind them to powder. Experienced generals conduct the troops opposed to us! So much the better—so much the better. It is not their experience which will avail them against me. Mark my words: they will soon burn their books on tactics, and know not what to do. Yes, gentlemen! the first onset of the Italian army will give birth to a new epoch in military affairs. As for us, we must hurl ourselves on the foe like a thunderbolt, and smite like it. Disconcerted by our tactics, and not daring to put them into execution, they will fly before us as 'the shades of night before the uprising sun.'

The commanding and self-confident tone in which Napoleon uttered these glowing sentences silenced and confounded the generals. They felt that they had indeed a master. "Well," said Angereau, as he left the council, nodding very significantly to Massena, "we have a man here who will cut out some work for government, I think." "It was necessary for me," Napoleon afterwards remarked, "to be a little austere, to prevent my generals from slipping me upon the shoulder."

The objects which Napoleon had in view in

this campaign were, first, to compel the King of Sardinia to abandon the alliance with Austria; secondly, to assail the Austrians with such vigour as to compel the Emperor to call to his aid the troops upon the Rhine, and thus weaken the powerful hosts there marching against the republic; and, thirdly, to humble the Pope, who was exerting all his spiritual power to aid the Bourbons in fighting their way back to the throne of France.

The Pope had offered an unpardonable insult to the republic. The French ambassador sent to Rome had been attacked in the streets and chased home. The mob broke into his house and cruelly assassinated him, unarmed and unsuspecting. The murderers remained unpunished, and no atonement had been made for the atrocious crime. But how, with thirty thousand troops, unpaid, dejected, furnished, and unprovided with the munitions of war, was mortal man to accomplish such results, in the face of a foe eighty thousand strong, living in abundance, and flushed with victory?

Napoleon issued his first proclamation. It was read to every regiment in the army, and rang prophetically upon the ears of the troops. "Soldiers! you are hungry and naked: the government owes you much, and can pay you nothing. Your patience, your courage, in the midst of these rocks, are admirable, but they reflect no splendour upon your arms. I come to lead you into the most fertile plains the sun beholds. Rich provinces, opulent cities, will soon be at your disposal. There you will find abundant harvests, honour, and glory. Soldiers of Italy, will you fail in courage?"

It is not strange that such words, from their young and fearless leader, should have inspired enthusiasm, and should have caused the hearts of the desponding to leap high with hope and confidence. The simple plan which Napoleon adopted was to direct his whole force against detached portions of the Austrian army, and thus, by gaining, at the point of attack, a superiority in numbers, to destroy them by piecemeal. "War," said the young soldier, "is the science of barbarians; and he who has the heaviest battalions will conquer."

The whole army was instantly on the move. The generals, appreciating the wisdom and the fearlessness of their indomitable leader, imbibed his spirit and emulated his zeal. Napoleon was on horseback night and day. He seemed to take no time to eat or to sleep. He visited the soldiers, sympathized with them in their sufferings, and revealed to them his plans. It was early in the spring. Bleak glaciers and snow-covered ridges of the Alps were between Napoleon and the Austrians. Behind this curtain he assembled his forces. Enormous sacrifices were required to enable the soldiers to move from point to point with that celerity which was essential in operations so hazardous. He made no allowance for any impediments or obstacles. At a given hour, the different divisions of the army, by various roads, were to be at a *design*.

ated point. To accomplish this, every sacrifice was to be made of comfort and of life. If necessary to the attainment of this end, stragglers were to be left behind, baggage abandoned, artillery even to be left in the ruts, and the troops were to be, without fail, at the designated place at the appointed hour. Through storms of rain and snow, over mountain and moor, by night and by day, hungry, sleepless, wet, and cold, the enthusiastic host pressed on. It seems incredible that the young Napoleon, so instantaneously as it were, should have been enabled to infuse his almost supernatural energy into the whole army. He had neither mules with which to attempt the passage of the Alps nor money to purchase the necessary supplies. He therefore decided to turn the mountains, by following down the chain along the shores of the Mediterranean, to a point where the lofty ridges sink almost to a plain.

The army of Beaulieu was divided into three corps. His centre, ten thousand strong, was at the small village of Montenotte. The night of the 11th of April was dark and tempestuous. Torrents of rain were falling, and the miry roads were almost impassable. But through the long hours of this stormy night, while the Austrians were reposing warmly in their tents, Napoleon and his soldiers, drenched with rain, were toiling through the muddy defiles of the mountains, wading the swollen streams, and climbing the slippery cliffs. Just as the day began to dawn through the broken clouds, the young general stood upon the heights in the rear of Montenotte, and looked down upon the encamped host whom he was now, for the first time, to encounter in decisive conflict. He had so manœuvred as completely to envelop his unsuspecting enemy.

Allowing his weary troops not an hour for repose, he fell upon the allied Austrians and Sardinians like a whirlwind, attacking them, at the same moment, in front, flank, and rear. The battle was long and bloody. The details of these horrid scenes of carnage are sickening. The shouts of onset; the shriek of agony; the mutilated and the mangled forms of the young and the noble, trampled beneath the iron hoofs of rushing squadrons; the wounded crushed into the mire, with their bones ground to powder as the wheels of ponderous artillery were dragged mercilessly over them; and the wailing echo of widows and orphans in their distant homes, render these battle-fields revolting to humanity. At length the Austrians were broken and completely routed. They fled in dismay, leaving three thousand dead and colours in possession of the French. This was the first battle in which Napoleon had the supreme command; the first victory in which the honour redounded to himself. "My title of nobility," said he afterwards, proudly, to the Emperor of Austria, "dates from the battle of Montenotte."

To the Austrians fled in one direction to Dego, to meet reinforcements coming to their aid, and to protect Milan; the Sardinians retreated in

another direction to Millesimo, to cover their own capital of Turin. Thus the two armies were separated as Napoleon desired. The indefatigable general, allowing his exhausted and bleeding army but a few hours of repose, and himself not one, resolved, while his troops were flushed with victory, and the enemy were depressed by defeat and loss, to attack both armies at once. The 13th and the 14th of April were passed in one incessant conflict. The Austrians and Sardinians, intrenching themselves in strong fortresses and upon craggy hill-sides, and every hour receiving reinforcements pressing on to their aid, cast showers of stones and rolled heavy rocks upon their assailants, sweeping away whole companies at a time. Napoleon was everywhere, sharing the toil, incurring the danger, and inspiring his men with his own enthusiastic ardour and courage. In both battles the French were entirely victorious. At Dego, the Austrians were compelled to abandon their artillery and baggage, and escape as they could over the mountains, leaving three thousand prisoners in the hands of the conqueror. At Millesimo, fifteen hundred Sardinians were compelled to surrender. Thus, like a thunderbolt, Napoleon opened the campaign. In three days, three desperate battles had been fought and three decisive victories gained.

Still Napoleon's situation was perilous in the extreme. He was surrounded by forces vastly superior to his own, crowding down upon him. The Austrians were amazed at his audacity. They deemed it the paroxysm of a madman, who throws himself single-handed into the midst of an armed host. His destruction was sure, unless, by almost supernatural rapidity of marching, he could prevent the concentration of these forces, and bring superior numbers to attack and destroy the detached portions. A day of inaction, an hour of hesitation, might have been fatal. It was in the battle at Dego that Napoleon was first particularly struck with the gallantry of a young officer named Lannes. In nothing was the genius of this extraordinary man more manifest than in the almost intuitive penetration with which he discovered character. Lannes became subsequently Duke of Montebello, and one of the marshals of the Empire.¹³

In the midst of these marches and counter-marches, and these incessant battles, there had been no opportunity to distribute regular rations among the troops. The soldiers, destitute of everything, began to pillage. Napoleon, who was exceedingly anxious to win the good-will of the people of Italy, and to be welcomed by them as their deliverer from proud oppressors, proceeded against the culprits with great severity,

¹³ "The education of Lannes had been much neglected, but his mind rose to the level of his courage. He became a giant. He adored me as his protector, his superior being, his providence. In the impetuosity of his temper, he sometimes allowed hasty expressions against me to escape his lips, but he would probably have broken the head of any one who had joined him in his remarks. When he died, he had been in fifty-four pitched battles, and three hundred combats of different kinds."

and immediately re-established the most rigid discipline in the army.

He had now advanced to the summit of Mount Zemolo. From that eminence the troops looked down upon the lovely plains of Italy, opening like a diorama beneath them. The poetic sensibilities of Napoleon were deeply moved by the majestic spectacle. Orchards and vineyards, and fertile fields and peaceful villages, lay spread out, a scene of enchantment in the extended valley. Majestic rivers, reflecting the rays of the sun like ribbons of silver, meandered through meadow and forest, encircling the verdant hillsides, and bathing the streets of opulent cities. In the distance, stupendous mountains, heavy with eternal ice and snow, bounded and seemed to embrace in protecting arms this land of promise. Napoleon, sitting upon his horse, gazed for some time in silent and delighted admiration upon the scene. "Hannibal," he "forced the Alps; but we have

l them."

There was, however, not a moment to be lost in rest or reverie. From every direction the Austrians and Sardinians were hurrying to their appointed rendezvous, to combine and destroy the audacious band which had so nobly and fatally plunged into their midst. The French troops rushed down the declivities of the mountains, and, crossing the Tanaro, rejoiced with trembling as they found themselves in the sunny plains of Italy. Despatching Angereau to pursue the Austrian army, now effectually separated from their allies, Napoleon, with indefatigable perseverance, pursued the Sardinians in their flight towards Turin. He came up with them on the 18th at Ceva, where they had intrenched themselves, eight thousand strong.

He immediately attacked them in their intrenchments, and during the remainder of the day the sanguinary battle raged without any decisive result. The flush and the roar of artillery and of musketry did not cease till the darkness rendered it impossible to distinguish friend from foe. The French slept upon their arms, ready to resume the combat in the earliest dawn of the morning. In the night the Sardinians fled, and again took a strong position behind the deep and foaming torrent of the Cansupia. On the evening of the ensuing day Napoleon again overtook them. A single brigade crossed the rapid torrent. The Sardinians were so strongly posted that it seemed impossible that they could be dislodged. Large detachments were hastening to reinforce them. The Austrians were accumulating in great strength in Napoleon's rear, and, notwithstanding all these brilliant victories, the situation of the French was perilous in the extreme. A council of war was held in the night, and it was decided, regardless of the extreme exhaustion of the troops, to make an assault upon the bridge as soon as the morning should dawn. Before the first grey of the morning, the French, in battle array, were moving down upon the bridge, anticipating a desperate struggle. But the Sar-

dinians, in a panic, had again fled during the night, and Napoleon, rejoicing at his good fortune, passed the bridge unobstructed. The victor pressed onward in the pursuit, and before midnight again overtook his fugitive foes, who had intrenched themselves upon some almost inaccessible hills near Mondovì.

The French immediately to the assault. The Sardinians fought with valour, but the genius of Napoleon triumphed, and again the Sardinians fled, leaving two thousand men, eight cannon, and eleven standards in the hands of the victor, and one thousand dead upon the field. Napoleon pursued the fugitives to Chivasso, and took possession of the place. He was now within twenty miles of Turin, the capital of the kingdom of Sardinia. All was commotion in the metropolis. There were thousands there who had imbibed the revolutionary spirit, who were ready to welcome Napoleon as their deliverer, and to implore him to aid them in the establishment of a republic. The king and the nobles were in consternation. The English and Austrian ministers interested the king to adhere to the alliance, abandon his capital, and continue the conflict. They assured him that the rash and youthful victor was rushing into difficulties from which he could by no possibility extricate himself. But he, trembling for his throne and his crown, believing it to be impossible to resist so rapid a conqueror, and fearing that Napoleon, irritated by a protracted conflict, would proclaim political liberty to the people and revolutionize the kingdom, determined to throw himself into the arms of the French, and to appeal to the magnanimity of the foe whose rights he had so unpardonably assailed. By all human rules he deserved the severest punishment. He had united with two powerful nations, England and Austria, to chastise the French for preferring a republic to a monarchy, and had sent an invading army to bombard the cities of France, and instigate the Royalists to rise in civil war against the established government of the country.

It was with lively satisfaction that Napoleon received the advances of the Sardinian king, for he was fully aware of the peril in which he was placed. The allied armies were still far more numerous than his own. He had neither heavy battering cannon nor siege equipage to reduce Turin and the other important fortresses of the kingdom. He was far from home, could expect no immediate reinforcements from France, and his little army was literally in destitution and rags. The Allies, on the contrary, were in the enjoyment of abundance. They could every day augment their strength, and their resources were apparently inexhaustible.

"The King of Sardinia," says Napoleon, "had still a great number of fortresses left; and, in spite of the victories which had been gained, the slightest check, one caprice of fortune, would have undone everything." Napoleon, however, towards the commissioners that had been sent to

treat with him, assumed a very confident and imperious tone. He demanded, as a preliminary to any armistice, that the important fortresses of Coni, Tortona, and Alexandria—"the keys of the Alps"—should be surrendered to him. The commissioners hesitated to comply with these requisitions, which would place Sardinia entirely at his mercy, and proposed some modifications.

"Your ideas are absurd," exclaimed Napoleon, sternly; "it is for me to state conditions. Listen to the laws which I impose upon you in the name of the government of my country, and obey, or to-morrow my batteries are erected, and Turin is in flames." The commissioners were overawed, and a treaty was immediately concluded, by which the King of Sardinia abandoned the alliance, surrendered the three fortresses, with all their artillery and military stores, to Napoleon, sent an ambassador to Paris to conclude a definitive peace, left the victors in possession of all the places they had already taken, disbanded the militia and dispersed the regular troops, and allowed the French free use of the military roads to carry on the war with Austria. Napoleon then issued to his soldiers the following soul-stirring proclamation:—

"Soldiers! you have gained in fifteen days six victories, taken one-and-twenty standards, fifty-five pieces of cannon, many strong places, and have conquered the richest part of Piedmont. You have made fifteen thousand prisoners, and killed or wounded ten thousand men. Hitherto you have fought on sterile rocks, illustrious, indeed, by your courage, but of no avail. Now you rival by your services the armies of Holland and of the Rhine. You were utterly destitute; you have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannon; passed rivers without bridges; made forced marches without shoes; bivouacked without bread. The phalanxes of the republic, the soldiers of liberty, were alone capable of such services. But, soldiers! you have accomplished nothing while anything remains to be done. Neither Turin nor Milan is in your hands. I am told that there are some among you whose courage is failing, who wish to return to the summits of the Alps and the Apennines. No! I cannot believe it. The conquerors of Montenotte, of Millesimo, of Dego, of Mondovì, burn to carry still further the glories of the French name. But, ere I lead you to conquest, there is one condition you must promise to fulfil; that is, to protect the people whom you liberate, and to repress all acts of lawless violence. Without this, you would not be the deliverers, but the scourge of nations. Invested with the national authority, strong in justice and law, I shall not hesitate to enforce the requisitions of humanity and of honour. I will not suffer robbers to sully your laurels. Pillagers shall be shot without mercy.

"People of Italy! The French army advances to break your chains. The French people are the friends of all nations. In them

you may confide. Your property, your religion, your customs shall be respected. We will only make war as generous foes. Our sole quarrel is with the tyrants who enslave you

CHAPTER V

PURSUIT OF THE AUSTRIANS.

Strong temptation of Napoleon.—His wishes for Italy.—Sensation in Paris.—Remembrance of Josephine.—Conditions with the Duke of Parma.—Napoleon out-generals Beaulieu.—The Bridge of Lodi.—Its noble passage.—Entrance into Milan.—Support of the army.—The courier.—Letter to Orsini.—Appointment of Kellerman.—Insurrection at Milan.—Banasco.—Pavia.—The Venetian bribe.—Lofly ambition.—Origin of the Imperial Guard.—Terms with the Pope.

A LARGE majority of Napoleon's soldiers and officers severely condemned any treaty of peace with a monarchical government, and were clamorous for the dethronement of the King of Sardinia and the establishment of a republic. The people thronged Napoleon with the intreaty that he would lend them his countenance that they might revolutionize the kingdom. They urged that, by the banishment of the king and the nobles, they could establish a free government, which should be the natural and efficient ally of republican France. He had but to say the word, and the work was done. The temptation to utter that word must have been very strong. It required no common political foresight to nerve Napoleon to resist that temptation.

But he had a great horror of anarchy. He had seen enough of the working of Jacobinism in the blood-drenched streets of Paris. He did not believe that the benighted peasants of Italy possessed either the intelligence or the moral principle essential to the support of a well organized republic.

Consequently, notwithstanding the known wishes of the Directory, the commands of the army, and the intreaties of the populace, with heroic firmness he refused to allow the overthrow of the established government. He diverted the attention of his soldiers from the subject by plunging them into still more arduous enterprises, and leading them to yet more brilliant victories.

Napoleon had no desire to see the Reign of Terror re-enacted in the cities of Italy. He was in favour of reform, not of revolution. The kings and the nobles had monopolized wealth and honour, and nearly all the most precious privileges of life. The people were merely hewers of wood and drawers of water. Napoleon wished to break down this monopoly, and to emancipate the masses from the servitude of ages. He would do this, however, not by the sudden upheaving of thrones and the transfer of power to unenlightened and inexperienced democracy, but by surrounding the thrones with republican institutions, and conferring upon all people a strong and well-organized government, with constitutional liberty. Eloquently he says, "It would be a magnificent field for speculation to estimate what would have been the destinies of

"It is impossible," said one, "that any man can force their way across that narrow bridge, in the face of such an annihilating storm of balls as must be encountered." "How! impossible!" exclaimed Napoleon; "that word is not French." The self-reliant mind of the young conqueror was seldom moved by the opinion of others. Regardless of the disapproval of his generals, he assembled six thousand picked troops, and addressing them in those marked tones of martial eloquence eminently at his command, so effectually roused their pride and enthusiasm that they were clamorous to be led to the assault. He unfolded to them fully the peril which attended the enterprise, and animated them by reference to the corresponding glory which would attend the achievement. He knew that thousands must perish. But placing only a slight value upon his own life, he regarded as little the lives of others, and deemed the object to be gained worthy of the terrible price which was to be paid. There probably was not another man in either of those armies who would have ventured upon the responsibility of an enterprise apparently so desperate.

Secretly despatching a large body of cavalry to cross the river at a very difficult ford, about three miles above the town, which by some inconceivable oversight the Austrians had neglected to protect, he ordered them to come down the river and make the most desperate charge upon the rear of the enemy. At the same time, he formed his troops into a line, under the shelter of one of the streets nearest the point of attack. It was the evening of the 10th of May. The sun was just sinking behind the Tyrolean hills, enveloping in soft twilight the scene of rural peace and beauty, and of man's depravity. Not a breath of air rippled the smooth surface of the water, or agitated the bursting foliage of the early spring.

The moment that Napoleon perceived, by the commotion among the Austrians, that the cavalry had effected the passage of the river, he ordered the trumpets to sound the charge. The line wheeled instantly into a dense and solid column, crowding the street with its impenetrable mass. Emerging from the shelter upon the full run, while rending the air with their enthusiastic shouts, they rushed upon the bridge. They were met by a murderous discharge of every missile of destruction, sweeping the structure like a whirlwind. The whole head of the column was immediately cut down like grass before the scythe, and the progress of those in the rear was encumbered by piles of the dead. Still the column pressed on, heedless of the terrific storm of iron and of lead, until it had forced its way into the middle of the bridge. Here it hesitated, wavered, and was on the point of retreating before volcanic bursts of fire too terrible for mortal man to endure, when Napoleon, seizing a standard, and followed by Lannes, Massena, and Berthier, plunged through the clouds of smoke which now enveloped the bridge in almost midnight darkness, placed himself at the head of the

troops, and shouted, "Follow your general!" The bleeding, mangled column, animated by this example, rushed with their bayonets upon the Austrian gunners. At the same moment, the French cavalry came dashing upon the batteries in the rear, and the bridge was carried. The French army now poured across the narrow passage like a torrent, and debouched upon the plain. Still the battle raged with unmitigated fury. The Austrians hurled themselves upon the French with the energy of despair. But the troops of Napoleon, intoxicated with their amazing achievement, set all danger at defiance, and seemed as regardless of bullets and of shells as if they had been snowballs in the hands of children.

In the midst of the thunders of the terrific cannonade, a particular battery was producing terrible havoc among the ranks of the French. Repeated attempts had been made to storm it, but in vain. An officer rode up to Napoleon in the midst of the confusion and horror of the battle, and represented the importance of making another effort to silence the destructive battery. "Very well," said Napoleon, who was fond of speaking as well as acting the sublime, "let it be silenced then." Turning to a body of dragoons near by, he exclaimed, "Follow your general." As gaily as if it were the pastime of a holiday, the dragoons followed their leader in the impetuous charge, through showers of grape-shot, dealing mutilation and death into their ranks. The Austrian gunners were instantly sabred, and their guns turned upon the foe.

Lannes was the first to cross the bridge, and Napoleon the second. Lannes, in utter recklessness and desperation, spurred his maddened horse into the very midst of the Austrian ranks, and grasped a banner. At that moment his horse fell dead beneath him, and half a dozen swords glittered above his head. With herculean strength and agility, he extricated himself from his fallen steed, leaped upon the horse of an Austrian officer behind the rider, plunged his sword through the body of the officer, and hurled him from his saddle; taking his seat, he fought his way back to his followers, having slain in the *mele* six of the Austrians with his own hand. This deed of demoniac energy was performed under the eye of Napoleon, and he promoted Lannes on the spot.

The Austrians now retreated, leaving two thousand prisoners and twenty pieces of cannon in the hands of the victors, and two thousand five hundred men and four hundred horses dead upon the plain. The French probably lost, in dead and wounded, about the same number, though Napoleon, in his report of the battle, acknowledged the loss of but four hundred. The Austrians claimed that the French won the victory at the expense of four thousand men. It was, of course, the policy of the conqueror to have understood that his troops were the executors, not the victims of slaughter. "As false as a bulletin," has become a proverb. The necessity of uttering falsehood and practising

paon, in all their varied forms, is one of the smallest of the innumerable immoralities attendant upon war. From time immemorial, it has been declared that the weapons of deception and of courage are equally allowable to the soldier: "*An virtus, an doctus, quis ab hoste requiritur.*" If an enemy can be deceived by a false bulletin, there are few generals so conscientious as to reject the stratagem. Napoleon certainly never hesitated to avail himself of any of those artifices which in war are considered honourable, to send dismay into the hearts of his foes. Truthfulness is not one of the virtues which thrives in a camp.

"It was a strange sight," says a French veteran who was present at the battle, "to see Napoleon that day, on foot on the bridge, under an infernal fire, and mixed up with our tall grenadiers. He looked like a little boy." "This boardless youth," said an Austrian general indignantly, "ought to have been bidden over and over again; for who ever saw such tactics! The blockhead knows nothing of the rules of war. To-day he is in our rear, to-morrow on our flank, and the next day again in our front. Such gross violations of the established principles of war are insufferable."

When Napoleon was in exile at St. Helena, some one read an account of the battle of Lodi, in which it was stated that Napoleon displayed great courage in being the first to cross the bridge, and that Launes passed it after him. "Before me! before me!" exclaimed Napoleon, earnestly. "Launes passed first, and I only followed him. It is necessary to correct that error upon the spot." The correction was made in the margin. This victory produced a very extraordinary effect upon the whole French army, and inspired the soldiers with unbounded confidence in their young leader.

Some of the veterans of the army, immediately after the battle, met together and joyously promoted their general, who had so distinguished himself by his bravery, and who was so juvenile in his appearance, to the rank of corporal. When Napoleon next appeared upon the field, he was greeted with enthusiastic shouts by the whole army, "Long live our little corporal!" Ever after this he was the perfect idol of the troops, and never lost, even in the dignity of Consul and Emperor, this honorary and affectionate nickname. "Neither the quelling of the sections," said Napoleon, "nor the victory of Montenotte, induced me to think myself a superior character. It was not till after the terrible passage of the Bridge of Lodi that the idea shot across my mind that I might become a decisive actor in the political arena. Then arose, for the first time, the spark of great ambition."

Lombardy was now at the mercy of Napoleon, and the discomfited Austrians fled into the Tyrol. The Archduke Ferdinand and his duchess, with tears in their eyes, abandoned to the conqueror their beautiful capital of Milan, and sought refuge with their remaining friends.

As the carriages of the ducal pair and those of their retinue passed sadly through the streets of the metropolis, the people looked on in silence, uttering not a word of sympathy or of insult; but the moment they had departed, republican zeal burst forth unrestrained. The tricoloured cockade seemed suddenly to have fallen as by magic, upon the hats and caps of the multitude, and the great mass of the people prepared to greet the French Republicans with every demonstration of joy. A placard was put upon the palace—"This house to let; for the keys, apply to the French Commissioner."

On the 15th of May, just one month after the opening of the campaign at Montenotte, Napoleon entered Milan in triumph. He was welcomed by the great majority of the inhabitants as a deliverer. The patriots, from all parts of Italy, crowded to the capital, sanguine in the hope that Napoleon would secure their independence, and confer upon them a republican government, in friendly alliance with France. A numerous militia was immediately organized, called the National Guard, and dressed in three colours, blue, red, and white, in honour of the tricoloured flag. A triumphal arch was erected in homage of the conqueror. The whole population of the city marched out to bid him welcome; flowers were scattered in his path; ladies thronged the windows as he passed, and greeted him with smiles and fluttering handkerchiefs, and with a shower of bouquets rained down at his feet. Amid all the pomp of martial music and waving banners, the ringing of bells, the thunders of saluting artillery, and the acclamations of an immense concourse of spectators, Napoleon took possession of the palace from whence the duke had fled.

"If you desire liberty," said the victor to the Milanese, "you must deserve it by assisting to emancipate Italy for ever from Austria." The wealthy and avaricious Duke of Modena, whose states bordered upon those of Parma, despatched envoys to sue for peace. Napoleon granted him an armistice, upon the payment of two millions of dollars, twenty of his choicest pictures, and an abundant supply of horses and provisions. When in treaty with the Duke of Modena, the commissary of the French army came to Napoleon, and said, "The brother of the duke is here with eight hundred thousand dollars in gold, contained in four chests. He comes, in the name of the duke, to beg you to accept them, and I advise you to do so. The money belongs to you. Take it without scruple. A proportionate diminution will be made in the duke's contribution, and he will be very glad to have obtained a protector." "I thank you," replied Napoleon coolly; "I shall not, for that sum, place myself in the power of the Duke of Modena." The whole contribution went into the army chest, Napoleon refusing to receive for himself a single dollar.

Napoleon now issued another of those spirit-stirring proclamations, which roused such enthusiasm among his own troops, and which so

aidable matter, and should be made by divisions in echelon, ready at any moment to wheel about and face the Austrians. To perform it with success, both armies must be under one general. I have hitherto conducted the campaign without consulting any one. The result would have been very different if I had been obliged to reconcile my views with those of another. If you impose upon me embarrassments of various kinds; if I must refer all my steps to the commissaries of government; if they are authorized to change my movements, to send away my troops, expect no further success. If you weaken your resources by dividing your forces, if you disturb in Italy the unity of military thought, I say it with grief, you will lose the finest opportunity that ever occurred of giving laws to that fine peninsula. In the present posture of the affairs of the republic, it is indispensable that you possess a general who enjoys your confidence. If I do not do so, I shall not complain. Every one has his own method of carrying on war. Kellerman has more experience, and may do it better than I. Together we should do nothing but mischief. Your decision on this matter is of more importance than the fifteen thousand men the Emperor of Austria has sent to Beaulieu."

On the 22nd of May, Napoleon left Milan in pursuit of the Austrians. Beaulieu, in his retreat to the mountains of the Tyrol, had thrown fifteen thousand men into the almost impregnable fortress of Mantua, to arrest the progress of the conqueror. He knew that Napoleon could not follow him, leaving such a fortress in the possession of his enemies in his rear. Austria was raising powerful reinforcements, and the defeated general intended soon to return with overwhelming numbers and crush his foe. Napoleon had hardly advanced one day's march from Milan when a formidable insurrection broke out. The priests, incited by the Pope, had roused the peasants, who were very much under their influence, to rise and exterminate the French. They appealed to all the motives of fanaticism which the Papal Church has so effectually at its command to rouse their military ardour. They assured the ignorant peasants that Austria was pouring down an overwhelming army upon the invader; that all Italy was simultaneously rising in arms; that England, with her powerful fleet, was landing troops innumerable upon the coasts of Sardinia; that God, and all his angels, were looking down from the windows of heaven to admire the heroism of the faithful in ridding the earth of the enemies of the true religion; and that the destruction of Napoleon was sure. The enthusiasm spread from hamlet to hamlet like a conflagration. The friends of republicanism were, for the most part, in the cities. The peasantry were generally strongly attached to the Church, and looked up with reverence to the nobles. The tocsin was sounded in every village. In a day, thirty thousand peasants, roused to phrensy, ~~sped their arms.~~ The danger was imminent.

Napoleon felt that not an hour was to be lost. He took with him twelve hundred men and six pieces of cannon, and instantly turned upon his track. He soon came up with eight hundred of the insurgents, who were intrenching themselves in the small village of Banasco. There was no parleying. There was no hesitation. The ear was closed to all the appeals of mercy. The veteran troops, inured to their work, rushed with bayonet and sabre upon the unwarlike Italians, and in a few moments hewed the peasants to pieces. The women and children fled in every direction, carrying the tidings of the dreadful massacre. The torch was applied to the town, and the dense volumes of smoke, ascending into the serene and cloudless skies from this altar of vengeance, proclaimed, far and wide over the plains of Italy, how dreadful a thing it was to incur the wrath of the conqueror.

Napoleon and his troops, their swords still dripping in blood, tarried not, but, moving on with the sweep of a whirlwind, came to the gates of Pavia. This city had become the headquarters of the insurgents. It contained thirty thousand inhabitants. Napoleon had left there a garrison of three hundred men. The insurgents, eight thousand strong, had thrown themselves into the place, and, strengthened by all of the monarchical party, prepared for a desperate resistance. Napoleon sent the Archbishop of Milan with a flag of truce, offering pardon to all who would lay down their arms.

"May the terrible example of Banasco," said he, "open your eyes. Its fate shall be that of every town which persists in revolt."

"While Pavia has walls," the insurgents bravely replied, "we will not surrender."

Napoleon rejoined in the instantaneous thunders of his artillery. He swept the ramparts with grape-shot, while the soldiers, with their hatchets, hewed down the gates.

They rushed like an inundation into the city. The peasants fought with desperation from the windows and roofs of the houses, hurling down upon the French every missile of destruction. The sanguinary conflict soon terminated in favour of the disciplined valour of the assailants. The wretched peasants were pursued into the plain, and cut down without mercy. The magistrates of the city were shot, the city itself given up to pillage.

"The order," said Napoleon to the inhabitants, "to lay the city in ashes was just leaving my lips, when the garrison of the castle arrived, and hastened, with cries of joy, to embrace their deliverers. Their names were called over, and none found missing. If the blood of a single Frenchman had been shed, my determination was to erect a column on the ruins of Pavia, bearing this inscription, '*Here stood the city of Pavia*.'" He was extremely indignant with the garrison for allowing themselves to be made prisoners. "Cowards!" he exclaimed, "I intrusted you with a post essential to the safety of an army, and you have abandoned it to a mob of wretched peasants, without offering the least re-

stance." He delivered the captain over to a council of war, and he was shot.

This terrible example crushed the insurrection over the whole of Lombardy. Such are the inevitable and essential horrors of war. Napoleon had no love for cruelty. But in such dreadful scenes he claimed to be acting upon the same principle which influences the physician to cut, with an unflinching hand, through nerves and tendons, for the humane design of saving life.

This bloody vengeance was deemed necessary for the salvation of Napoleon's army. He was about to pursue the Austrians far away into the mountains of the Tyrol, and it was necessary to his success that, by a terrible example, he should teach those whom he had left behind that they could not rise upon him with impunity. War is necessarily a system of cruelty and of blood. Napoleon was an energetic warrior. "A man of refined sensibilities," says the Duke of Wellington, "has no right to meddle with the profession of a soldier." "Pavia," said Napoleon, "is the only place I ever gave up to pillage. I promised that the soldiers should have it at their mercy for twenty-four hours; but, after three hours, I could bear such scenes of outrage no longer, and put an end to them. Policy and morality are equally opposed to the system. Nothing is so certain to disorganize and completely ruin an army."

It is wonderfully characteristic of this extraordinary man that, in the midst of these terrible scenes, and pressed by such urgent haste, he could have found time and the disposition to visit a literary institution. When the whole city of Pavia was in consternation, he entered the celebrated university, accompanied by his splendid military suite. With the utmost celerity, he moved from class to class, asking questions with such rapidity that the professors could hardly find time or breath to answer him. "What class is this?" he inquired, as he entered the first recitation-room. "The class of metaphysics," was the reply. Napoleon, who had but little respect for the uncertain deductions of mental philosophy, exclaimed, very emphatically, "Bah!" and took a pinch of snuff. Turning to one of the pupils, he inquired, "What is the difference between sleep and death?" The embarrassed pupil turned to the professor for assistance. The professor plunged into a learned disquisition upon death. The uncourteous examiner left him in the midst of his sentence and hastened to another room. "What class is this?" he said. "The mathematical class," he was answered. It was his favourite science. His eye sparkled with pleasure, and, seizing a book from one of the pupils, he hastily turned over the leaves and gave him a very difficult problem to solve. He chanced to fall upon an excellent scholar, who did the work very promptly and correctly. Napoleon glanced his eye over the work, and said, "You are wrong." The pupil insisted that he was right. Napoleon took the slate and set down to work the problem

himself. In a moment he saw his own error, and, returning the slate to the pupil, with ill-concealed chagrin, exclaimed, "Yes, yes! you are right." He then proceeded to another room, where he met the celebrated Volta, the "Newton of electricity." Napoleon was delighted to see the distinguished philosopher, and ran and threw his arms around his neck, and begged him immediately to draw over his class. The president of the university, in a very eulogistic address to the young general, said, "Charles the Great laid the foundation of this university. May Napoleon the Great give it the completion of its glory."

Having quelled the insurrection in flames and blood, the only way in which, by any possibility, it could have been quelled, Napoleon turned proudly again, with his little band to encounter the whole power of the Austrian empire, now effectually aroused to crush him. The dominions of Venice contained three millions of souls. Its fleet ruled the Adriatic, and it could command an army of fifty thousand men. The Venetians, though unfriendly to France, preferred neutrality. Beaulieu had fled through their territories, leaving a garrison at Mantua. Napoleon pursued them.

To the remonstrances of the Venetians, he replied: "Venice has either afforded refuge to the Austrians, in which case it is the enemy of France, or it was unable to prevent the Austrians from invading its territory, and is, consequently, too weak to claim the right of neutrality." The government deliberated in much perplexity whether to throw themselves as allies into the arms of France or of Austria. They at last decided, if possible, to continue neutral. They sent to Napoleon twelve hundred thousand dollars, as a bribe or present to secure his friendship. He decisively rejected it. To some friends, who urged the perfect propriety of his receiving the money, he replied: "If my commissary should see me accept this money, who can tell to what lengths he might go?" The Venetian envoys retired from their mission deeply impressed with the genius of Napoleon. They had expected to find only a stern warrior. To their surprise, they met a statesman whose profoundness of views, power of eloquence, extent of information, and promptness of decision, excited both their admiration and amazement. They were venerable men, accustomed to consideration and power. Yet the veterans were entirely overawed by his brilliant and commanding powers. "This extraordinary young man," they wrote to the senate, "will one day exert great influence over his country."

No man ever had more wealth at his disposal than Napoleon, or was more scrupulous as to the appropriation of any of it to himself. For two years he maintained the army in Italy, calling upon the government for no supplies whatever. He sent more than two millions of dollars to Paris to relieve the Directory from its embarrassments. Without the slightest difficulty, he might have accumulated millions of dollars for his own private fortune. His friends urged

nim to do so, assuring him that the Directory, jealous of his fame and power, would try to crush rather than to reward him. But he turned a deaf ear to all such suggestions, and returned to Paris from this most brilliant campaign comparatively a poor man.

He had clothed the armies of France and replenished the impoverished treasury of the republic, and filled the Museum of Paris with paintings and statuary. But all was for France. He reserved neither money, nor painting, nor statue for himself. "Every one," said he afterwards, "has his relative ideas. I have a taste for founding, not for possessing. My riches consist in glory and celebrity. The Simplon and the Louvre were, in the eyes of the people and of foreigners, more my property than any private domains could possibly have been." This was surely a lofty and a noble ambition.

Napoleon soon overtook the Austrians. He found a division of the army strongly intrenched upon the banks of the Mincio, determined to arrest his passage. Though the Austrians were some fifteen thousand strong, and though they had partially demolished the bridge, the march of Napoleon was retarded scarcely an hour. Napoleon was that day sick, suffering from a violent headache. Having crossed the river, and concerted all his plans for the pursuit of the flying enemy, he went into an old castle by the river's side to try the effect of a foot-bath. He had but a small retinue with him, his troops being dispersed in pursuit of the fugitives. He had but just placed his feet in the warm water when he heard the loud clatter of horses' hoofs, as a squadron of Austrian dragoons galloped into the court-yard. The sentinel at the door shouted, "To arms! to arms! the Austrians!" Napoleon sprang from the bath, hastily drew on one boot, and, with the other in his hand, leaped from the widow, escaped through the back gate of the garden, mounted a horse, and galloped to Massena's division, who were cooking their dinner at a little distance from the castle. The appearance of their commander-in-chief among them in such a plight roused the soldiers from their camp-kettles, and they rushed in pursuit of the Austrians, who, in their turn, retreated. This personal risk induced Napoleon to establish a body-guard, to consist of five hundred veterans, of at least ten years' service, who were ever to accompany him. This was the origin of that Imperial Guard which, in the subsequent wars of Napoleon, obtained such a world-wide renown.

Napoleon soon encamped before the almost impregnable fortress of Mantua. About twenty thousand men composed its garrison. As it was impossible to surmount such formidable defences by assault, Napoleon was compelled to have recourse to the more tedious operations of a siege.

The Austrian government, dissatisfied with the generalship of Beaulieu, withdrew him from the service, and sent General Wurmser to assume the command, with a reinforcement of sixty thousand men. Napoleon's army had also been reinforced so that he had about thirty thousand

men with whom to meet the eighty thousand which would compose the Austrian army when united. It would require, however, at least a month before Wurmser could arrive at the gates of Mantua. Napoleon resolved to improve the moments of leisure in disarming his enemies in the south of Italy.

The kingdom of Naples, situated at the southern extremity of the peninsula, is the most powerful state in Italy. A Bourbon prince, dissolute and effeminate, sat upon the throne. Its fleet had been actively allied with the English in the attack upon Toulon. Her troops were now associated with the Austrians in the warfare against France. The King, seeing the Austrians, and his own troops united with them, driven from every part of Italy except the fortress of Mantua, was exceedingly alarmed, and sent to Napoleon imploring peace. Napoleon, not being able to march an army into his territory to impose contributions, and yet being very anxious to detach from the alliance the army of sixty thousand men which Naples could bring into the field, granted an armistice upon terms so easy as to provoke the displeasure of the Directory. But Napoleon was fully aware of the impending peril, and decided wisely.

The Pope, now abandoned by Naples, was in consternation. He had anathematized republican France. He had preached a crusade against her, and had allowed her ambassador to be assassinated in the streets of Rome. He was conscious that he deserved chastisement, and he had learned that the young conqueror, in his chastisings, inflicted very heavy blows. Napoleon, taking with him but six thousand men, entered the States of the Pope. The provinces subject to the Pope's temporal power contained a population of two and a half millions, most of whom were in a state of disgraceful barbarism. He had an inefficient army of four or five thousand men. His temporal power was nothing. It was his spiritual power alone which rendered the Pope formidable.

The Pontiff immediately sent an ambassador to Bologna, to implore the clemency of the conqueror. Napoleon referred the Pope to the Directory in Paris for the terms of a permanent peace, granting him, however, an armistice, in consideration of which he exacted the surrender of Ancona, Bologna, and Ferrara to a French garrison, the payment of four millions of dollars in silver and gold, and the contribution of one hundred paintings or statues, and five hundred ancient manuscripts, for the Museum in Paris. The Pope, trembling in anticipation of the overthrow of his temporal power, was delighted to escape upon such easy terms. The most enlightened of the inhabitants of these degenerate and wretchedly governed states welcomed the French with the utmost enthusiasm. They hated the Holy See implacably, and intreated Napoleon to grant them independence. But it was not Napoleon's object to revolutionize the States of Italy, and though he could not but his sympathy in these aspirations for

political freedom, he was unwilling to take any decisive measures for the overthrow of the established government. He was contending simply for peace.

Tuscany had acknowledged the French Republic, and remained neutral in this warfare. But England, regardless of the neutrality of this feeble state, had made herself master of the port of Leghorn, protected by the governor of that city, who was inimical to the French. The frigates of England rode insultingly in the harbour, and treated the commerce of France as that of an enemy. Napoleon crossed the Apennines, by forced marches proceeded to Leghorn, and captured English goods to the amount of nearly three millions of dollars, notwithstanding a great number of English vessels escaped from the harbour but a few hours before the entrance of the French. England was mistress of the sea, and she respected no rights of private property upon her watery domain. Wherever her fleets encountered a merchant ship of the enemy, it was taken as fair plunder. Napoleon, who regarded the land as his domain, resolved that he would retaliate by the capture of English property wherever his army encountered it upon the Continent. It was robbery in both cases, and in both cases equally unjustifiable; and yet such is, to a certain degree, one of the criminal necessities of war.

He seized the inimical governor, and sent him in a post-chaise to the Grand Duke at Florence, saying, "The governor of Leghorn has violated all the rights of neutrality, by oppressing French commerce, and by affording an asylum to the emigrants and to all the enemies of the Republic. Out of respect to your authority, I send the unfaithful servant to be punished at your discretion." The neutral states were thus energetically taught that they must respect their neutrality. He left a garrison at Leghorn, and then proceeded to Florence, the capital of Tuscany, where the Duke, brother of the Emperor of Austria, received him with the greatest cordiality, and gave him a magnificent entertainment. He then returned to Mantua, having been absent just twenty days, and in that time, with one division of his army, having overawed all the states of Southern Italy, and secured their tranquillity during the tremendous struggles which he had still to maintain against Austria. In these fearful and bloody conflicts, Napoleon was contending only to protect his country from those invading armies which were endeavouring to force upon France the despotism of the Bourbons. He repeatedly made the declaration that he wished only for peace; and in every case, even when states, by the right of conquest, were entirely in his power, he made peace upon the most lenient terms for them, simply upon condition that they should cease their warfare against France. "Such a rapid succession of brilliant victories," said Las Casas to Napoleon at St. Helena, "filling the world with your fame, must have been a source of great delight to you." "By no means," Napoleon replied; "they who

think so know nothing of the peril of our situation. The victory of to-day was instantly forgotten in preparation for the battle which was to be fought on the morrow. The aspect of danger was continually before me. I enjoyed not one moment of repose."

CHAPTER VI.

SIEGE OF MANTUA

Mantua—Trent—Raising the siege of Mantua—Lombardy—Castiglione—Letter to the people of Lombardy—The Austrian flag of truce—The faithful sentinel—Movements of Wurmser—Battle of St. George—Anecdotes—Love of the soldiers for their General—Influence of England—New Austrian army collected—Appeal to the Directory—Herculean labours—Cispadane Republic—Napoleon's attachment to Corsica.

EARLY in July, 1796, the eyes of all Europe were turned to Mantua. Around its walls those decisive battles were fought which were to establish the fate of Italy. This bulwark of Lombardy was considered almost impregnable. It was situated upon an island formed by lakes and by the expansion of the river Mincio. It was approached only by five long and narrow causeways, which were guarded by frowning batteries. To take the place by assault was impossible. Its reduction could only be accomplished by the slow, tedious, and enormously expensive process of a siege.

Napoleon, in his rapid advances, had not allowed his troops to encumber themselves with tents of any kind. After marching all day, drenched with rain, they threw themselves down at night upon the wet ground, with no protection whatever from the pitiless storm which beat upon them. "Tents are always unhealthy," said Napoleon at St. Helena. "It is much better for the soldier to bivouac in the open air, for then he can build a fire and sleep with warm feet. Tents are necessary only for the general officers, who are obliged to read and consult their maps." All the nations of Europe, following the example which Napoleon thus established, have now abandoned entirely the use of tents.

The sick, the wounded, the exhausted, to the number of fifteen thousand, filled the hospitals. Death, from such exposures, and from the bullet and sword of the enemy, had made fearful ravages among his troops. Though Napoleon had received occasional reinforcements from France, his losses had kept pace with his supplies, and he had now an army of but thirty thousand men with which to retain the vast extent of country he had overrun, to keep down the aristocratic party, ever upon the eve of an outbreak, and to encounter the formidable legions which Austria was marshalling for his destruction. Immediately upon his return from the south of Italy, he was compelled to turn his eyes from the siege of Mantua, which he was pressing with all possible energy, to the black and threatening cloud gathering in the North. An army of sixty thousand veteran soldiers under General Wurmser, an officer of high re-

down, was accumulating its energies in the wild fastnesses of the Northern Alps, to sweep down like a whirlwind upon the French through the gorges of the Tyrol.

About sixty miles north of Mantua, at the northern extremity of Lake Garda, embosomed among the Tyrolean hills, lies the walled town of Trent. Here Wurmser had assembled sixty thousand men, abundantly provided with all the munitions of war, to march down to Mantua, and co-operate with the twenty thousand within its walls in the annihilation of the audacious foe. The fate of Napoleon was now considered sealed. The Republicans in Italy were in deep dismay. "How is it possible," said they, "that Napoleon, with thirty thousand men, can resist the combined onset of eighty thousand veteran soldiers?" The aristocratic party were in great exultation, and were making preparations to fall upon the French the moment they should see the troops of Napoleon experiencing the slightest reverse. Rome, Venice, Naples, began to incite revolt, and secretly to assist the Austrians. The Pope, in direct violation of his plighted faith, refused any further fulfilment of the conditions of the armistice, and sent Cardinal Mattei to negotiate with the enemy. This sudden development of treachery, which Napoleon aptly designated as a "Revelation," impressed the young conqueror deeply with a sense of his hazardous situation.

Between Mantua and Trent there lies, extended among the mountains, the beautiful Lake of Garda. This sheet of water, almost fathomless, and clear as crystal, is about thirty miles in length and from four to twelve in breadth. Wurmser was about fifteen miles north of the head of this lake, at Trent; Napoleon was at Mantua, fifteen miles south of its foot. The Austrian general, eighty years of age, a brave and generous soldier, as he contemplated his mighty host, complacently rubbed his hands, exclaiming, "We shall soon have the boy now!" He was very fearful, however, that Napoleon, conscious of the impossibility of resisting such numbers, might, by a precipitate flight, escape. To prevent this, he disposed his army at Trent in three divisions of twenty thousand each. One division, under General Quasdanovich, was directed to march down the western bank of the lake, to cut off the retreat of the French by the way of Milan. General Wurmser, with another division of twenty thousand men, marched down the eastern shore of the lake to relieve Mantua. General Melas, with another division, followed down the valley of the Adige, which ran parallel with the shores of the lake, and was separated from it by a mountain ridge, but about two miles in width. A march of a little more than a day would reunite those vast forces, thus for the moment separated. Having prevented the escape of their anticipated victims, they could fall upon the French in a resistless attack.

The sleepless vigilance and the eagle eye of Napoleon instantly detected the advantage thus presented to him. It was in the evening of the 1st of July that he first received the intimation

from his scouts of the movements of the enemy. Instantly he formed his plan of operations, and in an hour the whole camp was in commotion. He gave orders for the immediate abandonment of the siege of Mantua, and for the whole army to arrange itself in marching order. It was an enormous sacrifice. He had been prosecuting the works of the siege with great vigour for two months. He had collected there, at vast labour and expense, a magnificent battering train and immense stores of ammunition. The city was on the very point of surrender. By abandoning his works, all would be lost; the city would be reinvited, and it would be necessary to commence the whole arduous enterprise of the siege anew. The promptness with which Napoleon decided to make the sacrifice, and the unflinching relentlessness with which the decision was executed, indicated the energetic action of a genius of no ordinary mould.

The sun had now gone down, and gloomy night brooded over the agitated camp. But not an eye was closed. Under cover of the darkness, every one was on the alert. The platforms and gun-carriages were thrown upon the camp-fires. Tons of powder were cast into the lake. The cannon were spiked, and the shot and shells buried in the trenches. Before midnight the whole army was in motion. Rapidly they directed their steps to the western shore of Lake Garda, to fall like an avalanche upon the division of Quasdanovich, who dreamed not of their danger. When the morning sun arose over the marshes of Mantua, the whole embattled host, whose warlike array had reflected back the beams of the setting sun, had disappeared. The besieged, who were half-famished, and who were upon the eve of surrender, as they gazed, from the steeples of the city, upon the scene of solitude, desolation, and abandonment, could hardly credit their eyes.

At ten o'clock in the morning, Quasdanovich was marching quietly along, not dreaming that any foe was within thirty miles of him, when suddenly the whole French army burst like a whirlwind upon his astonished troops. Had the Austrians stood their ground, they must have been entirely destroyed; but, after a short and most sanguinary conflict, they broke in wild confusion, and fled. Large numbers were slain, and many prisoners were left in the hands of the French. The discomfited Austrians retreated, to find refuge among the fastnesses of the Tyrol, from whence they had emerged. Napoleon had not one moment to lose in pursuit. The two divisions which were marching down the eastern side of the lake heard across the water the deep booming of the guns, like the roar of continuous thunder, but they were entirely unable to render any assistance to their friends. They could not even imagine from whence the foe had come whom Quasdanovich had encountered. That Napoleon would abandon all his accumulated stores and costly works at Mantua was to them inconceivable. They hastened along with the utmost speed to reunite their forces, still forty

thousands strong, at the foot of the lake. Napoleon also turned upon his track, and urged his troops almost to the full run. The salvation of his army depended upon the rapidity of his march enabling him to attack the separated divisions of the enemy before they should reunite at the foot of the mountain range which separated them. "Soldiers!" he exclaimed, in hurried accents, "it is with your legs alone that victory can now be secured. Fear nothing. In three days the Austrian army shall be destroyed. Rely only on me. You know whether or not I am in the habit of keeping my word."

Regardless of hunger, sleeplessness, and fatigue, unencumbered by baggage or provisions, with a celerity which to the astonished Austrians seemed miraculous, he pressed on, with his exhausted, bleeding troops, all the afternoon, and deep into the darkness of the ensuing night. He allowed his men, at midnight, to throw themselves upon the ground an hour for sleep, but he did not indulge himself in one moment of repose.

Early in the morning of the 3rd of August, Melas, who but a few hours before had heard the thunder of Napoleon's guns over the mountains, and upon the opposite shore of the lake, was astonished to see the solid columns of the whole French army marching majestically upon him. Five thousand of Wurmser's division had succeeded in joining him, and he consequently had twenty-five thousand fresh troops drawn up in battle array. Wurmser himself was at but a few hours' distance, and was hastening with all possible speed to his aid, with fifteen thousand additional men. Napoleon had but twenty-two thousand with whom to meet the forty thousand whom his foes would thus combine. Exhausted as his troops were with the herculean toil they had already endured, not one moment could be allowed for rest.

It was at Lonato. In a few glowing words he announced to his men their peril, the necessity for their utmost efforts, and his perfect confidence in their success. They now regarded their young leader as invincible, and wherever he led they were rushed to follow. With delicious energy they rushed upon the foe. The pride of the Austrians was roused, and they fought with desperation. The battle was long and bloody. Napoleon, as cool and unperturbed as if making the movements in a game of chess, watched the ebb and the flow of the conflict. His eagle eye instantly detected the point of weakness and exposure. The Austrians were routed, and in wild disorder took to flight over the plains, leaving the ground covered with dead, and five thousand prisoners and twenty pieces of cannon in the hands of the victors. Junot, with a regiment of cavalry, dashed at full gallop into the midst of the fugitives rushing over the plain, and the wretched victims of war were sabred by thousands, and trampled under iron hoofs.

The battle raged until the sun disappeared behind the mountains of the Tyrol, and another

night, dark and gloomy, came on. The groans of the wounded and of the dying, and the fearful shrieks of dismembered and mangled horses, struggling in their agony, filled the night air for leagues around. The French soldiers, utterly exhausted, threw themselves upon the gory ground by the side of the mutilated dead, the victor and the bloody corpse of the foe reposing side by side, and forgot the horrid butchery in leaden sleep. But Napoleon slept not. He knew that before the dawn of another morning a still more formidable host would be arrayed against him, and that the victory of to-day might be followed by a dreadful defeat upon the morrow. The vanquished army were falling back, to be supported by the division of Wurmser coming to their rescue. All night Napoleon was on horseback, galloping from post to post, making arrangements for the desperate battle to which he knew that the morning's sun must guide him.

Four or five miles from Lonato lies the small walled town of Castiglione. Here Wurmser met the retreating troops of Melas, and rallied them for a decisive conflict. With thirty thousand Austrians, drawn up in line of battle, he awaited the approach of his indefatigable foe. Long before the morning dawned, the French army was again in motion. Napoleon, urging his horse to the very utmost of his speed, rode in every direction to accelerate the movements of his troops. The peril was too imminent to allow him to intrust any one else with the execution of his all-important orders. Five horses successively sank dead beneath him from utter exhaustion. Napoleon was everywhere, observing all things, dictating all things, animating all things. The whole army was inspired with the indomitable energy and ardour of their young leader. Soon the two hostile hosts were facing each other, in the dim and misty haze of the early dawn, ere the sun had arisen to look down upon the awful scene of man's depravity about to ensue.

A sanguinary and decisive conflict, renowned in history as the battle of Castiglione, inflicted the final blow upon the Austrians. They were routed with terrible slaughter. The French pursued them, with merciless massacre, through the whole day in their headlong flight, and rested not until the darkness of night shut out the panting, bleeding fugitives from their view. Less than one week had elapsed since that proud army, sixty thousand strong, had marched from the walls of Trent, with gleaming banners and triumphant music, flushed with anticipated victory. In six days it had lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, forty thousand men, ten thousand more than the whole army which Napoleon had at his command. But twenty thousand tattered, exhausted, war-worn fugitives effected their escape.

In the extreme of mortification and dejection, they returned to Trent, to bear themselves the tidings of their swift and utter discomfiture. Napoleon, in these conflicts, lost but seven thousand men. These amazing victories were to be

sumed the siege. Wurmser, with the bleeding fragment of his army, was held a close prisoner. Thus terminated this campaign of *ten days*. In this short time Napoleon had destroyed a third Austrian army, more than twice as numerous as his own. The field was swept clean of his enemies. Not a man was left to oppose him. Victories so amazing excited astonishment throughout Europe. Such results had never before been recorded in the annals of ancient or modern warfare.

While engaged in the rapid march from Roveredo, a discontented soldier, emerging from the ranks, addressed Napoleon, pointing to his tattered garments, and said, "We soldiers, notwithstanding all our victories, are clothed in rags." Napoleon, anxious to arrest the progress of discontent among his troops, with that peculiar tact which he had ever at command, looked kindly upon him, and said, "You forget, my brave friend, that with a new coat your honourable scars would no longer be visible." This well-timed compliment was received with shouts of applause from the ranks. The anecdote spread like lightning among the troops, and endeared Napoleon still more to every soldier in the army.

The night before the battle of Bassano, in the eagerness of the march, Napoleon had advanced far beyond the main column of the army. He had received no food during the day, and had enjoyed no sleep for several nights. A poor soldier had a crust of bread in his knapsack. He broke it in two, and gave his exhausted and half-famished general one half. After this frugal supper, the commander-in-chief of the French army wrapped himself in his cloak, and threw himself unprotected upon the ground, by the side of the soldier, for an hour's slumber. After ten years had passed away, and Napoleon, then Emperor of France, was making a triumphal tour through Belgium, the same soldier stepped out from the ranks of a regiment which the Emperor was reviewing, and said, "Sire! on the eve of the battle of Bassano I shared with you my crust of bread, when you were hungry. I now ask from you bread for my father, who is worn down with age and poverty." Napoleon immediately settled a pension upon the old man, and promoted the soldier to a lieutenancy.

After the battle of Bassano, in the impetuosity of the pursuit, Napoleon, spurring his horse to the utmost speed, accompanied by a few followers, entered a small village quite in advance of the main body of his army. Suddenly Wurmser, with a strong division of the Austrians, debouched upon the plain. A peasant woman informed him that but a moment before Napoleon had passed her cottage. Wurmser, overjoyed at the prospect of obtaining a prize which would remunerate him for all his losses, instantly despatched parties of cavalry in every direction for his capture. So sure was he of success, that he strictly enjoined it upon them to bring him in alive. The fleetness of Napoleon's horse saved him.

In the midst of these terrible conflicts, when

the army needed every possible stimulus to exertion, Napoleon exposed himself, like a common soldier, at every point where danger appeared most imminent. On one of these occasions, a pioneer, perceiving the extreme peril in which the commander-in-chief had placed himself, abruptly and authoritatively exclaimed to him, "Stand aside!" Napoleon fixed his keen glance upon him, when the veteran, with a strong arm, thrust him away, saying, "If thou art killed, who is to rescue us from this jeopardy?" and placed his own body before him. Napoleon appreciated the sterling value of the action, and uttered no reproof. After the battle, he ordered the pioneer to be sent to his presence. Placing his hand kindly upon his shoulder, he said, "My friend, your noble boldness claims my esteem. Your bravery demands a reward. From this hour, an epaulette instead of a Latchet shall grace your shoulder." He was immediately raised to the rank of an officer.

The generals in the army were overawed by the genius and the magnanimity of their young commander. They fully appreciated his vast superiority, and approached him with restraint and reverence. The common soldiers, however, loved him as a father, and went to him freely with the familiarity of children. In one of those terrific battles, when the result had been long in suspense, just as the searching glance of Napoleon had detected a fault in the movements of the enemy, of which he was upon the point of taking the most prompt advantage, a private soldier, covered with the dust and the smoke of the battle, sprang from the ranks, and exclaimed, "General, send a squadron *there*, and the victory is ours." "You rogue!" rejoined Napoleon, "where did you get my secret?" In a few moments the Austrians were flying in dismay before the impetuous charges of the French cavalry. Immediately after the battle Napoleon sent for the soldier who had displayed such military genius. He was found dead upon the field. A bullet had pierced his brain. Had he lived he would but have added another star to that brilliant galaxy with which the throne of Napoleon was embellished.

Perhaps in that neglected spot is laid

A heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands which the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

The night after the battle of Bassano, the moon rose cloudless and brilliant over the sanguinary scene. Napoleon, who seldom exhibited any hilarity or even exhilaration of spirits in the hour of victory, rode, as was his custom, over the plain, covered with the bodies of the dying and the dead, and, silent and thoughtful, seemed lost in painful reverie.

It was midnight. The confusion and the uproar of the battle had passed away, and the deep silence of the calm starlight night was only disturbed by the moans of the wounded and dying. Suddenly a dog sprang from beneath the cloak of his dead master, and rushed to Napoleon, as if frantically imploring his aid, and then rushed

back again to the mangled corpse, licking the blood from the face and the hands, and howling most piteously. Napoleon was deeply moved by the affecting scene, and involuntarily stopped his horse to contemplate it. In relating the event many years afterwards, he remarked, "I know not how it was, but no incident upon any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression upon my feelings. This man, thought I, must have had among his comrades friends, and yet here he lies forsaken by all except his faithful dog. What a strange being is man! How mysterious his impressions! I had, without emotion, bled battles which had decided the fate of nations. I had, with tearless eyes, beheld the execution of those orders in which thousands of my countrymen were slain. And yet here my sympathies were most deeply and resistlessly moved by the mournful howling of a dog! Certainly in that moment I should have been unable to refuse any request to a suppliant enemy."

Austria was still unsubdued. With a perseverance worthy of all admiration, had it been exercised in a better cause, the Austrian government still refused to make peace with republican France. The energies of the empire were aroused anew to raise a fourth army. England, contending against France wherever her navy or her troops could penetrate, was the soul of this warfare. She animated the cabinet of Vienna, and aided the Austrian armies with her strong co-operation and her gold. The people of England, republican in their tendencies, and hating the utter despotism of the old monarchy of France, were clamorous for peace. But the royal family, and the aristocracy in general, were extremely unwilling to come to any amicable terms with the nation which had been guilty of the crime of renouncing monarchy.

All the resources of the Austrian government were now devoted to recruiting and equipping a new army. With the wrecks of Wurmser's troops, with detachments from the Rhine, and fresh levies from the bold peasants of the Tyrol, in less than a month an army of nearly one hundred thousand men was assembled. The enthusiasm throughout Austria, in raising and animating these recruits, was so great, that the city of Vienna alone contributed four battalions. The empress, with her own hand, embroidered their colours, and presented them to the troops. All the noble ladies of the realm devoted their smiles and their aid to inspire the enterprise. About seventy-five thousand men were assembled in the gorges of the northern Tyrol, ready to press down upon Napoleon from the north, while the determined garrison of twenty-five thousand men, under the brave Wurmser, cooped up in Mantua, were ready to emerge at a moment's warning. Thus, in about three weeks, another army of one hundred thousand men was ready to fall upon Napoleon.

His situation now became absolutely desperate. The reinforcements he had received from France had been barely sufficient to cover the losses sustained by disease and the sword. He had but

thirty thousand men. His funds were all exhausted. His troops, notwithstanding they were in the midst of the most brilliant blaze of victories, had been compelled to strain every nerve of exertion. They were also suffering the severest privations, and began loudly to murmur. "Why," they exclaimed, "do we not receive succour from France? We cannot alone contend against all Europe. We have already destroyed three armies, and now a fourth, still more numerous, is rising against us. Is there to be no end to these interminable battles?"

Napoleon was fully sensible of the peril of his position, and, while he allowed his troops a few weeks of repose, his energies were strained to their very utmost tension in preparing for the all but desperate encounter now before him. The friends and the enemies of Napoleon alike regarded his case as nearly hopeless. The Austrians had by this time learned that it was not safe to divide their forces in the presence of so vigilant a foe. Marching down upon his exhausted band with seventy-five thousand men to attack him in front, and with twenty-five thousand veteran troops, under the brave Wurmser, to sally from the ramparts of Mantua and assail him in the rear, it seemed, to all reasonable calculation, that the doom of the French army was sealed. Napoleon, in the presence of his army, assumed an air of most perfect confidence, but he was fearfully apprehensive that, by the power of overwhelming numbers, his army would be destroyed.

The appeal which, under the circumstances, he wrote to the Directory for reinforcements, is sublime in its dignity and its eloquence. "All of our superior officers, all of our best generals, are either dead or wounded. The army of Italy, reduced to a handful of men, is exhausted. The heroes of Millesimo, of Lodi, of Castiglione, of Bassano, have died for their country, or are in the hospitals. Nothing is left to the army but its glory and its courage. We are abandoned at the extremity of Italy. The brave men who are left me have no prospect but inevitable death amid changes so continual and with forces so inferior. Perhaps the hour of the brave Augereau, of the intrepid Massena, is about to strike. This consideration renders me cautious. I dare not brave death, when it would so certainly be the ruin of those who have been so long the object of my solicitude. The army has done its duty. I do mine. My conscience is at ease, but my soul is lacerated. I never have received a fourth part of the succours which the Minister of War has announced in his despatches. My health is so broken, that I can with difficulty sit upon horseback. The enemy can now count our diminished ranks. Nothing is left me but courage; but that alone is not sufficient for the post which I occupy. Troops, or Italy is lost!"

Napoleon addressed his soldiers in a very different strain, endeavouring to animate their courage by concealing from them his anxieties. "We have but one more effort to make," said he, "and Italy is our own. True, the enemy is

more numerous than we; but half his troops are recruits, who can never stand before the veterans of France. When Alvinzi is beaten, Mantua must fall, and our labours be at an end. Not only Italy, but a general peace, is to be gained by the capture of Mantua."

During the three weeks in which the Austrians were recruiting their army and the French were reposing around the walls of Mantua, Napoleon made the most herculean exertions to strengthen his position in Italy, and to disarm those states which were manifesting hostility against him. During this period his labours as a statesman and a diplomatist were even more severe than his toils as a general. He allowed himself no stated time for food or repose, but day and night devoted himself incessantly to his work. Horse after horse sank beneath him in the impetuous speed with which he passed from place to place. He dictated innumerable communications to the Directory respecting treaties of peace with Rome, Naples, Venice, Genoa. He despised the feeble Directory, with its shallow views, conscious that, unless wiser counsels than they proposed should prevail, the Republic would be ruined. "So long," said he, "as your general shall not be the centre of all influence in Italy, everything will go wrong. It would be easy to accuse me of ambition, but I am satiated with honour, and worn down with care. Peace with Naples is indispensable. You must conciliate Venice and Genoa. The influence of Rome is incalculable. You did wrong to break with that power. We must secure friends for the Italian army, both among kings and people. The general in Italy must be the fountain-head of negotiation as well as of military operations." These were bold assumptions for a young man of twenty-seven. But Napoleon was conscious of his power. He now listened to the earnest intreaties of the people of the Duchy of Modena and of the Papal States of Bologna and Ferrara, and, in consequence of treachery on the part of the Duke of Modena and the Pope, emancipated those states, and constituted them into a united and independent Republic. As the whole territory included under this new government extended south of the Po, Napoleon named it the Cispadane Republic, that is, the *This side of the Po* Republic. It contained about a million and a half of inhabitants, compactly gathered in one of the most rich, and fertile, and beautiful regions of the globe.

The joy and the enthusiasm of the people, thus blessed with a free government, surpassed all bounds. Wherever Napoleon appeared, he was greeted with every demonstration of affection. He assembled at Modena a convention, composed of lawyers, landed proprietors, and merchants, to organize the government. All leaned upon the mind of Napoleon, and he guided their counsels with the most consummate wisdom. Napoleon's abhorrence of the anarchy which had disgraced the Jacobin reign in France, and his reverence for law, were made very prominent on this occasion.

"Never forget," said he, in an address to the Assembly, "that laws are mere nullities without the necessary force to sustain them. Attend to your military organization, which you have the means of placing upon a respectable footing. You will then be more fortunate than the people of France; you will attain liberty without passing through the ordeal of revolution."

The Italians were an effeminate people, and quite unable to cope in arms with the French or the Austrians. Yet the new Republic manifested its zeal and attachment for its youthful founder so strongly, that a detachment of Austrians having made a sally from Mantua, they immediately sprang to arms, took it prisoner, and conducted it in triumph to Napoleon. When the Austrians saw that Napoleon was endeavouring to make soldiers of the Italians, they ridiculed the idea, saying that they had tried the experiment in vain, and that it was not possible for an Italian to make a good soldier.

"Notwithstanding this," said Napoleon, "I raised many thousands of Italians, who fought with a bravery equal to that of the French, and who did not desert me even in adversity. What was the cause? I abolished flogging. Instead of the lash, I introduced the stimulus of honour. Whatever debases a man cannot be serviceable. What honour can a man possibly have who is flogged before his comrades? When a soldier has been debased by stripes, he cares little for his own reputation or for the honour of his country. After an action, I assembled the officers and soldiers, and inquired who had proved themselves heroes. Such of them as were able to read and write, I promoted. Those who were not, I ordered to study five hours a day until they had learned a sufficiency, and then promoted them. Thus I substituted honour and emulation for terror and the lash."

He bound the Duke of Parma and the Duke of Tuscany to him by ties of friendship. He cheered the inhabitants of Lombardy with the hope that, as soon as extricated from his present embarrassments, he would do something for the promotion of their independence. Thus, with the skill of a veteran diplomatist, he raised around him friendly governments, and availed himself of all the resources of politics, to make amends for the inefficiency of the Directory. Never was a man placed in a situation where more delicacy of tact was necessary. The republican party in all the Italian States were clamorous for the support of Napoleon, and waited but his permission to raise the standard of revolt. Had the slightest encouragement been given, the whole peninsula would have plunged into the horrors of civil war, and the awful scenes which had been enacted in Paris would have been re-enacted in every city in Italy. The aristocratic party would have been roused to desperation, and the situation of Napoleon would have been still more precarious.

It required consummate genius as a statesman, and moral courage of the highest order, to wield such opposing influences. But the greatness of

Napoleon shone forth even more brilliantly in the cabinet than in the field. The course which he had pursued had made him extremely popular with the Italians. They regarded him as their countryman. They were proud of his fame. He was driving from their territory the haughty Austrians, whom they hated. He was the enemy of despots, the friend of the people. Their own beautiful language was his mother-tongue. He was familiar with their manners and customs, and they felt flattered by his high appreciation of their literature and arts.

Napoleon, in the midst of these stormy scenes, also despatched an armament from Leghorn to wrest his native island of Corsica from the dominion of the English. Sir Walter Scott, in allusion to the fact that Napoleon never manifested any special attachment for the obscure island of his birth, beautifully says, "He was like the young lion who, while he is scattering the herds and destroying the hunters, thinks little of the forest cave in which he first saw the light."

But at St. Helena Napoleon said—and few will read his remarks without emotion—"What recollections of childhood crowd upon my memory, when my thoughts are no longer occupied with political subjects, or with the insults of my gaoler upon this rock! I am carried back to my first impressions of the life of man. It seems to me always, in these moments of calm, that I should have been the happiest man in the world with an income of five hundred pounds a-year, living as the father of a family, with my wife and son, in our old house at Ajaccio. You, Monthon, remember its beautiful situation. You have often despoiled it of its finest bunches of grapes, when you ran off with Pauline to satisfy your childish appetite. Happy hours! The natal soil has infinite charms. Memory embellishes it with all its attractions, even to the very odour of the ground, which one can so realize to the senses as to be able, with the eyes shut, to tell the spot first trodden by the foot of childhood. I still remember with emotion the most minute details of a journey in which I accompanied Paoli. More than five hundred of us, young persons of the first families in the island, formed his guard of honour. I felt proud of walking by his side, and he appeared to take pleasure in pointing out to me, with paternal affection, the passes of our mountains which had been witnesses of the heroic struggle of our countrymen for independence. The impression made upon me still vibrates in my heart.

"Come, place your hand," said he to Monthon, "upon my bosom! See how it beats!" "And it was true," Monthon remarks; "his heart did beat with such rapidity as would have excited my astonishment, had I not been acquainted with his organization, and with the kind of electric commotion which his thoughts communicated to his whole being." "It is like the sound of a church bell," continued Napoleon. "There is none upon this rock. I am no longer d to hear it. But the tones of a bell

never fall upon my ear without awakening within me the emotions of childhood. The Angelus bell transported me back to pensive yet pleasant memories when, in the midst of earnest thoughts, and burdened with the weight of an imperial crown, I heard its first sounds under the shady wood of St. Cloud; and often have I been supposed to have been revolving the plan of a campaign or digesting an imperial law, when my thoughts were wholly absorbed in dwelling upon the first impressions of my youth. Religion is, in fact, the dominion of my soul. It is the hope of life, the anchor of safety, the deliverance from evil. What a service has Christianity rendered to humanity! What a power would it still have, did its ministers comprehend their mission!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAPTURE OF MANTUA.

Napoleon at Verona.—Rebuke of Vaubois' division.—The intercepted messenger.—The storm of the elements and of war.—The retreat.—Battle of Arcola.—Devotion of Napoleon's generals.—Letter to the widow of Murron.—The miniature.—Message to the Pope.—Madame de Staël.—Napoleon's frugality.—Threat of Alvinzi, and retort of Napoleon.—Rivoli.—The capitulation.—Napoleon's delectacy toward Wurmser.—The Papal States humbled.—The image at Loretto.—Prince Pignatelli.—Terror of Pius VI.—Singular moderation of the conqueror.

EARLY in November the Austrians commenced their march. The cold winds of winter were sweeping through the defiles of the Tyrol, and the summits of the mountains were white with snow; but it was impossible to postpone operations; for, unless Wurmser were immediately relieved, Mantua must fall, and with it would fall all hopes of Austrian dominion in Italy. The hardy old soldier had killed all his horses, and salted them down for provisions; but even that coarse fare was nearly exhausted, and he had succeeded in sending word to Alvinzi that he could not possibly hold out more than six weeks longer.

Napoleon, the moment he heard that the Austrians were on the move, hastened to the head-quarters of the army at Verona. He had stationed General Vaubois, with twelve thousand men, a few miles north of Trent, in a narrow defile among the mountains, to watch the Austrians, and to arrest their first advances. Vaubois and his division, overwhelmed by numbers, retreated, and thus vastly magnified the power of the army. The moment Napoleon received the disastrous intelligence, he hastened, with such troops as he could collect, like the sweep of the wind, to rally the retreating forces, and check the progress of the enemy. And here he signally displayed that thorough knowledge of human nature which enabled him so effectually to control and to inspire his army. Deeming it necessary, in the peril which then surrounded him, that every man should be a hero, and that every regiment should be nerved by the determination to conquer or to die, he resolved to

make a severe example of those whose panic had proved so nearly fatal to the army. Like a whirlwind, surrounded by his staff, he swept into the camp, and ordered immediately the troops to be collected in a circle around him. He sat upon his horse, and every eye was fixed upon the pale, wan, and wasted features of their young and adored general. With a stern and saddened voice he exclaimed, "Soldiers, I am displeased with you! You have evinced neither discipline nor valour. You have allowed yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of resolute men might have arrested an army. You are no longer French soldiers! Chief of the staff, cause it to be written on their standards, *'They are no longer of the army of Italy.'*"

The influence of these words upon those impassioned men, proud of their renown and proud of their leader, was almost inconceivable. The terrible rebuke fell upon them like a thunderbolt. Tears trickled down the cheeks of these battered veterans. Many of them actually groaned aloud in their anguish. The laws of discipline could not restrain the grief which burst from their ranks. They broke their array, crowded around the general, exclaiming, "We have been misrepresented; the enemy were three to our one; try us once more; place us in the post of danger, and see if we do not belong to the army of Italy!"

Napoleon relented, and spoke kindly to them, promising to afford them an early opportunity to retrieve their reputation. In the next battle he placed them in the van. Contending against fearful odds, they accomplished all that mortal valour could accomplish, rolling back upon the Austrians the tide of victory. Such was the discipline of Napoleon. He needed no blood-stained lash to scar the naked backs of his men. He ruled over mind. His empire was in the soul. "My soldiers," said he, "are my children." The effect of this rebuke was incalculable. There was not an officer or a soldier in the army who was not moved by it. It came exactly at the right moment, when it was necessary that every man in the army should be inspired with absolute desperation of valour.

Alvinzi sent a peasant across the country to carry despatches to Wurmser in the beleaguered city. The information of approaching relief was written upon very thin paper, in a minute hand, and inclosed in a ball of wax not much larger than a pea. The spy was intercepted. He was seen to swallow the ball. The stomach was compelled to surrender its trust, and Napoleon became acquainted with Alvinzi's plan of operation. He left ten thousand men around the walls of Mantua to continue the blockade, and assembled the rest of his army, consisting only of fifteen thousand, in the vicinity of Verona. The whole valley of the Adige was now swarming with the Austrian battalions. At night the wide horizon seemed illuminated with the blaze of their camp-fires. The Austrians, conscious of their vast superiority in numbers, were hastening to envelop the French. Already forty

thousand men were circling around the little band of fifteen thousand who were rallied under the eagles of France.

The Austrians, wary in consequence of their past defeats, moved with the utmost caution, taking possession of the most commanding positions. Napoleon, with sleepless vigilance, watched for some exposed point, but in vain. The soldiers understood the true posture of affairs, and began to feel disheartened, for their situation was apparently desperate. The peril of the army was so great, that even the sick and the wounded in the hospitals at Milan, Pavia, and Lodi voluntarily left their beds, and hastened, emaciated with suffering, and many of them with their wounds still bleeding, to resume their station in the ranks. The soldiers were deeply moved by this affecting spectacle, so indicative of their fearful peril, and of the devotion of their comrades to the interests of the army. Napoleon resolved to give battle immediately, before the Austrians should accumulate in still greater numbers.

A dark, cold winter's storm was deluging the ground with rain as Napoleon roused his troops from the drenched sods upon which they were slumbering. The morning had not yet dawned through the surcharged clouds, and the freezing wind, like a tornado, swept the bleak hills. It was an awful hour in which to go forth to encounter mutilation and death. The enterprise was desperate. Fifteen thousand Frenchmen, with frenzied violence, were to hurl themselves upon the serried ranks of forty thousand foes. The horrid carnage soon began. The roar of the battle, the shout of onset, and the shriek of the dying, mingled, in midnight gloom, with the appalling rush and wail of the tempest. The ground was so saturated with rain, that it was almost impossible for the French to drag their cannon through the miry ruts. As the darkness of night passed, and the dismal light of a stormy day was spread around them, the rain changed to snow, and the struggling French were smothered and blinded by the storm of sleet whirled furiously into their faces. Through the livelong day this terrific battle of man and of the elements raged unabated. When night came, the exhausted soldiers, drenched with rain and benumbed with cold, threw themselves upon the blood-stained snow in the midst of the dying and of the dead. Neither party claimed the victory, and neither acknowledged defeat.

No pen can describe, nor can imagination conceive, the horrors of the dark and wailing night of storm and sleet which ensued. Through the long hours the groans of the wounded, scattered over many miles swept by the battle, blended in mournful unison with the wailings of the tempest. Two thousand of Napoleon's little band were left dead upon the field, and a still larger number of Austrian corpses were covered with the winding-sheet of snow. Many a blood-stained drift indicated the long and agonizing struggle of the wounded ere the motionlessness of death consummated the dreadful tragedy. It is hard to die even in the curtained chambers of

our celled houses, with sympathizing friends administering every possible alleviation. Cold must have been those pillows of snow, and unspeakably dreadful the solitude of those death-scenes, on the bleak hillsides and the muddy ravines, where thousands of the young, the hopeful, the sanguine, in horrid mutilation, struggled through the long hours of the tempestuous night in the agonies of dissolution. Many of these young men were from the first families in Austria and in France, and had been accustomed to every indulgence. Far from mother, sister, brother, drenched with rain, covered with the drifting snow, alone—all alone with the midnight darkness and the storm—they writhed and moaned through lingering hours of agony.

The Austrian forces still were accumulating, and the next day Napoleon retired within the walls of Verona. It was the first time he had seemed to retreat before his foes. His star began to wane. The soldiers were silent and dejected. An ignominious retreat, after all their victories, or a still more ignominious surrender to the Austrians, appeared their only alternative. Night again came. The storm had passed away. The moon rose clear and cold over the frozen hills. Suddenly the order was proclaimed, in the early darkness, for the whole army, in silence and celerity, to be upon the march. Grief sat upon every countenance. The western gates of the city, looking towards France, were thrown open. The rumbling of the artillery wheels and the sullen tramp of the dejected soldiers fell heavily upon the night air. Not a word was spoken. Rapidly the army emerged from the gates, crossed the river, and pressed along the road towards France, leaving their foes slumbering behind them, unconscious of their flight.

The depression of the soldiers, thus compelled at last, as they supposed, to retreat, was extreme. Suddenly, and to the perplexity of all, Napoleon wheeled his columns into another road, which followed down the valley of the Adige. No one could imagine whether he was leading them. He hastened along the banks of the river, in most rapid march, about fourteen miles, and, just at midnight, recrossed the stream, and came upon the rear of the Austrian army. Here the soldiers found a vast morass, many miles in extent, traversed by several narrow causeways. In these immense marshes, superiority of numbers was of little avail, as the heads of the columns only could meet. The plan of Napoleon instantly flashed upon the minds of the intelligent French soldiers. They appreciated at once the advantage he had thus skillfully secured for them. Shouts of joy ran through the ranks. Their previous dejection was succeeded by corresponding elation.

It was midnight. Far and wide along the horizon blazed the fires of the Austrian camps, while the French were in utter darkness. Napoleon, emaciated with care and toil, and silent in intensity of thought, as calm and unperturbed as the clear, cold, serene winter's night, stood upon

an eminence, observing the position, and estimating the strength of his foes. He had but thirteen thousand troops. Forty thousand Austrians, crowding the hillsides with their vast array, were manœuvring to envelop and to crush him. But now indescribable enthusiasm animated the French army. They no longer doubted of their success. Every man felt confident that the *Little Corporal* was leading them again to a glorious victory.

In the centre of these wide-spreading morasses was the village of Arcola, approached only by narrow dikes, and protected by a stream crossed by a small wooden bridge. A strong division of the Austrian army was stationed here. It was of the first importance that this position should be taken from the enemy. Before the break of day, the solid columns of Napoleon were moving along the narrow passages, and the fierce strife commenced. The soldiers, with loud shouts, rushed upon the bridge. In an instant the whole head of the column was swept away by a volcanic burst of fire. Napoleon sprang from his horse, seized a standard, and shouted, "Conquerors of Lodi, follow your general!" He rushed at the head of the column, leading his impetuous troops through a hurricane of balls and bullets, till he arrived at the centre of the bridge.

Here the tempest of fire was so dreadful that all were thrown into confusion. Clouds of smoke enveloped the bridge in almost midnight darkness. The soldiers recoiled, and, trampling over the dead and dying in wild disorder, retreated. The tall grenadiers seized the fragile and wasted form of Napoleon in their arms as if he had been a child, and, regardless of their own danger, dragged him from the mouth of this terrible battery. But in the tumult they were forced over the dike, and Napoleon was plunged into the morass, and was left almost smothered in the re. The Austrians were already between Napoleon and his column, when the anxious soldiers perceived, in the midst of the darkness and the tumult, that their beloved chief was missing. The wild cry arose, "Forward to save your general!" Every heart thrilled at this cry. The whole column instantly turned, and, regardless of death, inspired by love for their general, rushed impetuously, irresistibly upon the bridge. Napoleon was extricated, and Arcola was taken.

As soon as the morning dawned, Alvinzi perceived that Verona was evacuated, and in astonishment he heard the thunder of Napoleon's guns reverberating over the marshes which surrounded Arcola. He feared the genius of his adversary, and his whole army was immediately in motion. All day long the battle raged on those narrow causeways, the heads of the columns rushing against each other with indescribable fury, and the dead and the dying filling the morass. The terrible rebuke which had been inflicted upon the division of Vaubois still rung in the ears of the French troops, and every officer and every man resolved to prove that he belonged to the army of Italy. Said

Angereau, as he rushed into the mouth of a perfect volcano of flame and fire, "Napoleon may break my sword over my dead body, but he shall never cashier me in the presence of my troops." Napoleon was everywhere, exposed to every danger, now struggling through the dead and the dying on foot, heading the impetuous charge, now galloping over the dikes, with the balls from the Austrian batteries ploughing the ground around him. Wherever his voice was heard and his eye fell, tenfold enthusiasm inspired his men. Lannes, though severely wounded, had hastened from the hospital at Milan to aid the army in this terrible emergency. He received three wounds in endeavouring to protect Napoleon, and never left his side till the battle was closed.

Muiron, another of those gallant spirits, bound to Napoleon by those mysterious ties of affection which this strange man inspired, seeing a bomb-shell about to explode, threw himself between it and Napoleon, saving the life of his beloved general by the sacrifice of his own. The darkness of night separated the combatants for a few hours, but before the dawn of the morning the murderous assault was renewed, and continued with unabated violence through the whole ensuing day. The French veterans charged with the bayonet, and hurled the Austrians with prodigious slaughter into the marsh. Another night came and went. The grey light of another cold winter's morning appeared faintly in the east, when the soldiers sprang again from their freezing, marshy beds, and, in the dense clouds of vapour and of smoke which had settled down over the morass, with the fury of bloodhounds rushed again to the assault. In the midst of this terrible conflict, a cannon-ball fearfully mangled the horse upon which Napoleon was riding. The powerful animal, frantic with pain and terror, became perfectly unmanageable. Seizing the bit in his teeth, he rushed through the storm of bullets directly into the midst of the Austrian ranks. He then, in the agonies of death, plunged into the morass and expired. Napoleon was left struggling in the swamp, up to his neck in the mire. Being perfectly helpless, he was expecting every moment either to sink and disappear in that inglorious grave, or that some Austrian dragoon would sever his head from his body, or with a bullet pierce his brain.

Enveloped in clouds of smoke, in the midst of the dismay and the uproar of the terrific scene, he chanced to evade observation until his own troops, regardless of every peril, forced their way to his rescue. Napoleon escaped with but a few slight wounds. Through the long day the tide of war continued to ebb and flow upon these narrow dikes. Napoleon now carefully counted the number of prisoners taken, and estimated the amount of the slain. Computing thus that the enemy did not outnumber him by more than a third, he resolved to march out into the open plain for a decisive conflict. He relied upon the enthusiasm and the confidence of his own troops,

and the dejection with which he knew that the Austrians were oppressed. In these impassable morasses it was impossible to operate with the cavalry. Three days of this terrible conflict had now passed. In the horrible carnage of these days, Napoleon had lost eight thousand men, and he estimated that the Austrians could not have lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, less than twenty thousand. Both armies were utterly exhausted, and those hours of dejection and lassitude had ensued in which every one wished that the battle was at an end.

It was midnight. Napoleon, sleepless and fasting, seemed insensible to exhaustion either of body or of mind. He galloped along the dikes from post to post, with his whole soul engrossed with preparations for the renewal of the conflict. Now he checked his horse to speak in tones of consolation to a wounded soldier, and again, by a few words of kind encouragement, animated an exhausted sentinel. At two o'clock in the morning the whole army, with the ranks sadly thinned, was again roused and ranged in battle array. It was a cold, damp morning, and the weary and half-famished soldiers shivered in their lines. A dense, oppressive fog covered the flooded marsh, and added to the gloom of the night. Napoleon ordered fifty of the guards to struggle with their horses through the swamp, and conceal themselves in the rear of the enemy. With incredible difficulty most of them succeeded in accomplishing this object. Each dragoon had a trumpet.

Napoleon commenced a furious attack along the whole Austrian front. When the fire was at the hottest, at an appointed signal, the mounted guards sounded with their trumpets loudly the charge, and with perfect desperation plunged into the ranks of the enemy. The Austrians, in the darkness and confusion of the night, supposing that Murat,¹⁴ with his whole body of cavalry, was thundering down upon their rear, in dismay broke and fled. With demoniacal energy the French troops pursued the victory, and before that day's sun went down the proud army of Alvinzi, now utterly routed, and having lost nearly thirty thousand men, marking its path with a trail of blood, was retreating into the mountains of Austria. Napoleon, with streaming banners and exultant music, marched triumphantly back into Verona by the eastern gates, directly opposite those from which, three days before, he had emerged. He was received by the inhabitants with the utmost enthusiasm and astonishment. Even the enemies of Napoleon so greatly admired the heroism and the genius of this wonderful achievement, that they added their applause to that of his friends. This was the fourth Austrian army which Napoleon

¹⁴ Joachim Murat subsequently married Caroline, the youngest sister of Napoleon, and became Marshal of France, and finally King of Sicily. After the fall of Napoleon he lost his throne, and was shot by command of the King of Naples. "Murat," said Napoleon, "was one of the most brilliant men I ever saw upon a field of battle. It was really a magnificent spectacle to see him heading the cavalry in a charge."

had overthrown in less than eight months, and each of them more than twice as numerous as his own. In Napoleon's despatches to the Directory, as usual silent concerning himself, and magnanimously attributing the victory to the heroism of the troops, he says, "Never was a field of battle more valiantly disputed than the conflict at Arcola. I have scarcely any generals left. Their bravery and their patriotic enthusiasm are without example."

In the midst of all these cares, he found time to write a letter of sympathy to the widow of the brave Muiron. "You," he writes, "have lost a husband who was dear to you, and I am bereft of a friend to whom I have been long and sincerely attached; but our country has suffered more than us both, in being deprived of an officer so pre-eminently distinguished for his talents and dauntless bravery. If it lies within the scope of my ability to yield assistance to yourself or your infant, I beseech you to reckon upon my utmost exertions."

It is affecting to record, that in a few weeks the woe-stricken widow gave birth to a lifeless babe, and she and her little one sank into an untimely grave together. The woes of war extend far and wide beyond the blood-stained field of battle. Twenty thousand men perished among the marshes of Arcola; and after the thunders of the strife had ceased, and the groans of the dying were hushed in death, in twenty thousand distant homes, far away on the plains of France, or in the peaceful glens of Austria, the agony of that field of blood was renewed as the tidings reached them, and a wail burst forth from crushed and lacerated hearts, which might almost have drowned the roar of that deadly strife.

How Napoleon could have found time, in the midst of such terrific scenes, for the delicate attentions of friendship, it is difficult to conceive. Yet to a stranger he wrote, announcing the death of a nephew, in the following affecting terms:—"He fell with glory, and in the face of the enemy, without suffering a moment of pain. Where is the man who would not envy such a death? Who would not gladly accept the choice of thus escaping from the vicissitudes of an unsatisfying world? Who has not often regretted that he has not been thus withdrawn from the calumny, the envy, and all the odious passions which seem the almost exclusive directors of the conduct of mankind?" It was in this pensive strain that Napoleon wrote when a young man of twenty-seven, and in the midst of a series of the most brilliant victories which mortal man had ever achieved.

The moment the Austrians broke and fled, while the thunders of the pursuing cannonade were reverberating over the plains, Napoleon seized a pen, and wrote to his faithful Josephine with that impetuous energy in which "sentences were crowded into words, and words into letters." The courier was despatched, at the top of his speed, with the following lines, which Josephine with no little difficulty deciphered. She deemed them worth the stud

"My adored Josephine! at length I live again. Death is no longer before me, and glory and honour are still in my breast. The enemy is beaten. Soon Mantua will be ours. Then thy husband will fold thee in his arms, and give thee a thousand proofs of his ardent affection. I am a little fatigued. I have received letters from Eugene and Hortense. I am delighted with the children. Adieu, my adorable Josephine. Think of me often. Should your heart grow cold towards me, you will be indeed cruel and unjust. But I am sure that you will always continue my faithful friend, as I shall ever continue your fond lover. Death alone can break the union which love, sentiment, and sympathy have formed. Let me have news of your health. A thousand and a thousand kisses."

A vein of superstition pervaded the mind of this extraordinary man. He felt that he was the child of destiny—that he was led by an arm more powerful than his own—and that an unseen guide was conducting him along his perilous and bewildering pathway. He regarded life as of little value, and contemplated death without any dread. "I am," said he, "the creature of circumstances. I do but go where events point out the way. I do not give myself any uneasiness about death. When a man's time is come he must go." "Are you a Predestinarian?" inquired O'Meara. "As much so," Napoleon replied, "as the Turks are. I have been always so. When destiny wills, it must be obeyed. I will relate an example. At the siege of Toulon I observed an officer very careful of himself, instead of exhibiting an example of courage to animate his men. 'Mr. Officer,' said I, 'come out and observe the effect of your shot. You know not whether your guns are well pointed or not.' Very reluctantly he came outside of the parapet to the place where I was standing. Wishing to expose as little of his body as possible, he stooped down, and partially sheltered himself behind the parapet, and looked under my arm. Just then a shot came close to me, and low down, which knocked him to pieces. Now if this man had stood upright, he would have been safe, as the ball would have passed between us without hurting either."

Marie Louise, upon her marriage with Napoleon, was greatly surprised to find that no sentinels slept at the door of his chamber; that the doors even were not locked; and that there were no guns or pistols in the room where they slept. "Why," said she, "you do not take half so many precautions as my father does." "I am too much of a fatalist," he replied, "to take any precautions against assassination." O'Meara, at St. Helena, at one time urged him to take some medicine. He declined, and calmly raising his eyes to heaven, said, "That which is written is written. Our days are numbered." Strange and inconsistent as it may seem, there is a form which the doctrine of Predestination assumes in the human mind which arouses one to an intensity of exertion which nothing else could inspire. Napoleon felt that he was destined to

the most exalted achievements—therefore he consecrated himself, through days of toil and nights of sleeplessness, to the most herculean exertions that he might work out his destiny. This sentiment, which inspired Napoleon as a philosopher, animated Calvin as a Christian. Instead of cutting the sinews of exertion, as many persons would suppose it must, it did but strain those sinews to their utmost tension.

Napoleon had obtained, at the time of his marriage, an exquisite miniature of Josephine. This, in his romantic attachment, he had suspended by a ribbon about his neck, and the cheek of Josephine ever rested upon the pulsations of his heart. Though living in the midst of the most exciting tumults earth has ever witnessed, his pensive and reflective mind was solitary and alone. The miniature of Josephine was his companion, and often during the march, and in the midnight bivouac, he gazed upon it most fondly.

"By what art is it," he once passionately wrote, "that you, my sweet love, have been able to captivate all my faculties, and to concentrate in yourself my mortal existence? It is a magic influence which will terminate only with my life. My adorable wife! I know not what fate awaits me, but if it keep me much longer from you, it will be insupportable. There was a time when I was proud of my courage; when, contemplating the various evils to which we are exposed, I could fix my eyes steadfastly upon every conceivable calamity without alarm or dread. But now the idea that Josephine may be ill, and, above all, the cruel thought that she may love me less, withers my soul, and leaves me not even the courage of despair. Formerly I said to myself, Man cannot hurt him who can die without regret. But now to die without being loved by Josephine is torment. My incomparable companion! thou whom Fate has destined to make, along with me, the painful journey of life! the day on which I cease to possess thy heart will be to me the day of utter desolation."

On one occasion the glass covering the miniature was found to be broken. Napoleon considered the accident a fearful omen of calamity to the beloved original. He was so oppressed with this presentiment, that a courier was immediately despatched to bring him tidings from Josephine.

It is not surprising that Napoleon should thus have won in the heart of Josephine the most enthusiastic love. "He is," said she, "the most fascinating of men."

"It is impossible," wrote the Duchess of Abrantes, "to describe the charm of Napoleon's countenance when he smiled. His soul was upon his lips and in his eyes."

"I never," said the Emperor Alexander, "loved any man as I did that man."

"I have known," says the Duke of Vicenza, "nearly all the crowned heads of the present day—all our illustrious contemporaries. I have lived with several of those great historical characters on a footing quite distinct from my diplomatic duties. I have had every opportunity of

comparing and judging; but it is impossible to institute any comparison between Napoleon and any other man. They who say otherwise did not know him."

"Napoleon," says Duroc, "is endowed with a variety of faculties, any one of which would suffice to distinguish a man from the multitude. He is the greatest captain of the age. He is a statesman who directs the whole business of the country, and superintends every branch of the service. He is a sovereign whose ministers are merely his clerks. And yet this Colossus of gigantic proportions can descend to the most trivial details of private life. He can regulate the expenditure of his household as he regulates the finances of the empire."

Notwithstanding Napoleon had now destroyed four Austrian armies, the imperial court was still unsubdued, and still pertinaciously refused to make peace with republican France. Herculean efforts were immediately made to organize a fifth army to march again upon Napoleon. These exciting scenes kept all Italy in a state of extreme fermentation. Every day the separation between the aristocratic and republican party became more marked and rancorous. Austria and England exerted all their arts of diplomacy to arouse the aristocratic governments of Rome, Venice, and Naples to assail Napoleon in the rear, and thus to crush that spirit of republican liberty so rapidly spreading through Italy, and which threatened the speedy overthrow of all their thrones. Napoleon, in self-defence, was compelled to call to his aid the sympathies of the republican party, and to encourage their ardent aspirations for free government.

And here, again, the candid mind is compelled to pause, and almost to yield its assent to that doctrine of destiny which had obtained so strong a hold upon the mind of Napoleon. How could it be expected that those monarchs, with their thrones, their wealth, their pride, their power, their education, their habits, should have submissively relinquished their exalted inheritance, and have made an unconditional surrender to triumphant democracy? Kings, nobles, priests, and all the millions whose rank and property were suspended upon the perpetuity of those old monarchies, could by no possibility have been led to such a measure. Unquestionably, many were convinced that the interests of humanity demanded the support of the established governments. They had witnessed the accomplishments of democracy in France—a frenzied mob sacking the palace, dragging the royal family, through every conceivable insult, to dungeons and a bloody death, burning the chateaux of the nobles, braining upon the pavements, with gory clubs, the most venerable in rank and the most austere in virtue; dancing in brutal orgies around the dis severed heads of the most illustrious and lovely ladies of the realm, and dragging their dismembered limbs in derision through the streets. Priests crowded the churches, praying to God to save them from the horrors of democracy. Matrons and maidens trembled in their chambers as they wrought with

their own hands the banners of royalty, and with moistened eyes and palpitating hearts they presented them to their defenders.

On the other hand, how could republican France tamely succumb to her proud and aristocratic enemies? "Kings," said a princess of the house of Austria, "should no more regard the murmurs of the people than does the moon the barking of dogs." How could the triumphant millions of France, who had just overthrown this intolerable despotism, and whose hearts were glowing with aspirations for liberty and equal rights, yield without a struggle all they had attained at such an enormous expense of blood and misery? They turned their eyes hopefully to the United States, where George Washington and their own La Fayette had fought side by side, and had established liberty gloriously; and they could not again voluntarily place their necks beneath the yoke of kingly domination. Despotism engenders ignorance and cruelty; and despotism did but reap the awful harvest of blood and woe, of which, during countless ages of oppression, it had been scattering broadcast the seed.

The enfranchised people could not allow the allied monarchs of Europe to rear again, upon the soil of republican France, and in the midst of thirty millions of freemen, an execrated and banished dynasty. This was not a warfare of republican angels against aristocratic fiends, or of refined, benevolent, intellectual Loyalists against rancorous, reckless, vulgar Jacobins. It was a warfare of frail and erring man against his fellow—many, both Monarchists and Republicans, perhaps animated by motives as corrupt as can influence the human heart. But it cannot be doubted that there were others on each side who were influenced by considerations as pure as can glow in the bosom of humanity.

Napoleon recognised and respected these verities. While he had no scruples respecting his own duty to defend his country from the assaults of the allied kings, he candidly respected his opponents. Frankly he said, "Had I been surrounded by the influences which have environed these gentlemen, I should doubtless have been fighting beneath their banners."

There is probably not a reader of these pages who, had he been an English or an Austrian noble, would not have fought those battles of the monarchy, upon which his fortune, his power, and his rank were suspended; and there probably is not a noble upon the banks of the Danube or the Thames who, had he been a young lawyer, merchant, or artisan, with all his prospects in life depending upon his own merit and exertions, would not have strained every nerve to hew down those bulwarks of exclusive privileges which the pride and oppression of ages had reared. Such is man, and such his melancholy lot. We would not detract from the wickedness of these wars, deluging Europe with blood and woe; but God alone can award the guilt. We would not conceal that all our sympathies are with the Republicans struggling for their an-

questionable rights; but we may also refrain from casting unmerited obloquy upon those who were likewise struggling for everything dear to them in life.

The Directory, trembling in view of the vast renown Napoleon was acquiring, and not at all relishing the idea of having the direction of affairs thus unceremoniously taken from their hands, sent General Clarke as an envoy to Napoleon's head-quarters, to conduct negotiation with the Austrians. Napoleon received him with great external courtesy, but, that there might be no embarrassing misunderstanding between them, informed him in so many words, "If you come here to obey me, I shall always see you with pleasure; if not the sooner you return to those who sent you the better." The proud envoy yielded at once to the master-mind, and so completely was he brought under the influence of its strange fascination, that he became a most enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, and wrote to the Directory, "It is indispensable that the general-in-chief should conduct all the diplomatic operations in Italy."

While Alvinzi had been preparing his overwhelming host to crush Napoleon, the Pope also, in secret alliance, had been collecting his resources to attack the common foe. It was an act of treachery. Napoleon called Mattai from his fastings and penance in the convent, and commissioned him to go and say to the Pope—"Rome desires war. It shall have war. But first I owe it to humanity to make a final effort to recall the Pope to reason. My army is strong; I have but to will it, and the temporal power of the Pope is destroyed. Still, France permits me to listen to words of peace. War, so cruel for all, has terrible results for the vanquished. I am anxious to close this struggle by peace. War has for me now neither danger nor glory."

The Pope, however, believing that Austria would still crush Napoleon, met these menaces with defiance. Napoleon, conscious that he could not then march upon Rome, devoted all his energies to prepare for the onset of the Austrians, while he kept a vigilant eye upon his enemies in the south. Some he overawed; others, by a change of government, he transformed into fast friends. Four weeks passed rapidly away, and another vast Austrian army was crowding down from the north with gigantic steps to relieve Mantua, now in the last stage of starvation. Wurmser had succeeded in sending a spy through the French lines, conveying the message to Alvinzi that, unless relieved, he could not possibly hold out many days longer.

Josephine had now come, at Napoleon's request, to reside at the head-quarters of the army, that she might be near her husband. Napoleon had received her with the most tender affection, and his exhausted frame was re-invigorated by her soothing cares. He had no tendencies to gallantry, which provoked Madame de Staël once to remark to him, "It is reported that you are not very partial to the ladies." "I am very fond of my wife, Madame," was his laconic reply

Napoleon had not a high appreciation of the female character in general, and yet he highly valued the humanizing and refining influence of polished female society.

"The English," said he, "appear to prefer the bottle to the society of their ladies, as is exemplified by dismissing the ladies from the table, and remaining for hours to drink and intoxicate themselves. Were I in England, I should certainly leave the table with the ladies. You do not treat them with sufficient regard. If your object is to converse instead of to drink, why not allow them to be present? Surely, conversation is never so lively or so witty as when ladies take part in it. Were I an Englishwoman, I should feel very discontented at being turned out by the men, to wait for two or three hours while they were guzzling their wine. In France, society is nothing unless ladies are present. They are the life of conversation."

At one time Josephine was defending her sex from some remarks which he had made respecting their frivolity and insincerity. "Ah! my dear Josephine," he replied, "they are all nothing compared with you."

Notwithstanding the boundless wealth at Napoleon's disposal, when Josephine arrived at the head-quarters of the army, he lived in a very simple and frugal manner. Though many of his generals were rolling in voluptuousness, he indulged himself in no ostentation in dress or equipage. The only relaxation he sought was to spend an occasional hour in the society of Josephine. In the midst of the movements of these formidable armies, and just before a decisive battle, it was necessary that she should take her departure to a place of greater safety. As she was bidding her husband adieu, a cart passed by loaded with the mutilated forms of the wounded. The awful spectacle, and the consciousness of the terrible peril of her husband, moved her tender feelings. She threw herself upon his neck and wept most bitterly. Napoleon fondly encircled her in his arms, and said, "Worms shall pay dearly for those tears which he causes thee to shed." Napoleon's appearance at this time was deplorable in the extreme. His cheeks were pallid and wan. He was as thin as a skeleton. His bright and burning eye alone indicated that the fire of his soul was unextinguished. The glowing energies of his mind sustained his emaciated and exhausted body. The soldiers took pleasure in contrasting his mighty genius and world-wide renown with his effeminate stature and his wasted and enfeebled frame.

In allusion to the wonderful tranquillity of mind which Napoleon retained in the midst of his troubles, disasters, and perils, he remarked, "Nature seems to have calculated that I should endure great reverses. She has given me a mind of marble. Thunder cannot rattle it. The shaft merely glides along."

Early in January, Alvinzi descended towards Mantua from the mountains of Austria. It was the fifth army which the Imperial Court had

sent for the destruction of the Republicans. The Tyrol was in the hands of the French. Napoleon, to prevent the peasants from rising in guerilla bands, issued a decree that every Tyroless taken in arms should be shot as a brigand. Alvinzi replied, that for every peasant shot he would hang a French prisoner of war. Napoleon rejoined, that for every French prisoner thus slain he would gibbet an Austrian officer, commencing with Alvinzi's own nephew, who was in his hands. A little reflection taught both generals that it was not best to add to the inevitable horrors of war by the execution of these sanguinary threats. With the utmost vigilance, Napoleon, with his army gathered around him in the vicinity of Mantua, was watching the movements of his formidable enemy, uncertain respecting his line of march, or upon what points the terrible onset was to fall.

The 12th of January, 1797, was a dark, stormy winter's day. The sleet, swept by the gale over the bleak mountains, covered the earth with an icy mantle. The swollen streams, clogged with ice, roared through the ravines. As the sun went down, a clear belt of cloudless sky appeared brilliant in the west. The storm passed away. The cold north wind blew furiously, and the stars, with unwonted lustre, adorned the wintry night. As the twilight was fading, a courier galloped into the camp with the intelligence that the Austrians had made their appearance in vast numbers upon the plains of Rivoli, and that they were attacking with great fury the advanced post of the French stationed there. At the same time, another courier arrived, informing him that a powerful division of the Austrian army was moving in another direction, to carry relief to Mantua. It was a fearful dilemma.

Should Napoleon wait for these two armies to form a junction and to assail him in front, while the garrison of Mantua, emerging from the walls, should attack him in the rear, his situation would be hopeless. Should he march to attack one army, he must leave the road open for the other to enter Mantua with reinforcements and relief. But Napoleon lost not one moment in deliberation. Instinctively he decided upon the only course to be pursued. "The French," said the Austrians, "do not march; they fly." With a rapidity of movement which seems almost miraculous, before two o'clock in the morning, Napoleon, with thirty thousand men, stood upon the snow-clad heights overlooking the encampment of his sleeping foes. It was a sublime and an appalling spectacle which burst upon his view. For miles and miles the watch-fires of the mighty host filled the extended plain. The night was clear, cold, and beautiful. Gloomy firs and pines frowned along the sides of the mountains, silvered by the rays of an unclouded moon. The keen eye of Napoleon instantly detected that there were fifty thousand men, in five divisions of ten thousand each, whom he, with thirty thousand, was to encounter upon that plain. He also correctly judged, from the

position of the divisions, that the artillery had not arrived, and resolved upon an immediate attack.

At four o'clock in the morning the Austrians were roused from their slumbers by the rush of Napoleon's battalions and by the thunders of his artillery. The day of Rivoli! It was a long, long day of blood and woe. The tide of victory ebbed and flowed. Again and again Napoleon seemed ruined. Night came, and the genius of Napoleon had again triumphed. The whole plain was covered with the dead and the dying. The Austrians, in wild terror, were flying before the impetuous charges of the French cavalry, while from every eminence cannon-balls were plunged into the dense ranks of the fugitives. The genius of this stern warrior never appeared more terrible than in the unsparing energy with which he rained down his blows upon a defeated army. Napoleon had three horses shot under him during the day. "The Austrians," said he, "manœuvred admirably, and failed only because they are incapable of calculating the value of minutes."

An event occurred in the very hottest of the battle which singularly illustrates Napoleon's wonderful presence of mind. The Austrians had completely enveloped him, cutting off his retreat, and attacking him in front, flanks, and rear; the destruction of the army seemed inevitable. Napoleon, to gain time, instantly sent a flag of truce to Alvinzi, proposing a suspension of arms for half an hour, to attend to some propositions to be made in consequence of despatches just received from Paris. The Austrian general fell into the snare. The roar of battle ceased, and the blood-stained combatants rested upon their guns. Junot repaired to the Austrian head-quarters, and kept Alvinzi busy for half an hour in discussing the terms of accommodation. In the meantime, Napoleon had re-arranged his army to repel the numerous attacks. As was to be expected, no arms could be agreed upon, and immediately the murderous onset was renewed.

The scene displayed at the close of the battle was awful in the extreme. The fugitive army, horse, foot, cannon, baggage-wagons, and ammunition-carts, struggled along in inextricable confusion through the narrow passes, while a plunging fire from the French batteries produced frightful havoc in the crowd. The occasional explosion of an ammunition-wagon under this terrific fire opened in the dense mass a gap like the crater of a volcano, scattering far and wide over the field the mangled limbs of the dead. The battle of Rivoli Napoleon ever regarded as one of the most dreadful battles he ever fought, and one of the most signal victories he ever won.

Leaving a few troops to pursue and harass the fugitives, Napoleon, that very night, with the mass of his army, turned to arrest the Austrian division of twenty thousand men under Provera, hastening to the reinforcement of Mantua. He had already marched all of one night, and

spent all of the ensuing day. He allowed his utterly exhausted troops a few hours for sleep, but closed not his own eyes. He still considered the peril of his army so great as to demand the utmost vigilance. So intense was his solicitude, that he passed the hours of the night, while the rest were sleeping, in walking about the outposts.

The hour of midnight had hardly passed before the whole army was again in motion. The dawn of the morning found them pressing on with all possible speed, hoping to arrive at Mantua before the Austrian force should have effected an entrance into the beleaguered city. All the day long they hurried on their way, and just as the sun was setting they heard the roar of the conflict around the ramparts of Mantua. Provera was attacking the French in their intrenchments upon one side; the brave old Wurmser was marching from the city to attack them upon the other. An hour might have settled the unequal conflict. Suddenly Napoleon, like a thunderbolt, plunged into the midst of the foe. Provera's band was scattered like chaff before the whirlwind. Wurmser and his half-starved men were driven back to their fortress and their prison. Thus terminated this signal campaign of *three days*, during which the Austrians lost twenty-five thousand prisoners, twenty-five standards, sixty pieces of cannon, and six thousand men in killed and wounded. The Austrian army was again destroyed, and the French remained in undisputed possession of Italy. Such achievements filled the world with astonishment. Military men of all lands have regarded these brilliant operations of Napoleon as the most extraordinary which history has recorded.

Wurmser's situation was now hopeless, and no resource was left him but to capitulate. One half of his once numerous garrison were in the hospital. The horses which had been killed and salted down were all consumed. Famine was now staring the garrison in the face. Wurmser sent an *aid-de-camp* to the tent of Serrurier to propose terms of capitulation. Napoleon was sitting in a corner of the tent unobserved, wrapped in his cloak. The officer, with the artifice usual on such occasions, expatiated on the powerful means of resistance Wurmser still enjoyed, and the large stores of provisions still in the magazine. Napoleon, without making himself known, listened to the conversation, taking no part in it. At last he approached the table, silently took the paper containing Wurmser's propositions, and, to the astonishment of the *aid-de-camp*, wrote upon the margin his answer to all the terms suggested. "There," said he, "are the conditions which I grant to your marshal. If he had provisions but for a fortnight and could talk of surrender, he would not deserve an honourable capitulation. As he sends you, he must be reduced to extremity. I respect his age, his valour, his misfortunes. Carry to him the terms which I grant. Whether he leaves the place to-morrow, in a month, or i

months, he shall have neither better nor worse conditions. He may stay as long as his sense of honour demands."

The officer now perceived that he was in the presence of Napoleon. Glancing his eye over the terms of capitulation, he was surprised at the liberality of the victor, and seeing that dissimulation was of no further avail, he confessed that Wurmser had provisions but for three days. The brave old marshal was deeply moved with gratitude in acknowledging the generosity with which he was treated by his young adversary. Wurmser was entirely in his power, and must have surrendered at discretion. Yet Napoleon, to spare the feelings of his foe, allowed him to march out of the place with all his staff, and to retire unmolested to Austria. He even granted him two hundred horse and five hundred men, to be chosen by himself, and six pieces of cannon, to render his departure less humiliating. Wurmser most gratefully accepted this magnanimous offer, and, to prove his gratitude, informed Napoleon of a plan laid in the Papal States for poisoning him, and thus undoubtedly saved his life. The remainder of the garrison, twenty thousand strong, surrendered their arms, and were retained as prisoners of war. Fifteen standards, a bridge equipage, and about five hundred pieces of artillery, fell into the hands of the victor.

On the following morning, the Austrian army, emaciated, humiliated, and dejected, defiled from the gates of Mantua to throw down their arms at the feet of the triumphant Republicans. But on this occasion also Napoleon displayed that magnanimity and delicacy of mind which accorded so well with the heroism of his character and the grandeur of his achievements. Few young men, twenty-seven years of age, at the termination of so terrific a campaign, would have deprived themselves of the pleasure of seeing the veteran Austrian marshal and his proud array pass vanquished before him. But on the morning of that day Napoleon mounted his horse, and, heading a division of his army, disappeared from the ground and marched for the Papal States. He left Serrurier to receive the sword of Wurmser. He would not add to the mortification of the vanquished general by being present in the hour of his humiliation. Delicacy so rare and so noble attracted the attention of all Europe. This magnanimous and dignified conduct extorted reluctant admiration even from the bitterest enemies of the young republican general.

The Directory, unable to appreciate such nobility of spirit, were dissatisfied with the liberal terms which had been granted Wurmser. Napoleon treated their remonstrances with scorn, and simply replied, "I have granted the Austrian general such terms as, in my judgment, were due to a brave and honourable enemy, and to the dignity of the French Republic."

The Austrians were now driven out of Italy. Napoleon commenced the campaign with thirty thousand men. He received, during the pro-

gress of these destructive battles, twenty-five thousand recruits. Thus, in ten months, Napoleon, with fifty-five thousand men, had conquered five armies under veteran generals, and composed of more than two hundred thousand highly disciplined Austrian troops. He had taken one hundred thousand prisoners, and killed and wounded thirty-five thousand men. These were great victories, and "a great victory," said the Duke of Wellington nobly, "is the most awful thing in the world excepting a great defeat."

Napoleon now prepared to march boldly upon Vienna itself, and to compel the emperor, in his own palace, to make peace with insulted France. Such an idea he had not conceived at the commencement of the campaign; circumstances, however, or, as Napoleon would say, *his destiny*, led him on. But first it was necessary to turn aside to humble the Pope, who had been threatening Napoleon's rear with an army of forty thousand men, but who was now in utter consternation in view of the hopeless defeat of the Austrians. Napoleon issued the following proclamation: "The French army is about to enter the Pope's territories. It will protect religion and the people. The French soldier carries in one hand the bayonet as the guarantee of victory; in the other, the olive branch, a symbol of peace and a pledge of protection. Woe to those who shall provoke the vengeance of this army. To the inhabitants of every town and village, peace, protection, and security are offered."

All the spiritual machinery of the Papal Church had been put into requisition to rouse the people to frenzy. The tocsin had been tolled in every village, forty hours' prayer offered, indulgences promised, and even miracles employed to inspire the populace with delirious energy. Napoleon took with him but four thousand five hundred French soldiers, aided by four thousand Italian recruits. He first encountered the enemy, seven thousand strong, under Cardinal Busca, intrenched upon the banks of the Senio. It was in the evening twilight of a pleasant Spring day when the French approached the river. The ecclesiastic, but little accustomed to the weapons of secular warfare, sent a flag of truce, who very pompously presented himself before Napoleon, and declared, in the name of the cardinal-in-chief, that if the French continued to advance he should certainly fire upon them. The terrible menace was reported through the French lines, and was received with perfect peals of merriment. Napoleon replied that he should be exceedingly sorry to expose himself to the cardinal's fire, and that therefore, as the army was very much fatigued, with the cardinal's leave it would take up its quarters for the night.

In the darkness, a division of the French army was sent across the stream on a ford to cut off the retreat of the Papal troops, and in the morning the bloody conflict of an hour left nearly every man dead upon the field or a prisoner in the hands of Napoleon. Passing rapidly on, the

French arrived the same day at Faenza. The gates were shut, the ramparts manned with cannon, and the multitude, in fanatical enthusiasm, exasperated the French soldiers with every species of exulting defiance. The gates were instantly battered down, and the French rushed into the city. They loudly clamoured for permission to pillage. "The case," said they, "is the same as that of Pavia." "No!" replied Napoleon; "at Pavia, the people, after having taken an oath of obedience, revolted, and attempted to murder our soldiers, who were their guests. These people are deceived, and must be subdued by kindness." All the prisoners taken here, and in the battle of the Senio, were assembled in a large garden of one of the convents of Faenza. Napoleon had been represented to them as a monster of atheism, cruelty, and crime. They were in a perfect paroxysm of terror, not doubting they were gathered there to be shot. Upon the approach of Napoleon, they fell upon their knees, with loud cries for mercy. He addressed them in Italian, and in those tones of kindness which seemed to have a magic power over the human heart.

"I am the friend," said he, "of all the people of Italy. I come among you for your good. You are all free. Return to the bosom of your families, and tell them that the French are the friends of religion and of order, and of all the poor and the oppressed." From the garden he went to the refectory of the convent, where the captured officers were assembled. Familiarly he conversed with them a long time, as with friends and equals. He explained to them his motives and his wishes; spoke of the liberty of Italy, of the abuses of the pontifical government, of its gross violation of the spirit of the Gospel, and of the blood which must be vainly expended in the attempt to resist such a victorious and well-disciplined army as he had at his disposal. He gave them all permission to return to their homes, and simply requested them, as the price of his clemency, to make known to the community the sentiments with which he was animated. These men now became as enthusiastic in their admiration of Napoleon as they had previously been exasperated against him. They dispersed through the cities and villages of Italy, never weary of enlarging the magnanimity of their conqueror.

He soon met another army of the Romans at Ancona. He cautiously surrounded them, and took them all prisoners without injuring a man, and then, by a few of his convincing words, sent them through the country as missionaries, proclaiming his clemency and the benevolence of the commander-in-chief of the republican army. Ancona was so situated as to be one of the most important ports of the Adriatic. Its harbour, however, was in such a neglected condition, that not even a frigate could enter. He immediately decided what ought to be done to fortify the place and to improve the port. The great works which he consequently afterwards executed at Ancona will remain a perpetual memorial of his foresight and genius. The largest three-

decker can now ride in its harbour with perfect safety.

At Loreto there was an image of the Virgin, which the Church represented as of celestial origin, and which, to the great edification of the populace, seemed miraculously to shed tears in view of the perils of the Papacy. Napoleon sent for the sacred image, exposed the deception, by which, through the instrumentality of a string of glass beads, tears appeared to flow, and imprisoned the priests for deluding the people with trickery, which tended to bring all religion into contempt.

The Papal States were full of the exiled French priests. The Directory enjoined it upon Napoleon to drive them out of the country. These unhappy men were in a state of despair. Long inured to Jacobin fury, they supposed that death was now their inevitable doom. One of the fraternity, weary of years of exile, and frantic in view of his supposed impending fate, presented himself to Napoleon, announced himself as an emigrant priest, and implored that his doom of death might be immediately executed. The bewildered man thought it the delirium of a dream when Napoleon, addressing him in terms of courtesy and of heartfelt sympathy, assured him that he and all his friends should be protected from harm. He issued a proclamation enjoining it upon the army to regard these unfortunate men as countrymen and as brothers, and to treat them with all possible kindness. The versatile troops instantly imbibed the humane spirit of their beloved chief. This led to a number of very affecting scenes. Many of the soldiers recognised their former pastors, and these unhappy exiles, long accustomed to scorn and insult, wept with gratitude in being again addressed in terms of respect and affection.

Napoleon was censured for this clemency. "How is it possible," he wrote to the Directory, "not to pity these unhappy men? They weep on seeing us." The French migrant priests were quite a burden upon the convents in Italy, where they had taken refuge, and the Italian priests were quite ready, upon the arrival of the French army, to drive them away, on the pretext that, by harbouring the emigrants, they should draw down upon themselves the vengeance of the republican army. Napoleon issued a decree commanding the convents to receive them, and to furnish them with everything necessary for their support and comfort. In that singular vein of latent humour which pervaded his nature, he enjoined that the French priests should make remuneration for this hospitality in prayers and masses at the regular market-price. He found the Jews in Ancona suffering under the most intolerable oppression, and immediately released them from all their disabilities.

The court of Naples, hoping to intimidate Napoleon from advancing upon the holy city, and not venturing openly to draw the sword against him, sent a minister to his camp, to act in the capacity of a spy. This envoy, Prince

Pignatelli, assuming an air of great mystery and confidential kindness, showed Napoleon a letter from the Queen of Naples, proposing to send an army of thirty thousand men to protect the Pontiff. "I thank you," said Napoleon, "for this proof of your confidence, and will repay you in the same way." Opening the portfolio of papers relating to Naples, he exhibited to him a copy of a despatch, in which the contemplated movement was not only anticipated, but provision made, in case it should be attempted, for marching an army of twenty-five thousand men to take possession of the capital, and compel the royal family to seek refuge in Sicily. An extraordinary courier was despatched in the night to inform the queen of the manner in which the insinuation had been received. Nothing more was heard of the Neapolitan interference.

Napoleon was now within three days' march of Rome. Consternation reigned in the Vatican. Ambassadors were hastily sent to Napoleon's head-quarters at Tolentino to implore the clemency of the conqueror. The horses were already harnessed to the state carriages, and Pope Pius the Sixth was just descending the stairs for flight, when a messenger arrived from Napoleon, informing the Pope that he need apprehend no personal violence—that Napoleon was contending only for peace.

The Directory, exasperated by the unrelenting hostility and treachery of the Pope, enjoined it upon Napoleon to enter into no negotiations with him, but immediately to deprive him of all temporal power. Napoleon, however, understood fanatical human nature too well to attempt such a revolution. Disregarding the wishes of the government at home, he treated the Pope with that proper deference and respect which was due to his exalted rank as a temporal and a spiritual prince. The treaty of Tolentino was soon concluded. Its simple terms were, peace with France, the acknowledgment of the Cispadane Republic, and a renewed promise that the stipulations of the preceding armistice should be faithfully performed. Even the Pope could not refrain from expressions of gratitude in view of the moderation of his victor. Napoleon insisted for a long time upon the suppression of the Inquisition; but, out of complaisance to the Pope, who earnestly intreated that it might not be suppressed, assuring Napoleon that it no longer was what it had been, but it was now rather a tribunal of police than of religious opinion, Napoleon desisted from pressing the article. All this was achieved in nine days. Napoleon now returned to Mantua, and prepared for his bold march upon Vienna.

Notwithstanding the singular moderation displayed by Napoleon in these victories, the most atrocious libels respecting his conduct were circulated by his foes throughout Europe. To exasperate the Catholics, he was reported to have seized the venerable Pope by his grey hairs, and thus to have dragged him about the room. One day Napoleon was reading one of these insolent libels, describing him as a perfect mon-

ster of licentiousness, bloodthirstiness, and crime. At times he shrugged his shoulders, and again laughed heartily, but did not betray the least sign of anger. To one who expressed surprise at this, he said—

"It is the truth only which gives offence. Everybody knows that I was not by nature inclined to debauchery, and, moreover, the multiplicity of my affairs allowed me no time for such vices. Still, persons will be found who will believe these things. But how can that be helped? If it should enter any one's head to put in print that I had grown hairy, and walked on four paws, there are people who would believe it, and who would say that God had punished me as he did Nebuchadnezzar. And what could I do? There is no remedy in such cases."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARCH UPON VIENNA.

Humane advice to Venice—Honour to Virgil—Proclamation—Prince Charles—Tagliamento—Stratagem—Enthusiasm of the soldiers—Battle of Tarvis—Treaty of the Archduke—Refusal of Napoleon's overtures for peace—Consternation in Vienna—Negotiations for peace—Revolt of Venice—Venetian envoys—Napoleon conqueror of Italy—Valtellina—Power of Napoleon.

MANTUA had now fallen. The Austrians were driven from Italy. The Pope, with the humility of a child, had implored the clemency of the conqueror. Still, Austria refused to make peace with republican France, and, with indomitable perseverance, gathered her resources for another conflict. Napoleon resolved to march directly upon Vienna. His object was peace, not conquest. In no other possible way could peace be attained. It was a bold enterprise. Leaving the whole breadth of Italy between his armies and France, he prepared to cross the rugged summits of the Carnic Alps, and to plunge, with an army of but fifty thousand men, into the very heart of one of the most proud and powerful empires upon the globe, numbering twenty millions of inhabitants. Napoleon wished to make an ally of Venice. To her government he said, "Your whole territory is imbued with revolutionary principles. One single word from me will excite a blaze of insurrection through all your provinces. Ally yourself with France, make a few modifications in your government, such as are indispensable for the welfare of the people, and we will pacify public opinion and sustain your authority." Advice more prudent and humane could not have been given.

The haughty aristocracy of Venice refused the alliance, raised an army of sixty thousand men, ready at any moment to fall upon Napoleon's rear, and demanded neutrality. "Be neutral, then," said Napoleon; "but remember, if you violate your neutrality, if you harass my troops, if you cut off my supplies, I will take ample vengeance. I march upon Vienna. Conduct which could be forgiven were I in Italy, will be unpardonable when I am in Austria. The b

that witnesses the treachery of Venice shall terminate her independence."

Mantua was the birthplace of Virgil. During centuries of wealth and luxurious ease, neither Italy nor Austria had found time to rear any monument in honour of the illustrious Mantuan bard; but hardly had the cannon of Napoleon ceased to resound around the beleaguered city, and the smoke of the conflict had hardly passed away, ere the young conqueror, ever more interested in the refinements of peace than in the desolations of war, in the midst of the din of arms, and contending against the intrigues of hostile nations, reared a mausoleum and arranged a gorgeous festival in honour of the immortal poet. Thus he endeavoured to shed renown upon intellectual greatness, and to rouse the degenerate Italians to appreciate and to emulate the glory of their fathers. From these congenial pursuits of peace he again turned, with undiminished energy, to pursue the unrelenting assailants of his country.

Leaving ten thousand men in garrison to watch the neutrality of the Italian governments, Napoleon, early in March, removed his headquarters to Bassano. He then issued to his troops the following martial proclamation, which, like bugle-notes of defiance, reverberated over the hostile and astonished monarchies of Europe.

"Soldiers! the campaign just ended has given you imperishable renown. You have been victorious in fourteen pitched battles and seventy actions. You have taken more than a hundred thousand prisoners, five hundred field-pieces, two thousand heavy guns, and four pontoon trains. You have maintained the army during the whole campaign. In addition to this, you have sent six millions of dollars to the public treasury, and have enriched the National Museum with three hundred masterpieces of the arts of ancient and modern Italy, which it has required thirty centuries to produce. You have conquered the finest countries in Europe. The French flag waves for the first time upon the Adriatic, opposite to Macedon, the native country of Alexander. Still higher destinies await you. I know that you will not prove unworthy of them. Of all the foes that conspired to stifle the Republic in its birth, the Austrian Emperor alone remains before you. To obtain peace, we must seek it in the heart of his hereditary state. You will there find a brave people, whose religion and customs you will respect, and whose property you will hold sacred. Remember that it is liberty you carry to the brave Hungarian nation."

The Archduke Charles, brother of the King, was now intrusted with the command of the Austrian army. His character cannot be better described than in the language of his magnanimous antagonist. "Prince Charles," said Napoleon, "is a man whose conduct can never attract blame. His soul belongs to the heroic age, but his heart to that of gold. More than all, he is a good man, and that includes everything when said of a prince."

Early in March, Prince Charles, a young man of about Napoleon's age, who had already obtained renown upon the Rhine, was in command of an array of fifty thousand men, stationed upon the banks of the Piave. From different parts of the empire, forty thousand men were on the march to join him. This would give him ninety thousand troops to array against the French. Napoleon, with the recruits which he had obtained from France and Italy, had now a force of fifty thousand men with which to undertake this apparently desperate enterprise. The eyes of all Europe were upon the two combatants. It was the almost universal sentiment that, intoxicated with success, Napoleon was rushing to irretrievable ruin. But Napoleon never allowed enthusiasm to run away with his judgment. His plans were deeply laid, and all the combinations of chance were carefully calculated.

The storms of winter were still howling around the snow-clad summits of the Alps, and it was not thought possible that thus early in the season he would attempt the passage of so formidable a barrier. A dreadful tempest of wind and rain swept earth and sky when Napoleon gave the order to march. The troops, with their accustomed celerity, reached the banks of the Piave. The Austrians, astonished at the sudden apparition of the French in the midst of the warfare, and unprepared to resist, retired some forty miles to the eastward of the Tagliamento. Napoleon

at ten o'clock on the morning of the 1st, the French army arrived upon the banks of the river. Here they found a wide stream, rippling over a gravelly bed, with difficulty fordable. The imperial troops, in magnificent array, were drawn up upon an extended plain on the opposite shore. Parks of artillery were arranged to sweep with grape-shot the whole surface of the water. In long lines the infantry, with bristling bayonets, and prepared to rain down upon their foes a storm of bullets, presented apparently an invincible front. Upon the two wings of this imposing army, vast squadrons of cavalry awaited the moment, with restless steeds, when they might charge upon the foe, should he effect a landing.

The French army had been marching all night over miry roads and through mountain defiles. With the gloom of the night the storm had passed away, and the cloudless sun of a warm spring morning dawned upon the valley as the French troops arrived upon the banks of the river. Their clothes were torn and drenched with rain, and soiled with mud. And yet it was an imposing array, as forty thousand men with plumes and banners, and proud steeds, and the music of a hundred bands, marched down, in that bright sunshine, upon the verdant meadows which skirted the Tagliamento. But it was a fearful barrier which presented itself before them. The rapid river, the vast masses of the enemy in their strong intrenchments, the frowning batteries, whose guns were loaded to the muzzle

with grape-shot to sweep the advancing ranks, the well-fed war-horses in countless numbers, prancing for the charge, apparently presented an obstacle which no human energy could surmount.

Napoleon, seeing the ample preparations made to oppose him, ordered his troops to withdraw beyond the reach of the enemy's fire, and to prepare for breakfast. As by magic, the martial array was at once transformed into a peaceful pic-nic scene. Arms were laid aside. The soldiers threw themselves upon the green grass, just sprouting in the valley, beneath the rays of the sun of early spring. Fires were kindled, kettles boiling, knapsacks opened, and groups, in carelessness and joviality, gathered around fragments of bread and meat.

The Archduke Charles, seeing that Napoleon declined the attempt to pass the river until he had refreshed his exhausted troops, withdrew his forces also into the rear, to their encampments. When all was quiet, and the Austrians were thrown completely off their guard, suddenly the trumpets sounded the preconcerted signal. The French troops, disciplined to prompt movements, sprang to arms, instantly formed in battle array, plunged into the stream, and, before the Austrians had recovered from their astonishment, were half across the river.

This movement was executed with such inconceivable rapidity as to excite the admiration as well as the consternation of their enemies. With the precision and beauty of the parade ground, the several divisions of the army gained the opposite shore. The Austrians rallied as speedily as possible; but it was too late. A terrible battle ensued. Napoleon was victor at every point. The Imperial army, with their ranks sadly thinned, and leaving the ground gory with the blood of the slain, retreated in confusion, to await the arrival of the reinforcements coming to their aid. Napoleon pressed upon their rear, every hour attacking them, and not allowing them one moment to recover from their panic.

The Austrian troops, thus suddenly and unexpectedly defeated, were thrown into the extreme of dejection. The exultant French, convinced of the absolute invincibility of their beloved chief, ambitiously sought out points of peril and adventures of desperation, and with shouts of laughter, and jokes, and making the walkin ring with songs of liberty, plunged into the densest masses of the foe. The different divisions of the army vied with each other in their endeavour to perform feats of the most romantic valour, and in the display of the most perfect contempt of life. In every fortress, at every mountain pass, upon every rapid stream, the Austrians made a stand to arrest the march of the conqueror; but with the footsteps of a giant Napoleon crowded upon them, pouring an incessant storm of destruction upon their fugitive ranks. He drove the Austrians to the foot of the mountains. He pursued them up the steep

livities. He charged the tempests of wind

and smothering snow with the sound of the trumpet, and his troops exulted in waging war with combined man and the elements. Soon both pursuers and pursued stood upon the summit of the Carnic Alps. They were in the region of almost perpetual snow. The vast glaciers, which seemed memorials of eternity, spread bleak and cold around them. The clouds floated beneath their feet. The eagle wheeled and screamed as he soared over the sombre firs and pines far below on the mountain sides.

Here the Austrians made a desperate stand. On the storm-washed crags of granite, behind fields of ice and drifts of snow which the French cavalry could not traverse, they sought to intrench themselves against their tireless pursuer. To retreat down the long and narrow defiles of the mountains, with the French in hot pursuit behind, hurling upon them every missile of destruction, bullets and balls, and craggy fragments of the cliffs, was a calamity to be avoided at every hazard. Upon the summit of Mount Tarwis the battle decisive of this fearful question was to be fought. It was an appropriate arena for the fell deeds of war. Wintry winds swept the bleak and icy eminence, and a clear, cold, cloudless sky canopied the two armies, as, with fiend-like ferocity, they hurled themselves upon each other. The thunder of artillery reverberated above the clouds. The shout of onset and the shrieks of the wounded were heard upon eminences which even the wing of the eagle had rarely attained. Squadrons of cavalry fell upon fields of ice, and men and horses were precipitated into fathomless depths below. The snowdrifts of Mount Tarwis were soon crimsoned with blood, and the warm current from human hearts congealed with the eternal glaciers, and there, embalmed in ice, it long and mournfully testified of man's inhumanity to man.

The Archduke Charles, having exhausted his last reserve, was compelled to retreat. Many of the soldiers threw away their arms, and escaped over the crags of the mountains; thousands were taken prisoners; multitudes were left dead upon the ice and half-buried in the drifts of snow. But Charles, brave and energetic, still kept the mass of his army together, and with great skill conducted his precipitate retreat. With merciless vigour the French troops pursued, pouring down upon the retreating masses a storm of bullets, and rolling over the precipitous sides of the mountains huge rocks, which swept away whole companies at once. The bleeding, breathless fugitives at last arrived in the valley below. Napoleon followed close in their rear. The Alps were now passed. The French were in Austria. They heard a new language. The scenery, the houses, the customs of the inhabitants, all testified that they were no longer in Italy. They had, with unparalleled audacity, entered the very heart of the Austrian empire, and with unflinching resolution were marching upon the capital of twenty millions of people, behind whose ramparts, strengthened by the labour of ages, Maria Theresa had bidden defiance to the invading Turk.

Twenty days had now passed since the opening of the campaign, and the Austrians were already driven over the Alps, and, having lost a fourth of their numbers in the various conflicts which had occurred, dispirited by disaster, were retreating to intrench themselves for a final struggle within the walls of Vienna. Napoleon, with forty-five thousand men flushed with victory, was rapidly descending the fertile streams which flow into the Danube.

Under these triumphant circumstances, Napoleon showed his humanity, and his earnest desire for peace, in dictating the following letter, so characteristic of his strong and glowing intellect. It was addressed to his illustrious adversary, the Archduke Charles.

"General-in-chief,—Brave soldiers, while they make war, desire peace. Has not this war already continued six years? Have we not slain enough of our fellow-men? Have we not inflicted a sufficiency of woes upon suffering humanity? It demands repose upon all sides. Europe, which took up arms against the French Republic, has laid them aside. Your nation alone remains hostile, and blood is about to flow more copiously than ever. This sixth campaign has commenced with sinister omens. Whatever may be its issue, many thousand men, on the one side and the other, must perish; and after all, we must come to an accommodation, for everything has an end, not even excepting the passion of hatred. You, general, who by birth approach so near the throne, and are above all the little passions which too often influence ministers and governments, are you resolved to deserve the title of benefactor of humanity, and of the real saviour of Austria? Do not imagine that I deny the possibility of saving Austria by the force of arms. But even in such an event your country will not be the less ravaged. As for myself, if the overture which I have the honour to make shall be the means of saving one single life, I shall be more proud of the civic crown which I shall be conscious of having deserved, than of all the melancholy glory which military success can confer."

To these magnanimous overtures the Archduke replied: "In the duty assigned to me there is no power either to scrutinize the causes or to terminate the duration of the war; I am not invested with any authority in that respect, and therefore cannot enter into any negotiation for peace."

In this interesting correspondence, Napoleon, the plebeian general, speaks with the dignity and the authority of a sovereign—with a natural, unaffected tone of command, as if accustomed from infancy to homage and empire. The brother of the king is compelled to look upward to the pinnacle upon which transcendent abilities have placed his antagonist. The conquering Napoleon pleads for peace; but Austria hates republican liberty even more than war. Upon the rejection of these proposals, the thunders of Napoleon's artillery were again heard, and over the hills and through the valleys, toward he

rushed with his impetuous troops, allowing his foe no repose.

At every mountain gorge, at every rapid river, the Austrians stood, and were slain. Each walled town was the scene of a sanguinary conflict, and the Austrians were often driven in the wildest confusion through the streets, trampled by the hoofs of the pursuing squadrons. At last they approached another mountain range, called the Stipian Alps. Here, at the frightful gorge of Neumarkt, a defile so gloomy and terrific that even the peaceful tourist cannot pass through it unawed, the Archduke Charles again made a desperate effort to arrest his pursuers. It was of no avail. Blood flowed in torrents; thousands were slain. The Austrians, encumbered with baggage-wagons and artillery, choked the narrow passages, and a scene of indescribable horror ensued. The French cavalry made destructive charges upon the dense masses. Cannon-balls ploughed their way through the confused ranks, and the Austrian rear and the French van struggled hand to hand in the blood-red gorge. But the Austrians were swept along like withered leaves before the mountain gales. Napoleon was now at Leoben. From the eminences around the city, with the telescope, the distant spires of Vienna could be discerned. Here the victorious general halted for a day, to collect his scattered forces. The Archduke hurried along the great road to the capital with the fragments of his army, striving to concentrate all the strength of the empire within those venerable and hitherto impregnable fortifications.

All was consternation in Vienna. The king, dukes, nobles, fled like deer before approaching hounds, seeking refuge in the distant wilds of Hungary. The Danube was covered with boats, conveying the riches of the city and the terrified families out of the reach of danger. Among the illustrious fugitives was Maria Louise, then a child but six years of age, flying from that dreaded Napoleon whose bride she afterwards became. All the military resources of Austria were immediately called into requisition; the fortifications were repaired; the militia organized and drilled; and in the extremity of mortification and despair, all the energies of the empire were roused for final resistance. Charles, to gain time, sent a flag of truce, requesting a suspension of arms for twenty-four hours. Napoleon, too wary to be caught in a trap which he had recently sprung upon his foes, replied that moments were precious, and that they might fight and negotiate at the same time. Napoleon also issued to the Austrian people one of his glowing proclamations, which he caused to be circulated all over the region he had overrun. He assured the people that he was their friend; that he was fighting, not for conquest, but for peace; that the Austrian government, bribed by British gold, was waging an unjust war against France; that the people of Austria should find in him a protector, who would respect their religion, and defend them in all their rights. His deeds were in accordance with his words. The French soldiers,

inspired by the example of their beloved chief, treated the unarmed Austrians as friends, and nothing was taken from them without ample remuneration.

The people of Austria now began to clamour loudly for peace. The Archduke Charles, seeing the desperate posture of affairs, earnestly urged it upon his brother, the emperor, declaring that the empire could no longer be saved by arms. Ambassadors were immediately despatched from the imperial court, authorized to settle the basis of peace. They implored a suspension of arms for five days to settle the preliminaries. Napoleon nobly replied, "In the present posture of our military affairs, a suspension of hostilities must be very seriously adverse to the interests of the French army. But if, by such a sacrifice, that peace, which is so desirable and so essential to the happiness of the people, can be secured, I shall not regret consenting to your desires."

A garden in the vicinity of Leoben was declared neutral ground, and here, in the midst of the bivouacs of the French army, the negotiations were conducted. The Austrian commissioners, in the treaty which they proposed, had set down as the first article that the Emperor recognised the French Republic.

"Strike that out," said Napoleon proudly. "The Republic is like the sun, none but the blind can fail to see it. We are our own masters, and shall establish any government we prefer." This exclamation was not merely a burst of romantic enthusiasm, but it was dictated by a deep insight into the probabilities of the future. "If one day the French people," he afterwards remarked, "should wish to create a monarchy, the Emperor might object that he had recognised a republic."

Both parties being now desirous of terminating the war, the preliminaries were soon settled. Napoleon, as if he were already the Emperor of France, waited not for the plenipotentiaries from Paris, but signed the treaty in his own name. He thus placed himself upon an equal footing with the Emperor of Austria. The equality was unhesitatingly recognised by the imperial government. In the settlement of the difficulties between these two majestic powers, neither of them manifested much regard for the minor states. Napoleon allowed Austria to take under her protection many of the states of Venice, for Venice had proved treacherous to her professed neutrality, and merited no protection from his hands.

Napoleon, having thus conquered peace, turned to lay the rod upon trembling Venice. Richly did Venice deserve his chastising blows. In those days when railroads and telegraphs were unknown, the transmission of intelligence was slow. The little army of Napoleon had traversed weary leagues of mountains and vales, and, having passed beyond the snow-clad summits of the Alps, were lost to Italian observation, far away upon the tributaries of the Danube. Rumour, with her thousand voices, filled the air. It was reported that Napoleon was defeated—

that he was a captive—that his army was destroyed. The Venetian oligarchy, proud cowardly, and revengeful, now raised the cry "Death to the French!" The priests incited the peasants to frenzy. They attacked unarmed Frenchmen in the streets and murdered them. They assailed the troops in garrison with overwhelming numbers. The infuriated populace even burst into the hospitals and murdered the wounded and the dying in their beds.

Napoleon, who was by no means distinguished for meekness and long-suffering, turned sternly to inflict upon them punishment which should long be remembered. The haughty oligarchy was thrown into a paroxysm of terror when it was announced that Napoleon was victor instead of vanquished, and that, having humbled the pride of Austria, he was now returning with an indignant and triumphant army burning for vengeance. The Venetian Senate, bewildered with fright, despatched agents to deprecate his wrath. Napoleon, with a pale and marble face, received them. Without uttering a word, he listened to their awkward attempts at an apology, heard their humble submission, and even endured in silence their offer of millions of gold to purchase his pardon. Then, in tones of firmness, which sent paleness to their cheeks and palpitation to their hearts, he exclaimed—

"If you could proffer me the treasures of Peru, could you strew your whole country with gold, it would not atone for the blood which has been treacherously spilled. You have murdered my children. The lion of St. Mark¹ must lick the dust. Go."

The Venetians, in their terror, sent enormous sums to Paris, and succeeded in bribing the Directory, ever open to such appeals. Orders were accordingly transmitted to Napoleon to spare the ancient Senate and aristocracy of Venice; but Napoleon, who despised the Directory, and who was probably already dreaming of its overthrow, conscious that he possessed powers which they could not shake, paid no attention to their orders. He marched resistlessly into the dominions of the Doge. The thunders of Napoleon's cannon were reverberating across the lagoons which surround the Queen of the Adriatic. The Doge, pallid with consternation, assembled the Grand Council, and proposed the surrender of their institutions to Napoleon, to be remodelled according to his pleasure. While they were deliberating, the uproar of insurrection was heard in the streets. The aristocrats and the republicans fell furiously upon each other. The discharge of fire-arms was heard under the very windows of the council-house. Opposing shouts of "Liberty for ever!" and "Long live St. Mark!" resounded through the streets. The city was threatened with fire and pillage.

Amid this horrible confusion, three thousand French soldiers crossed the lagoons in boats and entered the city. They were received with loud

¹ The armorial bearing of Venice.

and long shouts of welcome by the populace, hungering for republican liberty. Resistance was hopeless. An unconditional surrender was made to Napoleon, and thus fell one of the most execrable tyrannies this world has ever known. The course Napoleon then pursued was so magnanimous as to extort praise from his bitterest foes. He immediately threw open the prison doors to all who were suffering for political opinions. He pardoned all offences against himself. He abolished aristocracy, and established a popular government, which should fairly represent all classes of the community. The public debt was regarded as sacred, and even the pensions continued to the poor nobles. It was a glorious reform for the Venetian nation; it was a terrible downfall for the Venetian aristocracy. The banner of the new Republic now floated from the windows of the palace, and as it waved exultingly in the breeze it was greeted with the most enthusiastic acclamations by the people, who had been trampled under the foot of oppression for fifteen hundred years.

All Italy was now virtually at the feet of Napoleon. Not a year had yet elapsed since he, a nameless young man of twenty-six years of age, with thirty thousand ragged and half-starved troops, had crept along the shores of the Mediterranean, hoping to surprise his powerful foes. He had now traversed the whole extent of Italy, compelled all its hostile states to respect republican France, and had humbled the Emperor of Austria as emperor had rarely been humbled before. The Italians, recognising him as a countryman, and proud of his world-wide renown, regarded him, not as a conqueror, but as a liberator. His popularity was boundless. Wherever he appeared, the most enthusiastic acclamations welcomed him. Bonfires blazed upon every hill in honour of his movements. The bells rang their merriest peals wherever he appeared. Long lines of maidens strewed roses in his path. The reverberations of artillery and the huzzas of the populace saluted his footsteps. Europe was at peace; and Napoleon was the great pacificator. For this object, he had contended against the most formidable coalitions. He had sheathed his victorious sword the very moment his enemies were willing to retire from the strife.

Still, the position of Napoleon required the most consummate firmness and wisdom. All the states of Italy—Piedmont, Genoa, Naples, the States of the Church, Parma, Tuscany—were agitated with the intense desire for liberty. Napoleon was unwilling to encourage insurrection. He could not lend his arms to oppose those who were struggling for popular rights.

In Genoa, the patriots rose. The haughty aristocracy fell, in revenge, upon the French who chanced to be in the territory. Napoleon was thus compelled to interfere. The Genoese aristocracy were forced to abdicate, and the patriot party, as in Venice, assumed the government; but the Genoese democracy began now, in their turn, to trample upon the rights of their former oppressors. The revolutionary scenes

which had disgraced Paris began to be enacted in the streets of Genoa. They excluded the priests and the nobles from participating in the government, as the nobles and priests had formerly excluded them. Acts of lawless violence passed unpunished. The religion of the Catholic priests was treated with derision. Napoleon, earnestly and eloquently, urged upon them a more humane policy.

"I will respond, citizens, to the confidence you have reposed in me. It is not enough that you refrain from hostility to religion. You should do nothing which can cause iniquitude to tender consciences. To exclude the nobles from any public office is an act of extreme injustice. You thus repeat the wrong which you condemn in them. Why are the people of Genoa so changed? Their first impulses of fraternal kindness have been succeeded by fear and terror. Remember that the priests were the first who rallied around the tree of liberty. They first told you that the morality of the Gospel is democratic. Men have taken advantage of the faults, perhaps of the crimes, of individual priests, to unite against Christianity. You have proscribed without discrimination. When a state becomes accustomed to condemn without hearing, to applaud a discourse because it is impassioned; when exaggeration and madness are called virtue, moderation and equity designated as crimes, that state is near its ruin. Believe me, I shall consider that one of the happiest moments of my life in which I hear that the people of Genoa are united among themselves and live happily."

This advice, thus given to Genoa, was intended to react upon France, for the Directory then had under discussion a motion for banishing all the nobles from the Republic. The voice of Napoleon was thus delicately and efficiently introduced into the debate, and the extreme and terrible measure was at once abandoned.

Napoleon performed another act at this time which drew down upon him a very heavy load of obloquy from the despotic governments of Europe, but which must secure the approval of every generous mind. There was a small state in Italy called the Valteline, eighteen miles wide and fifty-four miles long, containing one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants. These unfortunate people had become subjects to a German state called the Grisons, and, deprived of all political privileges, were ground down by the most humiliating oppression. The inhabitants of the Valteline, catching the spirit of liberty, revolted, and addressed a manifesto to all Europe, setting forth their wrongs, and declaring their determination to recover those rights of which they had been defrauded. Both parties sent deputies to Napoleon soliciting his interference, virtually agreeing to abide by his decision. Napoleon, to promote conciliation and peace, proposed that the Valtelines should remain with the Grisons as one people, and that the Grisons should confer upon them equal political privileges with themselves. Counsel more moderate and judicious could not have been given; but the

proud Grisons, accustomed to trample upon their victims, with scorn refused to share with them the rights of humanity. Napoleon then issued a decree, saying, "*It is not just that one people should be subject to another people.*" Since the Grisons have refused equal rights to the inhabitants of the Valteline, the latter are at liberty to unite themselves with the Cisalpine Republic." This decision was received with bursts of enthusiastic joy by the liberated people, and they were immediately embraced within the borders of the new republic.

The great results we have thus far narrated in this chapter were accomplished in six weeks. In the face of powerful armies, Napoleon had traversed hundreds of miles of territory. He had forded rivers, with the storm of lead and iron falling pitilessly around him. He had crossed the Alps, dragging his artillery through snow three feet in depth, scattered the armies of Austria to the winds, imposed peace upon that proud and powerful empire, recrossed the Alps, laid low the haughty despotism of Venice, established a popular government in the emancipated provinces, and revolutionized Genoa.

Josephine was now with him in the palace of Milan. From every state in Italy couriers were coming and going, deprecating his anger, soliciting his counsel, imploring his protection. The destiny of Europe seemed to be suspended upon his decisions. His power transcended that of all the potentates in Europe. A brilliant court of beautiful ladies surrounded Josephine, and all vied to do homage to the illustrious conqueror. The enthusiastic Italians thronged his gates, and waited for hours to catch a glance of the youthful hero. The feminine delicacy of his physical frame, so disproportionate to his mighty renown, did but add to the enthusiasm which his presence ever inspired. His strong arm had won for France peace with all the world, England alone excepted. The indomitable islanders, protected by the ocean from the march of invading armies, still continued the unrelenting warfare. Whenever her navy could penetrate, she assailed the French, and, as the horrors of war could not reach her shores, she refused to live on any terms of peace with republican France. ✓

CHAPTER IX.

THE COURT OF MILAN

Napoleon's tireless activity—Conference at Campo Formio—The Court of Milan—Happiness of Josephine—Temptations—Jealousy of the Directory—Proclamation—Appearance of the young General—Rastadt—Advice to his troops—Arrival at Paris—Quiet private life—Delivery of the treaty—Reply to the Institute—England pertinaciously refuses peace—Abuse of Napoleon by the English press—Uneasiness of the Directory in view of the popularity of Napoleon.

NAPOLEON now established his residence, or rather his court, at Montebello, a beautiful palace in the vicinity of Milan. His frame was smaciated in the extreme, from the prodigious

toils which he had endured, yet he scarcely allowed himself an hour of relaxation. Questions of vast moment, relative to the settlement of political affairs in Italy, were yet to be adjusted, and Napoleon, exhausted as he was in body, devoted the tireless energies of his mind to the work. His labours were now numerous. He was treating with the plenipotentiaries of Austria, organizing the Italian Republic, creating a navy in the Adriatic, and forming the most magnificent projects relative to the Mediterranean. These were the works in which he delighted; constructing canals and roads, improving harbours, erecting bridges, churches, naval and military depôts, calling cities and navies into existence, and awakening every where the hum of prosperous industry.

All the states of Italy were imbued with local prejudices and petty jealousies of each other. To break down these prejudices, he endeavoured to consolidate the republicans into one single state, with Milan for the capital. He strove in multiplied ways to rouse martial energy among the effeminate Italians. Conscious that the new republic could not long stand alone in the midst of the surrounding monarchies so hostile to its existence—that it could only be strong by the alliance of France—he conceived the design of a high road, broad, safe, and magnificent, from Paris to Geneva, thence across the Simplon, through the plains of Lombardy to Milan. He was in treaty with the government of Switzerland for the construction of the road through its territories, and had sent engineers to explore the route and make an estimate of the expense. He himself arranged all the details with the greatest precision. He contemplated also, at the same time, with the deepest interest and solicitude, the empire which England had gained on the seas. To cripple the power of this formidable foe, he formed the resolution of taking possession of the islands of the Mediterranean. "From these different posts," he wrote to the Directory, "we shall command the Mediterranean, we shall keep an eye upon the Ottoman empire, which is crumbling to pieces, and we shall have it in our power to render the dominion of the ocean almost useless to the English. They have possession of the Cape of Good Hope. We can do without it. *Let us occupy Egypt.* We shall be in the direct road to India. It will be easy for us to found there one of the finest colonies in the world. *It is in Egypt that we must attack England.*"

It was in this way that Napoleon rested after the toils of the most arduous campaigns mortal man had ever passed through. The Austrians were rapidly recruiting their forces from their vast empire, and now began to throw many difficulties in the way of a final adjustment. The last conference between the negotiating parties was held at Campo Formio, a small village about ten miles east of the Tagliamento. The commissioners were seated at an oblong table, the four Austrian negotiators upon one side, Napoleon by himself upon the other. The

Austrians demanded terms to which Napoleon could not accede, threatening, at the same time, that if Napoleon did not accept these terms, the armies of Russia would be united with those of Austria, and France should be compelled to adopt those less favourable. One of the Austrian commissioners concluded an insulting apostrophe by saying, "Austria desires peace, and she will severely condemn the negotiator who sacrifices the interest and repose of his country to military ambition."

Napoleon, cool and collected, sat in silence while these sentiments were uttered. Then rising from the table, he took from the sideboard a beautiful porcelain vase: "Gentlemen," said he, "the truce is broken; war is declared. But remember, in three months I will demolish your monarchy as I now shatter this porcelain." With these words, he dashed the vase into fragments upon the floor, and, bowing to the astounded negotiators, abruptly withdrew. With his accustomed promptness of action, he instantly despatched an officer to the archduke, to inform him that hostilities would be recommenced in twenty-four hours, and, entering his carriage, urged his horses at their utmost speed towards the head-quarters of the army. One of the conditions of this treaty upon which Napoleon insisted was the release of La Fayette, then imprisoned for his republican sentiments in the dungeons of Olmutz. The Austrian plenipotentiaries were thunderstruck by this decision, and immediately agreed to the terms which Napoleon demanded. The next day, at five o'clock, the treaty of Campo Formio was signed.

The terms which Napoleon offered the Austrians in this treaty, though highly advantageous to France, were far more lenient to Austria than that government had any right to expect. The Directory in Paris, anxious to strengthen itself against the monarchical governments of Europe by revolutionizing the whole of Italy, and founding there republican governments, positively forbade Napoleon to make peace with Italy unless the freedom of the republic of Venice was recognised. Napoleon wrote to the Directory that, if they insisted upon that ultimatum, the renewal of the war would be inevitable. The Directory replied, "Austria has long desired to swallow up Italy, and to acquire maritime power. It is the interest of France to prevent both of these designs. It is evident that if the Emperor acquires Venice, with its territorial possessions, he will secure an entrance into the whole of Lombardy. We should be treating as if we had been conquered. What would posterity say of us if we surrender that great city, with its naval arsenals, to the Emperor? The whole question comes to this: Shall we give up Italy to the Austrians? The French government neither can nor will do so. It would prefer all the hazards of war."

Napoleon wished for peace. He could only obtain it by disobeying the orders of his government. The middle of October had now arrived. One morning, at daybreak, he was informed that

the mountains were covered with snow. Leaping from his bed, he ran to the window, and saw that the storms of winter had really commenced on the bleak heights. "What! before the middle of October!" he exclaimed; "what a country is this! Well, we must make peace." He shut himself up in his cabinet for an hour, and carefully reviewed the returns of the army. "I cannot have," said he to Bourrienne, "more than sixty thousand men in the field. Even if victorious, I must lose twenty thousand in killed and wounded; and how, with forty thousand, can I withstand the whole force of the Austrian monarchy, who will hasten to the relief of Vienna? The armies of the Rhine could not advance to my succour before the middle of November, and before that time arrives the Alps will be impassable from snow. It is all over. I will sign the peace. The government and the lawyers may say what they choose."

This treaty extended France to the Rhine, recognised the Cisalpine Republic, composed of the Cispadane Republic and Lombardy, and allowed the Emperor of Austria to extend his sway over several of the states of Venice. Napoleon was very desirous of securing republican liberty in Venice. Most illustriously did he exhibit his desire for peace in consenting to sacrifice that desire, and to disobey the positive commands of his government, rather than renew the horrors of battle. He did not think it his duty to keep Europe involved in war, that he might secure republican liberty for Venice, when it was very doubtful whether the Venetians were sufficiently enlightened to govern themselves, and when, perhaps, one half of the nation were so ignorant as to prefer despotism. The whole glory of this peace redounds to his honour. His persistence in that demand which the Directory enjoined would but have kindled anew the flames of war.

During these discussions at Campo Formio, every possible endeavour was made which the most delicate ingenuity could devise to influence Napoleon in his decisions by personal considerations. The wealth of Europe was literally laid at his feet. Millions upon millions in gold were proffered him; but his proud spirit could not thus be tarnished. When some one alluded to the different course pursued by the Directors, he replied, "You are not then aware, citizen, that there is not one of those Directors whom I could not bring, for four thousand dollars, to kiss my boot?" The Venetians offered him a present of one million five hundred thousand dollars. He smiled, and declined the offer. The Emperor of Austria, professing the most profound admiration of his heroic character, intreated him to accept a principality, to consist of at least two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, for himself and his heirs. This was, indeed, an alluring offer. The young general transmitted his thanks to the Emperor for this proof of his good-will, but added, that he could accept of no honours but such as were conferred upon him by the French people, and that he should always be satis-

led with whatever they might be disposed to offer.

While at Montebello transacting the affairs of his victorious army, Josephine presided with most admirable propriety and grace over the gay circle of Milan. Napoleon, who well understood the imposing influence of courtly pomp and splendour, while extremely simple in his personal habiliments, dazzled the eyes of the Milanese with all the pageantry of a court. The destinies of Europe were even then suspended upon his nod. He was tracing out the lines of empire; and dukes, and princes, and kings were soliciting his friendship. Josephine, by her surpassing loveliness of person and of character, won universal admiration. Her wonderful tact, her genius, and her amiability vastly strengthened the influence of her husband. "I conquer provinces," said Napoleon, "but Josephine wins hearts." She frequently, in after years, reverted to this as the happiest period of her life. To them both it must have been as a bewildering dream.

But a few months before Josephine was in prison, awaiting her execution, and her children were literally begging bread in the streets. Hardly a year had elapsed since Napoleon, penniless Corsican soldier, was studying in a garret in Paris, hardly knowing where to obtain a single franc. Now the name of Napoleon was emblazoned through Europe. He had become more powerful than the government of his own country. He was overthrowing and uprearing dynasties. The question of peace or war was suspended upon his lips. The proudest potentates of Europe were ready, at any price, to purchase his favour. Josephine revelled in the exuberance of her dreamlike prosperity and exaltation. Her benevolent heart was gratified with the vast power she now possessed of conferring happiness. She was beloved, adored. She had long cherished the design of visiting America, so illustrious in the most lofty reminiscences.

Even Italy can hardly present a more delightful excursion than the ride from Milan to the romantic, mountain-embowered lakes of Como and Maggiore. It was a bright and sunny Italian morning, when Napoleon, with his blissful bride, drove along the luxuriant valleys and the vine-clad hillsides to Lake Maggiore. They were accompanied by a numerous and glittering retinue. Here they embarked upon this beautiful sheet of water, in a boat with silken awnings and gay banners, and the rowers beat time to the most voluptuous music. They landed upon Beautiful Island, which, like another Eden, emerges from the bosom of the lake. This became the favourite retreat of Napoleon. Its monastic palace, so sombre in its antique architecture, was in peculiar accordance with that strange melancholy which, with but now and then a ray of sunshine, ever overshadowed his spirit. On one of these occasions Josephine was standing upon a terrace with several ladies, under a large orange-tree, profusely laden with its golden treasures. As their attention was all

absorbed in admiring the beautiful landscape, Napoleon slipped up unperceived, and, by a sudden shake, brought down a shower of the rich fruit upon their heads. Josephine's companions screamed with fright and ran, but she remained unmoved. Napoleon laughed heartily, and said, "Why, Josephine, you stand fire like one of my veterans." "And why should I not?" she promptly replied; "am I not the wife of their general?"

Every conceivable temptation was at this time presented to entice Napoleon into habits of licentiousness. Purity was a virtue then and there almost unknown. Some one, speaking of Napoleon's universal talents, compared him with Solomon. "Poh!" exclaimed another, "what do you mean by calling him wiser than Solomon? The Jewish king had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, while Napoleon is contented with one wife, and she older than himself." The corruption of those days of infidelity was such, that the ladies were jealous of Josephine's exclusive influence over her illustrious spouse, and they exerted all their powers of fascination to lead him astray. The loftiness of Napoleon's ambition, and those principles instilled so early by a mother's lips as to be almost instincts, were his safeguard. Josephine was exceedingly gratified, some of the ladies said, "insufferably vain," that Napoleon clung so faithfully and confidently to her. "Truly," he said, "I have something else to think of than love. No man wins triumphs in that way without forfeiting some palms of glory. I have traced out my plan, and the finest eyes in the world—and there are some very fine eyes here—shall not make me deviate a hair's-breadth from it."

A lady of rank, after wearying him one day with a string of the most fulsome compliments, exclaimed, among other things, "What is life worth, if one cannot be General Bonaparte?" Napoleon fixed his eyes coldly upon her, and said, "Madame! one may be a dutiful wife, and the good mother of a family."

The jealousy which the Directory entertained of Napoleon's vast accession of power induced them to fill his court with spies, who watched all his movements and reported his words. Josephine, frank and candid, and a stranger to all artifice, could not easily conceal her knowledge or her thoughts. Napoleon consequently seldom intrusted to her any plans which he was unwilling to have made known. "A secret," he once observed, "is burdensome to Josephine." He was careful that she should not be thus encumbered. He would be indeed a shrewd man, who could extort any secret from the bosom of Napoleon. He could impress a marble-like immovableness upon his features, which no scrutiny could penetrate. "I never," said Josephine in subsequent years, "beheld Napoleon for a moment perfectly at ease—not even with myself. He is constantly on the alert. If at any time he appears to show a little confidence, it is merely a feint to throw the person with whom he converses

off his guard, and to draw forth his sentiments; but never does he himself disclose his real thoughts."

The French government remonstrated bitterly against the surrender of Venice to Austria. Napoleon replied, "It costs nothing for a handful of declaimers to rave about the establishment of *republics* everywhere. I wish these gentlemen would make a winter campaign. You little know the people of Italy. You are labouring under a great delusion. You suppose that liberty can do great things to a base, cowardly, and superstitious people. You wish me to perform miracles. I have not the art of doing so. Since coming into Italy, I have derived little, if any, support from the love of the Italian people for liberty and equality."

The treaty of peace signed at Campo Formio Napoleon immediately sent to Paris. Though he had disobeyed the positive commands of the Directory in thus making peace, the Directors did not dare to refuse its ratification. The victorious young general was greatly applauded by the people for refusing the glory of a new campaign, in which they doubted not that he would have obtained fresh laurels, that he might secure peace for bleeding Europe. On the 17th of November, Napoleon left Milan for the Congress at Rastadt, to which he was appointed, with plenipotentiary powers. At the moment of leaving, he addressed the following proclamation to the Cisalpine Republic:—

"We have given you liberty. Take care to preserve it. To be worthy of your destiny, make only discreet and honourable laws, and cause them to be executed with energy. Favour the diffusion of knowledge, and respect religion. Compose your battalions, not of disreputable men, but of citizens imbued with the principles of the republic, and closely linked with its prosperity. You have need to impress yourselves with the feeling of your strength, and with the dignity which befits the free man. Divided and bowed down by ages of tyranny, you could not alone have achieved your independence. In a few years, if true to yourselves, no nation will be strong enough to wrest liberty from you. Till then the Great Nation will protect you."

Napoleon, leaving Josephine at Milan, travelled rapidly through Piedmont, intending to proceed by the way of Switzerland to Rastadt. His journey was an uninterrupted scene of triumph. Illuminations, processions, bonfires, the ringing of bells, the explosions of artillery, the huzzas of the populace, and, above all, the most cordial and warm-hearted acclamations of ladies, accompanied him all the way. The enthusiasm was indescribable. Napoleon had no fondness for such displays. He but slightly regarded the applause of the populace.

"It must be delightful," said Bourrienne, "to be greeted with such demonstrations of enthusiastic admiration."

"Bah!" Napoleon replied, "this same unthinking crowd under a slight change of cir-

cumstances, would follow me just as eagerly to the scaffold."

Travelling with great rapidity, he—and vanished like a meteor, ever retaining the same calm, pensive, thoughtful aspect. A person who saw him on this occasion thus described his appearance:—"I beheld with deep interest and extreme attention that extraordinary man, who has performed such great deeds, and about whom there is something which seems to indicate that his career is not yet terminated. I found him much like his portraits, small in stature, thin, pale, with an air of fatigue, but not, as has been reported, in ill-health. He appeared to me to listen with more abstraction than interest, as if occupied rather with what he was thinking of than with what was said to him. There is great intelligence in his countenance, along with an expression of habitual meditation, which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thinking head, in that daring mind, it is impossible not to suppose that some designs are engendering which will have their influence on the destinies of Europe."

Napoleon did not remain long at Rastadt, for all the questions of great political importance were already settled, and he had no liking for those discussions of minor points which engrossed the attention of the petty German princes who were assembled at that Congress. He accordingly prepared for his departure.¹⁸ In taking leave of the army, he thus bade adieu to his troops. "Soldiers! I leave you to-morrow. In separating myself from the army, I am consoled with the thought that I shall soon meet you again, and engage with you in new enterprises. Soldiers! when conversing among yourselves of the kings you have vanquished, of the people upon whom you have conferred liberty, of the victories you have won in two campaigns, say, '*In the next two we will accomplish still more.*'"

Napoleon's attention was already eagerly directed to the gorgeous East. These vast kingdoms, enveloped in mystery, presented just the realm for his exuberant imagination to range. It was the theatre, as he eloquently said, "of mighty empires, where all the great revolutions of the earth have arisen, where mind had its birth, and all religions had their cradle, and where six hundred millions of men still have their dwelling-place."

Napoleon left Rastadt, and travelling *incognito* through France, arrived in Paris on the 7th of

¹⁸ The Congress of Rastadt was opened for the purpose of concluding peace between France and Germany, December 9, 1797. After a session of more than a year, it was dissolved by the Emperor of Germany, April 7, 1799. The French ambassadors had hardly left the city when they were attacked by a troop of hussars, who seized them, dragged them out of their carriages, slew Bonnier and Robertjot, notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the wife of the latter to save her husband, and struck down Jean Debry by sabre blows into a ditch, when he escaped destruction only by feigning himself dead. The assassins seized and carried off the papers of the legation. This atrocious violation of the laws of nations excited universal indignation throughout Europe.—S. article "Rastadt," *Encyclopædia A.*

December, 1797, having been absent but about eighteen months. His arrival had been awaited with the most intense impatience. The enthusiasm of that most enthusiastic capital had been excited to the highest pitch. The whole population were burning with a desire to see the youthful hero whose achievements seemed to surpass the fictions of romance. But Napoleon was nowhere visible. A strange mystery seemed to envelop him. He studiously avoided observation; very seldom made his appearance at any place of public amusement; dressed like the most unobtrusive private citizen, and glided unknown through the crowd, whose enthusiasm was roused to the highest pitch to get a sight of the hero. He took a small house in the Rue Chantierine, which street immediately received the name of Rue de la Victoire, in honour of Napoleon. He sought only the society of men of high intellectual and scientific attainments. In this course he displayed a profound knowledge of human nature, and vastly enhanced public curiosity by avoiding its gratification.

The Directory, very jealous of Napoleon's popularity, yet impelled to honour him by the voice of the people, now prepared a triumphal festival for the delivery of the treaty of Campo Formio. The magnificent court of the Luxembourg was arranged and decorated for this gorgeous show. At the further end of the court a large platform was raised, where the five Directors were seated, dressed in the costume of the Roman senate, at the foot of the altar of their country. Ambassadors, ministers, magistrates, and the members of the two councils, were assembled on seats ranged amphitheatrically around. Vast galleries were crowded with all that was illustrious in rank, beauty, and character in the metropolis. Magnificent trophies, composed of the banners taken from the enemy, embellished the court, while the surrounding walls were draped with festoons of tricoloured tapestry. Bands of music filled the air with martial sounds, while the very walls of Paris were shaken by the thunders of exploding artillery, and by the acclamations of the countless thousands who thronged the court.

It was the 10th of December, 1797. A bright sun shone through cloudless skies upon the resplendent scene. Napoleon had been in Paris but five days. Few of the citizens had as yet been favoured with a sight of the hero, whom all were impatient to behold. At last a great flourish of trumpets announced his approach. He ascended the platform dressed in the utmost simplicity of a civilian's costume, accompanied by Talleyrand and his aides-de-camp, all gorgeously dressed, and much taller men than himself, but evidently regarding him with the most profound homage. The contrast was most striking. Every eye was riveted upon Napoleon. The thunder of the cannon was drowned in the still louder thunder of enthusiastic acclamations which simultaneously arose from the whole assemblage. The fountains of human emotion were never more deeply moved. The graceful

delicacy of his fragile figure, his remarkably youthful appearance, his pale and wasted cheeks, the classic outline of his finely-moulded features, the indescribable air of pensiveness and self-forgetfulness which he ever carried with him, and all associated with the most extraordinary achievements, aroused an intensity of enthusiastic emotion which has perhaps never been sur-

No one who witnessed the scenes of that day ever forgot them. Talleyrand introduced the hero in a brief and eloquent speech.

"For a moment," said he, in conclusion, "I did feel on his account that disquietude which, in an infant republic, arises from everything which seems to destroy the equality of the citizens. But I was wrong. Individual grandeur, far from being dangerous to equality, is its highest triumph; and on this occasion every Frenchman must feel himself elevated by the hero of his country. And when I reflect upon all which he has done to shroud from envy that light of glory; on that ancient love of simplicity which distinguishes him in his favourite studies; his love for the abstract sciences; his admiration for that sublime Ossian, which seems to detach him from the world; on his well-known contempt for luxury and pomp, for all that constitutes the pride of ignoble minds, I am convinced that, far from dreading his ambition, we shall one day have occasion to rouse it anew to allure him from the sweets of studious retirement."

Napoleon, apparently quite unmoved by this unbounded applause, and as calm and unembarrassed as if speaking to an under-officer in his tent, thus briefly replied: "Citizens! The French people, in order to be free, had kings to combat. To obtain a constitution founded on reason, it had the prejudices of eighteen centuries to overcome. Priestcraft, feudalism, despotism, have successively, for two thousand years, governed Europe. From the peace you have just concluded dates the era of representative governments. You have succeeded in organizing the Great Nation, whose vast territory is circumscribed only because Nature herself has fixed its limits. You have done more. The two finest countries in Europe, formerly so renowned for the arts, the sciences, and the illustrious men whose cradle they were, see with the greatest hopes genius and freedom issuing from the tomb of their ancestors. I have the honour to deliver to you the treaty signed at Campo Formio, and ratified by the Emperor. Peace secures the liberty, the prosperity, and the glory of the Republic. As soon as the happiness of France is secured by the best organic laws, the whole of Europe will be free."

The moment Napoleon began to speak, the most profound silence reigned throughout the assembly. The desire to hear his voice was so intense, that hardly did the audience venture to move a limb or to breathe, while, in tones calm and clear, he addressed them. The moment he ceased speaking, a wild burst of enthusiasm filled the air. The most unimpassioned lost

their self-control. Shouts of "Live Napoleon, the conqueror of Italy, the pacificator of Europe, the saviour of France!" resounded loud and long. Barras, in the name of the Directors, replied:—

"Nature," exclaimed the orator, in his enthusiasm, "has exhausted her energies in the production of a Bonaparte. Go," said he, turning to Napoleon, "crown a life so illustrious by a conquest which the Great Nation owes to its outraged dignity. Go, and, by the punishment of the cabinet of London, strike terror into the hearts of all who would miscalculate the powers of a free people. Let the conquerors of the Po, the Rhine, and the Tiber march under your banners. The ocean will be proud to bear them. It is a slave, still indignant, who blushes for his fetters. Hardly will the tricoloured standard wave on the bloodstained shores of the Thames ere a unanimous cry will bless your arrival, and that generous nation will receive you as its liberator."

Chénier's famous Hymn to Liberty was then sung in full chorus, accompanied by a magnificent orchestra. In the ungovernable enthusiasm of the moment, the five Directors arose and encircled Napoleon in their arms. The blast of trumpets, the peal of martial bands, the thunder of cannon, and the acclamations of the countless multitude, rent the air. Says Thiers, "All heads were overcome with the intoxication. Thus it was that France threw herself into the hands of an extraordinary man. Let us not censure the weakness of our fathers. That glory teaches us only through the clouds of time and adversity, and yet it transports us! Let us say with Æschylus, 'How would it have been had we seen the monster himself?'"

Napoleon's powers of conversation were inimitable. There was a peculiarity in every phrase he uttered which bore the impress of originality and genius. He fascinated every one who approached him. He never spoke of his own achievements, but, in most lucid and dramatic recitals, often portrayed the bravery of the army and the heroic exploits of his generals.

He was now elected a member of the celebrated Institute, a society composed of the most illustrious literary and scientific men in France. He eagerly accepted the invitation, and returned the following answer:—

"The suffrages of the distinguished men who compose the Institute honour me. I feel sensible that before I can become their equal I must long be their pupil. The only true conquests—those which awaken no regret—are those obtained over ignorance. The most honourable, as the most useful pursuit of nations, is that which contributes to the extension of human intellect. The real greatness of the French Republic ought henceforth to consist of the acquisition of the whole sum of human knowledge, and in not allowing a single new idea to exist which does not owe its birth to their exertions."

He laid aside entirely the dress of a soldier, and, constantly attending the meetings of the Institute as a philosopher and a scholar, became

one of its brightest ornaments. His omnivorous mind enabled him at once to grasp any subject to which he turned his attention. In one hour he would make himself master of the accumulated learning to which others had devoted the labour of years. He immediately, as a literary man, assumed almost as marked a pre-eminence among those distinguished scholars as he had already acquired as a general on fields of blood. Apparently forgetting the renown he had already attained, with boundless ambition he pressed on to still greater achievements, deeming nothing accomplished while anything remained to be done.

Subsequently he referred to his course at this time, and remarked, "Mankind are in the end always governed by superiority of intellectual qualities, and none are more sensible of this than the military profession. When, on my return from Italy, I assumed the dress of the Institute, and associated with men of science, I knew what I was doing; I was sure of not being misunderstood by the lowest drummer in the army."

A strong effort was made at this time by the Royalists for the restoration of the Bourbons. Napoleon, while he despised the inefficient government of the Directory, was by no means willing that the despotic Bourbons should crush the spirit of liberty in France. He was not adverse to a monarchy; but he wished for a monarch who would consult the interests of the people, and not merely pamper to the luxury and pride of the nobles. He formed the plan and guided the energies which discomfited the Royalists and sustained the Directors. Thus twice had the strong arm of this young man protected the government. The Directors in their multiplied perplexities, often urged his presence in their councils, to advise with them on difficult questions. Quiet and reserved, he would take his seat at their table, and by that superiority of tact which ever distinguished him, and by that intellectual pre-eminence which could not be questioned, he assumed a moral position far above them all, and guided those grey-haired diplomatists as a father guides his children. Whenever he entered their presence, he instinctively assumed the supremacy, and it was instinctively recognised.

The altars of religion, overthrown by revolutionary violence, still remained prostrate. The churches were closed, the Sabbath abolished, the sacraments were unknown, the priests were in exile. A whole generation had grown up in France without any knowledge of Christianity. Corruption was universal. A new sect sprang up, called Theophilanthropists, who gleaned, as the basis of their system, some of the moral precepts of the Gospel, divested of the sublime sanctions of Christianity. They soon, however, found that it is not by flowers of rhetoric, and smooth-flowing verses, and poetic rhapsodies upon the beauty of love and charity, of rivulets and skies, that the stern heart of man can be controlled. Leviathan is not so tamed. Man ex-

posed to temptation, which rive his soul, trembling upon the brink of fearful calamities, and glowing with irrepressible desires, can only be allured and overawed when the voice of love and mercy blends with Sinai's thunders. "There was frequently," says the Duchess of Abrantes, "so much truth in the moral virtues which this new sect inculcated, that if the evangelists had not said the same things much better eighteen hundred years before them, one might have been tempted to embrace their opinions."

Napoleon took a correct view of these enthusiasts. "They can accomplish nothing," said he, "they are merely actors." "How!" it was replied, "do you thus stigmatize those whose tenets inculcate universal benevolence and the moral virtues?" "All systems of morality," Napoleon rejoined, "are fine. The Gospel alone has exhibited a complete assemblage of the principles of morality, divested of all absurdity. It is not composed, like your creed, of a few commonplace sentences put into bad verse. Do you wish to see that which is really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer. Such enthusiasts are only to be encountered by the weapons of ridicule. All their efforts will prove ineffectual."

Republican France was now at peace with all the world, England alone excepted. The English government still waged unrelenting war against the Republic, and strained every nerve to rouse the monarchies of Europe again to combine to force a detested dynasty upon the French people. The British navy, in its invincibility, had almost annihilated the commerce of France. In their ocean-guarded isle, safe from the ravages of war themselves, their fleet could extend those ravages to all shores. The Directory raised an army for the invasion of England, and gave to Napoleon the command. Drawing the sword, not of aggression, but of defence, he immediately proceeded to a survey of the French coast opposite to England, and to form his judgment respecting the feasibility of the majestic enterprise. Taking three of his generals in his carriage, he passed eight days in this tour of observation. With great energy and tact, he immediately made himself familiar with everything which could aid him in coming to a decision. He surveyed the coast, examined the ships and the fortifications, selected the best points for embarkation, and examined until midnight sailors, pilots, smugglers, and fishermen. He made objections, and carefully weighed their answers.

Upon his return to Paris, his friend Bourrienne said to him, "Well, general, what do you think of the enterprise? Is it feasible?" "No!" he promptly replied, shaking his head; "it is too hazardous. I will not undertake it. I will not risk on such a stake the fate of our beautiful France." At the same time that he was making this survey of the coast, with his accustomed energy of mind, he was also studying another plan for resisting the assaults of the British government.

The idea of attacking England, by the way of Egypt, in her East Indian acquisitions,

had taken full possession of his imagination. He filled his carriage with all the books he could find in the libraries of Paris relating to Egypt. With almost miraculous rapidity he explored the pages, treasuring up, in his capacious and retentive memory, every idea of importance. Interlineations and comments on the margin of these books, in his own handwriting, testify to the indefatigable energy of his mind.

Napoleon was now almost adored by the republicans all over Europe as the great champion of popular rights. The people looked to him as their friend and advocate. In England, in particular, there was a large, influential, and increasing party, dissatisfied with the prerogatives of the crown and with the exclusive privileges of the nobility, who were never weary of proclaiming the praises of this champion of liberty and equality. The brilliance of his intellect, the purity of his morals, the stoical firmness of his self-endurance, his untiring energy, the glowing eloquence of every sentence which fell from his lips, his youth and feminine stature, and his wondrous achievements, all combined to invest him with a fascination such as no mortal man ever exerted before. The command of the army for the invasion of England was now assigned to Napoleon. He became the prominent and dreaded foe of that great empire; and yet the common people, who were to fight the battles, almost to a man loved him. The throne trembled. The nobles were in consternation. "If we deal fairly and justly with France," Lord Chatham is reported frankly to have avowed, "the English government will not exist for four and twenty hours."

It was necessary to change public sentiment, and to rouse feelings of personal animosity against this powerful antagonist. To render Napoleon unpopular, all the wealth and energies of the government were called into requisition, opening upon him the batteries of ceaseless invective. The English press teemed with the most atrocious and absurd abuse. It is truly amusing, in glancing over the pamphlets of that day, to contemplate the enormity of the vices attributed to him, and their contradictory nature. He was represented as a demon in human form. He was a robber and a miser, plundering the treasures of nations that he might hoard his countless millions, and he was also a profligate and a spendthrift, squandering upon his lusts the wealth of empires. He was wallowing in licentiousness, his camp a harem of pollution, ridding himself by poison of his concubines as his vagrant desires wandered from them; at the same time he was *physically an imbecile*—a monster, whom God in his displeasure had deprived of the passions and the powers of healthy manhood. He was an idol whom the entranced people bowed down before and worshipped with more than Oriental servility. He was also a sanguinary, heartless, merciless butcher, exulting in carnage,

17 John Pitt, Earl of Chatham, son of the illustrious statesman, and elder brother of William Pitt.

grinding the bones of his own wounded soldiers into the dust beneath his chariot-wheels, and finding congenial music for his depraved and malignant spirit in the shrieks of the mangled and the groans of the dying. To Catholic Ireland he was represented as seizing the venerable Pope by his grey hairs, and thus dragging him over the marble floor of his palace. To Protestant England, on the contrary, he was exhibited as in league with the Pope, whom he treated with the utmost adulation, endeavouring to strengthen the despotism of the sword with the energies of superstition.

The philosophical composure with which Napoleon regarded this incessant flow of invective was strikingly grand. "Of all the libels and pamphlets," said Napoleon subsequently, "with which the English ministers have inundated Europe, there is not one which will reach posterity. When I have been asked to cause answers to be written to them, I have uniformly replied, 'My victories and my works of public improvement are the only response which it becomes me to make.' When there shall not be a trace of these libels to be found, the great monuments of utility which I have reared, and the code of laws that I have formed, will descend to the most remote ages, and future historians will avenge the wrongs done me by my contemporaries. There was a time," said he, again, "when all crimes seemed to belong to me of right. Thus I poisoned Hoche;¹⁸ I strangled Pichegru¹⁹ in his cell; I caused Kleber²⁰ to be assassinated in Egypt; I blew out Desaix's²¹ brains at Marengo; I cut the throats of persons who were confined in prison; I dragged the Pope by the hair of his head, and a hundred other similar absurdities. As yet," he again said, "I have not seen one of those libels which is worthy of an answer. Would you have me to sit down and reply to Goldsmith, Pichon, or the 'Quarterly Review'? They are so contemptible and so absurdly false, that they do not merit any other notice than to write *false, false*, on every page. The only truth that I have seen in them is, that 'I one day met an officer, General Rapp, I believe, on the field of battle, with his face begrimed with smoke and covered with blood, and that I exclaimed, 'Oh, comme il est beau! Oh, how beautiful the sight!' This is true enough, and of it they have made a crime. My commenda-

tion of the gallantry of a brave soldier is construed into a proof of my delighting in blood."

The revolutionary government were in the habit of celebrating the 21st of January with great public rejoicing, as the anniversary of the execution of the king. They urged Napoleon to honour the festival by his presence, and to take a conspicuous part in the festivities. He peremptorily declined. "This *21e*," said he, "commemorates a melancholy event, a tragedy, and can be agreeable to but few people. It is proper to celebrate victories, but victims left upon the field of battle are to be lamented. To celebrate the anniversary of a man's death is an act unworthy of a government; it irritates instead of calming; it shakes the foundations of government instead of adding to their strength."

The ministry urged that it was the custom with all nations to celebrate the downfall of tyrants, and that Napoleon's influence over the public mind was so powerful, that his absence would be regarded as indicative of hostility to the government, and would be highly prejudicial to the interests of the Republic. At last Napoleon consented to attend as a private member of the Institute, taking no active part in the ceremonies, but merely walking with the members of the class to which he belonged. As soon as the procession entered the church of St. Sulpice, all eyes were searching for Napoleon. He was soon descried, and every one else was immediately eclipsed. At the close of the ceremony, the air was rent with the shout, "Long live Napoleon!" The Directory were made exceedingly uneasy by ominous exclamations in the streets, "We will drive away these lawyers, and make the *little corporal* king." These cries wonderfully accelerated the zeal of the Directors in sending Napoleon to Egypt; and most devoutly did they hope that from that distant land he would never return. ✓

CHAPTER X.

THE EXPEDITION TO EGYPT.

Dreams of Napoleon's boyhood—Decision respecting England—Egypt—Napoleon's plea—His grand preparations—Proclamation to his soldiers—Advice to the commissioners at Toulon—Embarkation—Napoleon's power of fascination—Surrender of Malta—Preparations for meeting Nelson's squadron—Disembarkation at Alexandria—Proclamation to the soldiers.

NAPOLEON'S expedition to Egypt was one of the most magnificent enterprises which human ambition ever conceived. When Napoleon was a schoolboy at Brienne, his vivid imagination became enamoured of the heroes of antiquity, who ever dwelt in the society of the illustrious men of Greece and Rome. Indulging in solitary walks and pensive musings, at that early age he formed vague and shadowy, but magnificent conceptions of founding an empire in the East, which should outvie in grandeur all that had yet been told in ancient or in modern story. His

¹⁸ Lazare Hoche, a very distinguished young general, who died very suddenly in the army. "Hoche," said Bonaparte, "was one of the first generals that ever France produced. He was brave, intelligent, abounding in talent, decisive, and penetrating."

¹⁹ Charles Pichegru, a celebrated French general, who entered into a conspiracy to overthrow the Consular government and restore the Bourbons. He was arrested and conducted to the Temple, where he was one morning found dead in his bed. The physicians who met on the occasion asserted that he had strangled himself with his cravat.

²⁰ General Kleber fell beneath the poniard of an assassin in Egypt when Napoleon was in Paris.

²¹ General Desaix fell, pierced by a bullet, on the field of Marengo. Napoleon deeply deplored his loss as that of one of his most faithful and devoted friends.

eye wandered along the shores of the Persian Gulf and the Caspian Sea, as traced upon the map, and followed the path of the majestic floods of the Euphrates, the Indus, and the Ganges, rolling through tribes and nations whose myriad population, dwelling in barbaric pomp and Pagan darkness, invited a conqueror. "The Persians," exclaimed this strange boy, "have blocked up the route of Tamerlane, but I will open another." He, in those early dreams, imagined himself a conqueror, with Alexander's strength, but without his vice or weakness, spreading the energies of civilization, and of a just and equitable government, over the wild and boundless regions which were lost to European eyes in the obscurity of distance.

When struggling against the armies of Austria upon the plains of Italy, visions of Egypt and the East blended with the smoke and the din of the conflict. In the retreat of the Austrians before his impetuous charges, in the shout of victory which incessantly filled his ear, swelling ever above the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying, Napoleon saw but increasing indications that destiny was pointing out his path towards an Oriental throne.

When the Austrians were driven out of Italy, and the campaign was ended, and Napoleon, at Montebello, was receiving the homage of Europe, his ever-impetuous mind turned with new interest to the object of his early ambition. He often passed hours during the mild Italian evenings, walking with a few confidential friends in the magnificent park of his palace, conversing with intense enthusiasm upon the illustrious empires which have successively overshadowed those countries and faded away. "Europe," said he, "presents no field for glorious exploits; no great empires or revolutions are to be found but in the East, where there are six hundred millions of men."

Upon his return to Paris, he was deaf to all the acclamations with which he was surrounded. His boundless ambition was such that his past achievements seemed as nothing. The most brilliant visions of Eastern glory were dazzling his mind.

"They do not long preserve at Paris," said he, "the remembrance of anything. If I remain long unemployed, I am undone. The renown of one, in this great Babylon, speedily supplants that of another. If I am seen three times at the opera, I shall no longer be an object of curiosity. I am determined not to remain in Paris. There is nothing here to be accomplished. Everything here passes away. My glory is declining. This little corner of Europe is too small to supply it. We must go to the East. All the great men of the world have there acquired their celebrity."

When requested to take command of the army of England, and to explore the coast to judge of the feasibility of an attack upon the Eng-

lish own island, he said to Bourrienne, "I am perfectly willing to make a tour to the coast. Should the expedition to Britain prove too

hazardous, as I much fear that it will, the army of England will become the army of the East, and we will go to Egypt."

He carefully studied the obstacles to be encountered in the invasion of England, and the means at his command to surmount them. In his view, the enterprise was too hazardous to be undertaken, and he urged upon the Directory the expedition to Egypt. "Once established in Egypt," said he, "the Mediterranean becomes a *French Lake*; we shall found a colony there, unenervated by the curse of slavery, and which will supply the place of St Domingo; we shall open a market for French manufactures through the vast regions of Africa, Arabia, and Syria. All the caravans of the East will meet at Cairo, and the commerce of India must forsake the Cape of Good Hope and flow through the Red Sea. Marching with an army of sixty thousand men, we can cross the Indus, rouse the oppressed and discontented native population against the English usurpers, and drive the English out of India. We will establish governments which will respect the rights and promote the interests of the people. The multitude will hail us as their deliverers from oppression. The Christians of Syria, the Druses, and the Armenians will join their standards. We may change the face of the world." Such was the magnificent project which inflamed this ambitious mind.

England, without a shadow of right, had invaded India. Her well-armed dragoons had ridden, with bloody hoofs, over the timid and naked natives. Cannon, howitzers, and bayonets had been the all-availing arguments with which England had silenced all opposition. English soldiers, with unsheathed swords, ever dripping with blood, held in subjection provinces containing uncounted millions of inhabitants. A circuitous route of fifteen thousand miles, around the stormy Cape of Good Hope, conducted the merchant fleets of London and Liverpool to Calcutta and Bombay; and through the same long channel there flooded back upon the maritime Isle the wealth of the Indies.

It was the plea of Napoleon that he was not going to make an unjust war upon the unoffending nations of the East, but that he was the ally of the oppressed people, drawing the sword against their common enemy, and that he was striving to emancipate them from their powerful usurpers, and to confer upon them the most precious privileges of freedom. He marched to Egypt, not to desolate, but to ennoble; not to enslave, but to enfranchise; not to enrich himself with the treasures of the East, but to transfer to those shores the opulence and the high civilization of the West. Never was an ambitious conqueror furnished with a more plausible plea. England, as she looks at India and China, must be silent. America, as she listens to the dying wail of the Red Man, driven from the forests of his childhood and the graves of his fathers, can throw no stone. Napoleon surely was not exempt from the infirmities of humanity. But it is not becoming in an English or an American historian

to breathe the prayer, "We thank thee, O God, that we are not like this Bonaparte!"

Egypt, the memorials of whose former grandeur still attract the wonder and the admiration of the civilized world, after having been buried, during centuries, in darkness and oblivion, is again slowly emerging into light, and is doubtless destined eventually to become one of the greatest centres of industry and of knowledge. The Mediterranean washes its northern shores, opening to its commerce all the opulent cities of Europe. The Red Sea wafts to its fertile valley the wealth of India and of China. The Nile, rolling its vast floods from the unknown interior of Africa, opens a highway for inexhaustible internal commerce with unknown nations and tribes.

The country consists entirely of the lower valley of the Nile, with a front of about one hundred and twenty miles on the Mediterranean. The valley, six hundred miles in length, rapidly diminishes in breadth as it is crowded by the sand of the desert, presenting, a few miles from the mouth of the river, but the average width of about six miles. The soil, fertilized by the annual inundations of the Nile, possesses most extraordinary fertility. These floods are caused by the heavy rains which fall in the mountains of Abyssinia. It never rains in Egypt. Centuries may pass while a shower never falls from the sky. Under the Ptolemies, the population of the country was estimated at twenty millions. But by the terrific energies of despotism these numbers had dwindled away, and, at the time of the French expedition, Egypt contained but two million five hundred thousand inhabitants.

These were divided into four classes. First came the Copts, about two hundred thousand, the descendants of the ancient Egyptians. They were in a state of the most abject degradation and slavery. The great body of the population, two millions in number, were Arabs. They were a wild and semi-barbarous race, restrained from all enterprise and industry by unrelenting despotism. The Turks or Janizaries, two hundred thousand strong, composed a standing army of sensual, merciless, unprincipled usurers, which kept the trembling population, by the energies of the bastinado, the scimitar, and the bowstring, in most servile subjection. The Mamelukes composed a body of twelve thousand horsemen—proud, powerful, and intolerable oppressors. Each horseman had two servants to perform his menial service. Twenty-four beys, each of whom had five or six hundred Mamelukes under his command, governed this singular body of cavalry. Two principal beys, Ibrahim and Mourad, divided between them the sovereignty of Egypt.

It was the old story of despotism. The people were ground down into hopeless degradation and poverty to pamper to the luxury and vice of a few haughty masters. Oriental voluptuousness and luxury reigned in the palace of the beys; beggary and wretchedness deformed the mud hovels of the defrauded and degraded people. It was Napoleon's aim to present himself to the

people of Egypt as their friend and liberator; to rally them around his standard; to subdue the Mamelukes; to establish a government which should revive all the sciences and the arts of civilized life in Egypt; to acquire a character, by these benefactions, which should emblazon his name throughout the East; and then, with oppressed nations welcoming him as a deliverer, to strike blows upon the British power in India which should compel the mistress of the seas to acknowledge that upon the land there was an arm which could reach and humble her. It was a design sublime in its magnificence, but it was not the will of God that it should be accomplished.

The Directory, at last overcome by the arguments of Napoleon, and also, through jealousy of his unbounded popularity, being willing to remove him from France, assented to the proposed expedition. It was, however, necessary to preserve the utmost secrecy. Should England be informed of the direction in which the blow was about to fall upon her, she might, with her invincible fleet, intercept the French squadron; she might rouse the Mamelukes to most formidable preparations for resistance, and might thus vastly increase the difficulties of the enterprise. All the deliberations were consequently conducted with closed doors, and the whole plan was enveloped in the most profound mystery.

For the first time in the history of the world literature, and science, and art formed a conspicuous part in the organization of an army. It was agreed that Napoleon should take forty-six thousand men, a certain number of officers of his own selection, men of science, engineers, geographers, and artisans of all kinds. Napoleon now devoted himself with the most extraordinary energy to the execution of his plans. Order succeeded order with ceaseless rapidity. He seemed to rest neither day nor night. He superintended everything himself, and with the utmost rapidity passed from place to place, corresponding with literary men, conversing with generals, raising money, collecting ships, and accumulating supplies. His comprehensive and indefatigable mind arranged even the minutest particulars.

"I worked all day," said one, in apology for his assigned duty not having been fully performed. "But had you not the night also?" Napoleon replied. "Now, sir," said he to another, "use despatch. Remember that the world was created in but six days. Ask me for whatever you please, except time; that is the only thing which is beyond my power."

His own energy was thus infused into the hearts of hundreds, and with incredible rapidity the work of preparation went on. He selected four points for the assemblage of convoys and troops—Toulon, Genoa, Ajaccio, and Civita Vecchia. He chartered four hundred merchantmen in France and Italy as transports for the secret service, and assembled them at the points of departure. He despatched immediate orders for the divisions of his renowned army of Italy

to march to Genoa and Toulon. He collected the best artisans Europe could furnish in all the arts of human industry. He took printing-types of the various languages of the East from the College of the Propaganda at Rome, and a company of printers. He formed a large collection of the most perfect philosophical and mathematical instruments. The most illustrious men, though knowing not where he was about to lead them, were eager to attach themselves to the fortunes of the young general. Preparations for an enterprise upon such a grand scale could not be made without attracting the attention of Europe.

Rumour was busy with her countless contradictions. "Where is Napoleon bound?" was the universal inquiry. "He is going," said some, "to the Black Sea"—"to India"—"to cut a canal through the Isthmus of Suez"—"to Ireland"—"to the Thames." Even Kleber supposed that they were bound for England, and, reposing implicit confidence in the invincibility of Napoleon, he said, "Well! if you throw a fire-ship into the Thames, put Kleber on board of her, and you shall see what he will do." The English Cabinet was extremely perplexed. They clearly foresaw that a storm was gathering, but knew not in what direction it would break. Extraordinary efforts were made to equip a powerful fleet, which was placed under the command of Lord Nelson, to cruise in the Mediterranean, and watch the movements of the French.

On the 9th of May, 1798, just five months after Napoleon's return to Paris from the Italian campaign, he entered Toulon, having completed all his preparations for the most magnificent enterprise ever contemplated by a mortal. Josephine accompanied him, as he wished to enjoy as long as possible the charms of her society. Passionately as he loved his own glory, his love for Josephine was almost equally enthusiastic. A more splendid armament never floated upon the bosom of the ocean than here awaited him, its supreme lord and master. The fleet consisted of thirty ships of the line and frigates, seventy-two brigs and cutters, and four hundred transports. It bore forty-six thousand combatants, and a literary corps of one hundred men, furnished with all the appliances of art, to transport to Asia the science and the arts of Europe, and to bring back, in return, the knowledge gleaned among the monuments of antiquity. The old army of Italy was drawn up in proud array to receive its youthful general, and they greeted him with enthusiastic acclamations. But few even of the officers of the army were aware of its destination. Napoleon inspirited his troops with the following proclamation:—

"Soldiers! You are one of the wings of the army of England. You have made war in mountains, plains, and cities. It remains to make it on the ocean. The Roman legions, whom you have often imitated, but not yet equalled, combated Carthage, by turns, on the seas and on the plains of Zama. Victory never deserted their standards, because they never

ceased to be brave, patient, and united. Soldiers! the eyes of Europe are upon you. You have great destinies to accomplish, battles to fight, dangers and fatigues to overcome. You are about to do more than you have yet done for the prosperity of your country, the happiness of man, and for your own glory." Thus the magnitude of the enterprise was announced, while at the same time it was left veiled in mystery.

Napoleon had, on many occasions, expressed his dislike of the arbitrary course pursued by the Directory. In private, he expressed, in the strongest terms, his horror of Jacobin cruelty and despotism. "The Directors," said he, "cannot long retain their position. They know not how to do anything for the imagination of the nation." It is said that the Directors, at last, were so much annoyed by his censure that they seriously contemplated his arrest, and applied to Fouché for that purpose. The wily minister of police replied, "Napoleon Bonaparte is not the man to be arrested, neither is Fouché the man who will undertake to arrest him."

When Bourrienne inquired if he were really determined to risk his fate on the expedition to Egypt, "Yes!" he replied; "if I remain here, it will be necessary for me to overturn this miserable government and make myself king. But we must not think of that yet. The pear is not yet ripe. I have sounded, but the time has not yet come. I must first dazzle these gentlemen by my exploits." One of his last acts before embarkation was to issue a humane proclamation to the military commission at Toulon, urging a more merciful construction of one of the tyrannical edicts of the Directory against the emigrants. "I exhort you, citizens," said he, "when the law presents at your tribunal old men and females, to declare that, in the midst of war, Frenchmen respect the aged and the women, even of their enemies. The soldier who signs a sentence against one incapable of bearing arms is a coward." There was, perhaps, not another man in France who would have dared thus to oppose the sanguinary measures of government. This benevolent interposition met, however, with a response in the hearts of the people, and added a fresh laurel to his brow.

On the morning of the 19th of May, 1798, just as the sun was rising over the blue waves of the Mediterranean, the fleet got under weigh. Napoleon, with Eugene, embarked in the Orient, an enormous ship of one hundred and twenty guns. It was a brilliant morning, and the unclouded sun perhaps never shone upon a more splendid scene. The magnificent armament extended over a semicircle of not less than eighteen miles. The parting between Napoleon and Josephine is represented as having been tender and affecting in the extreme. She was very anxious to accompany him, but he deemed the perils to which they would be exposed, and the hardships they must necessarily endure, far too formidable for a lady to encounter. Josephine stood upon a balcony, with her eyes blinded with tears, as she waved her adieux to Napoleon, and

watched the receding fleet till the lessening sails disappeared beneath the distant horizon. The squadron sailed first to Genoa, thence to Ajaccio, and thence to Civita Vecchia, to join the convoys collected in those ports. The signal was then given for the whole fleet to bear away, as rapidly as possible, for Malta.

In coasting along the shores of Italy, Napoleon, from the deck of the Orient, saw, far away in the distant horizon, the snow-capped summits of the Alps. He called for a telescope, and gazed long and earnestly upon the scene of his early achievements. "I cannot," said he, "behold without emotion the land of Italy. These mountains command the plains where I have so often led the French to victory. Now I am bound to the East. With the same troops victory is still secure."

All were fascinated by the striking originality, animation, and eloquence of his conversation. Deeply read in all that is illustrious in the past, every island, every bay, every promontory, every headland, recalled the heroic deeds of antiquity. In pleasant weather, Napoleon passed nearly all the time upon deck, surrounded by a group never weary of listening to the freshness and the poetic vigour of his remarks. Upon all subjects he was alike at home, and the most distinguished philosophers, in their several branches of science, were amazed at the instinctive comprehensiveness with which every subject seemed to be familiar to his mind. He was never depressed and never mirthful. A calm and thoughtful energy inspired every moment. From all the ships the officers and distinguished men were in turn invited to dine with him. He displayed wonderful tact in drawing them out in conversation, forming with unerring skill an estimate of character, and thus preparing himself for the selection of suitable agents in all the emergencies which were to be encountered.

In nothing was the genius of Napoleon more conspicuous than in the lightning-like rapidity with which he detected any vein of genius in another. Not a moment of time was lost. Intellectual conversation, or reading, or philosophical discussion, caused the hours to fly on the swiftest wing. Napoleon always, even in his most hurried campaigns, took a compact library with him. When driving in his carriage from post to post of the army, he improved the moments in garnering up that knowledge for the accumulation of which he ever manifested such an insatiable desire. Words were with him nothing, ideas everything. He devoured biography, history, philosophy, treatises upon political economy and upon all the sciences. His contempt for works of fiction—the whole class of novels and romances—amounted almost to indignation. He could never endure to see one reading such a book, or to have such a volume in his presence. Once, when Emperor, in passing through the saloons of his palace, he found one of the maids of honour with a novel in her hands. He took it from her, gave her a severe lecture for wasting her time in such frivolous reading,

and cast the volume into the flames. When he had a few moments for diversion, he not unfrequently employed them in looking over a book of logarithms, in which he always found recreation.

At the dinner-table some important subject of discussion was ever proposed. For the small talk and indelicacies which wine engenders Napoleon had no taste, and his presence alone was sufficient to hold all such themes in abeyance. He was a young man of but twenty-eight years of age, but his pre-eminence over all the forty-six thousand who composed that majestic armament was so conspicuous, that no one dreamed of questioning it. Without arrogance, without haughtiness, he was fully conscious of his own superiority, and received unembarrassed the marks of homage which ever surrounded him. The questions for discussion, relating to history, mythology, and science, were always proposed by Napoleon. "Are the planets inhabited?" "What is the age of the world?" "Will the earth be destroyed by fire or water?" "What are the comparative merits of Christianity and Moslemism?" Such were some of the questions which interested the mind of this young general.

From the crowded state of the vessels, and the numbers on board unaccustomed to nautical manœuvres, it not unfrequently happened that some one fell overboard. Napoleon could look with perfect composure upon the carnage of the field of battle, and order movements, without the tremor of a nerve, which he knew must consign thousands to a bloody death. But when, by such an accidental event, life was perilled, his sympathies were aroused to the highest degree, and he could not rest until the person was extricated. He always liberally rewarded those who displayed unusual courage and zeal in effecting a rescue. One dark night a noise was heard as of a man falling overboard. The whole ship's company, consisting of two thousand men, as the cry of alarm spread from stem to stern, was instantly in commotion. Napoleon immediately ascended to the deck. The ship was put about; boats were lowered, and, after much agitation and search, it was discovered that the whole stir was occasioned by the slipping of a quarter of beef from a noose at the bulwark. Napoleon ordered that the recompense for signal exertions should be more liberal than usual. "It might have been a man," he said, "and the zeal and courage now displayed have not been less than would have been required in that event."

On the morning of the 16th of June, after a voyage of twenty-seven days, the white cliffs of Malta, and the magnificent fortifications of that celebrated island, nearly a thousand miles from Toulon, emerged from the horizon, glittering with dazzling brilliance in the rays of the rising sun. By a secret understanding with the Knights of Malta, Napoleon had prepared the way for the occupation of the island before leaving France. The Knights, conscious of their inability to maintain independence, preferred to be the subjects of France rather than of any

their power. "I captured Malta," said Napoleon, "while at Mantua." The reduction by force of that almost impregnable fortress would have required a long siege and a vast expenditure of treasure and of life. A few cannon-shot were exchanged, that there might be a show of resistance, when the island was surrendered, and the tricoloured flag waved proudly over those bastions which, in former years, had bidden defiance to the whole power of the all-conquering Turk.

The generals of the French army were amazed as they contemplated the grandeur and the strength of these works, upon which had been expended the science, the toil, and the wealth of ages. "It is well," said General Caffarelli to Napoleon, "that there was some one within to open the gates to us. We should have had more trouble in making our way through if the place had been empty." The Knights of Malta, living upon the renown acquired by their order in bygone ages, and revelling in luxury and magnificence, were very willing to receive the gold of Napoleon, and palaces in the fertile plains of Italy and France, in exchange for turrets and towers, bastions and ramparts of solid rock. The harbour is one of the most safe and commodious in the world. It embraced, without the slightest difficulty, the whole majestic armament, and allowed the magnificent Orient to float, with abundance of water, at the quay.

Napoleon immediately devoted his mind, with its accustomed activity, to securing and organizing the new colony. The innumerable batteries were immediately armed, and three thousand men were left in defence of the place. All the Turkish prisoners found in the galleys were set at liberty, treated with the greatest kindness, and scattered through the fleet, that their friendship might be won, and that they might exert a moral influence in favour of the French upon the Mahometan population of the East. With as much facility as if he had devoted a long life to the practical duties of a statesman, Napoleon arranged the municipal system of the island; and having accomplished all this in less than a week, he again weighed anchor and directed his course towards Egypt. Many of the Knights of Malta followed the victorious general, and with profound homage accepted appointments in his army.

The whole French squadron, hourly anticipating collision with the English fleet, were ever ready for battle. Though Napoleon did not turn from his great object to seek the English, he felt no apprehension in view of meeting the enemy. Upon every ship of the line he had put five hundred picked men, who were daily exercised in working the guns. He had enjoined upon the whole fleet that, in case of an encounter, every ship was to have but one single aim, that of closing immediately with a ship of the enemy, and boarding her with the utmost desperation. Nelson, finding that the French had left their harbours, eagerly but unavailingly searched for them. He was entirely at a loss respecting their destination, and knew not in what direction

to sail. It was not yet known, even on board the French ships, but to a few individuals, whither the fleet was bound. Gradually, however, as the vast squadron drew nearer the African shore, the secret began to transpire. Mirth and gaiety prevailed. All were watching with eagerness to catch a first glimpse of the continent of Africa. In the evenings, Napoleon assembled in the capacious cabins of the Orient the men of science and general officers, and then commenced the learned discussions of the Institute of Egypt. One night the two fleets were within fifteen miles of each other, so near that the signal-guns of Nelson's squadron were heard by the French. The night, however, was dark and foggy, and the two fleets passed without collision.

On the morning of the 1st of July, after a passage of forty-two days, the low and sandy shores of Egypt, about two thousand miles from France, were discerned, extending along the distant horizon as far as the eye could reach. As with a gentle breeze they drew nearer the land, the minarets of Alexandria, the Needle of Cleopatra, and Pompey's Pillar, rose above the sand hills, exciting in the minds of the enthusiastic French the most romantic dreams of Oriental grandeur. The fleet approached a bay at a little distance from the harbour of Alexandria, and dropped anchor about three miles from the shore. But two days before, Nelson had visited that very spot in quest of the French, and, not finding them there, had sailed for the mouth of the Hellespont.

The evening had now arrived, and the breeze had increased to almost a gale. Notwithstanding the peril of disembarkation in such a surf, Napoleon decided that not a moment was to be lost. The landing immediately commenced, and was continued with the utmost expedition through the whole night. Many boats were swamped, and some lives lost, but, unimpaired by such disasters, the landing was continued with unabated zeal. The transfer of the horses from the ships to the shore presented a very curious spectacle. They were hoisted out of the ships and lowered into the sea with simply a halter about their necks, where they swam in great numbers around the vessels, not knowing which way to go. Six were caught by their halters, and towed towards the shore. The rest, by instinct, followed them. As other horses were lowered into the sea from all the ships, they joined the column hastening towards the land, and thus soon there was a dense and wide column of swimming horses, extending from the ships to the beach. As fast as they reached the shore, they were caught, saddled, and delivered to their riders. Towards morning the wind abated, and, before the blazing sun rose over the sands of the desert, a proud army of cavalry, infantry, and artillery was marshalled upon the dreary waste, awaiting the commands of its general.

In the midst of the disembarkation, a sail appeared in the distant horizon. It was sup-

posed to be an English ship. "Oh, Fortune!" exclaimed Napoleon, "dost thou forsake me now? I ask of thee but a short respite." The strange sail proved to be a French frigate re-joining the fleet. While the disembarkation was still going on, Napoleon advanced with three thousand men, whom he had hastily formed in battle array upon the beach, to Alexandria, which was at but a few miles' distance, that he might surprise the place before the Turks had time to prepare for a defence. No man ever better understood the value of time. His remarkable saying to the pupils of a school which he once visited, "*My young friends, every hour of time is a chance of misfortune for future life,*" formed the rule of his own conduct.

Just before disembarking, Napoleon had issued the following proclamation to his troops: "Soldiers! you are about to undertake a conquest fraught with incalculable effects upon the commerce and civilization of the world. You will inflict upon England the most grievous stroke she can sustain before receiving her death-blow. The people with whom we are about to live are Mahometans. Their first article of faith is, 'There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet.' Contradict them not. Treat them as you have treated the Italians and the Jews. Show the same regard to their muftis and imams as you have shown to the bishops and rabbis. Manifest for the ceremonies of the Koran the same respect you have shown to the convents and the synagogues, to the religion of Moses and that of Jesus Christ. All religions were protected by the legions of Rome. You will find here customs greatly at variance with those of Europe. Accustom yourselves to respect them. Women are not treated here as with us; but in every country he who violates a monster. Pillage enriches only a few, while it dishonours an army, destroys its resources, and makes enemies of those whom it is the interest of all to attach as friends."

and artillery, and with shouts of defiance. The French, aided by their ladders, poured over the walls like an inundation, sweeping everything before them. The conflict was short, and the tricoloured flag waved triumphantly over the city of Alexandria. The Turkish prisoners from Malta, who had become fascinated by the magnificence of Napoleon, as all were fascinated who approached that extraordinary man, dispersed themselves through the city, and exerted a powerful influence in securing the friendship of the people for their invaders.

The army, imbuing the politic sentiments of their general, refrained from all acts of lawless violence, and amazed the enslaved populace by their justice, mercy, and generosity. The people were immediately liberated from the most grinding and intolerable despotism; just and equal laws were established; and Arab and Copt soon began, lost in wonder, to speak the praises of Napoleon. He was a strange conqueror for the East; liberating and blessing, not enslaving and robbing, the vanquished. Their women were respected, their property was uninjured, their persons protected from violence, and their interests in every way promoted. A brighter day never dawned upon Egypt than the day in which Napoleon placed his foot upon her soil. The accomplishment of his plans, so far as human wisdom can discern, would have been one of the greatest possible blessings to the East. Again Napoleon issued one of those glowing proclamations which are as characteristic of his genius as were the battles which he fought:—

"People of Egypt! You will be told by our enemies that I am come to destroy your religion. Believe them not. Tell them that I am come to restore your rights, punish your usurpers, and revive the true worship of Mahomet. Tell them that I venerate, more than do the Mamelukes, God, his prophet, and the Koran. Tell them that all men are equal in the sight of God; that wisdom, talents, and virtue alone constitute the difference between them. And what are the virtues which distinguish the Mamelukes, that entitle them to appropriate all the enjoyments of life to themselves? If Egypt is their farm, let them show their lease from God by which they hold it. Is there a fine estate? it belongs to the Mamelukes. Is there a beautiful slave, a fine horse, a good house? all belong to the Mamelukes. But God is just and merciful, and he hath ordained that the empire of the Mamelukes shall come to an end. Thrice happy those who shall side with us; they shall prosper in their fortune and their rank. Happy they who shall be neutral; they will have time to become acquainted with us, and will range themselves upon our side. But woe, threefold woe to those who shall arm for the Mamelukes and fight against us! For them there will be no hope; they shall perish!"

"You wittlings of Paris," wrote one of the officers of the army, "will laugh outright at the

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARCH TO CAIRO.

Sentiments of the Turks towards Napoleon—Proclamation to the Egyptians—Napoleon's views of religion—Labours in Alexandria—Order to Brueys—March across the desert—Mameluke horsemen—Joy of the army on seeing the Nile—Repulse of the Mamelukes—Arab sheik—Cairo—Charge of Mourad Bey—Entrance into Cairo—Love of the Egyptians—Battle of the Nile—Touching letter to Madame Brueys.

THE first grey of the morning had not yet dawned when Napoleon, at the head of his enthusiastic columns, marched upon the city which bore the name and which had witnessed the achievements of Alexander. It was his aim, by the fearlessness and impetuosity of his first assault, to impress the Turks with the idea of the invincibility of the French. The Mamelukes, hastily collected upon the ramparts of the city, fired the foe with discharges of musketry

Mahammedan proclamation of Napoleon. He, however, is proof against all your railery, and the proclamation itself has produced the most surprising effect. The Arabs, natural enemies of the Mamelukes, sent us back, as soon as they had read it, thirty of our people whom they had made prisoners, with an offer of their services against the Mamelukes."

It was an interesting peculiarity in the character of Napoleon, that he respected all religions as necessities of the human mind. He never allowed himself to speak in contemptuous terms even of the grossest absurdities of religious fanaticism. Christianity was presented to him only as exhibited by the Papal Church. He professed the most profound admiration of the doctrines and the moral precepts of the Gospel, and often expressed the wish that he could be a devout believer, but he could not receive, as from God, all that the popes, cardinals, bishops, and priests claimed as divine. In the spiritual power of the Pope he recognised an agent of tremendous efficiency. As such, he sincerely respected it, treated it with deference, and sought its alliance. He endeavoured to gain control over every influence which could sway the human heart. So of the Mahometans; he regarded their religion as an element of majestic power, and wished to avail himself of it. While the philosophers and generals around him regarded all forms of religion with contempt, he, influenced by a far higher philosophy, regarded all with veneration.

Since the Revolution, there had been no sort of worship in France. The idea even of a God had been almost entirely obliterated from the public mind. The French soldiers were mere animals, with many noble as well as depraved instincts. At the command of their beloved chieftain, they were as ready to embrace a religion as to storm a battery. Napoleon was accused of hypocrisy for pursuing this course in Egypt. "I never," said he subsequently, "followed any of the tenets of the Mahometan religion. I never prayed in the mosques. I never abstained from wine or was circumcised. I said merely that we were friends of the Mussulmans, and that I respected their prophet; which was true. I respect him now."

Napoleon remained in Alexandria but six days. During this time he devoted himself, with a zeal and energy which elicited universal admiration, to the organization of equitable laws, the regulation of police, and the development of the resources of the country. The very hour of their establishment in the city, artisans, and artists, and engineers all were busy, and the life and enterprise of the West were infused into the sepulchral streets of Alexandria.

Preparations were immediately made for improving the harbour, repairing the fortifications, erecting mills, establishing manufactories, founding schools, exploring antiquities; and the government of the country was placed in the hands of the prominent inhabitants, who were interested to promote the wise and humane

policy of Napoleon. Since that day, half a century of depradations, ignorance, oppression, and wretchedness has passed over Egypt.

Had Napoleon succeeded in his designs, it is probable that Egypt would now have been a civilized and a prosperous land, enriched by the commerce of the East and the West; with villas of elegance and refinement embellishing the meadows and headlands of the Nile, and steamers, freighted with the luxuries of all lands, plunging her majestic waves. The shores of the Red Sea, now so silent and lonely, would have echoed with the hum of happy industry, and fleets would have been launched from her forests, and thriving towns and opulent cities would have sprung up, where the roving Bedouin now meets but desolation and gloom. It is true that, in the mysterious providence of God, all these hopes might have been disappointed; but it is certain that, while Napoleon remained in Egypt, the whole country received an impulse unknown for centuries before; and human wisdom cannot devise a better plan than he proposed, for arousing the enterprise, and stimulating the industry, and developing the resources of the land.

About thirty of the French troops fell in the attack upon Alexandria. Napoleon, with his prompt conceptions of the sublime, caused them to be buried at the foot of Pompey's Pillar, and had their names engraven upon that monument, whose renown has grown venerable through countless ages. The whole army assisted at the imposing ceremony of their interment. Enthusiasm spread through the ranks. The French soldiers, bewildered by the meteor glare of glory, and deeming their departed comrades now immortalized, envied their fate. Never did conqueror better understand than Napoleon what springs to touch, to rouse the latent energies of human nature.

Leaving three thousand men in Alexandria, under the command of General Kleber, who had been wounded in the assault, Napoleon set out, with the rest of his army, to cross the desert to Cairo. The fleet was not in a place of safety, and Napoleon gave emphatic orders to Admiral Bruëys to remove the ships, immediately after landing the army, from the Bay of Aboukir, where it was anchored, into the harbour of Alexandria; or, if the large ships could not enter that port, to proceed, without any delay, to the island of Corfu. The neglect, on the part of the Admiral, promptly to execute these orders, upon which Napoleon had placed great stress, led to a disaster which proved fatal to the expedition.

Napoleon despatched a large flotilla, laden with provisions, artillery, ammunition, and baggage, to sail along the shore of the Mediterranean to the western branch of the Nile, called the Rosetta mouth, and ascend the river to a point where the army, having marched across the desert, would meet it. The flotilla and the army would then keep company, ascending the

Nile, some fifty miles, to Cairo. The army had a desert of sixty miles to cross. It was dreary and inhospitable in the extreme. A blazing sun glared fiercely down upon the glowing sands. Not a tree or a blade of grass cheered the eye. Not a rivulet trickled across their hot and sandy path. A few wells of brackish water were scattered along the trackless course pursued by the caravans, but even these the Arabs had filled up or poisoned.

Early on the morning of the 6th of July the army commenced its march over the apparently boundless plain of shifting sands. No living creature met the eye but a few Arab horsemen, who occasionally appeared and disappeared at the horizon, and who, concealing themselves behind the sand-hills, immediately murdered any stragglers who wandered from the ranks, or from sickness or exhaustion loitered behind. Four days of inconceivable suffering were occupied in crossing the desert. The soldiers, accustomed to the luxuriance, beauty, and abundance of the valleys of Italy, were plunged into the most abject depression. Even the officers found their firmness giving way, and Lannes and Murat, in paroxysms of despair, dashed their hats upon the sand, and trampled them under foot. Many fell and perished on the long and dreary route. But the dense columns toiled on, hour after hour, weary, and hungry, and faint, and thirsty, the hot sun blazing down upon their unsheltered heads, and the yielding sands burning their blistered feet. At the commencement of the enterprise, Napoleon had promised to each of his soldiers seven acres of land. As they looked around upon this dreary and boundless ocean of sand, they spoke jeerfully of his moderation in promising them but *seven acres*.

"The young rogue," said they, "might have safely offered us as much as we chose to take. We certainly should not have abused his good-nature."

Nothing can show more strikingly the singular control which Napoleon had obtained over his army than the fact that, under these circumstances, no one murmured against him. He toiled along on foot at the head of the column, sharing the fatigue of the most humble soldiers. Like them, he threw himself upon the sands at night, with the sand for his pillow, and, secreting no luxuries for himself, he ate the coarse beans which afforded the only food for the army. He was ever the last to fold his cloak around him for the night, and the first to spring from the ground in the morning. The soldiers bitterly cursed the government who had sent them to that land of barrenness and desolation. Seeing the men of science stopping to examine the antiquities, they accused them of being the authors of the expedition, and revenged themselves with witticisms. But no one uttered a word against Napoleon. His presence overawed all. He seemed to be insensible to hunger, thirst, or fatigue. It was observed that, while all others were drenched with perspiration, not a drop of moisture oozed from his brow.

Through all the hours of this dreary march not a word or a gesture escaped him which indicated the slightest embarrassment or inquietude. One day he approached a group of discontented officers, and said to them, in tones of firmness which at once brought them to their senses,

"You are holding mutinous
Beware! It is not your being six feet high that will save you from being shot in a couple of hours."

In the midst of the desert, when gloom and despondency had taken possession of all hearts, unbounded joy was excited by the appearance of a lake of crystal water but a few miles before them, with villages and palm-trees beautifully reflected in its clear and glassy depths. The parched and panting troops rushed eagerly on to plunge into the delicious waves. Hour after hour passed, and they approached no nearer the elysium before them. Dreadful was their disappointment when they found that it was all an illusion, and that they were pursuing the mirage of the dry and dusty desert. At one time Napoleon, with one or two of his officers, wandered a little distance from the main body of his army. A troop of Arab horsemen, concealed by some sand-hills, watched his movements, but for some unknown reason, when he was entirely in their power, did not harm him. Napoleon soon perceived his peril, and escaped unmolested. Upon his return to the troops, peacefully smiling, he said,

"It is not written on high that I am to perish by the hands of the Arabs."

As the army drew near the Nile, the Mameluke horsemen increased in numbers, and in the frequency and the recklessness of their attacks. Their appearance, and the impetuosity of their onset, was most imposing. Each one was mounted on a fleet Arabian steed, and was armed with pistol, sabre, carbine, and blunderbuss. The carbine was a short gun, which threw a small bullet with great precision. The blunderbuss was also a short gun, with a large bore, capable of holding a number of balls, and of doing execution without exact aim. These fierce warriors, accustomed to the saddle almost from infancy, presented an array indescribably brilliant, as, with gay turbans, and waving plumes, and gaudy banners, and gold-spangled robes, in meteoric splendour, with the swiftness of the wind, they burst from behind the sand-hills. Charging like the rush of a tornado, they rent the air with their hideous yells, and discharged their carbines while in full career, and halted, wheeled, and retreated with a precision and celerity which amazed even the most accomplished horsemen of the army of Italy.

The extended sandy plains were exactly adapted to the manoeuvres of these flying herds. The least motion or the slightest breath of wind raised a cloud of dust, blinding, choking, and smothering the French, but apparently presenting no annoyance either to the Arab rider or to his horse. If a weary straggler loitered a few

steps behind the toiling column, or if any soldier ventured to leave the ranks in pursuit of the Mamelukes in their bold attacks, certain and instant death was encountered. A wild troop, enveloped in clouds of dust, like spirits from another world, dashed upon them, cut down the adventurers with their keen Damascus blades, and disappeared in the desert almost before a musket could be levelled at them.

After five days of inconceivable suffering, the long-wished-for Nile was seen, glittering through the sand-hills of the desert, and bordered by a fringe of the richest luxuriance. The scene burst upon the view of the panting soldiers like a vision of enchantment. Shouts of joy burst from the ranks. All discipline and order were instantly forgotten. The whole army of thirty thousand men, with horses and camels, rushed forward, a tumultuous throng, and plunged in the delirium of excitement, into the waves. They luxuriated, with indescribable delight, in the cool and refreshing stream. They rolled over and over in the water, shouting and frolicking in wild joy. Reckless of consequences, they drank and drank again, as if they never could be satiated with the delicious beverage.

In the midst of this scene of turbulent and almost frenzied exultation, a cloud of dust was seen in the distance, the trampling of hoofs was heard, and a body of nearly a thousand Mameluke horsemen, on fleet Arabian chargers, came sweeping down upon them with fiend-like velocity, their sabres flashing in the sunlight, and rending the air with their hideous yells. The drums beat the alarm, the trumpets sounded, and the veteran soldiers, drilled to the most perfect mechanical precision, instantly formed in squares, with the artillery at the angles, to meet the foe. In a moment the assault, like a tornado, fell upon them. But it was a tornado striking a rock. Not a line wavered. A palisade of bristling bayonets met the breasts of the horses, and they recoiled from the shock. A volcanic burst of fire, from artillery and musketry, rolled hundreds of steeds and riders together in the dust. The survivors, wheeling their unchecked chargers, disappeared with the same meteoric rapidity with which they had approached.

The flotilla now appeared in sight, having arrived at the destined spot at the precise hour designated by Napoleon. This was not accident. It was the result of that wonderful power of mind and extent of information which had enabled Napoleon perfectly to understand the difficulties of the two routes, and to give his orders in such a way that they could be and would be obeyed. It was remarked by Napoleon's generals that, during a week's residence in Egypt, he acquired apparently as perfect an acquaintance with the country as if it had been his native land.

The whole moral aspect of the army was now changed with the change in the aspect of the country. The versatile troops forgot their sufferings, and, rejoicing in abundance, danced and gazed beneath the refreshing shade of sycamores

and palm-trees. The fields were waving with luxuriant harvests. Pigeons were abundant. The most delicious water-melons were brought to the camp in inexhaustible profusion; but the villages were poor and squalid, and the houses mere hovels of mud. The excretions in which the soldiers had indulged in the desert now gave place to jokes and glee. For seven days they marched resolutely forward along the banks of the Nile, admiring the fertility of the country, and despising the poverty and degradation of the inhabitants. They declared that there was no such place as Cairo, but that the "Little Corporal" had suffered himself to be transported, like a good boy, to that miserable land, in search of a city even more unsubstantial than the mirage of the desert.

On the march, Napoleon stopped at the house of an Arab sheik. The interior presented a revolting scene of squalidness and misery. The proprietor was, however, reported to be rich. Napoleon treated the old man with great kindness, and asked, through an interpreter, why he lived in such utter destitution of all the comforts of life, assuring him that an unreserved answer should expose him to no inconvenience. He replied, "Some years ago I repaired and furnished my dwelling. Information of this was carried to Cairo, and having been thus proved to be wealthy, a large sum of money was demanded from me by the Mamelukes, and the bastinado was inflicted until I paid it. Look at my feet, which bear witness to what I endured. From that time I have reduced myself to the barest necessities, and no longer seek to repair anything." The poor old man was lamed for life, in consequence of the mutilation which his feet received from the terrible infliction. Such was the tyranny of the Mamelukes. The Egyptians, in abject slavery to their proud oppressors, were compelled to surrender their wives, their children, and even their own persons, to the absolute will of the despots who ruled them.

Numerous bands of Mameluke horsemen, the most formidable body of cavalry in the world, were continually hovering about the army, watching for points of exposure, and it was necessary to be constantly prepared for an attack. Nothing could have been more effective than the disposition which Napoleon made of his troops to meet this novel mode of warfare. He formed his army into five squares. The sides of each square were composed of ranks six men deep. The artillery was placed at the angles. Within the square were grenadier companies in platoons to support the points of attack. The generals, the scientific corps, and the baggage were in the centre. These squares were moving masses. When on the march, all faced in one direction, the two sides marching in flank. When charged, they immediately halted, and fronted on every side—the outermost rank kneeling, that those behind might shoot over their heads; the whole body thus presenting a living fortress of bristling bayonets.

When they were to carry a position, the three front ranks were to detach themselves from the square, and to form a column of attack. The other three ranks were to remain in the rear, still forming the square, ready to rally the column. These flaming citadels of fire set at defiance all the power of the Arab horsemen. The attacks of the enemy soon became a subject of merriment to the soldiers. The scientific men, or *savans*, as they were called, had been supplied with asses to transport their persons and philosophical apparatus. As soon as the body of Mamelukes was seen in the distance, the order was given, with military precision, "*Form square, savans and asses in the centre.*" This order was echoed from rank to rank with peals of laughter. The soldiers amused themselves with calling the asses *demi-savans*. Though the soldiers thus enjoyed their jokes, they cherished the highest respect for many of these savans, who in scenes of battle had manifested the utmost intrepidity. After a march of seven days, during which time they had many bloody skirmishes with the enemy, the army approached Cairo.

Mourad Bey had there assembled the greater part of his Mamelukes, nearly ten thousand in number, for a decisive battle. These proud and powerful horsemen were supported by twenty-four thousand foot-soldiers, strongly intrenched. Cairo is on the eastern bank of the Nile. Napoleon was marching along the western shore. On the morning of the 21st of July, Napoleon, conscious that he was near the city, set his army in motion before the break of day. Just as the sun was rising in those cloudless skies, the soldiers beheld the lofty minarets of the city upon their left, gilded by its rays, and upon the right, upon the borders of the desert, the gigantic pyramids rising like mountains upon an apparently boundless plain.

The whole army instinctively halted, and gazed, awe-stricken, upon those monuments of antiquity. The face of Napoleon beamed with enthusiasm. "Soldiers," he exclaimed, as he rode along the ranks, "from those summits forty centuries contemplate your actions." The ardour of the soldiers was aroused to the highest pitch. Animated by the clangour of martial bands and the gleam of flaunting banners, they advanced with impetuous steps to meet their foes. The whole plain before them, at the base of the pyramids, was filled with armed men. The glittering weapons of ten thousand horsemen, in the utmost splendour of barbaric chivalry, brilliant with plumes and arms of burnished steel and gold, presented an array inconceivably imposing. Undismayed, the French troops, marshalled in five invincible squares, pressed on. There was no other alternative. Napoleon must march upon those intrenchments, behind which twenty-four thousand men were stationed with powerful artillery and musketry to sweep his ranks, and a formidable body of ten thousand horsemen, on fleet and powerful Arabian steeds, awaiting the onset, and ready to seize upon the slightest in-

dications of confusion to plunge, with the fury which fatalism can inspire, upon his bleeding and mangled squares.

It must have been with Napoleon a moment of intense anxiety. But as he sat upon his horse, in the centre of one of the squares, and carefully examined, with his telescope, the disposition of the enemy, no one could discern the least trace of uneasiness. His gaze was long and intense. The keenness of his scrutiny detected that the enemy's guns were not mounted upon carriages, and that they could not, therefore, be turned from the direction in which they were placed. No other officer, though many of them had equally good glasses, made this important discovery. He immediately, by a lateral movement, guided his army to the right, towards the pyramids, that his squares might be out of the range of the guns, and that he might attack the enemy in flank. The moment Mourad Bey perceived this evolution, he divined its object, and, with great military sagacity, resolved instantly to charge.

"You shall now see us," said the proud Bey, "cut up those dogs like gourds!"

It was, indeed, a fearful spectacle. Ten thousand horsemen, magnificently dressed, with the fleetest steeds in the world, urging their horses, with bloody spurs, to the most impetuous and furious onset, rending the heavens with their cries, and causing the very earth to tremble beneath the thunder of iron feet, came down upon the adamantine host. Nothing was ever seen in war more furious than this charge. Ten thousand horsemen form an enormous mass. Those longest injured to danger felt that it was an awful moment. It seemed impossible to resist such a living avalanche. The most profound silence reigned through the ranks, interrupted only by the word of command. The nerves of excitement being roused to the utmost tension, every order was executed with most marvellous rapidity and precision. The soldiers held their breath, and, with bristling bayonets, stood shoulder to shoulder to receive the shock.

The moment the Mamelukes arrived within gunshot, the artillery at the angles ploughed their ranks, and platoons of musketry, volley after volley, in uninterrupted discharge, swept into their faces a pitiless tempest of destruction. Horses and riders, struck by the balls, rolled over each other by hundreds on the sand. They were trampled and crushed by the iron hoofs of the thousands of frantic steeds, enveloped in dust and smoke, composing the vast and impetuous squadrons. But the squares stood as firm as the pyramids at whose base they fought. Not one was broken; not one wavered. The daring Mamelukes, in the frenzy of their rage and disappointment, threw away their lives with the utmost recklessness. They wheeled their horses round, and reined them back upon the ranks, that they might kick their way into those terrible fortresses of living men. Rendered furious by their inability to break the ranks, they hurled their pistols and carbines at the heads of the French. The wounded crawled along the ground, and with their scimitars

cut at the legs of their indomitable foes. They displayed superhuman bravery—the only virtue which the Mamelukes possessed.

But an incessant and merciless fire from Napoleon's well-trained battalions continually thinned their ranks, and at last the Mamelukes, in the wildest disorder, broke and fled. The infantry in the intrenched camp, witnessing the utter discomfiture of the mounted troops, whom they had considered invincible, and seeing such incessant and volcanic sheets of flame bursting from the impenetrable squares, caught the panic and joined the flight. Napoleon now, in his turn, charged with the utmost impetuosity. A scene of indescribable confusion and horror ensued. The extended plain was crowded with fugitives—footmen and horsemen, bewildered with terror, seeking escape from their terrible foes. Thousands plunged into the river, and endeavoured to escape by swimming to the opposite shore. But a shower of bullets, like hailstones, fell upon them, and the waves of the Nile were crimsoned with their blood. Others sought the desert, a wild and rabble rout.

The victors, with their accustomed celerity, pursued, pitilessly pouring into the dense masses of their flying foes the most terrible discharges of artillery and musketry. The rout was complete—the carnage awful. The sun had hardly reached the meridian before the whole embattled host had disappeared, and the plain, as far as the eye could extend, was strewn with the dying and the dead. The camp, with all its Oriental wealth, fell into the hands of the victors, and the soldiers enriched themselves with its profusion of splendid shawls, magnificent weapons, Arabian horses, and purses filled with gold. The Mamelukes were accustomed to lavish great wealth in the decoration of their persons, and to carry with them large sums of money. The gold and the trappings found upon the body of each Mameluke were worth from six thousand to ten thousand francs. Besides those who were slain upon the field, more than a thousand of these formidable horsemen were drowned in the Nile. For many days the soldiers employed themselves in fishing up the rich booty, and the French camp was filled with abundance. This most sanguinary battle cost the French scarcely one hundred men in killed and wounded. More than ten thousand of the enemy perished. Napoleon gazed with admiration upon the bravery which these proud horsemen displayed. "Could I have united the Mameluke horse to the French infantry," said he, "I should have reckoned myself master of the world."

After the battle, Napoleon, now the undisputed conqueror of Egypt, quartered himself for the night in the country palace of Mourad Bey. The apartments of this voluptuous abode were embellished with all the appurtenances of Oriental luxury. The officers were struck with surprise in viewing the multitude of cushions and divans covered with the finest damasks and silks, and ornamented with golden fringe. Egypt was beggared to minister to the sensual

indulgence of these haughty despots. Much of the night was passed in exploring this singular mansion. The garden was extensive and exceedingly magnificent. Innumerable vines were laden with the richest grapes. The vineyard was soon gathered by the thousands of soldiers who filled the alleys and loitered in the arbours. Pots of preserves, of confectionery, and of sweetmeats of every kind, were devoured by an army of mouths. The thousands of little elegancies which Europe, Asia, and Africa had contributed to minister to the voluptuous splendours of the regal mansion, were speedily transferred to the knapsacks of the soldiers.

The "Battle of the Pyramids," as Napoleon characteristically designated it, sent a thrill of terror, far and wide, into the interior of Asia and Africa. These proud, moricose, licentious oppressors were execrated by the timid Egyptians, but they were deemed invincible. In an hour they had vanished, like the mist, before the genius of Napoleon.

The caravans which came to Cairo circulated through the vast regions of the interior, with all the embellishments of Oriental exaggeration, glowing accounts of the destruction of those terrible squadrons which had so long tyrannized over Egypt, and the fame of whose military prowess had caused the most distant tribes to tremble. The name of Napoleon became suddenly as renowned in Asia and Africa as it had previously become in Europe. But twenty-one days had elapsed since he placed his foot upon the sands at Alexandria, and now he was sovereign of Egypt. The Egyptians also welcomed him as a friend and a liberator. The sheets of flame which incessantly burst from the French ranks so deeply impressed their imaginations, that they gave to Napoleon the Oriental appellation of Sultan Kebir, or King of Fire.

The wives of the Mamelukes had all remained in Cairo. Napoleon treated them with the utmost consideration. He sent Eugene to the wife of Mourad Bey, to assure her of his protection. He preserved all her property for her, and granted her several requests which she made to him. Thus he endeavoured, as far as possible, to mitigate the inevitable sufferings of war. The lady was so grateful for these attentions, that she entertained Eugene with all possible honours, and presented him, upon his departure, with a valuable diamond ring.

Cairo contained three hundred thousand inhabitants. Its population was degraded, inhuman, and ferocious. The capital was in a state of terrible agitation, for the path of Oriental conquerors is ever marked with brutality, flames, and blood. Napoleon immediately despatched a detachment of his army into the city to restore tranquillity, and to protect persons and property from the fury of the populace. The next day but one, with great pomp and splendour, at the head of his victorious army, he entered Cairo, and took possession of the palace of Mourad Bey. With extraordinary intelligence and activity, he immediately consecrated all his

energies to promote the highest interests of the country he had conquered.

Nothing escaped his observation. He directed his attention to the mosques, the harems, the condition of the women, the civil and religious institutions, the state of agriculture, the arts and sciences—to everything which could influence the elevation and prosperity of the country. He visited the most influential of the Arab inhabitants, assured them of his friendship, of his respect for their religion, of his determination to protect their rights, and of his earnest desire to restore to Egypt its pristine glory. He disclaimed all sovereignty over Egypt, but organized a government to be administered by the people themselves. He succeeded perfectly in winning their confidence and admiration. He immediately established a Congress, composed of the most distinguished citizens of Cairo, for the creation of laws and the administration of justice, and established similar assemblies in all the provinces, which were to send deputies to the General Congress at Cairo. He organized the celebrated Institute of Egypt, to diffuse among the people the light and the sciences of Europe. Some of the members were employed in making an accurate description and a perfect map of Egypt; others were to study the productions of the country, that its resources might be energetically and economically developed; others were to explore the ruins, thus to shed new light upon history; others were to study the social condition of the inhabitants, and proper plans for the promotion of their welfare, by the means of manufactures, canals, roads, mills, works upon the Nile, and improvements in agriculture.

Among the various questions proposed to the Institute by Napoleon, the following may be mentioned as illustrative of his enlarged designs. Ascertain the best construction for wind and water-mills; find a substitute for the hop, which does not grow in Egypt, for the making of beer; select sites adapted to the cultivation of the vine; seek the best means of procuring water for the citadel of Cairo; select spots for wells in different parts of the desert; inquire into the means of clarifying and cooling the waters of the Nile; devise some useful application of the rubbish with which the city of Cairo, and all the ancient towns of Egypt, are encumbered; find materials for the manufacture of gunpowder. It is almost incredible that the Egyptians were not acquainted with windmills, wheelbarrows, or even hand-saws, until they were introduced by Napoleon. Engineers, draughtsmen, and men of science immediately dispersed themselves throughout all the provinces of Egypt. Flour, as fine as could be obtained in Paris, was ground in mills at Alexandria, Rosetta, Damietta, and Cairo. By the erection of public ovens, bread became abundant. Hospitals were established, with a bed for each patient. Saltpetre and gunpowder mills were erected. A foundry was constructed with reverberating furnaces. Large shops were built for locksmiths, armourers, joiners, cartwrights, carpenters, and ropemakers.

Silver goblets and services of plate were manufactured. A French and Arabic printing-press was set at work. Inconceivable activity was infused into every branch of industry. The genius of Napoleon, never weary, inspired all and guided all.

It was indeed a bright day which, after centuries of inaction and gloom, had thus suddenly dawned upon Egypt. The route was surveyed, and the expense estimated of two ship-canal, one connecting the waters of the Red Sea with the Nile at Cairo; the other uniting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, across the Isthmus of Suez. Twenty-five millions of francs and two years of labour would have executed both of these magnificent enterprises, and would have caused a new era to have dawned upon three continents. It is impossible not to deplore those events which have thus consigned anew these fertile regions to beggary and to barbarism. The accomplishment of these majestic plans might have transferred to the Nile and the Euphrates those energies now so transcendent upon the banks of the Mississippi and the Ohio. "It is incredible," says Talleyrand, "how much Napoleon was able to achieve. He could effect more than any man—yes, more than any four men whom I have ever known. His genius was inconceivable. Nothing could exceed his energy, his imagination, his spirit, his capacity for work, his ease of accomplishment. He was clearly the most extraordinary man that I ever saw, and I believe the most extraordinary man that has lived in our age, or for many ages." All the energies of Napoleon's soul were engrossed by these enterprises of grandeur and utility. Dissipation could present no aspect to allure him. "I have no passion," said he, "for women or gaming. I am entirely a political being."

The Arabs were lost in astonishment that a conqueror, who wielded the thunderbolt, could be so disinterested and merciful. Such generosity and self-denial were never before heard of in the East. They could in no way account for it. Their females were protected from insult; their persons and property were saved. Thirty thousand Europeans were toiling for the comfort and improvement of the Egyptians. They called Napoleon the worthy son of the prophet, the favourite of Allah. They even introduced his praises into their Litany, and chanted in the mosques, "Who is he that hath saved the favourite of Victory from the dangers of the sea, and from the rage of his enemies? Who is he that hath led the brave men of the West safe and unharmed to the banks of the Nile? It is Allah! the great Allah! The Mamelukes put their trust in horses; they draw forth their infantry in battle array; but the favourite of Victory hath destroyed the footmen and the horsemen of the Mamelukes. As the vapours which rise in the morning are scattered by the rays of the sun, so hath the army of the Mamelukes been scattered by the brave men of the West; for the brave men of the West are as the apple of the eye to the great Allah."

Napoleon, to ingratiate himself with the people,

and to become better acquainted with their character, attended their religious worship and all their national festivals. Though he left the administration of justice in the hands of the sheiks, he enjoined and enforced scrupulous impartiality in their decisions. The robbers of the desert, who for centuries had devastated the frontier with impunity, he repulsed with a vigorous hand, and under his energetic sway life and property became as safe in Egypt as in England or in France. The French soldiers became very popular with the native Egyptians, and might be seen in the houses, socially smoking their pipes with the inhabitants, assisting them in their domestic labours, and playing with their children.

One day Napoleon, in his palace, was giving audience to a numerous assemblage of sheiks and other distinguished men. Information was brought to him that some robbers from the desert had slain a poor friendless peasant and carried off his flocks.

"Take three hundred horsemen and two hundred camels," said Napoleon immediately, to an officer of his staff, "and pursue these robbers until they are captured, and the outrage is avenged."

"Was the poor wretch your cousin," exclaimed one of the sheiks contemptuously, "that you are in such a rage at his death?"

"He was more," replied Napoleon sublimely; "he was one whose safety Providence had intrusted to my care."

"Wonderful!" rejoined the sheik; "you speak like one inspired of the Almighty."

More than one assassin was despatched by the Turkish authorities to murder Napoleon; but the Egyptians, with filial love, watched over him, gave him timely notice of the design, and effectually aided him in defeating it.

In the midst of this extraordinary prosperity, a reverse, sudden, terrible, and irreparable, befell the French army. Admiral Brueys, devotedly attached to Napoleon, and anxious to ascertain that he had obtained a foothold in the country before leaving him to his fate, delayed withdrawing his fleet, as Napoleon had expressly enjoined, from the Bay of Aboukir, to place it in a position of safety. The second day after entering Cairo, Napoleon received despatches from Admiral Brueys, by which he learned that the squadron was in the Bay of Aboukir, exposed to the attacks of the enemy. He was amazed at the intelligence, and immediately despatched a messenger, to proceed with the utmost haste, and inform the admiral of his great disapprobation, and to warn him to take the fleet, without an hour's delay, either into the harbour of Alexandria, where it would be safe, or to make for Corfu. The messenger was assassinated on the way by a party of Arabs. He could not, however, have reached Aboukir before the destruction of the fleet. In the meantime, Lord Nelson learned that the French had landed in Egypt. He immediately turned in that direction to seek their squadron.

At six o'clock in the evening of the first of August, but ten days after the battle of the Pyramids, the British fleet majestically entered the Bay of Aboukir, and closed upon their victims. The French squadron, consisting of thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, was anchored in a semicircle, in a line corresponding with the curve of the shore. The plan of attack adopted by Nelson possessed the simplicity and originality of genius, and from the first moment victory was almost certain. As soon as Nelson perceived the situation of the French fleet, he resolved to double, with his whole force, on half of that of his enemy, pursuing the same system of tactics by sea which Napoleon had found so successful on land. He ordered his fleet to take its station half on the outer and half on the inner side of one end of the French line. Thus each French ship was placed between the fire of two of those of the English. The remainder of the French fleet, being at anchor to the leeward, could not easily advance to the relief of their doomed friends.

Admiral Brueys supposed that he was anchored so near the shore that the English could not pass inside of his line; but Nelson promptly decided that where there was room for the enemy to swing, there must be room for his ships to float. "If we succeed, what will the world say?" exclaimed one of Nelson's captains with transport, as he was made acquainted with the plan of attack. "There is no if in the case," Nelson replied; "that we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

The French fought with the energy of despair. For fifteen hours the unequal contest lasted. Dark night came on. The Bay of Aboukir resembled one wide flaming volcano, enveloped in the densest folds of sulphureous smoke. The ocean never witnessed a conflict more sanguinary and dreadful. About eleven o'clock the Orient took fire. The smoke from the enormous burning mass ascended like an immense black balloon, when suddenly the flames, flashing through them, illumined the whole horizon with awful brilliance. At length its magazine, containing hundreds of barrels of gunpowder, blew up, with an explosion so tremendous as to shake every ship to its centre. So awfully did this explosion rise above the incessant roar of the battle, that simultaneously, on both sides, the firing ceased, and a silence as of the grave ensued. But immediately the murderous conflict was resumed. Death and destruction, in the midst of the congenial gloom of night, held high carnival in the bay. Thousands of Arabs lined the shore, gazing with astonishment and terror upon the awful spectacle. Without intermission, that dreadful conflict continued through the night and during the morning, and until high noon of the ensuing day, when the firing gradually ceased, for the French fleet was destroyed. Four ships only escaped, and sailed for Malta. The English ships were too much shattered to attempt to pursue the fugitives.

Brueys was wounded early in the action. He would not leave the quarter-deck. "An admiral," said he, "should die giving orders." A cannon-ball struck him, and but the fragments of his body could be found. Nelson was also severely wounded on the head. When carried to the cockpit, drenched in blood, he nobly refused, though in imminent danger of bleeding to death, to have his wounds dressed till the wounded seamen, who had been brought in before him, were attended to. "I will take my turn with my brave fellows," said he. Fully believing that his wound was mortal, he called for the chaplain, and requested him to deliver his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson. When the surgeon came, in due time, to inspect his wound, it was found that it was only superficial.

All the transports and small craft which had conveyed Napoleon's army to Egypt were in the harbour of Alexandria, safe from attack, as Nelson had no frigates with which to cross the bar. For leagues the shore was strewn with fragments of the wreck, and with the mangled bodies of the dead. The bay was also filled with floating corpses, notwithstanding the utmost efforts to sink them. The majestic armament, which but four weeks before had sailed from Toulon, was thus utterly overthrown. The loss of the English was about one thousand. Of the French, five thousand perished, and three thousand were made prisoners.

As soon as the conquest was completed, Nelson made signal for the crew, in every ship, to be assembled for prayers. The stillness of the Sabbath instantly pervaded the whole squadron, while thanksgivings were offered to God for the signal victory. So strange is the heart of man. England was desolating the whole civilized world with war, to compel the French people to renounce republicanism and establish a monarchy. And in the bloody hour when the Bay of Aboukir was covered with the thousands of the mutilated dead, whom her strong arm had destroyed, she, with unquestioned sincerity, offered to God the tribute of thanksgiving and praise; and from the churches and the firesides of England, tens of thousands of pious hearts breathed the fervent prayer of gratitude to God for the great victory of Aboukir.

Such was the famous *Battle of the Nile*, as it has since been called. It was a signal conquest. It was a magnificent triumph of British arms; but a victory apparently more fatal to the great interests of humanity was, perhaps, never gained. It was the death-blow to reviving Egypt. It extinguished in midnight gloom the light of civilization and science which had just been enkindled on those dreary shores. Merciless oppression again tightened its iron grasp on Asia and Africa, and already, as the consequence, has another half century of crime, misery, and outrage blighted that doomed land. Napoleon at once saw that all his hopes were blasted. The blow was utterly irreparable. He was cut off from Europe. He could receive no aid. He could not return. Egypt was his

prison. Yet he received the news of this terrible disaster with imperturbable equanimity. Not a word or gesture was permitted to escape him which indicated the slightest discouragement. With unabated zeal, he pursued his plans, and soon succeeded in causing the soldiers to forget the disaster. He wrote to Kleber, "We must die in this country, or get out of it as great as the ancients. This will oblige us to do greater things than we intended. We must hold ourselves in readiness. We will at least bequeath to Egypt a heritage of greatness."

"Yes!" Kleber replied, "we must do great things. I am preparing my faculties."

The exultation among the crowned heads in Europe, in view of this great monarchical victory, was unbounded. England immediately created Nelson Baron of the Nile, and conferred a pension of two thousand pounds a-year, to be continued to his two immediate successors. The Grand Seignior, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Sardinia, the King of Naples, and the East India Company, made him magnificent presents. Despotism upon the Continent, which had received such heavy blows from Napoleon, began to rejoice and to revive. The newly-emancipated people, struggling into the life of liberty, were disheartened. Exultant England formed new combinations of banded kings to replace the Bourbons on their throne, and to crush the spirit of popular liberty and equality which had obtained such a foothold in France. All monarchical Europe rejoiced; all republican Europe mourned.²²

The day of Aboukir was indeed a disastrous one to France. Napoleon, with his intimate friends, did not conceal his conviction of the magnitude of the calamity. He appeared occasionally, for a moment, lost in painful reverie, and was heard, two or three times, to exclaim, in indescribable tones of emotion, "Unfortunate Brueys, what have you done?" But hardly an hour elapsed after he had received the dreadful tidings ere he entirely recovered his accustomed fortitude and presence of mind, and he soon succeeded in allaying the despair of the soldiers. He saw, at a glance, all the consequences of this irreparable loss; and it speaks well for his heart that, in the midst of a disappointment so terrible, he could have forgotten his own grief in writing a letter of condolence to the widow of his friend. A heartless man could never have penned so touching an epistle as the following, addressed to Madame Brueys, the widow of the man who had been unintentionally the cause of

²² The tidings of this victory sent a wave of unutterable exultation through all the aristocratic courts of Europe. Lady Hamilton thus writes of its effects upon the infamous Queen of Naples:—"It is not possible to describe her transports. She wept, she kissed her husband, her children, walked frantically about the room, burst into tears again, and again embraced every person near her, exclaiming, 'O brave Nelson! O God! bless and protect our brave deliverer. O Nelson! Nelson! what do we not owe you! O conqueror! saviour of Italy! oh that my swollen heart could now tell his people exactly what we owe him!'"

apparently the greatest calamity which could have befallen him.

"Your husband has been killed by a cannon-ball while combating on his quarter-deck. He died, without suffering, the death the most easy and the most envied by the brave. I feel warmly for your grief. The moment which separates us from the object which we love is terrible; we feel isolated on the earth; we almost experience the convulsions of the last agony; the faculties of the soul are annihilated; its connexion with the earth is preserved only through the medium of a painful dream, which disturbs everything. We feel, in such a situation, that there is nothing which yet binds us to life; that it were far better to die. But when, after such just and unavoidable throes, we press our children to our hearts, tears and more tender sentiments arise, and life becomes bearable for their sakes. Yes, Madame! they will open the fountains of your heart. You will watch their childhood, educate their youth. You will speak to them of their father, of your present grief, and of the loss which they and the Republic have sustained in his death. After having resumed the interests in life by the chord of maternal love, you will perhaps feel some consolation from the friendship and warm interest which I shall ever take in the widow of my friend."

The French soldiers, with the versatility of disposition which has ever characterized the light-hearted nation, finding all possibility of a return to France cut off, soon regained their wonted gaiety, and with zeal engaged in all the plans of Napoleon for the improvement of the country, which it now appeared that, for many years, must be their home.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SYRIAN EXPEDITION.

Government of Desaix—Excursion to the Red Sea—Combination against Napoleon—Insurrection in Cairo—The Dromedary Regiment—Terrible sufferings—El Arish—Dilemma—Joy of the soldiers at rain—Jaffa—Council of War—Statement of Bourrienne—March upon Acre—Letter to Achmet—Plague—Charge upon the band of Kleber—Arrival of Napoleon—Tempting offer of Sir Sydney Smith—The bomb-shell.

THOUGH, after the Battle of the Pyramids, Napoleon was the undisputed master of Egypt, still much was to be accomplished in pursuing the desperate remnants of the Mamelukes, and in preparing to resist the overwhelming forces which it was to be expected that England and Turkey would send against him. Mourad Bey had retreated, with a few thousand of his horse-men, into Upper Egypt. Napoleon despatched General Desaix, with two thousand men, to pursue him. After several terrible bloody conflicts, Desaix took possession of Upper Egypt, as far as the cataracts. Imbibing the humane and politic sentiments of Napoleon, he became widely renowned and beloved for his aid and his clemency. A large party of

scientific men accompanied the military division, examining every object of interest, and taking accurate drawings of those sphinxes, obelisks, temples, and sepulchral monuments which, in solitary grandeur, have withstood the ravages of four thousand years. To the present hour, the Egyptians remember with affection the mild and merciful, yet efficient government of Desaix. They were never weary with contrasting it with the despotism of the Turks.

In the meantime, Napoleon, in person, made an expedition to Suez, to inspect the proposed route of a canal to connect the waters of the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. With indefatigable activity of mind, he gave orders for the construction of new works to fortify the harbour of Suez, and commenced the formation of an infant marine. One day, with quite a retinue, he made an excursion to that identical point of the Red Sea which, as tradition reports, the children of Israel crossed three thousand years ago. The tide was out, and he passed over to the Asiatic shore upon extended flats. Various objects of interest engrossed his attention until late in the afternoon, when he commenced his return. The twilight faded away, and darkness came rapidly on. The party lost their path, and, as they were wandering, bewildered, among the sands, the rapidly returning tide surrounded them. The darkness of the night increased, and the horses floundered deeper and deeper in the rising waves. The water reached the girths of the saddles, and dashed upon the feet of the riders, and destruction seemed inevitable.

From this perilous position Napoleon extricated himself by that presence of mind and promptness of decision which seemed never to fail him. It was an awful hour and an awful scene; and yet, amid the darkness and the rising waves of apparently a shoreless ocean, the spirit of Napoleon was as undisturbed as if he were reposing in slumbered ease upon his sofa. He collected his escort around him in concentric circles, each horseman facing outward, and ranged in several rows. He then ordered them to advance, each in a straight line. When the horse of the leader of one of these columns lost his foothold and began to swim, the column drew back, and followed in the direction of another column which had not yet lost the firm ground. The radii, thrown out in every direction, were in this way successively withdrawn, till all were following in the direction of one column which had a stable footing. Thus escape was effected. The horses did not reach the shore until midnight, when they were wading breast-deep in the swelling waves. The tide rises on that part of the coast to the height of twenty-two feet. "Had I perished in that manner, like Pharaoh," said Napoleon, "it would have furnished all the preachers in Christendom with a magnificent text against me."

England, animated in the highest degree by the victory of Aboukir, now redoubled her exertions to concentrate all the armies of Europe against republican France. Napoleon had been

very solicitous to avoid a rupture with the Grand Seigneur at Constantinople. The Mamelukes who had revolted against his authority had soothed the pride of the Ottoman Porte, and purchased peace by paying tribute. Napoleon proposed to continue the tribute, that the revenues of the Turkish empire might not be diminished by the transfer of the sovereignty of Egypt from the oppressive Mamelukes to better hands. The Sultan was not sorry to see the Mamelukes punished, but he looked with much jealousy upon the movements of a victorious European army so near his throne.

The destruction of the French fleet deprived Napoleon of his ascendancy in the Levant, and gave the preponderance to England. The agents of the British government succeeded in rousing Turkey to arms, to recover a province which the Mamelukes had wrested from her, before Napoleon took it from the Mamelukes. Russia also, with her barbaric legions, was roused, by the eloquence of England, to rush upon the French Republic in this day of disaster. Her troops crowded down from the North to ally themselves with the turbaned Turk for the extermination of the French in Egypt. Old enmities were forgotten, as Christians and Mussulmans grasped hands in friendship, unmindful of all other animosities in their common hatred and dread of republicanism.

The Russian fleet crowded down from the Black Sea, through the Bosphorus, to the Golden Horn, where, amid the thunders of artillery, and the acclamations of the hundreds of thousands who thronged the streets of Constantinople, Pera, and Scutari, it was received into the embrace of the Turkish squadron. It was indeed a gorgeous spectacle, as, beneath the unclouded splendour of a September sun, this majestic armament swept through the beautiful scenery of the Hellespont. The shores of Europe and Asia, separated by this classic strait, were used with admiring spectators, as the crescent and the cross, in friendly blending, fluttered together in the breeze. The combined squadrons emerged into the Mediterranean, to co-operate with the victorious fleet of England, which was now the undisputed mistress of the sea. Religious animosities the most inveterate, and national antipathies the most violent, were reconciled by the pressure of a still stronger hostility to those principles of popular liberty which threatened to overthrow the despotism both of the Sultan and the Czar.

The Grand Seigneur had assembled an army of twenty thousand men at Rhodes. They were to be conveyed by the combined fleet to the shores of Egypt, and were there to effect a landing under cover of its guns. Another vast army was assembled in Syria, to march down upon the French by way of the desert, and attack them simultaneously with the forces sent by the fleet. England and the emissaries of the Bourbons, with vast sums of money accumulated from the European monarchies, were actively co-operating upon the Syrian coast, by

landing munitions of war, and by supplying able military engineers. The British government was also accumulating a vast army in India, to be conveyed by transports up the Red Sea, and to fall upon the French in their rear. England also succeeded in forming a new coalition with Austria, Sardinia, Naples, and other minor European states, to drive the French out of Italy, and with countless numbers to invade the territory of France. Thus it would be in vain for the Directory to attempt even to send succour to their absent general; and it was not doubted that Napoleon, thus assailed in divers quarters by overpowering numbers, would fall an easy prey to his foes. Thus suddenly and portentously peril frowned upon France from every quarter.

Mourad Bey, animated by this prospect of the overthrow of his victorious enemies, formed a wide-spread conspiracy, embracing all the friends of the Mamelukes and of the Turks. Every Frenchman was doomed to death, as in one hour, all over the land, the conspirators, with scimitar and poniard, should fall upon their unsuspecting foes. In this dark day of accumulating disaster, the genius of Napoleon blazed forth with new and terrible brilliance.

But few troops were at the time in Cairo, for no apprehension of danger was cherished, and the French were scattered over Egypt, engaged in all plans of utility. At five o'clock on the morning of the 21st of October, Napoleon was awakened from sleep by the announcement that the city was in revolt; that mounted Bedouin Arabs were crowding in at the gates; and that several officers and many soldiers were already assassinated. He ordered an aid-de-camp immediately to take a number of the Guard and quell the insurrection. But a few moments passed ere one of them returned covered with blood, and informed him that all the rest were slain. It was an hour of fearful peril. Calmly, fearlessly, mercilessly did Napoleon encounter it.

Immediately mounting his horse, accompanied by a body of his faithful Guard, he proceeded to every threatened point. Instantly the presence of Napoleon was felt. A fierce storm of grape-shot, cannon-balls, and bomb-shells swept the streets with unintermitted and terrible destruction. Blood flowed in torrents. The insurgents, in dismay, fled to the most populous quarters of the city. Napoleon followed them with their doom, as calm as destiny. From the windows and the roofs the insurgents fought with desperation. The buildings were immediately enveloped in flames. They fled into the streets only to be hewn down with sabres and mown down with grapeshot. Multitudes, bleeding and breathless, with consternation, sought refuge in the mosques. The mosques were battered down and set on fire, and the wretched inmates perished miserably. The calm yet terrible energy with which Napoleon annihilated "the murderers of the French" sent a thrill of dismay through Egypt.

This language of energetic action was awfully eloquent. It was heard and heeded. It accom-

lished the purpose for which it was uttered. Neither Turk nor Arab ventured again to raise the dagger against Napoleon. Egypt felt the spell of the mighty conqueror, and stood still while he gathered his strength to encounter England, and Russia, and Turkey in their combined power. "My soldiers," said Napoleon, "are my children."

The lives of thirty thousand Frenchmen were in his keeping. Mercy to the barbaric and insurgent Turks would have been counted weakness, and the bones of Napoleon and of his army would soon have whitened the sands of the desert. War is a wholesale system of brutality and carnage. The most revolting, execrable details are essential to its vigorous execution. Bomb-shells cannot be thrown affectionately. Charges of cavalry cannot be made in a meek and lowly spirit. Red-hot shot, falling into the beleaguered city, will not turn from the cradle of the infant, or from the couch of the dying maiden. These horrible scenes must continue to be enacted till the nations of the earth shall learn war no more.

Early in January, Napoleon received intelligence that the vanguard of the Syrian army, with a formidable artillery train and vast military stores, which had been furnished from the English ships, had invaded Egypt, on the borders of the great Syrian desert, and had captured El Arish. He immediately resolved to anticipate the movements of his enemies, to cross the desert with the rapidity of the wind, to fall upon the enemy at unawares, and thus to cut up this formidable army before it could be strengthened by the co-operation of the host assembled at Rhodes.

Napoleon intended to rally around his standard the Druses of Mount Lebanon, and all the Christian tribes of Syria, who were anxiously awaiting his approach, and, having established friendly relations with the Ottoman Porte, to march, with an army of a hundred thousand auxiliaries, upon the Indus, and drive the English out of India. As England was the undisputed mistress of the sea, this was the only point where republican France could assail its unrelenting foe. The imagination of Napoleon was lost in contemplating the visions of power and of empire thus rising before him.

For such an enterprise, the ambitious general, with an army of but ten thousand men, commenced his march over the desert, one hundred and fifty miles broad, which separates Africa from Asia. The Pacha of Syria, called Achmet the Butcher, from his merciless ferocity, was execrated by the Syrians. Napoleon had received delegations from the Christian tribes entreating him to come for their deliverance from the most intolerable oppression, and assuring him of their readiness to join his standard. The English, to divert the attention of Napoleon from his project upon Syria, commenced the bombardment of Alexandria. He understood the object of the unavailing attack, and treated it with disdain. He raised a regiment of entirely a new kind, called the Dromedary Regiment. Two

men, seated back to back, were mounted on each dromedary; and such was the strength and endurance of these animals, that they could thus travel ninety miles without food, water, or rest. This regiment was formed to give chase to the Arab robbers, who, in fierce banditti bands, were the scourge of Egypt. The marauders were held in terror by the destruction with which they were overwhelmed by these swift avengers. Napoleon himself rode upon a dromedary.

The conveyance of an army of ten thousand men, with horses and artillery, across such an apparently interminable waste of shifting sand, was attended with inconceivable suffering. To allay the despair of the soldiers, Napoleon, ever calm and unagitated in the contemplation of any catastrophe, however dreadful, soon dismounted, and waded through the burning sands by the side of the soldiers, sharing the deprivations and the toils of the humblest private in the ranks. Five days were occupied in traversing this forlorn waste. Water was carried for the troops in skins. At times, portions of the army, almost perishing with thirst, surrendered themselves to despair. The presence of Napoleon, however, invariably reanimated hope and courage. The soldiers were ashamed to complain when they saw their youthful leader, pale and slender, and with health seriously impaired, toiling along by their side, sharing cheerfully all their privations and fatigues.

The heat of these glowing deserts, beneath the fierce glare of a cloudless sun, was almost intolerable. At one time, when nearly suffocated by the intense heat, while passing by some ruins, a common soldier yielded to Napoleon the fragments of a pillar, in whose refreshing shadow he contrived, for a few moments, to shield his head. "And this," said Napoleon, "was no trifling concession." At another time, a party of the troops got lost among the sand-hills, and nearly perished. Napoleon took some Arabs on dromedaries, and hastened in pursuit of them. When found, they were nearly dead from thirst, fatigue, and despair. Some of the younger soldiers, in their frenzy, had broken their muskets and thrown them away. The sight of their beloved general revived their hopes, and inspired them with new life. Napoleon informed them that provisions and water were at hand. "But," said he, "if relief had been longer delayed, would that have excused your murmurings and loss of courage? No! soldiers, learn to die with honour."

After a march of five days, they arrived before El Arish, one of those small, strongly-fortified military towns, deformed by every aspect of poverty and wretchedness, with which iron despotism has filled the once fertile plains of Syria. El Arish was within the boundaries of Egypt. It had been captured by the Turks, and they had accumulated there immense magazines of military stores. It was the hour of midnight when Napoleon arrived beneath its walls. The Turks, not dreaming that a foe was near, were roused from sleep by the storm of balls and shells

shaking the walls and crashing down through the roofs of their dwellings. They sprang to their guns, and, behind the ramparts of stone, fought with their accustomed bravery; but, after a short and bloody conflict, they were compelled to retire, and effected a disorderly retreat.

The garrison in the citadel, consisting of nearly two thousand men, were taken prisoners. Napoleon was not a little embarrassed in deciding what to do with these men. He had but ten thousand soldiers with whom to encounter the whole power of the Ottoman Porte, aided by the fleets of England and Russia. Famine was in his camp, and it was with difficulty that he could obtain daily rations for his troops. He could not keep these prisoners with him. They would eat the bread for which his army was hungering; they would demand a strong guard to keep them from insurrection; and the French army was already so disproportionate to the number of its foes, that not an individual could be spared from active service. They would surely take occasion, in the perilous moments of the day of battle, to rise in revolt, and thus, perhaps, effect the total destruction of the French army. Consequently, to retain them in the camp was an idea not to be entertained for a moment. To disarm them and dismiss them, upon their word of honour no longer to serve against the French, appeared almost equally perilous. There was no sense of honour in the heart of the barbarian Turk. The very idea of keeping faith with infidels they laughed to scorn.

They would immediately join the nearest division of the Turkish army, and thus swell the already multitudinous ranks of the foe; and even if they did not secure the final defeat of Napoleon, they would certainly cost him the lives of many of his soldiers. He could not supply them with food, neither could he spare an escort to conduct them across the desert to Egypt. To shoot them in cold blood was revolting to humanity. Napoleon, however, generously resolved to give them their liberty, taking their pledge that they would no longer serve against him; and, in order to help them to keep their word, he sent a division of the army to escort them one day's march towards Bagdad, whither they promised to go. But no sooner had the escort commenced its return to the army than these men, between one and two thousand in number, turned also, and made a straight path for their feet to the fortress of Jaffa, laughing at the simplicity of their outwitted foe. But Napoleon was not a man to be laughed at. The merriment soon died away in fearful wallings. Here they joined the marshalled hosts of Achmet the Butcher. The bloody pacha armed them anew, and placed them in his foremost ranks, again to pour a shower of bullets upon the little band headed by Napoleon.

El Arish is in Egypt, eighteen miles from the granite pillars which mark the confines of Asia and Africa. Napoleon now continued his march through a dry, barren, and thirsty land. After having traversed a dreary desert of a hundred and fifty miles, the whole aspect of the country

began rapidly to change. The soldiers were delighted to see the wreaths of vapour gathering in the hitherto glowing and cloudless skies. Green and flowery valleys, groves of olive-trees, and wood-covered hills, rose like a vision of enchantment before the eye, so long weary of gazing upon shifting sands and barren rocks. Napoleon often alluded to his passage across the desert, remarking that the scene was ever peculiarly gratifying to his mind. "I never passed the desert," said he, "without experiencing very powerful emotions. It was the image of immensity to my thoughts. It displayed no limits. It had neither beginning nor end. It was an ocean for the foot of man." As they approached the mountains of Syria, clouds began to darken the sky, and when a few drops of rain descended—a phenomenon which they had not witnessed for many months—the joy of the soldiers was exuberant. A murmur of delight ran through the army, and a curious spectacle was presented, as, with shouts of joy and peals of laughter, the soldiers in a body threw back their heads and opened their mouths to catch the grateful drops upon their dry and thirsty lips.

But when dark night came on, and, with saturated clothing, they threw themselves down in the drenching rain for the night's bivouac, they remembered with pleasure the star-spangled firmament and the dry sands of cloudless, rainless Egypt. The march of a few days brought them to Gaza. Here they encountered another division of the Turkish army. Though headed by the ferocious Achmet himself, the Turks were, in an hour, dispersed before the resistless onset of the French, and all the military stores which had been collected in the place fell into the hands of the conqueror. But perils were now rapidly accumulating around the adventurous band.

England, with her invincible fleet, was landing men and munitions of war, and artillery, and European engineers, to arrest the progress of the audacious and indefatigable victor. The combined squadrons of Turkey and Russia, also, were hovering along the coast, to prevent any possible supplies from being forwarded to Napoleon from Alexandria. Thirty thousand Turks, infantry and horsemen, were marshalled at Damascus. Twenty thousand were at Rhodes. Through all the ravines of Syria, the turbaned Mussulmans, with gleaming sabres, were crowding down to swell the hostile ranks, already sufficiently numerous to render Napoleon's destruction apparently certain. Still unmintimidated, Napoleon pressed on, with the utmost celerity, into the midst of his foes. On the 3rd of March, twenty-three days after leaving Cairo, he arrived at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa. This place, strongly garrisoned, was surrounded by a massive wall flanked by towers. Napoleon had no heavy battering train, for such ponderous machines could not be dragged across the desert. He had ordered some pieces to be forwarded to him from Alexandria, by small vessels which could coast near the shore; but they had been intercepted

and taken by the vigilance of the English cruisers.

Not an hour, however, was to be lost. From every point in the circumference of the circle of which his little band was the centre, the foe was hurrying to meet him. The sea was whitened with their fleets, and the tramp of their dense columns shook the land. His only hope was, by rapidity of action, to defeat the separate divisions before all should unite. With his light artillery he battered a breach in the walls, and then, to save the effusion of blood, sent a summons to the commander to surrender. The barbarian Turk, regardless of the rules of civilized warfare, cut off the head of the unfortunate messenger, and raised the ghastly, gory trophy upon a pole from one of the towers. This was his bloody gauntlet, his defiance and threat.

The enraged soldiers, with extraordinary impetidity, rushed in at the breach and took sanguinary vengeance. The French suffered very severely, and the carnage on both sides was awful. Nothing could restrain the fury of the assailants, enraged at the wanton murder of their comrade. For many hours a scene of horror was exhibited in the streets of Jaffa which could hardly have been surpassed had the conflict raged between fiends in the world of woe. Earth has never presented a spectacle more horrible than that of a city taken by assault. The vilest and the most abandoned of mankind invariably crowd into the ranks of an army. Imagination shrinks appalled from the contemplation of the rush of ten thousand demons, infuriated and inflamed, into the dwellings of a crowded city.

Napoleon, shocked at the outrages which were perpetrated, sent two of his aides-de-camp to appease the fury of the soldiers, and to stop the massacre. Proceeding upon this message of mercy, they advanced to a large building, where a portion of the garrison had taken refuge. The soldiers were shooting them as they appeared at the windows, battering the doors with cannon-balls, and setting fire to the edifice, that all might be consumed together. The Turks fought with the energy of despair. These were the men who had capitulated at El Arish, and who had violated their parole. They now offered to surrender again, if their lives might be spared. The aides-de-camp, with much difficulty, rescued them from the rage of the maddened soldiers, and they were conducted, some two thousand in number, as prisoners into the French camp.

Napoleon was walking in front of his tent when he saw the multitude of men approaching. The whole dreadfulness of the dilemma in which he was placed flashed upon him instantaneously. His countenance fell, and in tones of deep grief he exclaimed, "What do they wish me to do with these men? Have I food for them? ships to convey them to Egypt or France? Why have they served me thus?" The aides-de-camp excused themselves for taking them prisoners by pleading that he had ordered them to go and stop the carnage. "Yes!" Napoleon

replied, sadly, "as to women, children, and old men, all the peaceful inhabitants, but not with respect to armed soldiers. It was your duty to die rather than bring these unfortunate creatures to me. What do you want me to do with them?"

A council of war was immediately held in the tent of Napoleon to decide upon their fate. Long did the council deliberate, and finally it adjourned without coming to any conclusion. The next day the council was again convened. All the generals of division were summoned to attend. For many anxious hours they deliberated, sincerely desirous of discovering any measures by which they might save the lives of the unfortunate prisoners. The murmurs of the French soldiers were loud and threatening. They complained bitterly of having their scanty rations given to the prisoners; of having men again liberated who had already broken their pledge of honour, and had caused the death of many of their comrades.

General Bon represented that the discontent was so deep and general, that, unless something were expeditiously done, a serious revolt in the army was to be apprehended. Still the council adjourned, and the third day arrived without their being able to come to any conclusion favourable to the lives of those unfortunate men. Napoleon watched the ocean with intense solicitude, hoping against hope that some French vessel might appear, to relieve him of the fearful burden; but the evil went on increasing. The murmurs grew louder. The peril of the army was real and imminent, and, by the delay, was already seriously magnified. It was impossible longer to keep the prisoners in the camp. If set at liberty, it was only contributing so many more troops to swell the ranks of Achmet the Butcher, and thus, perhaps, to insure the total discomfiture and destruction of the French army.

The Turks spared no prisoners. All who fell into their hands perished by horrible torture. The council at last unanimously decided that the men must be put to death. Napoleon, with extreme reluctance, signed the fatal order. The melancholy troop, in the silence of despair, were led, firmly fettered, to the sand-hills on the sea-coast, where they were divided into small squares, and mown down by successive discharges of musketry. The dreadful scene was soon over, and they were all silent in death. The pyramid of their bones still remains in the desert, a frightful memorial of the horrors of war.

As this transaction has ever been deemed the darkest blot upon the character of Napoleon, it seems but fair to give his defence in his own words:—"I ordered," said Napoleon, at St. Helena, "about a thousand or twelve hundred to be shot. Among the garrison at Jaffa, a number of Turkish troops were discovered, whom I had taken a short time before at El Arish, and sent to Bagdad, on their parole not to be found in arms against me for a year. I had caused them to be escorted thirty-six miles on their

way to Bagdad by a division of my army; but, instead of proceeding to Bagdad, they threw themselves into Jaffa, defended it to the last, and cost me the lives of many of my brave troops. Moreover, before I attacked the town, I sent them a flag of truce. Immediately after, we saw the head of the bearer elevated on a pole over the wall. Now, if I had spared them again, and sent them away on their parole, they would directly have gone to Acre, and have played over, for the second time, the same scene that they had done at Jaffa.

"In justice to the lives of my soldiers, as every general ought to consider himself as their father, and them as his children, I could not allow this. To leave as a guard a portion of my army, already reduced in number in consequence of the breach of faith of those wretches, was impossible. Indeed, to have acted otherwise than as I did, would probably have caused the destruction of my whole army. I therefore, availing myself of the rights of war, which authorise the putting to death prisoners taken under such circumstances, independently of the right given to me by having taken the city by assault, and that of retaliation on the Turks, ordered that the prisoners, who, in defiance of their capitulation, had been found bearing arms against me, should be identified and shot. The rest, amounting to a considerable number, were spared. I would do the same thing again to-morrow, and so would Wellington, or any general commanding an army under similar circumstances."

Whatever judgment posterity may pronounce upon this transaction, no one can see in it any indication of an innate love of cruelty in Napoleon. He regarded the transaction as one of the stern necessities of war. The whole system is one of unmitigated horror. Bomb-shells are thrown into cities to explode in the chambers of maidens, and in the cradles of infants, and the incidental destruction of innocence and helplessness is disregarded. The execrable ferocity of the details of war are essential to the system. To say that Napoleon ought not to have shot these prisoners, is simply to say that he ought to have relinquished the contest, to have surrendered himself and his army to the tender mercies of the Turk; and to allow England, and Austria, and Russia to force back upon the disenthralled French nation the detested reign of the Bourbons. England was bombarding the cities of France, to compel a proud nation to re-enthroned a discarded and hated king. The French, in self-defence, were endeavouring to repel their powerful foe, by marching to India, England's only vulnerable point. Surely the responsibility of this war rests with the assailants, and not with the assailed.

There was a powerful party in the British Parliament and throughout the nation, the friends of reform and of popular liberty, who sympathized entirely with the French in this conflict, and who earnestly protested against a war which they deemed impolitic and unjust; but the king and the nobles prevailed, and as

the French would not meekly submit to their demands, the world was deluged with blood. "Nothing was easier," says Alison, "than to have disarmed the captives and sent them away." The remark is unworthy of the eloquent and distinguished historian. It is simply affirming that France should have yielded the conflict, and submitted to British dictation. It would have been far more in accordance with the spirit of the events to have said, "Nothing was easier than for England to allow France to choose her own form of government." But had this been done, the throne of England's king and the castles of her nobles might have been overturned by the earthquake of revolution. Alas, for man!

Bourrienne, the rejected secretary of Napoleon, who became the enemy of his former benefactor, and who, as the minister and flatterer of Louis XVIII., recorded with caustic bitterness the career of the great rival of the European kings, thus closes his narrative of this transaction: "I have related the truth—the whole truth. I assisted at all the conferences and deliberations, though, of course, without possessing any deliberative voice. But I must in candour declare that, had I possessed a right of voting, my voice would have been for death. The result of the deliberations, and the circumstances of the army, would have constrained me to this. War unfortunately offers instances, by no means rare, in which an immutable law, of all times and common to all nations, has decreed that private interest shall succumb to the paramount good of the public, and that humanity itself shall be forgotten. It is for posterity to judge whether such was the terrible position of Bonaparte. I have a firm conviction that it was; and this is strengthened by the fact that the opinion of the members of the council was unanimous upon the subject, and that the order was issued upon their decision. I owe it also to truth to state, that Napoleon yielded only at the last extremity, and was, perhaps, one of those who witnessed the massacre with the deepest sorrow."

Even Sir Walter Scott, who unfortunately allowed his Tory predilections to dim the truth of his unstudied yet classic page, while affirming that "this bloody deed must always remain a deep stain upon the character of Napoleon," is constrained to admit, "yet we do not view it as the indulgence of an innate love of cruelty; for nothing in Bonaparte's history shows the existence of that vice; and there are many things which intimate his disposition to have been naturally humane."

Napoleon now prepared to march upon Acre, the most important military post in Syria. Behind its strong ramparts Achmet the Butcher had gathered all his troops and military stores, determined upon the most desperate resistance. Colonel Philippeaux, an emissary of the Bourbons, and a former schoolmate of Napoleon, contributed all the skill of an accomplished French engineer in arming the fortifications and conducting the defence. Achmet immediately sent

intelligence of the approaching attack to Sir Sidney Smith, who was cruising in the Levant with an English fleet. He promptly sailed for Acre, with two ships of the line and several smaller vessels, and proudly entered the harbour two days before the French made their appearance, strengthening Achmet with an abundant supply of engineers, artillerymen, and ammunition.

Most unfortunately for Napoleon, Sir Sidney, just before he entered the harbour, captured the flotilla, despatched from Alexandria with the siege equipage, as it was cautiously creeping around the headlands of Carmel. The whole battering-train, amounting to forty-four heavy guns, he immediately mounted upon the ramparts, and manned them with English soldiers. This was an irreparable loss to Napoleon, but with undiminished zeal the besiegers, with very slender means, advanced their works. Napoleon now sent an officer with a letter to Achmet, offering to treat for peace. "Why," said he, in this, "should I deprive an old man, whom I do not know, of a few years of life? What signify a few leagues more added to the countries I have conquered? Since God has given victory into my hands, I will, like him, be forgiving and merciful, not only towards the people, but towards their rulers also."

The barbarian Turk, regardless of the flag of truce, cut off the head of this messenger, though Napoleon had taken the precaution to send a Turkish prisoner with the flag, and raised the ghastly trophy upon a pole, over his battlements, in savage defiance. The decapitated body he sewed up in a sack and threw it into the sea. Napoleon then issued a proclamation to the people of Syria: "I am come into Syria," said he, "to drive out the Mamelukes and the army of the Pacha. What right had Achmet to send his troops to attack me in Egypt? He has provoked me to war. I have brought it to him. But it is not on you, inhabitants, that I intend to inflict its horrors. Remain quiet in your homes. Let those who have abandoned them through fear return again: I will grant to every one the property which he possesses. It is my wish that the cadis continue their functions as usual, and dispense justice; that religion, in particular, be protected and revered, and that the mosques should continue to be frequented by all faithful Mussulmans. It is from God that all good things come; it is He who gives the victory. The example of what has occurred at Gaza and Jaffa ought to teach you that, if I am terrible to my enemies, I am kind to my friends, and, above all, benevolent and merciful to the poor."

The plague, that most dreadful scourge of the East, now broke out in the army. It was a new form of danger, and created a fearful panic. The soldiers refused to approach their sick comrades, and even the physicians, terrified in view of the fearful contagion, abandoned the sufferers to die unaided. Napoleon immediately entered the

, sat down by the cots of the sick and

diers, took their fevered hands in his own, even pressed their bleeding tumours, and spoke to them words of encouragement and hope. The dying soldiers looked upon their heroic and sympathizing friend with eyes moistened with gratitude, and blessed him. Their courage was re-animating, and thus they gained new strength to throw off the dreadful disease. "You are right," said a grenadier, upon whom the plague had made such ravages that he could hardly move a limb; "your grenadiers were not made to die in a hospital."

The physicians, shamed by the heroism of Napoleon, returned to their duty. The soldiers, animated by the example of their chief, no longer refused to administer to the wants of their suffering comrades, and thus the progress of the infection in the army was materially arrested. One of the physicians reproached Napoleon for his imprudence in exposing himself to such fearful peril. He coolly replied, "It is but my duty; I am the commander-in-chief."

Napoleon now pressed the siege of Acre. It was the only fortress in Syria which could stop him. Its subjugation would make him the undisputed master of Syria. Napoleon had already formed an alliance with the Druses and other Christian tribes, who had taken refuge from the extortions of the Turks among the mountains of Lebanon, and they only awaited the capture of Acre to join his standard in a body, and to throw off the intolerable yoke of Moslem despotism. Delegations of their leading men frequently appeared in the tent of Napoleon, and their prayers were fervently ascending for the success of the French arms. That in this conflict Napoleon was contending on the side of human liberty, and the allies for the support of despotism, is undeniable. The Turks were not idle. By vast exertions they had roused the whole Mussulman population to march, in the name of the Prophet, for the destruction of the "Christian dogs." An enormous army was marshalled, and was on its way for the relief of the beleaguered city. Damascus had furnished its thousands. The scattered remnants of the fierce Mamelukes and the mounted Bedouins of the desert had congregated, to rush, with resistless numbers, upon their bold antagonist.

Napoleon had been engaged for ten days in an almost incessant assault upon the works of Acre, when the approach of the great Turkish army was announced. It consisted of about thirty thousand troops, twelve thousand of whom were the fiercest and best-trained horsemen in the world. Napoleon had but eight thousand effective men with which to encounter the well-trained army of Europeans and Turks within the walls of Acre and the numerous host rushing to its rescue. He acted with his usual promptitude. Leaving two thousand men to protect the works and cover the si-ge, he boldly advanced, with but six thousand men, to encounter the thirty thousand, already exulting in his speedy and sure destruction. Kleber was sent forward with an advance guard of three thousand men. Napo-

leon followed soon after with three thousand more.

As Kleber, with his little band, defiled from a narrow valley at the foot of Mount Tabor, he entered upon an extended plain. It was early in the morning of the 16th of April. The unclouded sun was just rising over the hills of Palestine, and revealed to his view the whole embattled Turkish host spread out before him. The eye was dazzled with the magnificent spectacle, as proud banners and plumes, and gaudy turbans and glittering steel, and all the barbaric martial pomp of the East, were reflected by the rays of the brilliant morning. Twelve thousand horsemen, decorated with the most gorgeous trappings of military show, and mounted on the fleetest Arabian chargers, were prancing and curveting in all directions. A loud and exultant shout of vengeance and joy, rising like the roar of the ocean, burst from the Turkish ranks, as soon as they perceived their victims enter the plain. The French, too proud and self-confident to retreat before any superiority in numbers, had barely time to form themselves into one of Napoleon's impregnable squares, when the whole cavalcade of horsemen, with gleaming sabres and hideous yells, and like the sweep of the wind, came rushing down upon them. Every man in the French squares knew that his life depended upon his immobility, and each one stood, shoulder to shoulder with his comrades, like a rock.

It is impossible to drive a horse upon the point of a bayonet. He has an instinct of self-preservation which no power of the spur can overcome. He can be driven to the bayonet's point; but if the bayonet remain firm, he will rear, and plunge, and wheel, in defiance of all the efforts of his rider to force his breast against it. As the immense mass came thundering down upon the square, it was received by volcanic bursts of fire from the French veterans, and horse and rider rolled together in the dust. Chevaux-de-frise of bayonets, presented from every side of this living, flaming citadel, prevented the possibility of piercing the square. For six long hours this little band sustained the dreadful and unequal conflict. The artillery of the enemy ploughed their ranks in vain. In vain the horsemen made reiterated charges on every side. The French, by the tremendous fire incessantly pouring from their ranks, soon formed around them a rampart of dead men and horses.

Behind this horrible abattis, they bid stern defiance to the utmost fury of their enemies. Seven long hours passed away, while the battle raged with unabated ferocity. The mid-day sun was now blazing upon the exhausted band. Their ammunition was nearly expended. Notwithstanding the enormous slaughter they had made, their foes seemed undiminished in number. A conflict so unequal could not much longer continue. The French were calling to their aid a noble despair, expecting there to perish, but resolved, to a man, to sell their lives dearly.

Matters were in this state when, at one o'clock, Napoleon, with three thousand men, arrived on the heights which overlooked the field of battle. The field was covered with a countless multitude, swaying to and fro in the most horrible clamour and confusion. They were canopied with thick volumes of smoke, which almost concealed the combatants from view. Napoleon could only distinguish the French by the regular and uninterrupted volleys which issued from their ranks, presenting one steady spot incessantly emitting lightning flashes in the midst of the moving multitude with which it was surrounded. With that instinctive judgment which enabled him, with the rapidity of lightning, to adopt the most important decisions, Napoleon instantly took his resolution. He formed his little band into two squares, and advanced in such a manner as to compose, with the square of Kleber, a triangle, inclosing the Turks. Thus, with unparalleled audacity, with six thousand men he undertook to surround thirty thousand of as fierce and desperate soldiers as the world has ever seen.

Cautiously and silently, the two squares hurried on to the relief of their friends, giving no sign of approach till they were just ready to plunge upon the plain. Suddenly the loud report of a cannon upon the hills startled, with joyful surprise, the weary heroes. They recognised instantly the voice of Napoleon rushing to their rescue. One wild shout of almost delicious joy burst from the ranks, "It is Bonaparte! it is Bonaparte!" That name operated as a talisman upon every heart. Tears of emotion dimmed the eyes of those scarred and bleeding veterans, as, disdaining longer to act upon the defensive, they grasped their weapons with nervous energy, and made a desperate onset upon their multitudinous foes. The Turks were assailed by a murderous fire instantaneously discharged from the three points of this triangle. Discouraged by the indomitable resolution with which they had been repulsed, and bewildered by the triple assault, they broke and fled.

The mighty host, like ocean waves, swept across the plain, when suddenly it was encountered by one of the fresh squares, and in reflux surges rolled back in frightful disorder. A scene of horror now ensued utterly unimaginable. The Turks were cut off from retreat in every direction. The enormous mass of infantry, horse, artillery, and baggage was driven in upon itself, in wild and horrible confusion. From the French squares there flashed one incessant sheet. Peel after peel, the artillery thundered in a continuous roar. These thoroughly drilled veterans fired with a rapidity and a precision which seemed to the Turks supernatural. An incessant storm of cannon-balls, grape-shot, and bullets pierced the motley mass, and the bayonets of the French dripped with blood.

Murat was there with his proud cavalry—Murat, whom Napoleon has described as in battle probably the bravest man in the world. Of majestic frame, dressed in the extreme of military ostentation, and mounted upon the most

powerful of Arabian chargers, he towered, proudly eminent, above all his band. With the utmost enthusiasm, he charged into the swollen tide of turbaned heads and flashing scimitars. As his strong horse reared and plunged in the midst of the sabre strokes falling swiftly on every side around him, his white plume, which ever led to victory, gleamed like a banner over the tumultuous throng.

It is almost an inexplicable development of human nature to hear Murat exclaim, "In the hottest of this terrible fight I thought of Christ, and of his transfiguration upon this very spot, two thousand years ago, and the reflection inspired me with tenfold courage and strength." The fiend-like disposition created by these horrible scenes is illustrated by the conduct of a French soldier on this occasion. He was dying of a frightful wound. Still he crawled to a mangled Mameluke, even more feeble than himself, also in the agonies of death, and, seizing him by the throat, tried to strangle him. "How can you," exclaimed a French officer to the human tiger, "in your condition, be guilty of such an act?" "You speak much at your ease," the man replied, "you who are unhurt; but I who am dying, must reap some enjoyment while I can."

The victory was complete. The Turkish army was not merely conquered—it was destroyed. As that day's sun, veiled in smoke, solemnly descended, like a ball of fire, behind the hills of Lebanon, the whole majestic array, assembled for the invasion of Egypt, and who had boasted that they were "innumerable as the sands of the sea, or as the stars of heaven," had disappeared, to be seen no more. The Turkish camp, with four hundred camels and an immense booty, fell into the hands of the victors.

This signal victory was achieved by a small division of Napoleon's army, of but six thousand men, in a pitched battle, on an open field. Such exploits history cannot record without amazement. The ostensible and avowed object of Napoleon's march into Syria was now accomplished. Napoleon returned again to Acre, to prosecute, with new vigour, its siege; for, though the great army marshalled for his destruction was annihilated, he had other plans, infinitely more majestic, revolving in his capacious mind. One evening he was standing with his secretary upon the mount which still bears the name of Richard Cœur de Lion, contemplating the smouldering scene of blood and ruin around him, when, after a few moments of silent thought, he exclaimed,

"Yes, Bourrienne, that miserable fort has cost me dear; but matters have gone too far not to make a last effort. The fate of the East depends upon the capture of Acre. That is the key of Constantinople or of India. If we succeed in taking this paltry town, I shall obtain the treasures of the Pacha, and arms for three hundred thousand men. I will then raise and arm the whole population of Syria, already so

led by the cruelty of Achmet, and for

whose fall all classes daily supplicate Heaven. I shall advance on Damascus and Aleppo. I will recruit my army, as I advance, by enlisting all the discontented. I will announce to the people the breaking of their chains, and the abolition of the tyrannical governments of the Pachas. The Druses wait but for the fall of Acre to declare themselves. I am already offered the keys of Damascus. My armed masses will penetrate to Constantinople, and the Mussulman dominion will be overturned. I shall found in the East a new and mighty empire, which will fix my position with posterity."

With these visions animating his mind, and having fully persuaded himself that he was the child of destiny, he prosecuted, with all possible vigour, the siege of Acre. But English, and Russian, and Turkish fleets were in that harbour. English generals, and French engineers, and European and Turkish soldiers, stood, side by side, behind those formidable ramparts, to resist the utmost endeavours of their assailants with equal vigour, science, and fearlessness.

No pen can describe the desperate conflicts and the scenes of carnage which ensued. Day after day, night after night, and week after week, the horrible slaughter, without intermission, continued. The French succeeded in transporting, by means of their cruisers, from Alexandria, a few pieces of heavy artillery, and the walls of Acre were reduced to a pile of blackened ruins. The streets were ploughed up, and the houses blown down by bomb-shells. Bleeding forms, blackened with smoke, and with clothing burned and tattered, rushed upon each other with dripping sabres and bayonets, and with hideous yells, which rose even above the incessant thunders of the cannonade. The noise, the uproar, the flash of guns, the enveloping cloud of sulphureous smoke, converting the day into hideous night, and the unintermitted flashes of musketry and artillery, transforming night into lurid and portentous day, the forms of the combatants, gliding like spectres, with demoniacal fury, through the darkness, the blast of trumpets, the shout of onset, the shriek of death presented a scene which no tongue can tell nor imagination conceive.

There was no time to bury the dead, and the putrefaction of hundreds of corpses under that burning sun added appalling horrors. To the pure spirits of a happier world, in the sweet companionship of celestial mansions, loving and blessing each other, it must have appeared a spectacle worthy of a pandemonium. And yet the human heart is so wicked, that it can often, forgetting the atrocity of such a scene, find a strange pleasure in the contemplation of its energy and its heroism. We are indeed a fallen race.

There were occasional lulls in this awful storm, during which each party would be rousing its energies for more terrible collision. The besiegers burrowed mines deep under the foundation of walls and towers, and, with a

million of hundreds of barrels of gunpowder, &

craters, blowing men and rocks into hideous ruin. In the midst of the shower of destruction darkening the skies, the assailants rushed, with sabres and dripping bayonets, to the assault. The onset, on the part of the French, was as furious and desperate as mortal man is capable of making. The repulse was equally determined and fearless.

Sir Sidney Smith conducted the defence, with the combined English and Turkish troops. He displayed consummate skill and unconquerable firmness, and availed himself of every weapon of effective warfare. Conscious of the earnest desire of the French soldiers to return to France, and of the despair with which the army had been oppressed when the fleet was destroyed, and thus all hope of a return was cut off, he circulated a proclamation among them, offering to convey safely to France every soldier who would desert from the standard of Napoleon. This proclamation, in large numbers, was thrown from the ramparts to the French troops. A more tempting offer could not have been presented; and yet, so strong was the attachment of the soldiers for their chief, that it is not known that a single individual availed himself of the privilege. Napoleon issued a counter-proclamation to his army, in which he asserted that the English commodore had actually gone mad. This so provoked Sir Sidney that he sent a challenge to Napoleon to meet him in single combat. The young general proudly replied, "If Sir Sidney will send Marlborough from his grave to meet me, I will think of it. In the meantime, if the gallant commodore wishes to display his personal prowess, I will neutralize a few yards of the beach, and send a tall grenadier, with whom he can run a tilt."

In the progress of this siege, General Caffarelli was struck by a ball, and mortally wounded. For eighteen days he lingered in extreme pain, and then died. Napoleon was strongly attached to him, and during all the period, twice every day, made a visit to his couch of suffering. So great was his influence over the patient, that, though the wounded general was frequently delirious, no sooner was the name of Napoleon announced, than he became perfectly collected, and conversed coherently.

The most affecting proofs were frequently given of the entire devotion of the troops to Napoleon. One day, while giving some directions in the trenches, a shell, with its fuse fiercely burning, fell at his feet. Two grenadiers, perceiving his danger, instantly rushed towards him, encircled him in their arms, and completely shielded every part of his body with their own. The shell exploded, blowing a hole in the earth sufficiently large to bury "a cart and two horses." All three were tumbled into the excavation, and covered with stones and sand. One of the men was rather severely wounded; Napoleon escaped with a few slight bruises. He immediately elevated both of these heroes to the rank of officers.

"Never yet, I

said Napoleon, "has

there been such devotion shown by soldiers to their general as mine have manifested for me. At Arcola, Colonel Mairon threw himself before me, covered my body with his own, and received the blow which was intended for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier been wanting in fidelity—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, 'Vive Napoleon!'"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SIEGE ABANDONED

Terrible butchery—Bitter disappointment—Napoleon's magnanimity to his foes—Hostility against duelling—Proclamation—The French retire from Acre—Humanity of Napoleon to the sick—Baron Indignation of Napoleon—He arrives at Cairo—The Arab courier—Land victory at Aboukir—Bonaparte determines on returning to France.

THE siege had now continued for sixty days; Napoleon had lost nearly three thousand men by the sword and the plague. The hospitals were full of the sick and the wounded. Still Napoleon remitted not his efforts. "Victory," said he, "belongs to the most persevering." Napoleon had now expended all his cannon-balls. By a singular expedient, he obtained a fresh supply. A party of soldiers were sent upon the beach and set to work, apparently throwing up a rampart for the erection of a battery. Sir Sidney immediately approached with the English ships, and poured in upon them broadside after broadside from all his tiers. The soldiers, who perfectly comprehended the joke, convulsed with laughter, ran and collected the balls as they rolled over the sand. Napoleon ordered five francs to be paid to the soldiers for each ball thus obtained. When this supply was exhausted, a few horsemen or wagons were sent out upon the beach, as if engaged in some important movement, when the English commodore would again approach and present them, from his plinth magazines, with another liberal supply. Thus, for a long time, Napoleon replenished his exhausted stores.

One afternoon in May, a fleet of thirty sail of the line was descried in the distant horizon, approaching Acre. All eyes were instantly turned in that direction. The sight awakened intense anxiety in the hearts of both besiegers and besieged. The French hoped that they were French ships conveying to them succours from Alexandria or from France. The besieged flattered themselves that they were friendly sails, bringing to them such aid as would enable them effectually to repulse their terrible foes. The English cruisers immediately stood out of the bay to reconnoitre the unknown fleet. Great was the disappointment of the French when they saw the two squadrons unite, and the crescent of the Turk and the pennant of Eng-

land, in friendly blending, approach the bay together. The Turkish fleet brought a reinforcement of twelve thousand men, with an abundant supply of military stores.

Napoleon's only hope was to capture the place before the disembarkation of these reinforcements. Calculating that the landing could not be effected in less than six hours, he resolved upon an immediate assault. In the deepening twilight, a black and massy column issued from the trenches, and advanced, with the firm and silent steps of utter desperation, to the breach. The besieged, knowing that if they could hold out but a few hours longer, deliverance was certain, were animated to the most determined resistance. A horrible scene of slaughter ensued. The troops from the ships, in the utmost haste, were embarked on the boats, and were pulling as rapidly as possible across the bay to aid their failing friends. Sir Sidney himself headed the crews of the ships, and led them, armed with pikes, to the breach. The assailants gained the summit of a heap of stones into which the wall had been battered, and even forced their way into the garden of the Pacha. But a swarm of janizaries suddenly poured in upon them, with the keen sabre in one hand and the dagger in the other, and in a few moments they were all reduced to headless trunks. The Turks gave no quarter. The remorseless Butcher sat in the court-yard of his palace, paying a liberal reward for the gory head of every infidel which was laid at his feet. He smiled upon the ghastly trophies heaped up in piles around him.

The chivalric Sir Sidney must at times have felt not a little abashed in contemplating the deeds of his allies. He was, however, fighting to arrest the progress of free institutions, and the scimitar of the Turk was a fitting instrument to be employed in such a service. In promotion of the same object, but a few years before, the "tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage" had been called into requisition to deluge the borders of America with blood. Napoleon was contending to wrest from the hand of Achmet the Butcher his bloody scimitar. Sir Sidney, with the united despots of Turkey and of Russia, was struggling to help him retain it.

Sir Sidney also issued a proclamation to the Druses, and other Christian tribes of Syria, urging them to trust to the faith of a "Christian knight," rather than to that of an "unprincipled renegade." But the "Christian knight," in the hour of victory, forgot the poor Druses, and they were left without even one word of sympathy, to bleed, during ages whose limits cannot yet be seen, beneath the dripping yataghan of the Moslem. Column after column of the French advanced to the assault, but all were repulsed with dreadful slaughter. Every hour the strength of the enemy was increasing; every hour the forces of Napoleon were melting away before the awful storm sweeping from the battlements. In these terrific conflicts, where immense masses were contending hand to hand, it was found that the scimitar of the Turk was a

far more efficient weapon of destruction than the bayonet of the European.

Success was now hopeless. Sadly Napoleon made preparations to relinquish the enterprise. He knew that a formidable Turkish army, aided by the fleets of England and Russia, was soon to be conveyed from Rhodes to Egypt. Not an hour longer could he delay his return to meet it. Had not Napoleon been crippled by the loss of his fleet at Aboukir, victory at Acre would have been attained without any difficulty. The imagination is bewildered in contemplating the results which might have ensued. Even without the aid of the fleet, but for the indomitable activity, courage, and energy of Sir Sidney Smith, Acre would have fallen, and the bloody reign of the Butcher would have come to an end. This destruction of Napoleon's magnificent anticipations of Oriental conquest must have been a bitter disappointment. It was the termination of the most sanguine hope of his life. And it was a lofty ambition in the heart of a young man of twenty-nine to break the chains which bound the countless millions of Asia in the most degrading slavery, and to create a boundless empire, such as earth had never before seen, which should develop all the physical, intellectual, and social energies of man.

History can record with unerring truth the deeds of man and his avowed designs. The attempt to delineate the conflicting motives which stimulate the heart of a frail mortal is hazardous. Even the most lowly Christian finds unworthy motives mingling with his best actions. Napoleon was not a Christian. He had learned no lessons in the school of Christ. Did he merely wish to aggrandize himself, to create and perpetuate his own renown, by being the greatest and the best monarch earth has ever known? This is not a Christian spirit. But it is not like the spirit which demonized the heart of Nero, which stimulated the lust of Henry the Eighth, which fired the bosom of Alexander with his invincible phalanxes, and which urged Tamerlane to the field of blood.

The ambitious conqueror who invades a peaceful land, and with fire and sword subjugates a timid and helpless people, that he may bow their necks to the yoke of slavery, that he may doom them to ignorance and degradation, that he may extort from them their treasures by the energies of the dungeon, the scimitar, and the bastinado—who consigns millions to mud hovels, penury, and misery, that he and his haughty parasites may revel in voluptuousness and splendour, deserves the execrations of the world. Such were the rulers of the Orient. But we cannot, with equal severity, condemn the ambition of him who marches, not to forge chains, but to break them; not to establish despotism, but to assail despotic usurpers; not to degrade and impoverish the people, but to enoble, to elevate, and to enrich them; not to extort from the scanty earnings of the poor the means of living in licentiousness and all luxurious indulgence, but to endure all toil, all hardship, all deprivation cheerfully.

that the lethargic nations may be roused to enterprise, to industry, and to thrift. Such was the ambition of Napoleon. Surely it was lofty.

Twenty years after the discomfiture at Acre, Napoleon, when imprisoned upon the rock of St. Helena, alluded to those dreams of his early life. "Acre once taken," said he, "the French army would have flown to Aleppo and Damascus. In the twinkling of an eye it would have been on the Euphrates. The Christians of Syria, the Druses, the Christians of Armenia, would have joined it. The whole population of the East would have been agitated."

Some one said, "You soon would have been reinforced by one hundred thousand men."

"Say rather six hundred thousand!" Napoleon replied. "Who can calculate what would have happened? I would have reached Constantinople and the Indies—I would have changed the face of the world."

The manner in which Napoleon bore this disappointment most strikingly illustrates the truth of his own remarkable assertion. "Nature seems to have calculated that I should endure great reverses. She has given me a mind of marble. Thunder cannot rattle it. The shaft merely glides along." Even his most intimate friends could discern no indications of discontent. He seemed to feel that it was not his destiny to found an empire in the East, and, acquiescing without a murmur, he turned his attention to other enterprises. "That man," said he, with perfect goodnature, speaking of Sir Sidney Smith, "made me miss my destiny!"

Napoleon ever manifested the most singular magnanimity in recognising the good qualities of his enemies. He indulged in no feelings of exasperation towards Sir Sidney, notwithstanding his agency in frustrating the most cherished plan of his life. Wurmsér, with whom he engaged in such terrible conflicts in Italy, he declared to be a brave and magnanimous foe; and, in the hour of triumph, treated him with a degree of delicacy and generosity which could not have been surpassed had his vanquished antagonist been his intimate friend.

Of Prince Charles, with whom he fought repeated and most desperate battles in his march upon Vienna, he remarked, "He is a *good man*, which includes everything when said of a prince. He is incapable of a dishonourable action."

And even of his eccentric and versatile antagonist at Acre, Napoleon says, with great impartiality and accuracy of judgment, "Sir Sidney Smith is a brave officer. He displayed considerable ability in the treaty for the evacuation of Egypt by the French. He also manifested great honour in sending immediately to Kleber the refusal of Lord Keith to ratify the treaty, which saved the French army. If he had kept it a secret for seven or eight days longer, Cairo would have been given up to the Turks, and the French army would have been obliged to surrender to the English. He also displayed great humanity and honour in all his proceedings towards the French who fell into his hands. He is

active, intelligent, intriguing and indefatigable; but I believe that he is half crazy. The chief cause of the failure at Acre was, that he took all my battering train, which was on board several small vessels. Had it not been for that, I should have taken Acre in spite of him. He behaved very bravely. He sent me, by means of a flag of truce, a lieutenant or midshipman, with a letter containing a challenge to me, to meet him in some place he pointed out, in order to fight a duel. I laughed at this, and sent him back an intimation that, when he brought Marlborough to fight me, I would meet him. Notwithstanding this, I like the character of the man. He has certain good qualities, and, as an enemy, I should like to see him."

A minute dissector of human nature may discern, in this singular candour, a destitution of earnestness of principle. The heart is incapable of this indifference when it cherishes a profound conviction of right and wrong. It is undoubtedly true that Napoleon encountered his foes upon the field of battle with very much the same feeling with which he would meet an opponent in a game of chess. These wars were fierce conflicts between the kings and the people; and Napoleon was not angry with the kings for defending strongly their own cause. There were, of course, moments of irritation, but his prevailing feeling was that his foes were to be conquered, not condemned. At one time he expressed much surprise in perceiving that Alexander of Russia had allowed feelings of personal hostility to enter into the conflict. A chess-player could not have manifested more unaffected wonder in finding his opponent in a rage at the check of his king. Napoleon does not appear often to have acted from a deep sense of moral obligation. His justice, generosity, and magnanimity were rather the instinctive impulses of a noble nature than the result of a profound conviction of duty. We see but few indications in the life of Napoleon of tenderness of conscience. That faculty needs a kind of culture which Napoleon never enjoyed.

He also cherished the conviction that his opponents were urged on by the same destiny by which he believed himself to be impelled.

"I am well taught," said Dryfesdale, "and strong in the belief, that man does naught of himself. He is but the foam upon the billow, which rises, bubbles, and bursts, not by his own efforts, but by the mightier impulse of fate, which urges him."

The doctrine called *destiny* by Napoleon, and *philosophical necessity* by Priestly, and *divine decrees* by Calvin, assuming in each mind characteristic modifications, indicated by the name which each assigned to it, is a doctrine which often nerves to the most heroic and virtuous endeavours, and which is also capable of the most awful perversion.

Napoleon was an inveterate enemy to duelling, and strongly prohibited it in the army. One evening in Egypt, at a convivial party, General Lanusse spoke sarcastically respecting the con-

dition of the army. Junot, understanding his remarks to reflect upon Napoleon, whom he almost worshipped, was instantly in a flame, and stigmatized Lanusse as a traitor. Lanusse retorted by calling Junot a scoundrel. Instantly swords were drawn, and all were upon their feet, for such words demanded blood.

"Hearken," said Junot, sternly, "I called you a traitor; I do not think that you are one. You called me a scoundrel; you know that I am not such. But we must fight. One of us must die. I hate you, for you have abused the man whom I love and admire as much as I do God, if not more."

It was a dark night. The whole party, by the light of torches, proceeded to the bottom of the garden which sloped to the Nile, when the two half-inebriated generals out at each other with their swords, until the head of Lanusse was laid open and the bowels of Junot almost protruded from a frightful wound. When Napoleon, the next morning, heard of the occurrence, he was exceedingly indignant.

"What!" exclaimed he, "are they determined to cut each other's throats? Must they go into the midst of the reeds of the Nile to dispute it with the crocodiles? Have they not enough, then, with the Arabs, the plague, and the Mamelukes? You deserve, Monsieur Junot," said he, as if his aid-de-camp were present before him, "you richly deserve, as soon as you get well, to be put under arrest for a month."

In preparation for abandoning the siege of Acre, Napoleon issued the following proclamation to his troops: "Soldiers! You have traversed the desert which separates Asia from Africa with the rapidity of an Arab force. The army which was on its march to invade Egypt is destroyed. You have taken its general, its field artillery, camels, and baggage. You have captured all the fortified posts which secure the wells of the desert. You have dispersed, at Mount Tabor, those swarms of brigands, collected from all parts of Asia, hoping to share the plunder of Egypt. The thirty ships which, twelve days ago, you saw enter the port of Acre, were destined for an attack upon Alexandria. But you compelled them to hasten to the relief of Acre. Several of their standards will contribute to adorn your triumphal entry into Egypt. After having maintained the war, with a handful of men, during three months, in the heart of Syria, taken forty pieces of cannon, fifty stands of colours, six thousand prisoners, and captured or destroyed the fortifications of Gaza, Jaffa, and Acre, we prepare to return to Egypt, where, by a threatened invasion, our presence is imperiously demanded. A few days longer might give you the hope of taking the Pacha in his palace; but at this season the castle of Acre is not worth the loss of three days, nor the loss of those brave soldiers who would consequently fall, and who are necessary for more essential services. Soldiers! we have yet a toilsome and a perilous task to perform. After having, by this campaign, defended ourselves from attacks from the east

ward, it will perhaps be necessary to repel efforts which may be made from the west."

On the 20th of May, Napoleon, for the first time, relinquished an enterprise unaccomplished. An incessant fire was kept up in the trenches till the last moment, while the baggage, the sick, and the field artillery were silently drifting to the rear, so that the Turks had no suspicion that the besiegers were about to abandon their works. Napoleon left three thousand of his troops, slain or dead of the plague, buried in the sands of Acre. He had accomplished the ostensible and avowed object of his expedition. He had utterly destroyed the vast assemblages formed in Syria for the invasion of Egypt, and had rendered the enemy, in that quarter, incapable of acting against him. Acre had been overwhelmed by his fire, and was now reduced to a heap of ruins. Those vague and brilliant dreams of conquest in the East, which he secretly cherished, had not been revealed to the soldiers. They simply knew that they had triumphantly accomplished the object announced to them, in the destruction of the great Turkish army. Elated with the pride of conquerors, they prepared to return, with the utmost celerity, to encounter another army, assembled at Rhodes, which was soon to be landed, by the hostile fleet, upon some part of the shores of Egypt. Thus, while Napoleon was frustrated in the accomplishment of his undivulged but most majestic plans, he still appeared to the world an invincible conqueror.

There were in the hospitals twelve hundred sick and wounded. These were to be conveyed on horses and on litters. Napoleon relinquished his own horse for the wounded, and toiled along through the burning sands with the humblest soldiers on foot. The Druses, and other tribes hostile to the Porte, were in a state of great dismay when they learned that the French were retiring. They knew that they must encounter terrible vengeance at the hands of Achmet the Butcher. The victory of the allies riveted upon them anew their chains, and a wail, which would have caused the ear of Christendom to tingle, ascended from terrified villages, as fathers, and mothers, and children cowered beneath the storm of vengeance which fell upon them from the hands of the merciless Turk. But England was too far away for the shrieks to be heard in her pious dwellings.

At Jaffa, among the multitude of the sick, there were seven found near to death. They were dying of the plague, and could not be removed. Napoleon himself fearlessly went into the plague hospital, passed through all its wards, and spoke words of sympathy and encouragement to the sufferers. The eyes of the dying were turned to him, and followed his steps, with indescribable affection, as he passed from cot to cot. The seven, who were in such a condition that their removal was impossible, Napoleon for some time contemplated with most tender solicitude. He could not endure the thought of leaving them to be taken by the Turks, for the Turks tortured to death every prisoner who fell

into their hands. He at last suggested to the physician the expediency of administering to them an opium pill, which would expedite, by a few hours, their death, and thus save them from the hands of their cruel foe. The physician gave the highly-admired reply, "My profession is to cure, not to kill!"

Napoleon reflected a moment in silence, and said no more upon the subject, but left a rearguard of five hundred men to protect them until the last should have expired. For this suggestion Napoleon has been severely censured. However much it may indicate mistaken views of Christian duty, it certainly does not indicate a cruel disposition. It was his tenderness of heart and his love for the soldiers which led to the proposal. An unfeeling monster would not have troubled himself about these few valueless and dying men, but, without a thought, would have left them to their fate. In reference to the severity with which this transaction has been condemned, Napoleon remarked at St. Helena,

"I do not think that it would have been a crime had opium been administered to them. On the contrary, I think it would have been a virtue. To leave a few unfortunate men, who could not recover, in order that they might be massacred by the Turks with the most dreadful tortures, as was their custom, would, I think, have been cruelty. A general ought to act with his soldiers as he would wish should be done to himself. Now, would not any man, under similar circumstances, who had his senses, have preferred dying easily, a few hours sooner, rather than expire under the torture of these barbarians? If my own son, and I believe I love my son as well as any father does his child, were in a similar situation with these men, I would advise it to be done. And if so situated myself, I would insist upon it, if I had sense enough and strength enough to demand it. However, affairs were not so pressing as to prevent me from leaving a party to take care of them, which was done. If I had thought such a measure as that of giving opium necessary, I would have called a council of war, have stated the necessity of it, and have published it in the order of the day. It should have been no secret. Do you think, if I had been capable of secretly poisoning my soldiers, as doing a necessary action secretly would give it the appearance of a crime, or of such barbarities as driving my carriage over the dead, and the still bleeding bodies of the wounded, that my troops would have fought for me with an enthusiasm and affection without a parallel? No, no! I never should have done so a second time. Some one would have shot me in passing. Even some of the wounded, who had sufficient strength left to pull a trigger, would have despatched me. I never committed a crime in all my political career. At my last hour I can assert that. Had I done so, I should not have been here now. I should have despatched the Bourbons. It only rested with me to give my consent, and they would have ceased to live. I have, however, often thought, since on this point

of morals, and I believe, if thoroughly considered, it is always better to suffer a man to terminate his destiny, be it what it may. I judged so afterwards in the case of my friend Duroc, who, when his bowels were falling out before my eyes, repeatedly cried to me to have him put out of his misery. I said to him, 'I pity you, my friend, but there is no remedy; it is necessary to suffer to the last.'"

Sir Robert Wilson recorded that the merciless and bloodthirsty monster, Napoleon, poisoned at Jaffa five hundred and eighty of his sick and wounded soldiers, merely to relieve himself of the encumbrance of taking care of them. The statement was circulated and believed throughout Europe and America; and thousands still judge of Napoleon through the influence of such assertions. Sir Robert was afterwards convinced of his error, and became the friend of Napoleon. When some one was speaking, in terms of indignation, of the author of the atrocious libel, Napoleon replied,

"You know but little of men and of the passions by which they are actuated. What leads you to imagine that Sir Robert is not a man of enthusiasm and violent passions, who wrote what he then believed to be true? He may have been misinformed and deceived, and may now be sorry for it. He may be as sincere now in wishing us well as he formerly was in seeking to injure us."

Again he said, "The fact is, that I not only never committed any crime, but I never even thought of doing so. I have always marched with the opinions of five or six millions of men. In spite of all the libels, I have no fear whatever respecting my fame. Posterity will do me justice. The truth will be known, and the good which I have done will be compared with the faults which I have committed. I am not uneasy as to the result."

Baron Larrey was the chief of the medical staff. "Larrey," said Napoleon to O'Meara, "was the most honest man, and the best friend to the soldier whom I ever knew. Indefatigable in his exertions for the wounded, he was seen on the field of battle, immediately after an action, accompanied by a train of young surgeons, endeavouring to discover if any signs of life remained in the bodies. He scarcely allowed a moment of repose to his assistants, and kept them ever at their posts. He tormented the generals, and roused them out of their beds at night, whenever he wanted accommodation or assistance for the sick or wounded. They were all afraid of him, as they knew that, if his wishes were not complied with, he would immediately come and make a complaint to me."

Larrey, on his return to Europe, published a medical work, which he dedicated to Napoleon, as a tribute due to him for the care which he always took of the sick and wounded soldiers. Assulini, another eminent physician, records: "Napoleon, great in every emergency, braved on several occasions the danger of contagion. I have seen him, in the hospitals at Jaffa, in

ing the wards, and talking familiarly with the soldiers attacked by the plague. This heroic example allayed the fears of the army, cheered the spirits of the sick, and encouraged the hospital attendants, whom the progress of the disease and the fear of contagion had considerably alarmed."

The march over the burning desert was long and painful, and many of the sick and wounded perished. The sufferings of the army were inconceivable. Twelve hundred persons, faint with disease, or agonized with broken bones or ghastly wounds, were borne along, over the rough and weary way, on horseback. Many were so exhausted with debility and pain, that they were tied to the saddles, and were thus hurried onward, with limbs freshly amputated, and with bones shivered to splinters. The path of the army was marked by the bodies of the dead, which were dropped by the wayside. There were not horses enough for the sick and wounded, though Napoleon and all his generals marched on foot. The artillery pieces were left among the sand-hills, that the horses might be used for the relief of the sufferers. Many of the wounded were necessarily abandoned to perish. Many who could not obtain a horse, knowing the horrible death by torture which awaited them should they fall into the hands of the Turks, hobbled along with bleeding wounds in intolerable agony. With most affecting earnestness, though unavailingly, they implored their comrades to help them. Misery destroys humanity. Each one thought only of himself. Seldom have the demoralizing influences and the horrors of war been more signally displayed than in this march of twenty-five days.

Napoleon was deeply moved by the spectacle of misery around him. One day, as he was toiling along through the sands, at the head of a column, with the blazing sun of Syria pouring down upon his unprotected head, with the sick, the wounded, and the dying all around him, he saw an officer, in perfect health, riding on horseback, refusing to surrender his saddle to the sick. The indignation of Napoleon was so aroused that, by one blow from the hilt of his sword, he laid the officer prostrate on the earth, and then helped a wounded soldier into his saddle. The deed was greeted with a shout of acclamation from the ranks. The "recording angel in heaven's chancery" will blot out the record of such violence with a tear.

The historian has no right to draw the veil over the revolting horrors of war. Though he may wish to preserve his pages from the repulsive recital, justice to humanity demands that the barbarism, the crime, and the cruelty of war should be faithfully portrayed. The soldiers often refused to render the slightest assistance to the sick or the wounded. They feared that every one who was not well was attacked by the plague. The soldiers burst into immoderate fits of laughter in looking upon the convulsive efforts which the dying made to rise from the sands upon which they had fallen. "He has made up

his account!" said one. "He will not go on far!" said another. And when the exhausted wretch fell to rise no more, they exclaimed, with perfect indifference, "His lodging is secured!"

The troops were harassed upon their march by hordes of mounted Arabs, ever prowling around them. To protect themselves from assault, and to avenge attacks, they fired villages, and burned the fields of grain, and with bestial fury pursued shrieking maids and matrons. Such deeds almost invariably attend the progress of an army, for an army is ever the resort and the congenial home of the moral dregs of creation. Napoleon must at times have been horror-stricken in contemplating the infernal instrumentality which he was using for the accomplishment of his purposes. The only excuse which can be offered for him is, that it was then, as now, the prevalent conviction of the world that war, with all its inevitable abominations, is a necessary evil. The soldiers were glad to be fired upon from a house, for it furnished them with an excuse for rushing in and perpetrating deeds of atrocious violence in its secret chambers.

Those infected by the plague accompanied the army at some distance from the main body. Their encampment was always separated from the bivouacs of the troops, and was with terror avoided by those soldiers who, without the tremor of a nerve, could storm a battery. Napoleon, however, always pitched his tent by their side. Every night he visited them to see if their wants were attended to; and every morning he was present, with parental kindness, to see them file off at the moment of departure. Such tenderness, at the hands of one who was filling the world with his renown, won the hearts of the soldiers. He merited their love. Even to the present day, the scarred and mutilated victims of these wars, still lingering in the *Hôtel des Invalides* at Paris, will flame with enthusiastic admiration at the very mention of the name of Napoleon. There is no man, living or dead, who at the present moment is the object of such enthusiastic love as Napoleon Bonaparte; and they who knew him the best loved him the most.

One day, on their return, an Arab tribe came to meet him, to show their respect and to offer their services as guides. The son of the chief of the tribe, a little boy about twelve years of age, was mounted on a dromedary, riding by the side of Napoleon, and chatting with great familiarity. "Sultan Kébir," said the young Arab to Napoleon, "I could give you good advice now that you are returning to Cairo."

"Well, speak, my friend," said Napoleon; "if your advice is good, I will follow it."

"I will tell you what I would do were I in your place," the young chief rejoined. "As soon as I got to Cairo, I would send for the richest slave-merchant in the market, and I would choose twenty of the prettiest women for myself. I would then send for the richest jewellers, and would make them give up a good share of their stock. I would then do the same with all the other merchants; for what

use of reigning, or being powerful, if not to acquire riches?"

"But, my friend," replied Napoleon, "suppose it were more noble to preserve these things for others?"

The young barbarian was quite perplexed in endeavouring to comprehend ambition so lofty, intellectual, and refined. "He was, however," said Napoleon, "very promising for an Arab. He was lively and courageous, and led his troops with dignity and order. He is perhaps destined, one day or other, to carry his advice into execution in the market-place of Cairo."

At length Napoleon arrived at Cairo, after an absence of three months. With great pomp and triumph he entered the city. He found, on his return to Egypt, that deep discontent pervaded the army. The soldiers had now been absent from France for a year. For six months they had heard no news whatever from home, as not a single French vessel had been able to cross the Mediterranean. Napoleon, finding his plans frustrated for establishing an empire which should overshadow all the East, began to turn his thoughts again to France. He knew, however, that there was another Turkish army collected at Rhodes, prepared, in co-operation with the fleets of Russia and England, to make a descent on Egypt. He could not think of leaving the army until that formidable foe was disposed of. He knew not when or where the landing would be attempted, and could only wait.

One evening, in July, he was walking with a friend in the environs of Cairo, beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, when an Arab horseman was seen, enveloped in a cloud of dust, rapidly approaching him over the desert. He brought despatches from Alexandria, informing Napoleon that a powerful fleet had appeared in the Bay of Aboukir; that eighteen thousand Turks had landed, fierce and fearless soldiers, each armed with musket, pistol, and sabre; that their artillery were numerous, and well served by British officers; that the combined English, Russian, and Turkish fleets supported the armament in the bay; that Mourad Bey, with a numerous body of Mameluke cavalry, was crossing the desert from Upper Egypt to join the invaders; that the village of Aboukir had been taken by the Turks, the garrison cut to pieces, and the citadel compelled to capitulate. Thus the storm burst upon Egypt.

Napoleon immediately retired to his tent, where he remained until three o'clock the next morning, dictating orders for the instant advance of the troops, and for the conduct of those who were to remain in Cairo, and at the other military stations. At four o'clock in the morning he was on horseback, and the army in full march. The French troops were necessarily so scattered—some in Upper Egypt, eight hundred miles above Cairo, some upon the borders of the desert to prevent incursions from Syria, some at Alexandria—that Napoleon could take with him but eight thousand men. By night and by day, through smothering dust and burning sands,

and beneath the rays of an almost blistering sun, his troops, hungry and thirsty, with iron sinews, almost rushed along, accomplishing one of those extraordinary marches which filled the world with wonder. In seven days he reached the Bay of Aboukir.

It was the hour of midnight, on the 25th of July, 1799, when Napoleon, with six thousand men, arrived within sight of the strongly-intrenched camp of the Turks. They had thrown up intrenchments among the sand-hills on the shore of the bay. He ascended an eminence, and carefully examined the position of his sleeping foes. By the bright moonlight, he saw the vast fleet of the allies riding at anchor in the offing, and his practised eye could count the mighty host of infantry, artillery, and horsemen slumbering before him. He knew that the Turks were awaiting the arrival of the formidable cavalry from Egypt, and for still greater reinforcements of men and munitions of war from Acre and other parts of Syria. Kleber, with a division of two thousand of the army, had not yet arrived. Napoleon resolved immediately to attack his foes, though they were eighteen thousand strong.

It was, indeed, an unequal conflict. These janizaries were the most fierce, merciless, and indomitable of men; and their energies were directed by English officers and by French engineers. Just one year before, Napoleon, with his army, had landed upon that beach. Where the allied fleet now rode so proudly, the French fleet had been utterly destroyed. The bosom of Napoleon burned with the desire to avenge this disaster. As he stood silently contemplating the scene, Murat by his side, he foresaw the long results depending upon the issue of the conflict. Utter defeat would be to him utter ruin. A partial victory would but prolong the conflict, and render it impossible for him, without dishonour, to abandon Egypt and return to France. The entire destruction of his foes would enable him, with the renown of an invincible conqueror, to leave the army in safety and embark for Paris, where he doubted not that, in the tumult of the unsettled times, avenues of glory would be opened before him. So strongly was he impressed with the great destinies for which he believed himself to be created, that, turning to Murat, he said, "This battle will decide the fate of the world." The distinguished cavalry commander, unable to appreciate the grandeur of Napoleon's thoughts, replied, "At least of this army; but every French soldier feels now that he must conquer or die. And be assured, if ever infantry were charged to the teeth by cavalry, the Turks shall be to-morrow so charged by mine."

The first grey of the morning was just appearing in the east, when the Turkish army was aroused by the tramp of the French columns, and by a shower of bomb-shells falling in the midst of their intrenchments. One of the most terrible battles recorded in history then ensued. The awful genius of Napoleon never shone forth

more fearfully than on that bloody day. He stood upon a gentle eminence, calm, silent, undisturbed, pitiless, and guided, with resistless skill, the carnage. The onslaught of the French was like that of wolves. The Turks were driven like deer before them. Every man remembered that in that bay the proud fleet of France had perished. Every man felt that the kings of Europe had banded for the destruction of the French Republic. Every man exulted in the thought that there were but six thousand French republicans to hurl themselves upon England, Russia, and Turkey combined, nearly twenty thousand strong. The Turks, perplexed and confounded by the skill and fury of the assault, were driven in upon each other in horrible confusion. The French, trained to load and fire with a rapidity which seemed miraculous, poured in upon them a perfect hurricane of bullets, balls, and shells. They were torn to pieces, mown down, bayoneted, and trampled under iron hoofs. In utter consternation, thousands of them plunged into the sea, horsemen and footmen, and struggled in the waves, in the insane attempt to swim to the ships, three miles distant from the shore. With terrible calmness of energy, Napoleon opened upon the drowning host the tornado of his batteries, and the water was swept with grapeshot as by a hailstorm. The Turks were on the point of a peninsula. Escape by land was impossible. They would not ask for quarter. The silent and proud spirit of Napoleon was inflamed with a resolve to achieve a victory which should reclaim the name of Aboukir to the arms of France. Murat redeemed his pledge. Plunging with his cavalry into the densest throng of the enemy, he spurred his fiery steed, reckless of peril, to the very centre of the Turkish camp, where stood Mustapha Pacha, surrounded by his staff. The proud Turk had barely time to discharge a pistol at his audacious foe, which slightly wounded Murat, ere the dripping sabre of the French general severed half of his hand from his wrist. Thus wounded, the leader of the Turkish army was immediately captured, and sent in triumph to Napoleon.

As Napoleon received his illustrious prisoner, magnanimously desiring to soothe the bitterness of his utter discomfiture, he courteously said, "I will take care to inform the Sultan of the courage you have displayed in this battle, though it has been your misfortune to lose it."

"Thou mayst save thyself that trouble," the proud Turk haughtily replied; "my master knows me better than thou canst."

Before four o'clock in the afternoon the whole Turkish army was destroyed. Hardly an individual escaped. About two thousand prisoners were taken in the fort. All the rest perished; either drowned in the sea, or slain upon the land. Sir Sidney Smith, who had chosen the position occupied by the Turkish army, with the utmost difficulty avoided capture. In the midst of the terrible scene of tumult and death, the commander succeeded in getting on board a

boat, and was rowed to his ship. More than twelve thousand corpses of the Turks were floating in the Bay of Aboukir beneath whose crimsoned waves, but a few months before, almost an equal number of the French had sunk in death. Such entire destruction of an army is, perhaps, unexampled in the annals of war. If God frowned upon France in the naval battle of Aboukir, he as signally frowned upon her foes in this terrific conflict on the land.

The cloudless sun descended peacefully, in the evening, beneath the blue waves of the Mediterranean. Napoleon stood at the door of his tent, calmly contemplating the scene from whence all his foes had thus suddenly and utterly vanished. Just then Kleber arrived, with his division of two thousand men, for whom Napoleon had not waited. The distinguished soldier, who had long been an ardent admirer of Napoleon, was overwhelmed with amazement in contemplating the magnitude of the victory. In his enthusiasm, he threw his arms around the neck of his adored chieftain, exclaiming, "Let me embrace you, my General; you are great as the universe!"

Egypt was now quiet. Not a foe remained to be encountered. No immediate attack from any quarter was to be feared. Nothing remained to be done but to carry on the routine of the administration of the infant colony. These duties required no especial genius, and could be very creditably performed by any respectable governor.

It was, however, but a barren victory which Napoleon had obtained at such an enormous expenditure of suffering and of life. It was in vain for the isolated army, cut off by the destruction of its fleet from all intercourse with Europe, to think of the invasion of India. The French troops had exactly "caught the Tartar." Egypt was of no possible avail as a colony, with the Mediterranean crowded with hostile English, and Russian, and Turkish cruisers. For the same reason, it was impossible for the army to leave those shores and return to France. Thus the victorious French, in the midst of all their triumphs, found that they had built up for themselves prison walls from which, though they could repel their enemies, there was no escape. The sovereignty of Egypt alone was too petty an affair to satisfy the boundless ambition of Napoleon. Destiny, he thought, deciding against an empire in the East, was only guiding him back to an empire in the West.

For ten months Napoleon had now received no certain intelligence respecting Europe. Sir Sidney Smith, either in the exercise of the spirit of gentlemanly courtesy, or enjoying a malicious pleasure in communicating to his victor tidings of disaster upon disaster falling upon France, sent to him a file of newspapers full of the most humiliating intelligence. The hostile fleet, leaving its whole army of eighteen thousand men buried in the sands or beneath the

had anchor and

Napoleon spent the whole night, with interest, examining those papers. He learned that France was in a state of indescribable confusion; that the imbecile government of the Directory, resorting to the most absurd measures, was despised and disregarded; that plots and counterplots, conspiracies and assassinations, filled the land. He learned, to his astonishment, that France was again involved in war with monarchical Europe; that the Austrians had invaded Italy anew, and driven the French over the Alps; and that the banded armies of the European kings were crowding upon the frontiers of the distracted Republic.

"Ah!" he exclaimed to Bourrienne, "my forebodings have not deceived me. The fools have lost Italy. All the fruit of our victories has disappeared. I must leave Egypt. We must return to France immediately, and, if possible, repair these disasters, and save France from destruction."

It was a signal peculiarity in the mind of Napoleon, that his decisions appeared to be instinctive rather than deliberative. With the rapidity of the lightning's flash, his mind contemplated all the considerations upon each side of a question, and instantaneously came to the result. These judgments, apparently so hasty, combined all the wisdom which others obtain by the slow and painful process of weeks of deliberation and uncertainty. Thus, in the midst of the innumerable combinations of the field of battle, he never suffered from a moment of perplexity; he never hesitated between this plan and that plan, but immediately, and without the slightest misgivings, decided upon that very course to which the most slow and mature deliberation would have guided him. This instinctive promptness of correct decision was one great secret of his mighty power. It pertained alike to every subject with which the human mind could be conversant. The promptness of his decision was only equalled by the energy of his execution. He therefore accomplished in a few hours that which would have engrossed the energies of other minds for days.

Thus, in the present case, he decided, upon the moment, to return to France. The details of his return, as to the disposition to be made of the army, the manner in which he would attempt to evade the British cruisers, and the individuals he would take with him, were all immediately settled in his mind. He called Bourrienne, Berthier, and Ganthéaume before him, and informed them of his decision, enjoining upon them the most perfect secrecy, lest intelligence of his preparations should be communicated to the allied fleet. He ordered Ganthéaume immediately to get ready for sea two frigates from the harbour of Alexandria, and two small vessels, with provisions for four hundred men for two months.

Napoleon then returned with the army to Cairo. He arrived there on the 10th of August, and again, as a resistless conqueror, entered the city. He prevented any suspicion of his pro-

jected departure from arising among the soldiers by planning an expedition to explore Egypt.

One morning he announced his intention of going down the Nile, to spend a few days in examining the Delta. He took with him a small retinue, and, striking across the desert, proceeded with the utmost celerity to Alexandria, where they arrived on the 22nd of August. Concealed by the shades of the evening of the same day, he left the town with eight selected companions, and escorted by a few of his faithful Guard. Silently and rapidly they rode to a solitary part of the bay, the party wondering what this movement could mean. Here they discovered, dimly in the distance, two frigates riding at anchor, and some fishing-boats near the shore, apparently waiting to receive them. Then Napoleon announced to his companions that their destination was France. The joy of the company was inconceivable. The horses were left upon the beach to find their way back to Alexandria. The victorious fugitives crowded into the boats, and were rowed out, in the dim and silent night, to the frigates. The sails were immediately spread, and, before the light of morning dawned, the low and sandy outline of the Egyptian shore had disappeared beneath the horizon of the sea.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RETURN FROM EGYPT.

Political state of France—Napoleon's estimate of men—Peril of the voyage—Napoleon's devotion to study—Answer to the Atheists—Testimony to the religion of Jesus Christ—Arrival at Corsica—Landing at Frejus—Sensation at Paris on receiving the news—Enthusiasm of the populace—Anguish of Josephine—Enthusiastic reception of Napoleon by the Parisians—Interview between Napoleon and Josephine.

THE expedition to Egypt was one of the most magnificent enterprises which human ambition ever conceived. The return to France combines still more, if possible, of the elements of the moral sublime. But for the disastrous destruction of the French fleet, the plans of Napoleon in reference to the East would probably have been triumphantly successful. At least, it cannot be doubted that a vast change would have been effected throughout the Eastern world. Those plans were now hopeless. The army was isolated, and cut off from all reinforcements and supplies. The best thing which Napoleon could do for his troops in Egypt was to return to France, and exert his personal influence in sending them succour. His return involved the continuance of the most honourable devotion to those soldiers whom he necessarily left behind him. The secrecy of his departure was essential to his success. Had the bold attempt been suspected, it would certainly have been frustrated by the increased vigilance of the English cruisers. The intrepidity of the enterprise must elicit universal admiration.

Contemplate for a moment the moral : of this undertaking. A nation of thirty :

"He was very harsh and overbearing," Las Casas rejoined.

"And what, my dear Las Casas," Napoleon replied, "is more overbearing than weakness which feels itself protected by strength? Look at women, for example."

This Berthier had, with the utmost meanness, abandoned his benefactor, and took his place in front of the carriage of Louis XVIII. as he rode triumphantly into Paris. "The only revenge I wish on this poor Berthier," said Napoleon at the time, "would be to see him in his costume of captain of the body-guard of Louis."

"The character of Napoleon," says Bourrienne, Napoleon's discarded secretary, "was not a cruel one. He was neither rancorous nor vindictive. None but those who are blinded by fury could have given him the name of Nero or Caligula. I think that I have stated his real faults with sufficient sincerity to be believed upon my word. I can assert that Bonaparte, apart from politics, was feeling, kind, and accessible to pity. He was very fond of children, and a bad man has seldom that disposition. In the habits of private life he had, and the expression is not too strong, much benevolence and great indulgence for human weakness. A contrary opinion is too firmly fixed in some minds for me to hope to remove it. I shall, I fear, have opposers; but I address myself to those who are in search of truth. I lived in the most unreserved confidence with Napoleon until the age of thirty-four years, and I advance nothing lightly." This is the admission of one who had been ejected from office by Napoleon, and who had become a courtier of the reinstated Bourbons. It is the candid admission of an enemy.

The ships weighed anchor in the darkness of the night, hoping, before the day should dawn, to escape the English cruisers which were hovering about Alexandria. Unfortunately, at midnight the wind died away, and it became almost perfectly calm. Fearful of being captured, some were anxious to seek again the shore. "Be quiet," said Napoleon; "we shall pass in safety."

Admiral Gantheaume wished to take the shortest route to France. Napoleon, however, directed the admiral to sail along as near as possible to the coast of Africa, and to continue that unfrequented route till the ships should pass the island of Sardinia. "In the meanwhile," said he, "should an English fleet present itself, we will run ashore upon the sands, and march, with the handful of brave men and the few pieces of artillery we have with us, to Oran or Tunis, and there find means to re-embark."

Thus Napoleon, in this hazardous enterprise, braved every peril. The most imminent, and the most to be dreaded of all, was captivity in an English prison. For twenty days the wind was so invariably adverse, that the ships did not advance three hundred miles. Many were so discouraged, and so apprehensive of capture, that it was even proposed to return to Alexandria: Napoleon was much in the habit of peaceful submission to that which he could not

remedy. During all these trying weeks, he appeared serene and contented. To the murmuring of his companions he replied, "We shall arrive in France in safety. I am determined to proceed at all hazards. Fortune will not abandon us."

"People frequently speak," says Bourrienne, who accompanied Napoleon upon this voyage, "of the good fortune which attaches to an individual, and even attends him through life. Without professing to believe in this sort of predestination, yet, when I call to mind the numerous dangers which Bonaparte escaped in so many enterprises, the hazards he encountered, the chances he ran, I can conceive that others may have this faith. But having for a length of time studied the 'man of destiny,' I have remarked that what was called his fortune was, in reality, his genius; that his success was the consequence of his admirable foresight—of his calculations, rapid as lightning, and of the conviction that boldness is often the truest wisdom. If, for example, during our voyage from Egypt to France, he had not imperiously insisted upon pursuing a course different from that usually taken, and which usual course was recommended by the admiral, would he have escaped the perils which beset his path? Probably not. And was all this the effect of chance? Certainly not."

During these days of suspense, Napoleon, apparently as serene in spirit as the calm which often silvered the unrippled surface of the sea, held all the energies of his mind in perfect control. A choice library he invariably took with him wherever he went. He devoted the hours to writing, study; finding recreation in solving the most difficult problems in geometry, and in investigating chemistry and other scientific subjects of practical utility. He devoted much time to conversation with the distinguished scholars whom he had selected to accompany him. His whole soul seemed engrossed in the pursuit of literary and scientific attainments. He also carefully, and with most intense interest, studied the Bible and the Koran, scrutinizing, with the eye of a philosopher, the antagonistic systems of the Christian and the Moslem. The stupidity of the Koran wearied him. The sublimity of the Scriptures charmed him. He read again and again, with deep admiration, Christ's Sermon upon the Mount, and called his companions from their card-tables to read it to them, that they might also appreciate its moral beauty and its eloquence.

"You will, ere long, become devout yourself," said one of his infidel companions.

"I wish I might become so," Napoleon replied. "What a solace Christianity must be to one who has an undoubting conviction of its truth!"

But practical Christianity he had only seen in the mummeries of the Papal Church. Remembering the fasts, the vigils, the penances, the cloisters, the scourgings of a corrupt Christianity and contrasting them with the voluptuous paradise and the sensual hours which inflamed the

eager vision of the Moslem, he once exclaimed, in phrase characteristic of his genius, "The religion of Jesus is a threat, that of Mahomet a promise." The religion of Jesus is not a threat. Though the wrath of God shall fall upon the children of disobedience, our Saviour invites us, in gentle accents, to the green pastures and the still waters of the heavenly Canaan; to cities resplendent with pearls and gold; to mansions of which God is the architect; to the songs of seraphim, and the flight of cherubim, exploring, on tireless pinion, the wonders of infinity; to peace of conscience, and rapture dwelling in the pure heart, and to blessed companionship, loving and beloved; to majesty of person and loftiness of intellect; to appear as children and as nobles in the audience-chamber of God; to an immortality of bliss. No! the religion of Jesus is not a threat, though it has often been thus represented by its mistaken or designing advocates.

One evening, a group of officers were conversing together upon the quarter-deck respecting the existence of God. Many of them believed not in his being. It was a calm, cloudless, brilliant night. The heavens, the work of God's fingers, canopied them gloriously. The moon and the stars, which God had ordained, beamed down upon them with serene lustra. As they were flippantly giving utterance to the arguments of atheism, Napoleon paced to and fro upon the deck, taking no part in the conversation, and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. Suddenly he stopped before them, and said, in those tones of dignity which ever overawed, "Gentlemen, your arguments are very fine; but who made all those worlds beaming so gloriously above us? Can you tell me that?" No one answered. Napoleon resumed his silent walk, and the officers selected another topic for conversation.

In these intense studies Napoleon first began to appreciate the beauty and the sublimity of Christianity. Previous to this, his own strong sense had taught him the principles of a noble toleration; and Jew, Christian, and Moslem stood equally regarded before him. Now he began to apprehend the surpassing excellence of Christianity; and though the cares of the busiest life through which a mortal has ever passed soon engrossed his energies, this appreciation and admiration of the Gospel of Christ visibly increased with each succeeding year. He unflinchingly braved the scoffs of infidel Europe in re-establishing the Christian religion in paganized France. He perilled his popularity with the army, and disregarded the opposition of his most influential friends, from his deep conviction of the importance of religion to the welfare of the state.

With the inimitable force of his own glowing eloquence, he said to Montholon, at St. Helena, "I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man! The religion of Christ is a mystery, which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it a marked individuality, which

originated a train of words and maxims unknown before. Jesus borrowed nothing from our knowledge. He exhibited himself the perfect example of his precepts. Jesus is not a philosopher; for his proofs are his miracles, and from the first his disciples adored him. In fact, learning and philosophy are of no use for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven and the laws of the Spirit. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself have founded empires. But upon what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force! Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon love; and at this moment millions of men would die for him, die before my time, and my body will be given back to earth, to become food for worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the Great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and which is extended over the whole earth! Call you this dying? Is it not living, rather? The death of Christ is the death of a God!"

At the time of the invasion of Egypt, Napoleon regarded all forms of religion with equal respect; and though he considered Christianity superior, in intellectuality and refinement, to all other modes of worship, he did not consider any religion as of divine origin.

At one time, speaking of the course which he pursued in Egypt, he said, "Such was the disposition of the army that, in order to induce them to listen to the bare mention of religion, I was obliged to speak very lightly on the subject; to place Jews beside Christians, and rabbis beside bishops. But, after all, it would not have been so very extraordinary had circumstances induced me to embrace Islamism. But I must have good reasons for my conversion. I must have been secure of advancing at least as far as the Ephrates. Change of religion for private interest is inexcusable; but it may be pardoned in consideration of immense political results. Henry IV. said, '*Paris is well worth a mass.*' Will it, then, be said that the dominion of the East, and perhaps the subjugation of all Asia, were not worth a *turban* and a pair of *trousers*? And, in truth, the whole matter was reduced to this. The sheiks had studied how to render it easy to us. They had smoothed down the great obstacles, allowed us the use of wine, and dispensed with all corporal formalities. We should have lost only our small-clothes and hats."

Of the infidel Rousseau, Napoleon ever spoke in terms of severe reprobation. "He was a bad man, a very bad man," said he; "he caused the Revolution."

"I was not aware," another replied, "that you considered the French Revolution such an unmixed evil."

"Ah!" Napoleon rejoined, "you wish to say that, without the Revolution, you would not have had me. Nevertheless, without the Revolution, France would have been more happy." When invited to visit the hermitage of Rousseau to see his cap, table, great chair, &c., he

claimed, "Bah! I have no taste for such fooleries. Show them to my brother Louis. He is worthy of them."

Probably the following remarks of Napoleon, made at St. Helena, will give a very correct idea of his prevailing feelings upon the subject of religion:—"The sentiment of religion is so consolatory, that it must be considered a gift from Heaven. What a resource would it not be for us here to possess it! What rewards have I not a right to expect, who have run a career so extraordinary, so tempestuous, as mine has been, without committing a single crime! And yet how many might I not have been guilty of! I can appear before the tribunal of God—I can await his judgment without fear. He will not find my conscience stained with the thoughts of murder and poisonings, with the infliction of violent and premeditated deaths, events so common in the history of those whose lives resemble mine. I have wished only for the power, the greatness, the glory of France. All my faculties, all my efforts, all my movements, were directed to the attainment of that object. These cannot be crimes. To me they appeared acts of virtue. What, then, would be my happiness if the bright prospect of futurity presented itself to crown the last moments of my existence!"

After a moment's pause, in which he seemed lost in thought, he resumed: "But how is it possible that conviction can find its way to our hearts when we hear the absurd language, and witness the iniquitous conduct, of the greater part of those whose business it is to preach to us? I am surrounded by priests who repeat incessantly that their reign is not of this world; and yet they lay their hands upon everything which they can get. The Pope is the head of that religion which is from Heaven. What did the present chief Pontiff, who is undoubtedly a good and holy man, not offer, to be allowed to return to Rome? The surrender of the government of the Church, of the institution of bishops, was not too much for him to give to become once more a secular prince."

"Nevertheless," he continued, after another thoughtful pause, "it cannot be doubted that, as Emperor, the species of incredulity which I felt was beneficial to the nations I had to govern. How could I have favoured equally sects so opposed to one another, if I had joined any one of them? How could I have preserved the independence of my thoughts and of my actions under the control of a confessor, who would have governed me under the dread of hell?" Napoleon closed this conversation by ordering the New Testament to be brought. Commencing at the beginning, he read aloud as far as the conclusion of our Saviour's address to his disciples upon the mountains. He expressed himself struck with the highest admiration in contemplating its purity, its sublimity, and the beautiful perfection of its moral code.

For forty days the ships were driven about by southerly winds, and on the 1st of October they

made the island of Corsica, and took refuge in the harbour of Ajaccio. The tidings that Napoleon had landed in his native to wn swept over the island like a gale, and the whole population to the port to catch a sight of their

entry. ed," said Napoleon, "that half of the had discovered traces of kindred." few years had elapsed since the dwelling of Madame Letitia was pillaged by the mob, and the whole Bonaparte family, in penury and friendlessness, were hunted from their home, effecting their escape in an open boat by night. Now the name of Bonaparte filled the air with acclamations. But Napoleon was alike indifferent to such unjust censure and to such unthinking applause. As the curse did not depress, neither did the hosanna elate.

After the delay of a few days in obtaining supplies, the ships again weighed anchor, on the 7th of October, and continued their perilous voyage. The evening of the next day, as the sun was going down in unusual splendour, there appeared in the West, painted in strong relief against his golden rays, an English squadron. The admiral, who saw from the enemy's signals that he was observed, urged an immediate return to Corsica. Napoleon, convinced that capture would be the result of such a manoeuvre, exclaimed, "To do so would be to take the road to England. I am seeking that to France. Spread all sail. Let every one be at his post. Steer to the north-west. Onward!"

The night was dark, the wind fair. Rapidly the ships were approaching the coast of France, through the midst of the hostile squadron, and exposed to the most imminent danger of capture. Escape seemed impossible. It was a night of fearful apprehension and terror to all on board except Napoleon. He determined, in case of extremity, to throw himself into a boat, and trust for safety to darkness and the oars. With the most perfect self-possession and composure of spirits, he ordered the long-boat to be prepared, selected those whom he desired to accompany him, and carefully collected such papers as he was anxious to preserve. Not an eye was closed during the night. It was, indeed, a fearful question to be decided. Are these weary wanderers, in a few hours, to be in the embrace of their wives and their children, or will the next moment show them the black hull of an English man-of-war, emerging from the gloom to consign them to lingering years of captivity in an English prison? In this terrible hour, no one could perceive that the composure of Napoleon was in the slightest degree ruffled.

The first dawn of the morning revealed to their straining vision the hills of France stretching along but a few leagues before them, and, far away in the north-east, the hostile squadron disappearing beneath the horizon of the sea. The French had escaped. The wildest bursts of joy rose from the ships. But Napoleon gazed calmly upon his beloved France, with pale cheek and marble brow, showing no indication of

emotion. At eight o'clock in the morning, the four vessels dropped anchor in the little harbour of Frejus. It was the morning of the 8th of October. Thus for fifty days Napoleon had been tossed upon the waves of the Mediterranean, surrounded by the hostile fleets of England, Russia, and Turkey, and yet had eluded their vigilance.

This wonderful passage of Napoleon gave rise to many caricatures, both in England and France. One of these caricatures, which was conspicuous in the London shop windows, possessed so much point and historic truth, that Napoleon is said to have laughed most heartily on seeing it. Lord Nelson, as is well known, with all his heroism, was not exempt from the frailties of humanity. The British admiral was represented as guarding Napoleon. Lady Hamilton makes her appearance, and his lordship becomes so engrossed in caressing the fair enchantress, that Napoleon escapes between his legs. This was hardly a caricature. It was almost historic verity. While Napoleon was struggling against adverse storms off the coast of Africa, Lord Nelson, adorned with the laurels of his magnificent victory, in fond dalliance with his frail Delilah, was basking in the courts of voluptuous and profligate kings.

"No one," said Napoleon, "can surrender himself to the dominion of love without the forfeiture of some palms of glory."

When the four vessels entered the harbour of Frejus, a signal at the masthead of the Muiron informed the authorities on shore that Napoleon was on board. The whole town was instantly in commotion. Before the anchors were dropped, the harbour was filled with boats, and the ships were surrounded with an enthusiastic multitude, climbing their sides, thronging their decks, and rending the air with their acclamations. All the laws of quarantine were disregarded. The people, wearying of anarchy, and trembling in view of the approaching Austrian invasion, were almost delirious with delight in receiving thus, as it were from the clouds, a deliverer in whose potency they could implicitly trust.

When warned that the ships had recently sailed from Alexandria, and that there was imminent danger that the plague might be communicated, they replied, "We had rather have the plague than the Austrians!" Breaking over all the municipal regulations of health, the people took Napoleon almost by violence, hurried him over the side of the ship to the boats, and conveyed him in triumph to the shore. The tidings had spread from farm-house to farm-house with almost electric speed, and the whole country population, men, women, and children, were crowding into the city. Even the wounded soldiers in the hospital left their cots and crawled to the beach, to get a sight of the hero. The throng became so great that it was with difficulty that Napoleon could land. The gathering multitude, however, opened to the right and left, and Napoleon passed through them, greeted with the enthusiastic cries of "Long live the conqueror

of Italy, the conqueror of Egypt, the liberator of France!"

The peaceful little harbour of Frejus was suddenly thrown into a state of the most unheard-of excitement. The bells rang their merriest peals. The guns in the fort rolled forth their heaviest thunders over the hills and over the waves; and the enthusiastic shouts of the ever-increasing multitudes, thronging round Napoleon, filled the air. The ships brought the first tidings of the wonderful victories of Mount Tabor and of Aboukir. The French, humiliated by defeat, were exceedingly elated by this restoration of the national honour. The intelligence of Napoleon's arrival was immediately communicated by telegraph to Paris, which was six hundred miles from Frejus.

When the tidings of Napoleon's landing at Frejus arrived in Paris, on the evening of the 9th of October, Josephine was at a large party at the house of M. Gohier, President of the Directory. All the most distinguished men of the metropolis were there. The intelligence produced the most profound sensation. Some, rioting in the spoils of office, turned pale with apprehension: knowing well the genius of Napoleon and his boundless popularity, they feared another revolution, which should eject them from their seats of power. Others were elated with hope; they felt that Providence had sent to France a deliverer at the very moment when a deliverer was needed. One of the deputies, who had been deeply grieved at the disasters which were overwhelming the Republic, actually died of joy when he heard of Napoleon's return.

Josephine, intensely excited by the sudden and unexpected announcement, immediately withdrew, hastened home, and at midnight, without allowing an hour for repose, she entered her carriage, with Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, who subsequently became the bride of Louis, and set out to meet her husband. Napoleon, almost at the same hour, with his suite, left Frejus. During every step of his progress he was greeted with the most extraordinary demonstrations of enthusiasm and affection. Bonfires blazed from the hills; triumphal arches, hastily constructed, spanned his path. Long lines of maidens spread a carpet of flowers for his chariot wheels, and greeted him with smiles and choruses of welcome. He arrived at Lyons in the evening. The whole city was brilliant with illuminations. An immense concourse surrounded him with almost delirious shouts of joy. The constituted authorities received him as he descended from his carriage. The mayor had prepared a long and enlogistic harangue for the occasion. Napoleon had no time to listen to it.

With a motion of his hand, imposing silence, he said, "Gentlemen, I learned that France was in peril; I therefore did not hesitate to leave my army in Egypt, that I might come to her rescue. I now go hence. In a few days, if you think fit to wait upon me, I shall be at leisure to hear you." Fresh horses were by this time attached to the carriages, and the cavalcade, which, like

meteor, had burst upon them, like a meteor disappeared. From Lyons, for some unexplained reason, Napoleon turned from the regular route to Paris and took a less frequented road.

When Josephine arrived at Lyons, to her utter consternation, she found that Napoleon had left the city several hours before her arrival, and that they had passed each other by different roads. Her anguish was inexpressible. For many months she had not received a line from her idolized husband, all communications having been intercepted by the English cruisers. She knew that many, jealous of her power, had disseminated, far and wide, false reports respecting her conduct. She knew that these, her enemies, would surround Napoleon immediately upon his arrival, and take advantage of her absence to inflame his mind against her.

Lyons is 245 miles from Paris. Josephine had d over those weary leagues of hill and dale, ing on without intermission by day

hing not for refreshment or repose. I am, exhausted, and her heart sinking, within her with fearful apprehensions of the hopeless alienation of her husband, she received the dreadful tidings that she had missed him. There was no resource left her but to retrace her steps with the utmost possible celerity. Napoleon would, however, have been one or two days in Paris before Josephine could, by any possibility, re-enter the city. Probably in all France there was not, at that time, a more unhappy woman than Josephine.

Secret wretchedness was also gnawing at the heart of Napoleon. Who has yet fathomed the mystery of human love? Intensest love and intensest hate can, at the same moment, intertwine their fibres in inextricable blending. In nothing is the will so impotent as in guiding or checking the impulses of this omnipotent passion. Napoleon loved Josephine with that superhuman energy which characterized all the movements of his impetuous spirit. The stream did not fret and ripple over a shallow bed, but it was serene in its unfathomable depths. The world contained but two objects for Napoleon, glory and Josephine; glory first, and then, closely following, the more substantial idol.

Many of the Parisian ladies, proud of a more exalted lineage than Josephine could boast, were exceedingly envious of the supremacy she had attained. Her influence over Napoleon was well known. Philosophers, statesmen, ambitious generals, all crowded her saloons, paying her homage. A favourable word from Josephine they knew would pave the way for them to fame and fortune. Thus Josephine, from the saloons of Paris, with milder radiance reflected back the splendour of her husband. She, solicitous of securing as many friends as possible to aid him in future emergencies, was as diligent in "winning hearts" at home as Napoleon was in conquering provinces abroad. The gracefulness of Josephine, her consummate delicacy of moral appreciation, her exalted intellectual gifts, the melo-

tiers, philosophers, and statesmen alike. Her saloons were ever crowded. Her entertainments were ever embellished by the presence of all who were illustrious in rank and power in the metropolis. And in whatever circles she appeared the eyes of the gentlemen first sought for her. Two resistless attractions drew them. She was peculiarly fascinating in person and in character, and, through her renowned husband, she could dispense the most precious gifts.

It is not difficult to imagine the envy which must thus have been excited. Many a haughty duchess was provoked almost beyond endurance that Josephine, the untitled daughter of a West Indian planter, should thus engross the homage of Paris, while she, with her proud rank, her , and her beauty, was comparatively a cipher. Moreau's wife, in particular, resented the supremacy of Josephine as a personal affront. She thought General Moreau entitled to as much consideration as General Bonaparte. By the bosom, she finally

against Napoleon, i
Linden was ruined.

Some of the brothers and sisters of Napoleon were jealous of the paramount influence of Josephine, and would gladly wrest a portion of it from her hands. Under these circumstances, in various ways, slanders had been warily insinuated into the ears of Napoleon respecting the conduct of his wife. Conspiring enmities became more and more bold. Josephine was represented as having forgotten her husband; as revelling, exultant with female vanity, in general flirtation; and, finally, as guilty of gross infidelity. Nearly all the letters written by Napoleon and Josephine to each other were intercepted by the English cruisers. Though Napoleon did not credit these charges in full, he cherished not a little of the pride which led the Roman monarch to exclaim, "Cæsar's wife must not be suspected."

Napoleon was in this troubled state of mind during the latter months of his residence in Egypt. One day he was sitting alone in his tent, which was pitched in the great Arabian desert. Several months had passed since he had heard a word from Josephine. Years might elapse ere they would meet again. Junot entered, having just received, through some channel of jealousy and malignity, communications from Paris. Cautiously, but fully, he unfolded the whole budget of Parisian gossip. Josephine had found, as he represented, in the love of others, an ample recompense for the absence of her husband. She was surrounded by admirers with whom she was engaged in an incessant round of intrigues and flirtations. Regardless of honour, she had surrendered herself to the dominion of passion.

Napoleon was, for a few moments, in a state of terrible agitation. With hasty strides, like a chafed lion, he paced his tent, exclaiming, "Why I love that woman so? Why can I

so. I will have an immediate and an open divorce—open and public divorce." He immediately wrote to Josephine in terms of the utmost severity, accusing her of "playing the coquette with half the world." The letter escaped the British cruisers, and she received it. It almost broke her faithful heart. Such were the circumstances under which Napoleon and Josephine were to meet after an absence of eighteen months. Josephine was exceedingly anxious to see Napoleon before he should have an interview with her enemies. Hence the depth of anguish with which she heard that her husband had passed her. Two or three days must elapse ere she could possibly retrace the weary miles over which she had already travelled.

In the meantime, the carriage of Napoleon was rapidly approaching the metropolis. By night his path was brilliant with bonfires and illuminations. The ringing of bells, the thunders of artillery, and the acclamations of the multitude accompanied him every step of his way. But no smile of triumph played upon his pale and pensive cheeks. He felt that he was returning to a desolated home. Gloom reigned in his heart. He entered Paris, and drove rapidly to his own dwelling. Behold, Josephine was not there. Conscious guilt, he thought, had made her afraid to meet him. It is in vain to attempt to penetrate the hidden anguish of Napoleon's soul. That his proud spirit must have suffered intensity of woe, no one can doubt. The bitter enemies of Josephine immediately surrounded him, eagerly taking advantage of her absence to inflame, to a still higher degree, by adroit insinuations, his jealousy and anger. Eugene had accompanied him in his return from Egypt, and his affectionate heart ever glowed with love and admiration for his mother.

With anxiety, amounting to anguish, he watched at the window for her arrival. "Josephine," said one to Napoleon, maliciously endeavouring to prevent the possibility of reconciliation, "will appear before you with all her fascinations. She will explain matters. You will forgive all, and tranquillity will be restored."

"Never!" exclaimed Napoleon, with pallid cheek and trembling lip, striding nervously to and fro through the room, "never! I forgive! never!" Then stopping suddenly, and gazing the interlocutor wildly in the face, he exclaimed, with passionate gesticulation, "You know me. Were I not sure of my resolution, I would tear out this heart and cast it into the fire."

How strange is the life of the heart of man! From this interview, Napoleon, two hours after his arrival in Paris, with his whole soul agitated by the tumult of domestic woe, went to the palace of the Luxembourg to visit the Directory, to form his plans for the overthrow of the government of France. Pale, pensive, joyless, his inflexible purposes of ambition wavered not—his iron energies yielded not. Josephine was an idol. He execrated her and he adored her. He

lv. He hated her

most virulently. He could clasp her one moment to his bosom with burning kisses; the next moment he would spurn her from him as the most loathsome wretch.

But glory was a still more cherished idol, at whose shrine he bowed with unwavering adoration. He strove to forget his domestic wretchedness by prosecuting, with new vigour, his schemes of grandeur. As he ascended the stairs of the Luxembourg, some of the guard, who had been with him in Italy, recognized his person, and he was instantly greeted with enthusiastic shouts of "Long live Bonaparte!" The clamour rolled like a voice of thunder through the spacious halls of the palace, and fell, like a death-knell, upon the ears of the Directors. The populace, upon the pavement, caught the sound, and re-echoed it from street to street. The plays at the theatres, and the songs at the Opera, were stopped, that it might be announced from the stage that Bonaparte had arrived in Paris. Men, women, and children simultaneously rose to their feet, and a wild burst of enthusiastic joy swelled upon the night air.

All Paris was in commotion. The name of Bonaparte was on every lip. The enthusiasm was contagious. Illuminations began to blaze here and there, without concert, from the universal rejoicing, till the whole city was resplendent with light. One bell rang forth its merry peal of greeting, and then another, and another, till every steeple was vocal with its clamorous welcome. One gun was heard, rolling its heavy thunders over the city. It was the signal for an instantaneous, tumultuous roar, from artillery and musketry, from all the battalions in the metropolis. The tidings of the great victories of Aboukir and Mount Tabor reached Paris with Napoleon. Those Oriental names were shouted through the streets, and blazed upon the eyes of the delighted people in letters of light. Thus, in an hour, the whole of Paris was thrown into a delirium of joy, and, without any previous arrangement, there was displayed the most triumphant and gorgeous festival.

The government of France was at this time organized somewhat upon the model of the United States. Instead of one President, they had five, called Directors. Their Senate was called the House of Ancients; their House of Representatives, the Council of Five Hundred. The five Directors, as might have been expected, were ever quarrelling among themselves, each wishing for the lion's share of power. The Monarchist, the Jacobin, and the moderate Republican could not harmoniously co-operate in government. They only circumvented each other, while the administration sank into disgrace and ruin. The Abbé Sièyes was decidedly the most able man of the Executive. He was a proud patrician, and his character may be estimated from the following anecdote, which Napoleon has related respecting him.

"The abbé, before the Revolution, was chaplain to one of the princesses. One day, when he was performing mass before herself, her

attendants, and a large congregation, something occurred which rendered it necessary for the princess to leave the room. The ladies in waiting and the nobility, who attended church more out of complaisance to her than from any sense of religion, followed her example. Sièyes was very busy reading his prayers, and, for a few moments, he did not perceive their departure. At last, raising his eyes from his book, behold the princess, the nobles, and all the *ton* had disappeared. With an air of displeasure and contempt he shut the book, and descended from the pulpit, exclaiming, "I do not read prayers for the rabble." He immediately went out of the chapel, leaving the service half finished."

Napoleon arrived in Paris on the evening of the 17th of October, 1799. Two days and two nights elapsed ere Josephine was able to retrace the weary leagues over which she had passed. It was the hour of midnight on the 19th when the rattle of her carriage-wheels was heard entering the court-yard of their dwelling in the Rue Chantreine. Eugene, anxiously awaiting her arrival, was instantly at his mother's side, folding her in his embrace. Napoleon also heard the arrival, but he remained sternly in his chamber. He had ever been accustomed to greet Josephine at the door of her carriage, even when she returned from an ordinary morning ride. No matter what employments engrossed his mind, no matter what guests were present, he would immediately leave everything, and hasten to the door to assist Josephine to alight, and to accompany her into the house. But now, after an absence of eighteen months, the faithful Josephine, half-dead with exhaustion, was at the door, and Napoleon, with pallid cheek and compressed lip, and jealousy ranking in his bosom, remained sternly in his room, preparing to overwhelm her with his indignation.

Josephine was in a state of terrible agitation. Her limbs tottered, and her heart throbbed most violently. Assisted by Eugene, and accompanied by Hortense, she tremblingly ascended the stairs to the little parlour where she had so often received the caresses of her most affectionate spouse. She opened the door. There stood Napoleon, as immovable as a statue, leaning against the mantel, with his arms folded across his breast. Sternly and silently, he cast a withering look upon Josephine, and then exclaimed, in tones which, like a dagger, pierced her heart, "Madame! it is my wish that you retire immediately to Malmaison."

Josephine staggered and would have fallen, as if struck by a mortal blow, had she not been caught in the arms of her son. Sobbing bitterly with anguish, she was conveyed by Eugene to her own apartment. Napoleon also was dreadfully agitated. The sight of Josephine had revived all his passionate love. But he fully believed that Josephine had unpardonably trifled with his affections, that she had courted the admiration of a multitude of flatterers, and that she had degraded herself and her husband by playing the coquette. The proud spirit of Napo-

leon could not brook such a requital for his fervid love. With hasty strides he traversed the room, striving to nourish his indignation. The sobs of Josephine had deeply moved him. He yearned to fold her again in fond love to his heart. But he proudly resolved that he would not relent. Josephine, with that prompt obedience which ever characterised her, prepared immediately to comply with his orders.

It was midnight. For a week she had lived in her carriage almost without food or sleep. Malmaison was twelve miles from Paris. Napoleon did not suppose that she would leave the house until morning. Much to his surprise, in a few moments he heard Josephine, Eugene, and Hortense descending the stairs to take the carriage. Napoleon, even in his anger, could not be thus inhuman. "My heart," he said, "was never formed to witness tears without emotion." He immediately descended to the court-yard, though his pride would not yet allow him to speak to Josephine. He, however, addressing Eugene, urged the party to return and obtain refreshment and repose. Josephine, all submission, unhesitatingly yielded to his wishes, and, reascending the stairs, in the extremity of exhaustion and grief, threw herself upon a couch in her apartment. Napoleon, equally wretched, returned to his cabinet. Two days of utter misery passed away, during which no intercourse took place between the estranged parties, each of whom loved the other with almost superhuman intensity.

Love in the heart will finally triumph over all obstructions. The struggle was long, but gradually pride and passion yielded, and love regained the ascendancy. Napoleon so far surrendered on the third day as to enter the apartment of Josephine. She was seated at a toilet-table, her face buried in her hands, and absorbed in the profoundest woe. The letters which she had received from Napoleon, and which she had evidently been reading, were spread upon the table. Hortense, the picture of grief and despair, was standing in the alcove of a window. Napoleon had opened the door softly, and his entrance had not been heard. With an irresolute step he advanced towards his wife, and then said, kindly and sadly, "Josephine!" She started at the sound of that well-known voice, and raising her swollen eyes, swimming in tears, mournfully exclaimed, "Mon ami!" This was the term of endearment with which she had invariably addressed her husband. It recalled a thousand delightful reminiscences. Napoleon was vanquished. He extended his hand. Josephine threw herself into his arms, pillowed her aching head upon his bosom, and, in the intensity of blended joy and anguish, wept convulsively. A long explanation ensued. Napoleon became satisfied that Josephine had been deeply wronged. The reconciliation was cordial and entire, and was never again interrupted.

CHAPTER XV.

OVERTHROW OF THE DIRECTORY.

Political intrigues—Efforts for the overthrow of the Directory—Affectionate remembrance of Josephine—Success of Napoleon's plans—Bonaparte in the Hall of Ancients—His calmness in the Council of Five Hundred—His humanity—Delicate attention to Josephine—Allison's tribute to Napoleon.

NAPOLEON now, with a stronger heart, turned to the accomplishment of his designs to rescue France from anarchy. He was fully conscious of his own ability to govern the nation. He knew that it was the almost unanimous wish of the people that he should grasp the reins of power; he was confident of their cordial co-operation in any plans he might adopt; still, it was an enterprise of no small difficulty to thrust the five Directors from their thrones, and to get the control of the Council of Ancients and of the Five Hundred. Never was a difficult achievement more adroitly and proudly accomplished.

For many days Napoleon almost entirely secluded himself from observation, affecting a studious avoidance of the public gaze. He laid aside his military dress, and assumed the peaceful costume of the National Institute. Occasionally he wore a beautiful Turkish sabre suspended by a ribbon. This simple dress transported the imagination of the beholder to Aboukir, Mount Tabor, and the Pyramids. He studiously sought the society of literary men, and devoted to them his attention. He invited distinguished men of the Institute to dine with him, and, avoiding political discussion, conversed only upon literary and scientific subjects.

Moreau and Bernadotte were the two rival generals from whom Napoleon had the most to fear. Two days after his arrival in Paris, Napoleon said to Bourrienne, "I believe that I shall have Bernadotte and Moreau against me. But I do not fear Moreau; he is devoid of energy. He prefers military to political power. We shall gain him by the promise of a command. But Bernadotte has Moorish blood in his veins. He is bold and enterprising. He does not like me, and I am certain that he will oppose me. If he should become ambitious, he will venture anything. Besides, this fellow is not to be seduced. He is disinterested and clever. But, after all, we have just arrived. We shall see."

Napoleon formed no conspiracy. He confided to no one his designs. And yet, in his own solitary mind, relying entirely upon his own capacious resources, he studied the state of affairs and matured his plans. Sièyes was the only one whose talents and influence Napoleon feared. The abbé also looked with apprehension upon his formidable rival. They stood aloof and eyed each other. Meeting at a dinner party, each was too proud to make advances; yet each thought only of the other. Mutually exasperated, they separated without having spoken.

"Did you not see that insolent little fellow?" said Sièyes; "he would not even condescend to

notice a member of the government, who, if they had done right, would have caused him to be shot."

"What," said Napoleon, "could have induced them to put that priest in the Directory? He is sold to Prussia. Unless you take care, he will deliver you up to that power."

Napoleon dined with Moreau, who afterwards, in hostility to Napoleon, pointed the guns of Russia against the columns of his countrymen. The dinner party was at Gohier's, one of the Directors. The following interesting conversation took place between the rival generals. When first introduced, they looked at each other a moment without speaking. Napoleon, conscious of his own superiority, and solicitous to gain the powerful co-operation of Moreau, made the first advances, and, with great courtesy, expressed the earnest desire he felt to make his acquaintance.

"You have returned victorious from Egypt," replied Moreau, "and I from Italy, after a great defeat. It was the month which General Joubert passed in Paris, after his marriage, that caused our disasters. This gave the Allies time to reduce Mantua, and to bring up the force which besieged it to take part in the action. It is always the greater number which defeats the less."

"True," replied Napoleon, "it is always the greater number which beats the less."

"And yet," said Gohier, "with small armies you have frequently defeated large ones."

"Even then," rejoined Napoleon, "it was the inferior force which was defeated by the superior. When, with a small body of men, I was in the presence of a large one, collecting my little band, I fell, like lightning, on one of the wings of the hostile army, and defeated it. Profiting by the disorder which such an event never failed to occasion in their whole line, I repeated the attack, with similar success, in another quarter, still with my whole force. I thus beat it in detail. The general victory which was the result was still an example of the truth of the principle that the greater force defeats the lesser."

Napoleon, by those fascinations of mind and manner which enabled him to win to him whom he would, soon gained an ascendancy over Moreau. And when, two days after, in token of his regard, he sent him a beautiful poniard set with diamonds, worth ten thousand francs, the work was accomplished. Napoleon gave a small and very select dinner party. Gohier was invited. The conversation turned on the turquoise used by the Orientals to clasp their turbans. Napoleon, rising from the table, took from a private drawer two very beautiful brooches, richly set with these jewels. One he gave to Gohier, the other to his tried friend Desaix. "It is a little toy," said he, "which we Republicans may give and receive without impropriety." The Director, flattered by the delicacy of the compliment, and yet not repelled by anything assuming the grossness of a bribe, yielded his heart's homage to Napoleon.

Republican France was surrounded by monarchies in arms against her. Their hostility was so inveterate, and, from the very nature of the case, so inevitable, that Napoleon thought that France should ever be prepared for an attack, and that the military spirit should be carefully fostered. Republican America, most happily, has no foe to fear, and all her energies may be devoted to filling the land with peace and plenty. But a Republic in monarchical Europe must sleep by the side of its guns. "Do you really," said Napoleon to Gohier, in this interview, "advocate a general peace? You are wrong. The Republic should never make but partial accommodations. It should always contrive to have some war on hand to keep alive the military spirit." We can, perhaps, find a little extenuation for this remark in its apparent necessity, and in the influences of the martial ardour in which Napoleon, from his very infancy, had been enveloped. Even now, it is to be feared that the time is far distant ere the nations of the earth can learn war no more.

Lefebvre was commandant of the guard of the two legislative bodies. His co-operation was important. Napoleon sent a special invitation for an interview.

"Lefebvre," said he, "will you, one of the pillars of the Republic, suffer it to perish in the hands of these lawyers? Join me and assist to save it." Taking from his own side the beautiful Turkish scimitar which he wore, he passed the ribbon over Lefebvre's neck, saying, "Accept this sword, which I wore at the Battle of the Pyramids. I give it to you as a token of my esteem and confidence."

"Yes," replied Lefebvre, most highly gratified at this signal mark of confidence and generosity, "let us throw the lawyers into the river."

Napoleon soon had an interview with Bernadotte. "He confessed," said Napoleon to Bourrienne, "that he thought us all lost. He spoke of external enemies, of *internal* enemies, and at that word he looked steadily in my face. I also gave him a glance. But patience; the pear will soon be ripe."

In this view Napoleon inveighed against the violence and lawlessness of the Jacobin club. "Your own brothers," Bernadotte replied, "were the founders of that club, and yet you reproach me with favouring its principles. It is to the instructions of some one, *I know not who*, that we are to ascribe the agitation which now prevails."

"True, general," Napoleon replied most vehemently, "and I would rather live in the woods than in a society which presents no security against violence." This conversation only strengthened the alienation already existing between them.

Bernadotte, though a brave and efficient officer, was a jealous braggadocio. At the first interview between these two distinguished men, when Napoleon was in command of the army of Italy, they contemplated each other with mutual

twenty-six or seven years of age, while assumes the airs of one of fifty, and he prosages anything but good to the Republic."

Napoleon summarily dismissed Bernadotte by saying, "He has a French head and a Roman heart."

There were three political parties now dividing France—the old Royalist party, in favour of the restoration of the Bourbons; the radical Democrats, or Jacobins, with Barras at their head, supported by the mob of Paris; and the moderate Republicans, led by Sieyès. All these parties, struggling together, and fearing each other, in the midst of the general anarchy which prevailed, immediately paid court to Napoleon, hoping to secure the support of his all powerful arm. Napoleon determined to co-operate with the moderate Republicans. The restoration of the Bourbons was not only out of the question, but Napoleon had no more power to secure that result than had Washington to bring the United States into peaceful submission to George III.

"Had I joined the Jacobins," said Napoleon, "I should have risked nothing. But after conquering *with* them, it would have been necessary almost immediately to conquer *against* them. A club cannot endure a permanent chief: it wants one for every successive passion. Now, to make use of a party one day, in order to attack it the next, under whatever pretext it is done, is still an act of treachery. It was inconsistent with my principles."

Sieyès, the head of the moderate Republicans, and Napoleon soon understood each other, and each admitted the necessity of co-operation. The government was in a state of chaos. "Our salvation now demands," said the wily diplomatist, "both a head and a sword." Napoleon had both. In one fortnight from the time when he landed at Frejus, "the pear was ripe." The plan was all matured for the great conflict. Napoleon, in solitary grandeur, kept his own counsel. He had secured the cordial co-operation, the implicit compliance of all his subordinates. Like the general upon the field of battle, he was simply to give his orders, and columns marched, and squadrons charged, and generals swept the field in unquestioning obedience. Though he had determined to ride over and to destroy the existing government, he wished to avail himself, so far as possible, of the mysterious power of law, as a conqueror turns a captured battery upon the foe from whom it had been wrested. Such a plot, so simple, yet so bold and efficient, was never formed before, and no one but another Napoleon will be able to execute such another again.

All Paris was in a state of intense excitement. Something great was to be done. Napoleon was to do it. But nobody knew when, or what, or how. All impatiently awaited orders. The majority of the Senate, or Council of Ancients, conservative in its tendencies, and having once seen, during the Reign of Terror, the horrors of Jacobin domination, were ready, most obsequiously, to rally beneath the banner of so resolute a leader

"I have seen a man," said Bernadotte, "of

as Napoleon. They were prepared, without question, to pass any vote which he should propose. The House of Representatives, or Council of Five Hundred, more democratic in its constitution, contained a large number of vulgar, ignorant, and passionate demagogues, struggling to grasp the reins of power. Carnot, whose co-operation Napoleon had entirely secured, was President of the Senate. Lucien Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon, was Speaker of the House. The two bodies met in the palace of the Tuileries. The Constitution conferred upon the Council of Ancients the right to decide upon the place of meeting for both legislative assemblies.

All the officers of the garrison in Paris, and all the distinguished military men in the metropolis, had solicited the honour of a presentation to Napoleon. Without any public announcement, each one was privately informed that Napoleon would see him on the morning of the 9th of November. All the regiments in the city had also solicited the honour of a review by the distinguished conqueror. They were also informed that Napoleon would review them early on the morning of the 9th of November. The Council of Ancients was called to convene at six o'clock on the morning of the same day. The Council of Five Hundred were also to convene at eleven o'clock of the same morning. This, the famous 18th of Brumaire, was the destined day for the commencement of the great struggle. These appointments were given in such a way as to attract no public attention. The general-in-chief was thus silently arranging his forces for the important conflict. To none did he reveal those combinations by which he anticipated a bloodless victory.

The morning of the 9th of November arrived. The sun rose with unwonted splendour over the domes of the thronged city. A more brilliant day never dawned. Through all the streets of the mammoth metropolis there was heard, in the earliest twilight of the day, the music of martial bands, the tramp of battalions, the clatter of iron hoofs, and the rumbling of heavy artillery wheels over the pavements, as regiments of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, in the proudest array, marched to the Boulevards to receive the honour of a review from the conqueror of Italy and of Egypt. The whole city was in commotion, guided by the unseen energies of Napoleon in the retirement of his closet. At eight o'clock, Napoleon's house in the Rue Chantereine was so thronged with illustrious military men, in most brilliant uniforms, that every room was filled, and even the street was crowded with the resplendent guests. At that moment the Council of Ancients passed the decree, which Napoleon had prepared, that the two legislative bodies should transfer their meetings to St. Cloud, a few miles from Paris; and that Napoleon Bonaparte should be put in command of all the military forces in the city, to secure the public peace. The removal to St. Cloud was a merciful precaution against bloodshed; it secured the legislatures from the ferocious interference of a Parisian mob.

The President of the Council was himself commissioned to bear the decree to Napoleon. He elbowed his way through the brilliant throng crowding the door and the apartment of Napoleon's dwelling, and presented to him the ordinance. Napoleon was ready to receive it. He stepped upon the balcony, gathered his vast retinue of powerful guests before him, and, in a loud and firm voice, read to them the decree. "Gentlemen," said he, "will you help me save the Republic?" One simultaneous burst of enthusiasm rose from every lip as, drawing their swords from their scabbards, they waved them in the air, and shouted, "We swear it, we swear it!"

The victory was virtually won. Napoleon was now at the head of the French nation. Nothing remained but to finish the conquest. There was no retreat left open for his foes. There was hardly the possibility of a rally. And now Napoleon summoned all his energies to make his triumph most illustrious. Messengers were immediately sent to read the decree to the troops, already assembled in the utmost display of martial pomp, to greet the idol of the army, and who were in a state of mind to welcome him most exultingly as their chief. A burst of enthusiastic acclamation ascended from their ranks which almost rent the skies.

Napoleon immediately mounted his horse, and, surrounded by a magnificent staff whom he had thus ingeniously assembled at his house, and accompanied by a body of fifteen hundred cavalry whom he had taken the precaution to rendezvous near his dwelling, proceeded to the palace of the Tuileries. The gorgeous spectacle burst like a vision upon astonished Paris. It was Napoleon's first public appearance. Dressed as a plain citizen, he rode upon his magnificent charger, the centre of all eyes. The gleaming banners waving in the breeze, and the splendid trappings of silver and gold with which his retinue was embellished, set off in stronger relief the majestic simplicity of his own appearance.

With the pomp and the authority of an enthroned king, Napoleon entered the Council of the Ancients. The Ancients themselves were dazzled by his sudden apparition, in such imposing and unexpected splendour of power. Ascending the bar, he addressed the assembly and took his oath of office.

"You," said Napoleon, "are the wisdom of the nation. To you it belongs to concert measures for the salvation of the Republic. I come, surrounded by my generals, to offer you support. Faithfully will I fulfil the task you have intrusted to me. Let us not look into the past for precedents. Nothing in history resembles the eighteenth century. Nothing in the eighteenth century resembles the present moment."

An aid-de-camp was immediately sent to the palace of the Luxembourg to inform the five Directors, there in session, of the decree. Two of the Directors, Siéyès and Ducos, were pledged to Napoleon, and immediately resigned their offices and hastened to the Tuileries. Barras,

bewildered and indignant, sent his secretary with a remonstrance. Napoleon, already assuming the authority of an emperor, and speaking as if France were his patrimony, replied to him with a torrent of invective.

"Where," he indignantly exclaimed, "is that beautiful France which I left you so brilliant? I left you peace. I find war. I left you victorious. I find but defeats. I left you the millions of Italy. I find taxation and beggary. Where are the hundred thousand men, my companions in glory? They are dead. This state of things cannot continue. It will lead to despotism."

Barras was terrified. He feared to have Napoleon's eagle eye to investigate his speculations. He resigned. Two Directors only now were left, Gohier and Moulins. It took a majority of the five to constitute a quorum. The two were powerless. In despair of successful resistance, and fearing vengeance, they hastened to the Tuileries to find Napoleon. They were introduced to him, surrounded by Sièyes, Ducos, and a brilliant staff. Napoleon received them cordially.

"I am glad to see you," said he; "I doubt not that you will both resign. Your patriotism will not allow you to oppose a revolution which is both inevitable and necessary."

"I do not yet despair," said Gohier vehemently, "aided by my colleague, Moulins, of saving the Republic."

"With what will you save it?" exclaimed Napoleon. "With the Constitution which is crumbling to pieces?"

Just at that moment a messenger came in informed the Directors that Santerre, the , who, during the Reign of Terror, had obtained a bloody celebrity as leader of the Jacobins, was rousing the mob in the faubourgs to resistance.

"General Moulins," said Napoleon firmly, "you are the friend of Santerre. Tell him that at the very first movement he makes, I will cause him to be shot."

Moulins, exasperated yet appalled, made an apologetical reply.

"The Republic is in danger," said Napoleon. "We must save it. *It is my will.* Sièyes, Ducos, and Barras have resigned. You are two individuals insulated and powerless. I advise you not to resist." They still refused. Napoleon had no time to spend in parleying. He immediately sent them both back into the Luxembourg, separated them, and placed them under arrest. Fouché,²² occupying the important post of Minister of Police, though not in Napoleon's confidence, yet anxious to display his homage to the rising luminary, called upon Napoleon, and

informed him that he had closed the barriers, and had thus prevented all ingress or egress.

"What means this folly?" said Napoleon.

"Let those orders be instantly countermanded. Do we not march with the opinion of the nation, and by its strength alone? Let no citizen be interrupted. Let every publicity be given to what is done."

The Council of Five Hundred, in great confusion and bewilderment, assembled at eleven o'clock. Lucien immediately communicated the decree transferring their session to St. Cloud. This cut off all debate. The decree was perfectly legal. There could, therefore, be no legal pretext for opposition. Napoleon, the idol of the army, had the whole military power obedient to his nod; therefore resistance of any kind was worse than folly. The deed was adroitly done. At eleven o'clock the day's work was finished. There was no longer a Directory. Napoleon was the appointed of the troops, and they were filling the streets with enthusiastic shouts of "Live Napoleon." The Council of Ancients were entirely at his disposal; and a party in the Council of Five Hundred were also wholly subservient to his will. Napoleon, proud, silent, reserved, fully conscious of his own intellectual supremacy, and regarding the generals, the statesmen, and the multitude around as a man contemplates children, ascended the grand staircase of the Tuileries as if it were his hereditary home.

Nearly all parties united to sustain his triumph. Napoleon was a soldier. The guns of Paris joyfully thundered forth the victory of one who seemed the peculiar favourite of the god of war. Napoleon was a scholar, stimulating intellect to its mightiest achievements. The scholars of Paris gratefully united to weave a chaplet for the brow of their honoured associate and patron. Napoleon was, for those days of profligacy and unbridled lust, a model of purity of morals and of irreproachable integrity. The proffered bribe of millions could not tempt him. The dancing daughters of Herodias, with all their blandishments, could not lure him from his life of herculean toil and from his majestic patriotism. The wine which glitters in the cup never vanquished him. At the shrine of no vice was he found a worshipper. The purest and the best in France, disgusted with that gilded corruption which had converted the palaces of the Bourbons into harems of voluptuous sin, and still more deeply loathing that vulgar and revolting vice which had transformed Paris into a house of infamy, enlisted all their sympathies in behalf of the exemplary husband and the incorruptible patriot. Napoleon was one of the most firm and unflinching friends of law and order. France was weary of anarchy, and was trembling under the apprehension that the gutters of the guillotine were again to be clotted with blood. And mothers and maidens prayed for God's blessing upon Napoleon, who appeared to them as a messenger from heaven for their protection.

²² "Fouché," said Napoleon, "is a miscreant of all colours, a priest, a terrorist, and one who took an active part in many bloody scenes of the Revolution. He is a man who can worm all your secrets out of you, with an air of calmness and unconcern. He is very rich; but his riches have been badly acquired. He never was my confidant. Never did he approach me without bending to the ground. But I never had any esteem for him. I employed him merely as an instrument."

During the afternoon and the night his room at the Tuileries was thronged with the most illustrious statesmen, generals, and scholars of Paris hastening to pledge to him their support. Napoleon perfectly unembarrassed, and never at a loss in any emergency, gave his orders for the ensuing day. Lannes was intrusted with a body of troops to guard the Tuileries. Murat, who, said Napoleon, "was superb at Aboukir," with a numerous cavalry and a corps of grenadiers, was stationed at St. Cloud, a thunderbolt in Napoleon's right hand. Woe betide the mob into whose ranks that thunderbolt may be hurled. Morvan, with five hundred men, was stationed to guard the Luxembourg, where the two refractory Directors were held under arrest. Serrurier was posted in a commanding position with a strong reserve, prompt for any unexpected exigency. Even a body of troops were sent to accompany Barras to his country seat, ostensibly as an escort of honour, but, in reality, to guard against any change in that venal and versatile mind.

The most energetic measures were immediately adopted to prevent any rallying-point for the disaffected. Bills were everywhere posted, exhorting the citizens to be quiet, and assuring them that powerful efforts were making to save the Republic. These minute precautions were characteristic of Napoleon. He believed in destiny; yet he left nothing for destiny to accomplish. He ever sought to make provision for all conceivable contingencies. These measures were completely successful. Though Paris was in a delirium of excitement, there were no outbreaks of lawless violence. Neither Monarchist, Republican, nor Jacobin knew what Napoleon intended to do. All were conscious that he would do something. It was known that the Jacobin party in the Council of Five Hundred, on the ensuing day, would make a desperate effort at resistance. Siéyes, perfectly acquainted with revolutionary movements, urged Napoleon to arrest some forty of the Jacobins most prominent in the Council. This would have secured an easy victory on the morrow. Napoleon, however, rejected the advice, saying, "I pledged my word this morning to protect the national representation. I will not this evening violate my oath."

Had the Assembly been convened in Paris, all the mob of the faubourgs would have risen, like an inundation, in their behalf, and torrents of blood must have been shed. The sagacious transference of the meeting to St. Cloud, several miles from Paris, saved those lives. The powerful military display checked any attempt at a march upon St. Cloud. What could the mob do, with Murat, Lannes, and Serrurier, guided by the energies of Napoleon, ready to hurl their solid columns upon them?

The delicacy of attention with which Napoleon treated Josephine was one of the most remarkable traits in his character. It is not strange that he should have won from her a love almost more than human. During the exciting scenes of this day, when no one could tell

whether events were guiding him to a crown or to the guillotine, Napoleon did not forget his wife, who was awaiting the result with deep solicitude in her chamber in the Rue Chantierine. Nearly every hour he despatched a messenger to Josephine, with a hastily-written line communicating to her the progress of events. Late at night he returned to his home, apparently as fresh and unexhausted as in the morning. He informed Josephine minutely of the scenes of the day, and then threw himself upon a sofa for an hour's repose. Early the next morning he was on horseback, accompanied by a regal retinue, directing his steps to St. Cloud.

Three halls had been prepared in the palace; one for the Ancients, one for the Five Hundred, and one for Napoleon. He thus assumed the position which he knew it to be the almost unanimous will of the nation that he should fill. During the night the Jacobins had arranged a very formidable resistance. Napoleon was considered to be in imminent peril. He would be denounced as a traitor. Siéyes and Ducos had each a post-chaise and six horses waiting at the gate of St. Cloud, prepared, in case of reverse, to escape for life. There were many ambitious generals ready to mount the crest of any reluctant wave to sweep Napoleon to destruction. Bernadotte was the most to be feared. Orders were given to cut down the first person who should attempt to harangue the troops. Napoleon, riding at the head of this imposing military display, manifested no agitation. He knew, however, perfectly well the capriciousness of the popular voice, and that the multitude in the same hour would cry "Hosanna!" and "Crucify!" The two Councils met. The tumult in the Five Hundred was fearful. Cries of "Down with the dictator!" "Death to the tyrant!" "Live the Constitution!" filled the hall and drowned the voice of deliberation. The friends of Napoleon were swept before the flood of passion.

It was proposed that every member should immediately take anew the oath to support the Constitution. No one dared to peril his life by the refusal. Even Lucien, the speaker, was compelled to descend from his chair to take the oath. The Ancients, overawed by the unexpected violence of this opposition in the lower and more popular house, began to be alarmed and to recede. The opposition took a bold and aggressive stand, and proposed a decree of outlawry against Napoleon. The friends of Napoleon, remembering past scenes of carnage, were timid and yielding. Defeat seemed inevitable. Victory was apparently turned into discomfiture and death. In this emergency Napoleon displayed the same coolness, energy, and tact with which so often, on the field of battle, in the most disastrous hour, he had rolled back the tide of defeat in the resplendent waves of victory. His own mind was the *corps de réserve* which he now marched into the conflict to arrest the rout of his friends.

Taking with him a few aides-de-camp and a band of grenadiers, he advanced to the door of

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

the hall. On his way he met Bernadotte. "You are marching to the guillotine," said his rival, sternly.

"We shall see," Napoleon coolly replied.

Leaving the soldiers, with their glittering steel and nodding plumes, at the entrance of the room, he ascended the tribune. The hush of perfect silence pervaded the agitated hall.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you are on a volcano. You deemed the Republic in danger. You called me to your aid. I obeyed. And now I am assailed by a thousand calumnies. They talk of Cæsar, of Cromwell, of military despotism, as if anything in antiquity resembled the present moment. Danger presses. Disaster thickens. We have no longer a government. The Directors have resigned. The Five Hundred are in a tumult. Emissaries are instigating Paris to revolt. Agitators would gladly bring back the revolutionary tribunals. But fear not. Aided by my companions in arms, I will protect you. I desire nothing for myself but to save the Republic; and I solemnly swear to protect that liberty and equality for which we have made such sacrifices."

"And the Constitution?" some one cried out.

Napoleon had purposely omitted the Constitution in his oath, for he despised it, and was at that moment labouring for its overthrow. He paused for a moment, and then, with increasing energy, exclaimed—

"The Constitution! You have none. You violated it when the executive infringed the rights of the legislature. You violated it when the legislature struck at the independence of the executive. You violated it when, with sacrilegious hand, both the legislature and the executive struck at the sovereignty of the people by annulling their elections. The Constitution! it is a mockery; invoked by all, regarded by none."

Rallied by the presence of Napoleon, and by these daring words, his friends recovered their courage, and two-thirds of the Assembly rose in expression of their confidence and support. At this moment intelligence arrived that the Five Hundred were compelling Lucien to put to the vote Napoleon's outlawry. Not an instant was to be lost. There is a mysterious power in this law. The passage of that vote would probably have been fatal. Life and death were trembling in the balance.

"I would then have given two hundred millions," said Napoleon, "to have had Ney by my side." Turning to the Ancients, he exclaimed, "If any orator, paid by foreigners, shall talk of outlawing me, I will appeal for protection to my brave companions in arms, whose plumes are nodding at the door. Remember that I march accompanied by the god of fortune and by the god of war."

He immediately left the Ancients, and, attended by his military band, hastened to the Council of Five Hundred. On his way he met Augereau, who was pale and trembling, deeming Napoleon lost.

"You have got yourself into serious trouble," said he, with deep agitation.

"Matters were worse at Arools," Napoleon coolly replied. "Keep quiet. All will be changed in half an hour."

Followed by his grenadiers, he immediately entered the Hall of the Five Hundred. The soldiers remained near the door. Napoleon traversed alone half of the room to reach the bar. It was an hour in which nothing could save him but the resources of his own mind. Furious shouts rose from all parts of the house—"What means this? Down with the tyrant! begone begone!"

"The winds," says Napoleon, escaping from the caverns of Aëolus can give but a faint idea of that tempest.

In the midst of the horrible confusion, he in vain endeavoured to speak. The members, in the wildest fray, crowded around him. The grenadiers, witnessing the peril of their chief, rushed to his rescue. A dagger was struck at his bosom. A soldier, with his arm, parried the blow. With their bayonets they drove back the members, and, encircling Napoleon, bore him from the hall. Napoleon had hardly descended the outer steps ere some one informed him that his brother Lucien was surrounded by the infuriated deputies, and that his life was in imminent jeopardy.

"Colonel Dumoulin," said he, "take a battalion of grenadiers and hasten to my brother's aid—"

The soldiers rushed into the room, drove back the crowd, who, with violent menaces, were surrounding Lucien, and saying, "It is by your brother's commands," escorted him in safety out of the hall into the court-yard.

Napoleon, now mounting his horse, with Lucien by his side, rode along in front of his troops.

"The Council of Five Hundred," exclaimed Lucien, "is dissolved. It is I that tell you so. Assassins have taken possession of the hall of meeting. I summon you to march and clear it of them."

"Soldiers!" said Napoleon, "can I rely upon you?"

"Long live Bonaparte!" was the simultaneous response.

Murat took a battalion of grenadiers and marched to the entrance of the hall. When Murat headed a column, it was well known that there would be no child's play. "Charge bayonets! forward!" he exclaimed with imperturbable coolness. The drums beat the charge. Steadily the bristling line of steel advanced. The terrified representatives leaped over the benches, rushed through the passage ways, and sprang out of the windows, throwing upon the floor, in their precipitate flight, gowns, scarfs, and hats. In two minutes the hall was cleared. As the representatives were flying in dismay across the garden, an officer proposed that the soldiers should be ordered to fire
, saying—

"It is my wish that not a single drop of blood be spilled."

As Napoleon wished to avail himself, as far as possible, of the forms of law, he assembled the two legislative bodies in the evening. Those only attended who were friendly to his cause. Unanimously they decreed that Napoleon had deserved well of his country; they abolished the Directory. The executive power they vested in Napoleon, Sièyes, and Ducos, with the title of Consuls. Two committees of twenty-five members each, taken from the two Councils, were appointed to co-operate with the Consuls in forming a new Constitution. During the evening a rumour reached Paris that Napoleon had failed in his enterprise.

The consternation was great. The mass of the people, of all ranks, dreading the renewal of revolutionary horrors, and worn out with past convulsions, passionately longed for repose. Their only hope was in Napoleon. At nine o'clock at night intelligence of the change of government was officially announced, by a proclamation which the victor had dictated with the rapidity and the glowing eloquence which had characterized all of his mental acts. It was read by torchlight to assembled and deeply-agitated groups all over the city. The welcome tidings were greeted with the liveliest demonstrations of applause. At three o'clock in the morning Napoleon threw himself into his carriage to return to Paris. Bourrienne accompanied him. Napoleon appeared so absorbed in thought that he uttered not one single word during the ride.

At four o'clock he alighted from his carriage at the door of his dwelling in the Rue Chantier. Josephine, in the greatest anxiety, was watching at the window for his approach. Napoleon had not been able to send her one single line during the turmoil and the peril of that eventful day. She sprang to meet him. Napoleon fondly encircled her in his arms, briefly recapitulated the scenes of the day, and assured her that, since he had taken the oath of office, he had not allowed himself to speak to a single individual, for he wished that the beloved voice of his Josephine might be the first to congratulate him upon his virtual accession to the empire of France. The heart of Josephine could appreciate a delicacy of love so refined and so touching. Well might she say, "Napoleon is the most fascinating of men." It was then after four o'clock in the morning. The dawn of the day was to conduct Napoleon to a new scene of herculean toil in organizing the Republic. Throwing himself upon a couch for a few moments of repose, he exclaimed, gaily, "Good-night, my Josephine! To-morrow we sleep in the palace of the Luxembourg."

Napoleon was then not thirty years of age. And yet, under circumstances of inconceivable difficulty, with unhesitating reliance upon his own mental resources, he assumed the enormous care of creating and administering a new government for thirty millions of people. Never did he achieve a victory which displayed more con-

summate genius. On no occasion of his life did his majestic intellectual power beam forth with more brilliance. It is not to be expected that, for ages to come, the world will be united in opinion respecting this transaction. Some represent it as an outrage against law and liberty. Others consider it a necessary act, which put an end to corruption and anarchy. That the course which Napoleon pursued was in accordance with the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the French people, no one can doubt. It is questionable whether, even now, France is prepared for self-government. There can be no question that then the Republic had totally failed.

"For my part," said Napoleon, "all my share of the plot was confined to assembling the crowd of my visitors at the same hour in the morning, and marching at their head to seize upon power. It was from the threshold of my door, and without my friends having any previous knowledge of my intentions, that I led them to this conquest. It was amid the brilliant escort which they formed, their lively joy and unanimous ardour, that I presented myself at the bar of the Ancients to thank them for the dictatorship with which they invested me. Metaphysicians have disputed, and will long dispute, whether we did not violate the laws, and whether we were not criminal. But these are mere abstractions, which should disappear before imperious necessity. One might as well blame a sailor for waste and destruction when he cuts away a mast to save his ship. The fact is, had it not been for us, the country must have been lost. We saved it. The authors of that memorable state transaction ought to answer their accusers proudly, like the Roman, 'We protest that we have saved our country. Come with us and render thanks to the gods.'"

With the exception of the Jacobins, all parties were strongly in favour of this revolution. For ten years the people had been so accustomed to the violation of the laws, that they had ceased to condemn such acts, and judged of them only by their consequences. All over France the feeling was nearly universal in favour of the new government. "Napoleon rivalled Cæsar," says Alison, "in the clemency with which he used his victory. No proscriptions or massacres, few arrests or imprisonments, followed the triumph of order over revolution. On the contrary, numerous acts of mercy, as wise as they were magnanimous, illustrated the rise of the consular throne. The elevation of Napoleon was not only unstained by blood, but not even a single captive long lamented the car of the victor. A signal triumph of the principles of humanity over those of cruelty, glorious alike to the actors and the age in which it occurred; and a memorable proof how much more durable are the victories obtained by moderation and wisdom, than those achieved by violence and stained by blood."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONSULAR THRONE.

causes of the failure of Republicanism in France.—Meeting of the three Consuls.—The Consuls and the gold.—Napoleon visits the Temple.—Recalls the banished priests.—The shipwrecked emigrants.—Liberty of conscience.—Constitution presented by Napoleon.—Removal to the Tuileries.—Selection of state officers.—Sympathy with the people.—Emptiness of Bonaparte's private purse.—Thoughts on Washington and the United States.—Vast plans of improvement.—War in La Vendée.

had tried Republicanism, and the experiment had failed. There was neither intelligence nor virtue among the people sufficient to enable them to govern themselves. During long ages of oppression they had sunk into an abyss, from whence they could not rise, in a day, to the dignity of freemen. Not one in thirty of the population of France could either read or write. Religion and all its restraints were scouted as fanaticism. Few had any idea of the sacredness of a vote, of the duty of the minority good-naturedly yielding to the majority.

It is this sentiment which is the political salvation of free states. Not unfrequently in America, when hundreds of thousands of ballots have been cast, has a governor of state been chosen by the majority of a very few votes. And the minority, in such circumstances, have yielded just as cordially as they would have done to a majority of tens of thousands. After the most exciting presidential elections, the announcement of the result is the harbinger of immediate peace and good-natured acquiescence all over the land. The defeated voter politely congratulates his opponent upon his success. The French seemed to have attained no conception of the sanctity of the decisions of the ballot-box. Government was but a series of revolutions. Physical power alone was recognized. The strongest grasped the helm, and, with the guillotine, confiscation, and exile, endeavoured hopelessly to cripple their adversaries.

Ten years of such anarchy had wearied the nation. It was in vain to protract the experiment. France longed for repose. Napoleon was the only one capable of giving her repose. The nation called upon him, in the loudest tones which could be uttered, to assume the reins of government, and to restore the dominion of security and order. We can hardly call that man a usurper who does but assume the post which the nation with unanimity intreats him to take. We may say that he was ambitious, that he loved power, that glory was his idol. But if his ambition led him to exalt his country; if the power he loved was the power of elevating the multitude to intelligence, to self-respect, and to comfort; if the glory he sought was the glory of being the most illustrious benefactor earth has ever known, let us not catalogue his name with the sensualists and the despots who have flared thrones of self-aggrandizement and self-indulgence upon the degradation of the people. We must compare Napoleon with the leaders of

states, the founders of dynasties, and with those who, in the midst of popular commotions, have ascended thrones. When we institute such a comparison, Napoleon stands without a rival, always excepting, in moral worth, George

The next morning after the overthrow of the Directory, the three consuls, Napoleon, Sièyes, and Ducos, met in the palace of the Luxembourg. Sièyes was a veteran diplomatist, whose grey hairs entitled him, as he supposed, to the moral supremacy over his colleagues. He thought that Napoleon would be satisfied with the command of the armies, while he would be left to manage the affairs of state. There was one arm-chair in the room. Napoleon very coolly assumed it. Sièyes, much annoyed, rather petulantly exclaimed—

"Gentlemen, who shall take the chair?"

"Bonaparte surely," said Ducos; "he already has it. He is the only man who can save us."

"Very well, gentlemen," said Napoleon, promptly; "let us proceed to business."

Sièyes was staggered. But resistance to a will so imperious, and an arm so strong, was useless.

Sièyes loved gold. Napoleon loved only glory. "Do you see," inquired Sièyes, pointing to a sort of cabinet in the room, "that pretty piece of furniture?" Napoleon, whose poetic sensibilities were easily aroused, looked at it with interest, fancying it to be some relic of the disenthroned monarchs of France. Sièyes continued: "I will reveal to you a little secret. We Directors, reflecting that we might go out of office in poverty, which would be a very unbecoming thing, laid aside, from the treasury, a sum to meet that exigency. There are nearly a million francs in that chest. As there are no more Directors, the money belongs to us." Napoleon now began to understand matters. It was not difficult for one who had proudly rejected millions to look with contempt upon thousands.

"Gentlemen," said he, very coolly, "should this transaction come to my knowledge, I shall insist that the whole sum be refunded to the public treasury. But should I not hear of it and I know nothing of it as yet—you, being two old Directors, can divide the money between you. But you must make haste. To-morrow it may be too late." They took the hint and divided the spoil, Sièyes taking the lion's share. Ducos complained to Napoleon of the extortion of his colleague.

"Settle the business between yourselves," said Napoleon, "and be quiet. Should the matter come to my ears, you will inevitably lose the whole."

This transaction, of course, gave Napoleon a supremacy which neither of his colleagues could ever again question. The law which decreed the provisional consulship conferred upon them the power, in connexion with the two legislative bodies of twenty-five members each, of preparing a new Constitution to be submitted to the people. The genius of Napoleon, his

his boundless information, and his instinctive insight into the complexities of all subjects, were so conspicuous in this first interview, that his colleagues were overwhelmed. That evening Sièyes went to sup with some stern Republicans, his intimate friends.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the Republic is no more. It died to-day. I have this day conversed with a man who is not only a great general, but who is himself capable of everything, and who knows everything. He wants no counsellors, no assistance. Politics, laws, the art of governing, are as familiar to him as the manner of commanding an army. He is young and determined. The Republic is finished."

"But," one replied, "if he becomes a tyrant, we must call to our aid the dagger of Brutus."

"Alas! my friends," Sièyes rejoined, "we should then fall into the hands of the Bourbons, which would be still worse."

Napoleon now devoted himself, with tireless energies, to the reorganization of the government, and to the general administration of the affairs of the empire. He worked day and night. He appeared insensible to exhaustion or weariness. Every subject was apparently alike familiar to his mind; banking, police regulations, diplomacy, the army, the navy, everything which could pertain to the welfare of France, was grasped by his all-comprehensive intellect.

The Directory had tyrannically seized, as hostages, any relatives of the emigrants upon whom they could lay their hands. Wives, mothers, sisters, brothers, fathers, children, were imprisoned, and held responsible, with their lives, for the conduct of their emigrant relatives. Napoleon immediately abolished this iniquitous edict, and released the prisoners. Couriers, without delay, were despatched all over France, to throw open the prison doors to these unfortunate captives.

Napoleon even went himself to the Temple, where many of these innocent victims were imprisoned, that he might, with his own hand, break their fetters. On Napoleon's return from this visit to the prison, he exclaimed, "What fools these Directors were! To what a state have they brought our public institutions! The prisoners are in a shocking condition. I questioned them as well as the gaolers, for nothing is to be learned from the superiors. When in the prison, I could not help thinking of the unfortunate Louis XVI. He was an excellent man, but too amiable to deal with mankind. And Sir Sidney Smith—I made them show me his apartments. If he had not escaped I should have taken Acre. There are too many painful associations connected with that prison. I shall have it pulled down one day or other. I ordered the gaoler's books to be brought, and, finding the list of the hostages, immediately liberated them. I told them that an unjust law had placed them under restraint, and that it was my first duty to restore them to liberty."

The priests had been men

They could only escape imprisonment by taking an oath, which many considered hostile to their religious vows. Large numbers of them were immured in dungeons. Others, in dismay and poverty, had fled, and were wandering fugitives in other lands. Napoleon redressed their wrongs, and spread over them the shield of his powerful protection. The captives were liberated, and the exiles invited to return. The principle was immediately established, that the rights of conscience were to be respected. By this one act, twenty thousand grief-stricken exiles were restored to France, proclaiming through city and village the clemency of the First Consul. In the rural districts of France, where the sentiment of veneration for Christianity still lingered, the priests were received with the warmest welcome; and in the hut of the peasant, the name of Napoleon was breathed with prayers and tears of gratitude.

Some French emigrants, furnished with arms by England, were returning to France, to join the Royalists in La Vendée in extending the ravages of civil war. The ship was wrecked on the coast of Calais, and they were all made prisoners. As they were taken with arms in their hands, to fight against their country, rigorous laws doomed them, as traitors, to the guillotine. Napoleon interposed to save them. Magnanimously he asserted, "No matter what their intentions were. They were driven on our shore by the tempest. They are shipwrecked men. As such, they are entitled to the laws of hospitality. Their persons must be held inviolable." Unharmed, they were all permitted to re-embark and leave France. Among these emigrants were many men of illustrious name. These acts of generosity on the part of Napoleon did much to disarm their hostility, and many of them became subsequently firm supporters of his power.

The revolutionary tribunals had closed the churches and prohibited the observance of the Sabbath. To efface, if possible, all traces of that sacred day, they had appointed every tenth day for cessation from labour and for festivity. A heavy fine was inflicted upon any one who should close his shop on the Sabbath, or manifest any reverence for the discarded institution. Napoleon, who had already resolved to reinstate Christianity in paganized France, but who found it necessary to move with the utmost caution, ordered that no man should be molested for his religious principles or practices. This step excited hostility. Paris was filled with unbelief. Generals, statesmen, philosophers, scouted the idea of religion. They remonstrated. Napoleon was firm. The mass of the common people were with him, and he triumphed over aristocratic infidelity.

With singular tact, he selected the most skillful and efficient men to fill all the infinitely varied departments of state. "I want more head," said he, "and less tongue." Every one was kept busy. Every one was under the constant vigilance of his eagle eye. He appeared

to have an instinctive acquaintance with every branch of legislation, and with the whole science of government. Three times a week the minister of finance appeared before him, and past corruption was dragged to light and abolished.

The treasury was bankrupt. Napoleon immediately replenished it. The army was starving and almost in a state of mutiny. Napoleon addressed to them a few of his glowing words of encouragement and sympathy, and the emaciated soldiers, in their rags, enthusiastically rallied again around their colours, and in a few days, from all parts of France, baggage waggons were trundling towards them, laden with clothing and provisions. The navy was dilapidated and blockaded. At the voice of Napoleon, in every port of France, the sound of the ship hammer was heard, and a large armament was prepared to convey succour to his comrades in Egypt. Such vigour mortal man never exhibited before. All France felt an immediate impulse. At the same time in which Napoleon was accomplishing all these duties, and innumerable others, any one of which would have engrossed the whole energies of any common man, he was almost daily meeting his colleagues and the committees to discuss the new Constitution.

Sièyes was greatly alarmed at the generosity of some of Napoleon's acts. "The emigrants," said he, "will return in crowds. The Royalists will again raise their heads, and the Republicans will be massacred." His imagination was so excited with apprehensions of conspiracies and assassinations, that he once awoke Napoleon at three o'clock in the morning, to inform him of a fearful conspiracy which had just been discovered by the police. Napoleon quietly listened to the story, and then, raising his head from his pillow, inquired, "Have they corrupted our guard?" "No," Sièyes replied. "Then go to bed," said Napoleon, "and let them alone. It will be time enough to be alarmed when our six hundred men are attacked." Napoleon was so powerful that he could afford to be generous. His magnanimity was his most effectual safeguard.

In less than six weeks the new Constitution was ready to be presented to the nation for their acceptance. In the original draft, drawn up by Sièyes, the supreme power was to be vested in a Grand Elector, to be chosen for life, to possess a revenue of five millions of francs, and to reside, in the utmost possible magnificence, in the palaces of Versailles. He was to be a mock king, with all the pomp and pageantry of royalty, but without its power. This was the office which Sièyes hoped would satisfy the ambition of Napoleon. Napoleon exploded it as with a bomb-shell.

"Can you conceive," he exclaimed, "that a man of the least talent or honour would humble himself to accept an office, the duties of which are merely to fatten like a pig on so many millions a year?"

The Grand Elector was annihilated. The following was the Constitution adopted. The power was to be invested in Napoleon

as First Consul. Two subordinate consuls, Cambacères and Lebrun, were to be his counsellors with deliberative voices only. The Consuls proposed laws to a body called the Tribunal, who thoroughly discussed them, and either rejected, or, if they approved, recommended the law to a third body, called the Legislature. The Legislature heard the report in silence, having deliberative voice. Three were appointed from the Tribunal to present the arguments in favour of the law, and three those against it. Without further debate, the Legislature, as judges, voted. The Senate also was a silent body. It received the law from the Legislature, and approved or condemned. Here were the forms of an ample supply of checks and balances. Every act proposed by Napoleon must be sanctioned by the Tribunal, the Legislature, and the Senate before it could become a law.

"The Constitution," said Sièyes, "is a pyramid, of which the people is the base." Every male in France, 21 years of age, paying a tax, was a voter. They amounted to about 5,000,000. In their primary assemblies they chose 500,000 delegates. These delegates, from their own number, chose 50,000. These latter, from themselves, chose 5,000. These 5,000 were the Notables, or the eligible to office. From them, thus elected by the people, all the offices were to be filled. The Constitution declared Napoleon to be First Consul for ten years, with an annual salary of 500,000*f*. Cambacères and Lebrun were his associate Consuls, with a salary of 300,000*f*. These three, with Sièyes and Ducos, were to choose, from the Notables, the Senate, to consist of eighty members. They were elected for life, and received a salary of 25,000*f*. The Senate chose three hundred members, from the Notables, to compose the Legislature, with a salary of 10,000*f*, and one hundred members, to compose the Tribunal, with an annual salary of 15,000*f* each.

Such, in brief, was the Constitution under which Napoleon commenced his reign. Under a man of ordinary vigour this would have been a popular and a free government. With Napoleon it was, in effect, an unlimited monarchy. The energy of his mind was so tremendous, that he acquired immediately the control of all these bodies. The plans he proposed were either so plainly conducive to the public welfare, or he had such an extraordinary faculty of convincing tribunes, legislators, and senators that they were so, that these bodies almost invariably voted in perfect accordance with his will.

It was Napoleon's unquestioned aim to aggrandize France. For the accomplishment of that purpose, he was ready to make any conceivable personal sacrifice. In that accomplishment was to consist all his glory. No money could bribe him. No enticements of sensual indulgence could divert his energies from that single aim. His capacious intellect seemed to grasp intuitively everything which could affect the welfare of France. He gathered around him, as agents for the execution of his plans, the most brilliant

intellects of Europe, and yet they all took the attitude of children in his presence. With a body which seemed incapable of fatigue, and a mind whose energies were never exhausted, he consecrated himself to the majestic enterprise by day and by night, and with an untiring energy which amazed and bewildered his contemporaries, and which still excites the wonder of the world. No one thought of resisting his will. His subordinates sought only to anticipate his wishes. Hence no machinery of government which human ingenuity could devise could seriously embarrass the free scope of his energies. His associates often expressed themselves as entirely overawed by the majesty of his intellect. They came from his presence giving utterance to the most profound admiration of the justice and the rapidity of his perceptions. "We are pressed," said they, "into a very whirlwind of urgency; but it is all for the good of France."

The Constitution was now presented to the whole people for their acceptance or rejection. A more free and unbiassed expression of public opinion could not possibly have been obtained. The result is unparalleled in the annals of the ballot-box. There were 3,011,007 votes cast in favour of the Constitution, and but 1,562 in the negative. By such unanimity, unprecedented in the history of the world, was Napoleon elected First Consul of France. Those who reject the dogma of the divine right of kings, who believe in the sacred authority of the voice of the people, will, in this act, surely recognise the legitimacy of Napoleon's elevation. A better title to the supreme power no ruler upon earth could ever show.

With us it cannot be a serious question who had the best title to the throne, Louis Capet, from the accident of birth, or Napoleon Bonaparte, from the unanimous vote of the people. Napoleon may have abused the power which was thus placed in his hands. Whether he did so or not, the impartial history of his career will record. But it is singularly disingenuous to call this a usurpation. It was a nation's voice.

"I did not usurp the crown," said Napoleon proudly and justly. "It was lying in the mire. I picked it up. The people placed it on my head." It is not strange that the French people should have decided as they did. Where is the man now, in either hemisphere, who would not have preferred the government of Napoleon to any other dominion which was then possible in France?

From the comparatively modest palace of the Luxembourg, Napoleon and Josephine now removed, to take up their residence in the more magnificent apartments of the Tuileries. Those saloons of royalty, which had been sacked and defiled by the mob of Paris, were thoroughly repaired. The red cap of Jacobinism had been daubed upon the walls of the apartments of state, and a tricoloured cockade had been painted upon the military hat of Louis XIV

"Wash those out," said Napoleon. "I will have no such abominations."

The palace was furnished with more than its former splendour. Statues of illustrious men of all lands embellished the vacant niches. These gorgeous saloons, where kings and queens for so many ages had revelled, were now adorned, with outvying splendour, for the residence of the people's chosen ruler.

Louis was the king of the nobles, placed by the nobles upon the throne. He consulted their interests alone. All the avenues of wealth and honour were solely open for them. The people were merely slaves, living in ignorance, poverty, obscurity, that the king and the nobles might dwell in voluptuousness. Napoleon was the ruler of the people. He was one of their own number. He was elevated to power by their choice. He spread out an unobstructed arena for the play of their energies. He opened before them the highways to fame and fortune. The only aristocracy which he favoured was the aristocracy of intellect and industry. No privileged classes were tolerated. Every man was equal in the eye of the law. All appealed to the same tribunals, and received impartial justice. The taxes were proportioned to property. The feudal claims of the landed proprietors were abolished; and there was no situation in the state to which the humblest citizen might not aspire. They called Napoleon First Consul. They cared not much what he was called, so long as he was the supreme ruler of their own choice. They were proud of having their ruler more exalted, more magnificent, more powerful, than the kings of the nobles. Hence the secret of their readiness to acquiesce in any plans which might minister to the grandeur of their own Napoleon. His glory was their glory. And never were they better pleased than when they saw him eclipse in splendour the proudest sovereigns upon the surrounding thrones.

One evening Napoleon, with his grey surcoat buttoned up closely around him, went out with Bourrienne, *incognito*, and sauntered along the Rue St. Honoré, making small purchases in the shops, and conversing freely with the people about the First Consul and his acts.

Well, citizen," said Napoleon, in one of the shops, "what do they say of Bonaparte?"

The shopkeeper spoke of him in terms of the most enthusiastic admiration.

"Nevertheless," said Napoleon, "we must watch him. I hope that it will not be found that we have merely changed one tyrant for another—the Directory for Bonaparte."

The shopkeeper was so indignant at this irreverent intimation, that he showered upon Napoleon such a volley of abuse as to compel him to escape precipitately into the street, greatly amused and delighted with the adventure.

It was on the morning of the 19th of February, 1800, when all Paris was in commotion to witness the gratifying spectacle of the people's sovereign taking possession of the palace of the ancient kings. The brilliance of Napoleon's

character and renown had already thrown his colleagues into the shade. They were powerless. No one thought of them. Sièyes foresaw this inevitable result, and, with very commendable self-respect, refused to accept the office of Second Consul. A few interviews with Napoleon had taught him that no one could share power with a will so lofty and commanding.

"Sièyes," says Napoleon, "had fallen into a mistake respecting the nature of these consuls. He was fearful of mortification, and of having the First Consul to contend with at every step. This would have been the case had all the consuls been equal. We should then have all been enemies. But the Constitution having made them subordinate, there was no room for the struggles of obstinacy."

Indeed, there was no room for such a conflict. Utter powerlessness cannot contend with omnipotence. The subordinate consuls could only give advice when Napoleon asked it. He was not likely to trouble them.

The royal apartments in the Tuilleries were prepared for the First Consul. The more modest saloons in the Pavilion of Flora were assigned to the two other consuls. Cambacères, however, was so fully conscious of the real position which he occupied, that he declined entering the palace of the kings. He said to his colleague Lebrun, "It is an error that we should be in the Tuilleries. It suits neither you nor me. For my part, I will not go. General Bonaparte will soon want to lodge there by himself. Then we shall be suffered to retire. It is better not to go at all."

Napoleon was never disposed to forget the friends of his early years, or the trials which he had then encountered. He had, when a young man, passed months in Paris without a home, with an empty purse, and almost without a friend. He was then in the habit of frequenting a small reading-room in the Palais Royal, where, for a few sous, he could, in the chilly days of winter, read the daily journals and enjoy the warmth of a fire. The wife of the master of the shop became interested in the thoughtful and studious young man, and occasionally invited him to take a bowl of soup with her. As a recompense for this kindness and hospitality, Napoleon, as soon as he became First Consul, gratefully sought out his humble friends, and conferred upon them a lucrative government office. He was afterwards urged, as a matter of state policy, to shut up these reading-rooms. To this he replied—

"No! I will never do that. I knew too well the comfort of having such a place to go to, ever to deprive others of the same resource."

The morning of Napoleon's removal to the Tuilleries he slept later than usual. When Bourrienne entered his chamber at seven o'clock, Napoleon was soundly asleep. On awaking, he said, "Well, Bourrienne, we shall at length sleep at the Tuilleries. You are very fortunate; you are not obliged to make a show of yourself. You may go in your own way. But as for me,

I must go in a procession. This I dislike. But we must have a display. It gratifies the people. The Directory was too simple; it therefore enjoyed no consideration. With the army, simplicity is in its place. But in a great city, is a palace, it is necessary that the chief of a state should draw attention upon himself by all possible means. But we must move with caution. Josephine will see the review from the apartments of Consul Lebrun."

Napoleon entered a magnificent carriage, seated between his two colleagues, who appeared but as his attendants or body-guard. The carriage was drawn by six beautiful white horses—a present to Napoleon from the Emperor of Austria, immediately after the treaty of Campo Formio. A gorgeous train of officers, accompanied by six thousand picked troops, in the richest splendour of military display, composed the *cortège*. Twenty thousand soldiers, with all the concomitants of martial pomp, in double files, lined the streets through which the procession was to pass. A throng which could not be numbered, from the city and from the country, filled the garden, the streets, the avenues, the balconies, the house-tops, and ebbed and flowed in surging billows far back into the Champs Elysées. They had collected to exult in introducing the idol of the army and of the nation—the people's king—into the palace from which they had expelled the ancient monarchs of France.

The moment the state carriage appeared, the heavens seemed rent with the unanimous shout, "Long live the First Consul!" As soon as Napoleon arrived at the foot of the great stairs ascending to the palace, he left the other consuls, and, mounting his horse, passed in review the magnificent array of troops drawn up before him. Murat was on his right, Lannes on his left. He was surrounded by a brilliant staff of war-worn veterans, whose scarred and sunburnt viages told of many a toilsome and bloody campaign. There were three brigades, which appeared with the banners which had passed through the terrific conflicts of Lodi, Rivoli, and Arcola. They were black with powder, and torn into shreds by shot. Napoleon instantly uncovered his head, and, with profound reverence, saluted these monuments of military valour. A universal burst of enthusiasm greeted the well-timed and graceful act. Napoleon then returned to the Tuilleries.

led to the audience-chamber, and took his station in the centre of the room. All eyes were fixed upon him. The two associate consuls were entirely forgotten, or, rather, they were reduced to the rank of pages following in his train and gracing his triumph.

The suite of rooms appropriated to Josephine consisted of two magnificent saloons, with private apartments adjoining. In the evening a vast assemblage of brilliant guests were gathered in those regal halls. When Josephine entered the gorgeously-illuminated apartments, leaning upon the arm of Talleyrand, and dressed with that admirable taste which she ever displayed,

of admiration rose from the whole assembly. The festivities of the evening were protracted until nearly the dawn of the ensuing morning. When the guests had all retired, Napoleon, with his hands folded behind him, paced to and fro through the spacious halls, apparently absorbed in profound and melancholy thought; and then, as if half-soliloquizing, said to his secretary Bourrienne,

"Here we are in the Tuileries. We must take good care to remain here. Who has not inhabited this palace? It has been the abode of robbers—of members of the Convention. There is your brother's house, where, eight years ago, we saw the good Louis XVI. besieged in the Tuileries and carried off into captivity. But you need not fear a repetition of that scene. Let them attempt it with me if they dare."

The next morning Napoleon said to Bourrienne, "See what it is to have the mind set upon a thing. It is not two years since we resolved to take possession of the Tuileries. Do you think that we have managed affairs badly since that time? In fact, I am well satisfied. Yesterday's affairs went off well. Do you imagine that all those people who came to pay their court to me were sincere? Most certainly they were not. But the joy of the people was real. The people know what is right. Besides, consult the great thermometer of public opinion—the public funds. On the 17th Brumaire they were at 11—the 20th, 16—to-day, 21. In this state of things, I can allow the Jacobins to chatter. But they must not talk too loud."

With consummate tact, Napoleon selected the ablest men of the empire to occupy the most important departments in the state. Talleyrand, the wily diplomatist, having received his appointment, said to Napoleon, "You have confided to me the administration of foreign affairs. I will justify your confidence. But I deem it my duty at once to declare that I will consult with you alone. That France may be well governed, there must be unity of action. The First Consul must retain the direction of everything—the home, foreign, and police departments, and those of war and the marine. The Second Consul is an able lawyer. I would advise that he have the direction of legal affairs. Let the Third Consul govern the finances. This will occupy and amuse them. Thus you, having at your disposal the vital powers of government, will be enabled to attain the noble object of your aims, the regeneration of France."

Napoleon listened in silence. Having taken leave of his minister, he said to his secretary, "Talleyrand has detected my views. He is a man of excellent sense. He advises just what I intend to do. They walk with speed who walk alone."

Some one had objected to the appointment of Talleyrand, saying, "He is a weathercock."

"Be it so," said Napoleon; "he is the ablest Minister for Foreign Affairs in our choice. It shall be my care that he exerts his abilities."

"Carnot," objected another, "is a Republican."

"Republican or not," Napoleon replied, "he is the last Frenchman who will wish to see France dismembered. Let us avail ourselves of his unrivalled talents in the War Department while he is willing to place them at our command." "Fouché," objected one, "is a compound of falsehood and duplicity."

"Fouché alone," Napoleon rejoined, "is able to conduct the Ministry of the Police. He alone has a knowledge of all the factions and intrigues which have been spreading misery through France. We cannot create men. We must take such as we find. It is easier to modify, by circumstances, the feelings and conduct of an able servant than to supply his place."

M. Abriél, a peer of France, was recommended as Minister of Justice.

"I do not know you, Citizen Abriél," said Napoleon, as he presented him his diploma of office, "but I am informed that you are the most upright man in the magistracy. It is on that account that I have named you Minister of Justice."

One of Napoleon's first acts was to abolish the annual festival celebrating the bloody death of Louis XVI. He declared it to be a barbarous ceremony, and unworthy of a humane people.

"Louis was a tyrant," said Sieyès.

"Nay, nay," Napoleon promptly replied, "Louis was no tyrant. Had he been a tyrant, I should this day have been a captain of engineers, and you, Monsieur l'Abbé, would have been saying mass."

The Directory had resorted to the iniquitous procedure of forced loans to replenish the bankrupt treasury. Napoleon immediately rejected the tyrannical system. He assembled seventy of the most wealthy capitalists of Paris in his closet at the Tuileries. Frankly he laid before them the principles of the new government, and the claims it had on the confidence of the public. The appeal was irresistible. The merchants and bankers, overjoyed at the prospect of just and stable laws, by acclamation voted an immediate loan of two million dollars. Though this made provision but for a few days, it was very timely aid. He then established an equitable tax upon property, sufficient to meet the exigencies of the state. The people paid the tax without a murmur.

Napoleon entertained profound aversion for the men who had been engaged in the sanguinary scenes of the Revolution, particularly for the regicides. He always spoke with horror of those men of blood, whom he called the assassins of Louis. He deplored the necessity of employing any of them. Cambacères was a member of the Convention which had condemned the king to the guillotine. Though he voted against the sentence of death, he had advocated his arrest.

"Remember," said Napoleon to Cambacères, at the same time playfully pinching his ear, "that I had nothing to do with that atrocious business. But your case, my dear Cambacères, is clear. If the Bourbons ever return, you must be hanged." Cambacères did not enjoy such

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

pleasantry. His smile was ghastly. Upon the reorganization of the Supreme Court of France, Napoleon said to Bourrienne, "I do not take any decided steps against the regicides, but I will show what I think of them. Target, the president of this court, refused to defend Louis XVI. I will replace him by Tronchet, who so nobly discharged that perilous duty. They may say what they choose. My mind is made up."

The enthusiasm of the army was immediately revived by the attention which the First Consul paid to its interests. He presented beautiful sabres to those soldiers who had highly distinguished themselves. One hundred were thus conferred. A sergeant of grenadiers had obtained permission to write to the First Consul, expressing his thanks. Napoleon, with his own hand, replied, "I have received your letter, my brave comrade. You had no occasion to remind me of your gallant behaviour. You are the most courageous grenadier in the army since the death of the brave Benezeti. You have received one of the hundred sabres which I have distributed, and all agree that none deserve it better. I wish much to see you again. The Minister of War sends you an order to come to Paris." This letter was widely circulated in the army, and roused the enthusiasm of the soldiers to the highest pitch. The First Consul, the most illustrious general of France, the great Napoleon, calls a sergeant of grenadiers "my brave comrade!" This sympathy for the people was ever a prominent trait in Napoleon's character.

The following anecdote will illustrate his views upon this subject, or, rather, a part of his views. men have varying moods of mind, which to be antagonistic to each other. Napoleon conversing with O'Meara respecting the English naval service.

"During the winter," said O'Meara, "the seamen are better off at sea than the officers."

"Why so?" inquired Napoleon.

"Because," was the reply, "they have the advantage of the galley-fire, where they can warm and dry themselves."

"And why cannot the officers do the same?"

"It would not be exactly decorous," O'Meara replied, "for the officers to mix in that familiar way with the men."

"Ah, this aristocratic pride!" exclaimed Napoleon. "Why, in my campaigns, I used to go to the lines in the bivouacs, sit down with the humblest soldier, and converse freely with him. You are the most aristocratic nation in the world. I always prided myself on being a man of the people. I sprang from the populace myself. Whenever a man had merit, I elevated him, without asking how many degrees of nobility he had. To the aristocracy you pay every kind of attention. Nothing can be too good for them. The people you treat precisely as if they were slaves. Can anything be more horrible than your pressing of seamen? You send boats on shore to seize upon every male that can be found, who, if they have the misfortune to belong to the populace—if they cannot prove them-

gentlemen—are hurried on board your ships. And yet you have the impudence to cry out against the conscription in France. It wounds your pride, because it fell upon all ranks. You are shocked that a gentleman's son should be obliged to defend his country just as if he were one of the common people—that he should be compelled to expose his body like a vile plebeian. Yet God made all men alike. One day the people will avenge themselves. That conscription, which so offended your aristocratic pride, was conducted scrupulously according to the principles of equal rights. Every native of a country is bound to defend it. The conscription did not, like your press-gang, crush a particular class because they were poor. It was the most just, because the most equal, mode of raising troops. It rendered the French army the best composed in the world."

When a prisoner on board the Northumberland, his passage to St. Helena, all the common sailors, though English, became most enthusiastically attached to Napoleon. Some one alluded to this fact.

"Yes," said Napoleon, "I believe they were my friends. I used to go among them, speak to them kindly, and ask familiar questions. My freedom in this respect quite astonished them, as it was so different from that which they had been accustomed to receive from their own officers. You English are great aristocrats. You keep a wide distance between yourselves and the people."

It was observed in reply, "On board a man-of-war it is necessary to keep the seamen at a great distance, in order to maintain a proper respect for the officers."

"I do not think," Napoleon rejoined, "that it is necessary to keep up so much reserve as you practise. When the officers do not eat or drink, or take too many freedoms with the seamen, I see no necessity for any greater distinctions. Nature formed all men equal. It was always my custom to go freely among the soldiers and the common people, to converse with them, ask them little histories, and speak kindly to them. This I found to be of the greatest benefit to me. On the contrary, the generals and officers I kept at a great distance."

Notwithstanding these protestations of freedom from aristocratic pride, which were unquestionably sincere, and in their intended application strictly true, it is also evident that Napoleon was by no means insensible to the mysterious fascination of illustrious rank. It is a sentiment implanted in the human heart, which never has been and never can be eradicated. Just at this time Murat sought Napoleon's sister Caroline for his bride.

"Murat! Murat!" said Napoleon, thoughtfully and hesitatingly. "He is the son of an innkeeper. In the elevated rank to which I have attained, I cannot mix my blood with his." For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then continued, "Besides, there is no hurry. I shall see by-and-b—"

A friend of the young cavalry officer urged the strong attachment of the two for each other. He also pleaded Murat's devotion to Napoleon, his brilliant courage, and the signal service he had rendered at Aboukir.

"Yes," Napoleon replied, with animation, "Murat was superb at Aboukir. Well, for my part, all things considered, I am satisfied. Murat suits my sister. And then, they cannot say that I am aristocratic—that I seek grand alliances. Had I given my sister to a noble, all you Jacobins would have cried out for a counter-revolution. Since that matter is settled, we must hasten the business. We have no time to lose. If I go to Italy, I wish to take Murat with me. We must strike a decisive blow there. Come to-morrow."

Notwithstanding Napoleon's vast power, and the millions which had been at his disposal, his private purse was still so empty, that he could present his sister Caroline with but thirty thousand francs as her marriage portion. Feeling the necessity of making some present in accordance with his exalted rank, he took a magnificent bridal necklace belonging to Josephine as the bridal gift. Josephine most gracefully submitted to this spoliation of her jewellery.

In the midst of these events, the news arrived in France of the death of Washington. Napoleon immediately issued the following order of the day to the army:—"Washington is dead! That great man fought against tyranny. He established the liberty of his country. His memory will be ever dear to the freemen of both hemispheres, and especially to the French soldiers, who, like him and the American troops, have fought for liberty and equality. As a mark of respect, the First Consul orders that, for ten days, black crape be suspended from all the standards and banners of the Republic."

In reference to the course he pursued at this time, Napoleon subsequently remarked, "Only those who wish to deceive the people, and rule them for their own personal advantage, would desire to keep them in ignorance. The more they are enlightened, the more will they feel convinced of the utility of laws, and the necessity of defending them; and the more steady, happy, and prosperous will society become. If knowledge should ever be dangerous to the multitude, it can only be when the government, in opposition to the interests of the people, drives them into an unnatural situation, or dooms the lower classes to perish for want. In such a case, knowledge will inspire them with the spirit to defend themselves. My code alone, from its simplicity, has been more beneficial to France than the whole mass of laws which preceded it. My schools and my system of mutual instruction are to elevate generations yet unborn. Thus, during my reign, crises were constantly diminishing. On the contrary, with our neighbours in England they have been increasing to a frightful degree. This alone is sufficient to enable any one to form a decisive judgment of the respective governments.

"Look at the United States," he continued "where, without any apparent force or effort, everything goes on prosperously. Every one is happy and contented. And this is because the public wishes and interests are, in fact, the ruling power. Place the same government at variance with the will and interests of its inhabitants, and you would soon see what disturbance, trouble, and confusion—above all, what increase of crime, would ensue. When I acquired the supreme direction of affairs, it was wished that I might become a Washington. Words cost nothing; and no doubt those who were so ready to express the wish, did so without any knowledge of times, places, persons, or things. Had I been in America, I would willingly have been a Washington. I should have had little merit in so being. I do not see how I could reasonably have acted otherwise. But had Washington been in France, exposed to discord within and invasion from without, he could by no possibility have been what he was in America. Indeed, it would have been folly to have attempted it. It would only have prolonged the existence of evil. For my part, I could only have been a *crowned Washington*. It was only in a congress of kings, and in the midst of kings, yielding or subdued, that I could take my place. Then, and then only, could I successfully display Washington's moderation, disinterestedness, and wisdom."

"I think," said La Fayette, at the time of the revolution which placed Louis Philippe upon the throne of France, "that the Constitution of the United States is the best which has ever existed. But France is not prepared for such a government. We need a throne surrounded by monarchical institutions."

Napoleon was indefatigable in his endeavours to reorganize in the Tuileries the splendours of a court. The French people were like children who needed to be amused, and Napoleon took good care to provide amusement for them. His antechambers were filled with chamberlains, pages, and esquires. Servants in brilliant liveries loitered in the halls and on the staircases. Magnificent entertainments were provided, at which Josephine presided with surpassing grace and elegance. Balls, operas, and theatres began to be crowded with splendour and fashion, and the gay Parisians were delighted. Napoleon, personally, took no interest whatever in these things. All his energies were engrossed in the accomplishment of magnificent enterprises for the elevation of France.

While they are discussing these changes," said he, "they will cease to talk nonsense about my politics, and that is what I want. Let them amuse themselves. Let them dance. But let them not thrust their heads into the councils of government. Commerce will revive under the increasing expenditure of the capital. I am not afraid of the Jacobins. I never was so much applauded as at the last parade. It is ridiculous to say that nothing is right but what is new. We have had enough of such novelties. I

puted to the fatal and persevering animosity with which the resources of England have been lavished to accomplish the ruin of France.

"But if the wishes of his Britannic Majesty are in unison with those of the French Republic, for the re-establishment of peace, why, instead of attempting apologies for the war, should not attention be directed to the means of terminating it? It cannot be doubted that his Britannic Majesty must recognise the right of nations to choose their form of government, since it is from this right that he holds his crown. But the First Consul cannot comprehend how, after admitting this fundamental principle, upon which rests the existence of political societies, his majesty could annex insinuations which tend to an interference with the internal affairs of the Republic. Such interference is no less injurious to the French nation and its government than it would be to England and his majesty if an invitation were held out, in form of a return to that republican form of government which England adopted about the middle of the last century, or an exhortation to recall to the throne that family whom their birth had placed there, and whom a revolution had compelled to descend from it."

There was no possibility of parrying these home-thrusts. Lord Grenville consequently entirely lost his temper. Replying in a note even more angry and bitter than the first, he declared that England was fighting for the security of all governments against French Jacobinism, and that hostilities would be immediately urged on anew without any relaxation. Napoleon was not at all disappointed or disheartened at the result of this correspondence. He earnestly desired peace, but he was not afraid of war. Conscious of the principle, "thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just," he was happy in the conviction that the sympathies of impartial men in all nations would be with him. He knew that the arrogant tone assumed by the English government would unite France as one man in determined and undying resistance. "The answer," said he, "filled me with satisfaction. It could not have been more favourable. England wants war. She shall have it. Yes, yes! war to the

had been wrapped in ermine, and who had rolled in chariots of splendour, were glad to warm their shivering limbs by the fire of the peasant, and to satiate their hunger with his black bread. To king, and bishop, and noble in England this was a fearful warning. It seemed to be necessary for their salvation to prevent all friendly intercourse between England and France, to hold up the principles of the French Revolution to execration, and, above all, to excite, if possible, the detestation of the people of England against Napoleon, the child and the champion of popular rights. Napoleon was the great foe to be feared, for, with his resplendent genius, he was enthroning himself in the hearts of the people of all lands.

But no impartial man in either hemisphere can question that the *right* was with Napoleon. It was not the duty of the thirty millions of France to ask permission of the fifteen millions of England to modify their government. The

Europe, led by England, had combined to force with the bayonet upon France a rejected and an execrated dynasty. The inexperienced Republic, distracted and impoverished by these terrific blows, was fast falling to ruin. The people invested Napoleon with almost dictatorial powers for their rescue. It was their only hope. Napoleon, though conscious of strength, in the name of bleeding humanity pleaded for peace. His advances were met with contumely and scorn, and the trumpet notes of defiant hosts rang from the Thames to the Danube. The ports of France were blockaded by England's invincible fleet, demolishing the feeble navy of the Republic, and bombarding her cities. An army of three hundred thousand men pressed upon the frontiers of France, threatening a triumphant march to her capital, there to compel, by bayonet and bombshell, the French people to receive a Bourbon for their king. There was no alternative left to Napoleon but to defend his country. Most nobly he did it.²⁵

The correspondence with the British government, which redounds so much to the honour of Napoleon, vastly multiplied his friends among the masses of the people in England, and roused in Parliament a very formidable opposition to the measures of government. This opposition was headed by Fox, Sheridan, Lord Erskine, the

The throne of the King of England, the opulence of her bishops, and the enormous estates of her nobles, were perhaps dependent upon the issue of this conflict. The demolition of all exclusive privileges, and the establishment of perfect equality of rights among all classes of men in France, must have shaken the throne, the aristocracy, and the hierarchy of England with earthquake power. The government of England was mainly in the hands of the king, the bishops, and the lords. Their all was at stake. In a

be too severely censured. For the princes of France had been wandering, houseless fugitives, over Europe. The nobles of France, ejected from their castles, with their estates confiscated, were beggars in all lands. Bishops who

²⁵ "It was believed in England that the time was favourable for continuing the war. Italy had been lost to France; and Austrian armies, numbering a hundred and forty thousand men, were menacing Savoy and mastering on the Rhine. The English were elated with their successes on the Nile and before Acre. The victories of Suwarrow were recent, and considered to be decisive. The poverty of France, and the anxious people for repose, were well known; and it was from the manner in which Napoleon had acquired his present power, that the Royalist and Republican factions might be brought to unite in opposition to his government, and either strip him of his influence, or so much embarrass his operations as to render him an easy prey to his foreign enemies. The answer transmitted by Lord Grenville to Talleyrand was couched, therefore, in terms which were sure to prove offensive, and, for a time, to all further overtures

Duke of Bedford, and Lord Holland. They did not adopt the atrocious maxim, "Our country—right or wrong," but rather the ennobling principle, "Our country—when in the wrong, we will try to put her right." Never, in the history of the world, has there been a more spirited or a more eloquent opposition than this question elicited. Fox, the rival of Pitt, and the profound admirer of Napoleon, was the most prominent leader of this opposition. ✓

Napoleon, with his laconic and graphic eloquence, thus describes the antagonistic English statesmen—"In Fox, the heart warmed the genius. In Pitt, the genius withered the heart."

"You ask," the opposition exclaimed, "who was the aggressor? What matters that? You say it was France. France says it was England. The party you accuse of being the aggressor is the first to offer to lay down arms. Shall interminable war continue merely to settle a question of history? You say it is useless to treat with France. Yet you treated with the Directory. Prussia and Spain have treated with the Republic, and have found no cause for complaint. You speak of the crimes of France. And yet your ally, Naples, commits crimes more atrocious, without the excuse of popular excitement. You speak of ambition. But Russia, Prussia, and Austria have divided Poland. Austria grasps the provinces of Italy. You yourself take possession of India, of part of the Spanish, and of all the Dutch colonies. Who shall say that one is more guilty than another in this strife of avarice? If you ever intend to treat with the French Republic, there can be no more favourable moment than the present."

By way of commentary upon the suggestion that France must re-enthron the Bourbons, a letter was published, either real or pretended, from the heir of the exiled house of Stuart, demanding from George the Third the throne of his ancestors. There was no possible way of parrying this home thrust. George the Third, by his own admission, was a usurper, seated upon the throne of the exiled Stuarts. The opposition enjoyed exceedingly the confusion produced in the enemy's ranks by this well-directed shot.

The English ministers replied, "Peace with republican France endangers all the monarchies of Europe. The First Consul is but carrying out, with tremendous energy, the principles of the Revolution—the supremacy of the people. Peace with France is but a cessation of resistance to wrong. France still retains the sentiments which characterized the dawn of her Revolution. She was democratic. She is democratic. She declares war against kings. She continues to seek their destruction."

There was much force in these declarations. It is true that Napoleon was not, in the strict sense of the word, a democrat. He was not in favour of placing the government in the hands of the great mass of the people. He made no disguise of his conviction that in France the people had neither the intelligence nor the virtue essential to the support of a wise and stable Re-

public. Distinctly he avowed that, in his judgment, the experiment of a Republic had utterly failed—that France must return to monarchy. The great mass of the people were also satisfied of this necessity. The French generally do not ask for *liberty*, they only ask for *equality*.

"At the commencement of the Revolution," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "I was a very ardent and sincere Republican. My republican partialities, however, cooled under the political

latures. Finally, my faith in republicanism vanished entirely on the violation of the choice of the people, by the Directory, at the time of the battle of Aboukir."

France no longer wished for an aristocratic king, who would confer wealth, splendour, and power exclusively upon his nobles. The old feudal throne was still hated with implacable hatred. France demanded a popular throne; a king for the people—one who would consult the interests of the masses; who would throw open, to all alike, the avenues to influence, and honour, and opulence. Such a monarch was Napoleon. The people adored him.

"He is our emperor," they shouted with enthusiasm. "We will make him greater than all the kings of all the nobles. His palaces shall be more sumptuous, his retinue more magnificent, his glory more dazzling; for our daughters may enter his court as maids of honour, and our sons may go in and out at the Tuilleries, Versailles, and St. Cloud, the marshals of France." Lord Grenville was correct in saying that Napoleon was but carrying out the principles of the Revolution—equality of privileges, the supremacy of popular rights. But the despots of Europe were as hostile to such a king as to a Republic.

On the 8rd of February, 1800, an address was proposed in Parliament by Mr. Dundas, approving of the course pursued by the ministers in rejecting Napoleon's overtures for peace. He was followed by Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Canning, and Mr., afterwards Lord, Erskine, who severely censured the ministers for the rude and insulting terms in which the frank and humane proposition of the First Consul had been repulsed. Mr. Fox followed in the same strain. He observed:—

"I must lament, sir, with every genuine friend of peace, the harsh and unconciliating language which ministers have held to the French, and which they have even made use of to a respectful offer of a negotiation. Such language has ever been considered as extremely unwise, and has ever been reprobated by diplomatic men. Being a sincere friend to peace, I must say, with Lord Malmesbury, that it is not by reproaches and invectives that we must hope for a reconciliation; and I am convinced in my own mind that I speak the sense of this house, and, if not of this house, certainly of a majority of the people of this country, when I lament that any unprovoked and unnecessary recriminations should be flung out, by which obstacles are put in the way of pacification."

"I continue to think, and, until I see better grounds for changing my opinion than any that the right honourable gentleman has this night produced, I shall continue to think, and to say, plainly and explicitly, that this country was the aggressor in the war. But with regard to Austria and Prussia, is there a man who, for one moment, can dispute that they were the aggressors? It will be vain for the right honourable gentleman to enter into long and plausible reasoning against the evidence of documents so clear, so decisive, so frequently and so thoroughly investigated.

"I really, sir, cannot think it necessary to follow the right honourable gentleman into all the minute details which he has thought proper to give us respecting the first aggression; but that Austria and Prussia were the aggressors, not a man, in any country, who has ever given himself the trouble to think at all on the subject, can doubt. Nothing could be more hostile than their whole proceedings. Did they not declare to France that it was her *internal concerns*, not her *external proceedings*, which provoked them to confederate against her? Look back to the proclamations with which they set out. Read the declarations which they made themselves to justify their appeal to arms. They did not pretend to fear her ambition, her conquests, her troubling her neighbours; but they accused her of *new modelling her own government*. They said nothing of her aggressions abroad. They spoke only of her clubs and societies at Paris.

"Sir, as to the restoration of the house of Bourbon, if it shall be the wish of the people of France, I, for one, will be perfectly content to acquiesce. I think the people of France, as well as every other people, ought to have the government which they like best, and the form of government, or the persons who hold it in their hands, should never be an obstacle with me to treat with the nation for peace, or to live with them in amity. But as an Englishman, sir, and actuated by English feelings, I surely cannot wish for the restoration of the house of Bourbon to the throne of France. I hope that I am not a man to bear heavily upon any unfortunate family. I feel for their situation. I respect their distresses. But, as a friend of England, I cannot wish for their restoration to the power which they abused. I cannot forget that the whole history of the last century is little more than an account of the wars and calamities arising from the restless ambition, the intrigues, and the perfidy of the house of Bourbon.

"But you say you have not refused to treat. You have stated a case in which you will be ready immediately to enter into a negotiation, viz., the restoration of the house of Bourbon. But you deny that this is a *sine quid non*; and, in your nonsensical language, which I do not understand, you talk of 'limited possibilities,' which may induce you to treat without the restoration of the house of Bourbon. But do you state what they are? Now, sir, I say, that if you put one case upon which you declare you

are willing to treat immediately, and say that there are other possible cases which may induce you to treat hereafter, without mentioning what these possible cases are, you do state a *sine quid non* of immediate treaty.

"Sir, what is the question to-night? We are called upon to support ministers in refusing a frank, candid, and respectful offer of negotiation, and to countenance them in continuing the war.

"Sir, I have done. I have told you my opinion. I think you ought to have given a civil, clear, and explicit answer to the overture, which was fairly and handsomely made you. If you were desirous that the negotiation should have included all your allies, as the means of bringing about a general peace, you should have told Bonaparte so. But I believe you were afraid of his agreeing to the proposal."

In a very forcible and eloquent speech in reply to these arguments, William Pitt endeavoured to show that the popular institutions established in France, which he designated as Jacobinical and despotic, endangered every monarchy in Europe. He urged the peremptory rejection of Napoleon's pacific overtures, and the prosecution of the war to the last extremity. In conclusion, he said, "From perseverance in our efforts, under such circumstances, we have the fairest reason to expect the full attainment of our object. But, at all events, even if we are disappointed in our more sanguine hopes, we are more likely to gain than to lose by the continuation of the contest. Every month to which it is continued, even if it should not, in its effects, lead to the final destruction of the Jacobin system, must tend so far to weaken and exhaust it, as to give us, at least, a greater comparative security in any termination of the war. On all these grounds, this is not the moment at which it is consistent with our interest or our duty to listen to any proposals of negotiation with the present ruler of France."

The war spirit of the British ministers was sustained by a vote of 265 to 64. Thus contemptuously were the pacific appeals of Napoleon rejected. And then, with a want of magnanimity almost unparalleled in the history of the world, these very ministers filled the ears of all nations with the assertion that Napoleon Bonaparte, through his love of war and his insatiable ambition, was deluging the Continent in blood; and there are thousands even now in Europe and America whose minds can never be disabused of this atrocious libel. But there is a new generation of enlightened freemen coming upon the stage, and they will do justice to this heroic champion of popular equality.

On the same day on which Napoleon's pacific letter was sent to the King of England, he despatched another of the same character to the Emperor of Austria. It was expressed in the following terms:—

"Having returned to Europe after an absence of eighteen months, I find a war kindled between the French Republic and your majesty. A stranger to every feeling of vainglory, the first

of my wishes is to stop the effusion of blood which is about to flow. Everything leads me to see that in the next campaign numerous armies, ably conducted, will treble the number of the victims who have already fallen since the resumption of hostilities. The well-known character of your majesty leaves me no doubt as to the secret wishes of your heart. If those wishes only are listened to, I perceive the possibility of reconciling the two nations.

"In the relations which I have formerly entertained with your majesty, you have shown me some personal regard. I beg you, therefore, to see in this overture which I have made to you the desire to respond to that regard, and to convince your majesty more and more of the very distinguished consideration which I feel for you."

Austria replied, in courteous terms, that she could take no steps in favour of peace without consulting her ally, England. Thus all Napoleon's efforts to avert the desolations of war failed. The result had been anticipated. He was well aware of the unrelenting hostility with which the banded kings of Europe contemplated the overthrow of a feudal throne, and of the mortal antipathy with which they regarded the thought of receiving a democratic king into their aristocratic brotherhood.

Nothing now remained for Napoleon but to prepare to meet his foes. The Allies, conscious of the genius of that great captain who had filled the world with the renown of his victories, exerted themselves to the utmost to raise such forces, and to assail Napoleon with arms so overwhelming, and in quarters so varied, as to insure his bewilderment and ruin. The Archduke Charles, who was practically acquainted with the energy of Napoleon, urged peace. But England and Austria were both confident that France, exhausted in men and money, could not hold out for another campaign.

CHAPTER XVIII.

COURT OF THE FIRST CONSUL.

Letter of Louis XVIII. to Napoleon—His reply—The Duchess of Guiche—Conversation of Napoleon and Bourrienne—Memorable words of the First Consul—M. Defau—The wealthy nobleman—Magnanimous conduct of the First Consul—A day at the Tuilleries—Napoleon's prompt measures for the purity of his court.

THE BOURBONS now made an attempt to bribe Napoleon to replace them upon their lost throne. The Count of Provence, subsequently Louis XVIII., wrote to him from London, "For a long time, general, you must have known the esteem in which I hold you. If you doubt my gratitude, mark your own place. Point out the situation which you wish for your friends. The victor of Lodi, Castiglione, and Arcola can never prefer a vain celebrity to true glory. But you are losing the most precious moments. We could secure the happiness of France. I say we,

or I require Bonaparte for such an attempt, and we could not achieve it without me. Europe observes you. Glory awaits you. I am impatient to restore peace to my people."

Napoleon did not imitate the example of the king of England, and pass this letter over to his minister. Courteously and kindly, with his own hand, he replied: "I have received your letter. I thank you for the obliging expressions it contains respecting myself. You should renounce all hopes of returning to France. You could not return but over the corpses of one hundred thousand Frenchmen. Sacrifice your interest to the happiness and repose of your country. History will duly appreciate your conduct in so doing. I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family, and shall learn with pleasure that you are surrounded with everything which can restore the tranquillity of your retreat."

Benedict Arnold attempted to bring the American Revolution to a close by surrendering the United States to their rejected king. It was not in Napoleon's line of ambition to imitate his example. The Bourbons, finding the direct proffer of reward unavailing, then tried the effect of female blandishments. The fascinating Duchess of Guiche, a lady of great beauty and talent, was despatched, a secret emissary, to the court of the First Consul, to employ all the arts of eloquence, address, and the most voluptuous loveliness in gaining an influence over Napoleon. Josephine, who had suffered so much during the Revolution, and whose associations had been with the aristocracy of France, was a Royalist. She trembled for the safety of her husband, and was very anxious that he should do whatever in honour might be done to restore the Bourbons. In every possible way she befriended the Royalists, and had secured, all over Europe, their cordial esteem.

The Duchess of Guiche easily obtained access to Josephine. Artfully she said, one morning at the breakfast-table, "A few days ago I was with the Count of Provence in London. Some one asked him what he intended to do for Napoleon in the event of his restoring the Bourbons. He replied, 'I would immediately make him Constable of France, and everything else which he might choose. And we would raise on the Carronnel a magnificent column, surmounted with a statue of Bonaparte crowning the Bourbons.'"

Soon after breakfast Napoleon entered. Josephine most eagerly repeated the words to him. "And did you not reply," said Napoleon, "that the corpse of the First Consul would be made the pedestal of the column?"

The fascinating duchess was still present. She immediately assailed Napoleon with all her artillery of beauty, smiles, and flattery. The voluptuous freedom of her manners, and the charms of the bewitching emissary, alarmed the jealousy of Josephine. Napoleon, however, was impervious to the assault. That night the duchess received orders to quit Paris; and in

the morning, in the charge of the police, she was on her way towards the frontier.

It has often been said that Napoleon made overtures to the Bourbons for the cession of their rights to the throne. In reference to this assertion, Napoleon says, "How was such a thing possible? I, who could only reign by the very principle which excluded them, that of the sovereignty of the people—how could I have sought to possess, through them, rights which were proscribed in their persons? That would have been to proscribe myself. The absurdity would have been too palpable, too ridiculous. It would have ruined me for ever in public opinion. The fact is, that, neither directly nor indirectly, at home or abroad, did I ever do anything of the kind."

The report probably originated in the following facts:—Friendly relations were at one time existing between Prussia and France. The Prussian government inquired if Napoleon would take umbrage if the Bourbon princes were allowed to remain in the Prussian territory. Napoleon replied that he had no objection to that arrangement. Emboldened by the prompt consent, it was then asked if the French government would be willing to furnish them with an annual allowance for their support. Napoleon replied that it should be done most cheerfully, provided Prussia would be responsible for the princes remaining quiet, and abstaining from all intrigues to disturb the peace of France.

Soon after this last attempt of Louis XVIII. to regain the throne, Napoleon was one evening walking with Bourrienne in the gardens of his favourite retreat at Malmaison. He was in fine spirits, for all things were moving on very prosperously.

"Has my wife," said he to Bourrienne, "been speaking to you of the Bourbons?"

"No, general," Bourrienne replied.

"But, when you converse with her," Napoleon added, "you lean a little to her opinions. Tell me now, why do you desire the return of the Bourbons? You have no interest in their return—nothing to expect from them. You can never be anything with them. You have no chance but to remain all your life in an inferior situation. Have you ever seen a man rise under kings by merit alone?"

"General," replied Bourrienne, "I am quite of your opinion on one point. I have never received any favour under the Bourbons; neither have I the vanity to suppose I should rise, under them, to any conspicuous station. But I look at the interests of France. I believe that you will hold your power as long as you live. But you have no children, and it is pretty certain that you will never have any by Josephine. What are we to do when you are gone? What is to become of France? You have often said that your brothers were not——"

Here Napoleon interrupted him, exclaiming—
"Ah! as to that you are right. If I do not live thirty years to finish my work, you will, when I am dead, have long civil wars. My

brothers do not suit France. You will then have a violent contest among the most distinguished generals, each of whom will think that he has a right to take my place."

"Well, general," said Bourrienne, "why do you not endeavour to remedy those evils which you foresee?"

"Do you suppose," Napoleon replied, "that I have never thought of that? But weigh well the difficulties which are in my way. In case of a Restoration, what is to become of the men who were conspicuous in the Revolution? What is to become of the confiscated estates and the national domain, which have been sold and sold again? What is to become of all the changes which have been effected in the last twelve years?"

"But, general," said Bourrienne, "need I recall to your attention that Louis XVIII., in his letter to you, guarantees the contrary of all which you apprehend? Are you not in a situation to impose any conditions you may think fit?"

"Depend upon it," Napoleon replied, "the Bourbons will think that they have reconquered their inheritance, and will dispose of it as they please. Engagements the most sacred, promises the most positive, will disappear before force. No sensible man will trust them. My mind is made up. Let us say no more upon the subject. But I know how these women torment you. Let them mind their knitting, and leave me to mind my affairs."

Pithily Bourrienne adds, "The women knitted! I wrote at my desk. Napoleon made himself emperor. The empire has fallen to pieces. Napoleon is dead at St. Helena. The Bourbons have been restored."

It may now be added (1859) that the Bourbons are again in exile; the remains of Napoleon repose, embalmed by a nation's gratitude, beneath the dome of the Invalides. The empire is restored to France, the eagles to the army, and the Napoleon dynasty is re-enthroned.

The boundless popularity acquired by Napoleon was that resulting from great achievements, not that which is ingloriously sought for by pampering to the vices and yielding to the prejudices of the populace. Napoleon was never a demagogue. His administration was in accordance with his avowed principles.

"A sovereign," said he, "must serve his people with dignity, and not make it his chief study to please them. The best mode of winning their love is to secure their welfare. Nothing is more dangerous than for a sovereign to flatter his subjects. If they do not afterwards obtain everything which they want, they become irritated, and fancy that promises have been broken. If they are then resisted, their hatred increases in proportion as they consider themselves deceived. A sovereign's first duty is, unquestionably, to conform with the wishes of his people. But what the people say is scarcely over what they wish. Their desires and their wants cannot be learned from their own mouths so well as they are read in the heart of their

EXERCISE OF MERCY.

Again he said in memorable words, which must not be forgotten in forming a just estimate of his character, "The system of government must be adapted to the spirit of the nation. France required a strong government. France was in the same state as Rome when a dictatorship was declared necessary for the salvation of the Republic. Successions of coalitions against the existence of the Republic had been formed by English gold among all the most powerful nations of Europe. To resist successfully, it was essential that all the energies of the country should be at the disposal of the chief.

"I never conquered unless in my own defence. Europe never ceased to make war against France and her principles. It was necessary for us to conquer, that we might not be conquered. Between the parties which agitated France, I was like a rider seated on an unruly horse, who always wants to swerve either to the right or the left. To lead him to keep a straight course, he is obliged to make him feel the bridle. The government of a country just emerging from revolution, menaced by foreign enemies and agitated by the intrigues of domestic traitors, must necessarily be energetic. In quieter times my dictatorship would have terminated, and I should have commenced my constitutional reign. Even as it was, with a coalition always existing against me, either secret or public, there was more equality in France than in any other country in Europe.

"One of my grand objects was to render education accessible to everybody. I caused every institution to be formed upon a plan which offered instruction to the public either gratis, or at a rate so moderate as not to be beyond the means of the peasant. The museums were thrown open to the whole people. The French populace would have become the best educated in the world. All my efforts were directed to illuminate the mass of the nation, instead of brutifying them by ignorance and superstition. The English people, who are lovers of liberty, will one day lament, with tears, having gained the battle of Waterloo. It was as fatal to the liberties of Europe as that of Philippi was to those of Rome. It has precipitated Europe into the hands of despots, banded together for the oppression of mankind."

Though Napoleon felt deeply the sanctity of law, and the necessity of securing the inflexible enforcement of its penalties, he was never more highly gratified than when he was enabled, by the exercise of the pardoning power, to rescue the condemned. Bourrienne, whose testimony will not be questioned, says: "When the imperious necessities of his political situation, to which, in fact, he sacrificed everything, did not interpose, the saving of life afforded him the highest satisfaction. He would even have thanked those to whom he rendered such a service for the gratification they had thus afforded him."

A French emigrant, M. Defeu, had been taken with arms in his hands, fighting against

France. The crime was treason, the penalty death. He was connected with some of the most honourable families in France. A very earnest petition was presented to Napoleon for his pardon.

"There is no room for mercy here," Napoleon sternly replied. "A man who fights against his country is a child who would kill his mother."

The affecting condition of his family was urged, and the beneficial effects upon the community of such an act of clemency.

Napoleon paused for a moment, and then said, "Write, 'The First Consul orders the judgment on M. Defeu to be suspended.'"

The laconic reprieve was instantly written, signed by Napoleon, and despatched to Sens, where the unfortunate man was imprisoned. The next morning, the moment Bourrienne entered the First Consul's apartment, Napoleon said to him,

"I do not like to do my work by halves. Write to Sens, 'The First Consul desires that M. Defeu be immediately liberated.' He may repay the deed with ingratitude. But we cannot help that—so much the worse for him. In all such cases, Bourrienne, never hesitate to speak to me. When I refuse it will only be because I cannot do otherwise."

In Napoleon's disposition firmness and gentleness were singularly and beautifully blended. The following anecdote illustrates the inflexibility of his sense of justice. A wealthy nobleman, thirty years of age, had married a young girl of sixteen. It was a mercenary marriage. The friends of the young lady, without any regard to her feelings, dragged her to the altar. She cherished no affection for her husband. He became jealous of her, and, without the slightest proof of her criminality, murdered her. He was arrested, tried, and condemned to death. Connected by birth with the first families in France, rallying around him the interest of the most influential of friends, great exertions were made to obtain from the First Consul a pardon. To the petitioners pleading in his behalf, Napoleon replied—

"Why should I pardon this man? He availed himself of his fortune for the vile purpose of bribing the affections of a girl. He did not succeed in winning them, and he became jealous. His jealousy was not the result of love, but of vanity. He has committed the crime of murder. What urged him to it? Not his honour, for his wife had not injured it. No! he was instigated by brutality, vanity, and self-love. He has no claim to mercy. The rich are too prone to consider themselves elevated above the reach of the law. They imagine that wealth is a sacred shield to them. This man has committed a crime for which there are no extenuating circumstances. He must suffer the punishment to which he is justly doomed. If I were to pardon him, that act of misplaced indulgence would put in jeopardy the life of every married woman. As the law positively protects the outraged husband

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

so it must protect the wife against the consequences of dislike, interest, caprice, or a new passion, which may impel a husband to obtain a divorce by a more prompt and less expensive course than a legal process."

Josephine, whose tender feelings at times controlled her judgment, was urgent in her intercession. Many of the relatives of the wretched man were among her most intimate friends. "This," said she, "is the first favour I have asked since your attainment of the supreme power. Surely you will not deny me?"

"I cannot," said Napoleon, "grant your request. And when it is known, Josephine, that even your persuasions could not induce me to commit an act of injustice, no one else will henceforth dare to petition me for such a purpose."

England, Austria, and Russia, together with many other of the minor powers of monarchical Europe, were now combined against France. The Emperor Paul of Russia had furnished a large army to co-operate with the Allies in their assault upon the Republic. Ten thousand of the Russians had been taken prisoners. But in the recent disasters which had overwhelmed the arms of France, many thousand French prisoners were in the hands of the Allies. Napoleon proposed an exchange. The Austrian government refused, because it selfishly wished to exchange for Austrians only. The English government also refused, assigning the reason that it was contrary to their principles to exchange for prisoners taken from other nations.

"What!" exclaimed Napoleon to the court of St. James, "do you refuse to liberate the Russians, who were your allies—who were fighting in your ranks, and under your own command, the Duke of York?" With Vienna he also expostulated in tones of generous warmth. "Do you refuse to restore to their country those men to whom you are indebted for your victories and conquests in Italy, and who have left in your hands a multitude of French prisoners whom they have taken? Such injustice excites my indignation." Then, yielding to those impulses so characteristic of his generous nature, he exclaimed, "I will restore them to the Czar without exchange. He shall see how I esteem brave men."

Whatever Napoleon undertook, he performed magnificently. The Russian officers immediately received their swords. The captive troops, ten thousand in number, were assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle. They were all furnished with a complete suit of new clothing, in the uniform of their own regiments, and thoroughly armed with weapons of the very best French manufacture. The officers were authorized to organize them into battalions and regiments. And thus triumphantly these battalions of armed men were returned into the bosom of the ranks of the multitudinous hosts rushing down upon France. It is gratifying to record that magnanimity so extraordinary passed not away unappreciated.

The Emperor Paul was so disgusted with the

selfishness of Austria and England, and was as struck with admiration in view of this uncalculated generosity of Napoleon, that he immediately abandoned the alliance. He attached himself to Napoleon with that enthusiasm of constitutional ardour which characterized the eccentric monarch. In a letter to the First Consul written with his own hand, he said—

"Citizen First Consul,—I do not write to you to discuss the rights of men or citizens. Every country governs itself as it pleases. Wherever I see at the head of a nation a man who knows how to rule and how to fight, my heart is attracted towards him. I write to acquaint you with my dissatisfaction with England, who violates every article of the law of nations, and has no guide but her egotism and her interest. I wish to unite with you, to put an end to the unjust proceedings of that government."

Russia was thus detached from the alliance, and, sending a minister to Paris, recognised the new government. Napoleon now sent an ambassador to Prussia to establish, if possible, friendly relations with that power. Duroc was selected for this mission, in consequence of his graceful address, his polished education, and his varied accomplishments. Frederick William was a great admirer of military genius. Duroc, who had been in the campaigns of Italy and of Egypt, could interest him with the recital of many heroic enterprises. The first interview of Duroc with the Prussian monarch was entirely private, and lasted two hours. The next day Duroc was invited to dine with the king, and the Prussian court immediately recognised the consular government.

Notwithstanding Napoleon's vast exaltation, he preserved personally the same simple tastes and habits, the same untiring devotion to the details of business, and the same friendships, as when he was merely a general of the Republic. He rose at seven o'clock, dressed with scrupulous neatness, during which time the morning journals were read to him. He then entered his cabinet, where he read letters, and wrote or dictated answers until ten. He then breakfasted with Josephine and Hortense, usually some of his aides-de-camp and one or two literary or scientific friends being invited. At the close of this frugal meal he attended the meetings of the Council, or paid visits of ceremony or business to some of the public offices. At five o'clock he returned to dinner, on ordinary occasions not allowing himself more than fifteen minutes at the table. He then retired to the apartments of Josephine, where he received the visits of ministers and of the most distinguished persons of theropolis.

In the organization of his court, Napoleon was unalterably determined to suppress that licentiousness of manners which for ages had disgraced the palaces of the French monarchy, and which, since the overthrow of Christianity, had swept like a flood of pollution over all

He was very severe upon those female

often of the highest rank, who endeavoured to attract attention by freedom of dress or behaviour. It was expected that men and their wives should appear in society together—a thing hitherto unprecedented, and contrary to all ideas of fashionable life. The court had hitherto taken the lead in profligacy, and the nation had followed. Napoleon thought that, by enforcing purity of morals in the palace, he could draw back the nation to more decorum of manners. "Immorality," said he, "is, beyond a doubt, the worst of all faults in a sovereign, because he introduces it as a fashion among his subjects, by whom it is practised for the sake of pleasing him. It strengthens every vice, blights every virtue, and infects all society like a pestilence. In short, it is a nation's scourge."

On one occasion, a courtier, very high in rank and office, one of the imperial chamberlains, requested permission to present his daughter-in-law at court. She was extremely beautiful, and, though distinguished by a captivating air of simplicity was one of the most artful of the daughters of Eve. She joined the imperial parties on all occasions, and, wherever she went, threw herself in the way of Napoleon. Her soft and languishing eyes were riveted upon him. She sighed, blushed, and affected bashfulness, while, at the same time, she constantly placed herself in situations to attract his notice. Sometimes she would stand for a long time, apparently lost in reverie, gazing and sighing before the portraits of Napoleon. Her father-in-law affected displeasure at her conduct, and complained of the unfortunate but resistless passion which she had imbibed. Her husband, who was infamously in the intrigue, regarded the matter with the most philosophic indifference. The mother also made herself busy to help the matter along, saying that, after all, it was hard to blame her for loving Napoleon. For some time Napoleon paid no attention to the intrigue, and appeared not to notice it. At length the affair became a subject of court gossip, and it was necessary that it should be noticed.

One evening, at the close of a sitting of the Council of State, at which Napoleon had presided, conducting Cambacères into the recess of one of the windows, he said, "Madame B— is rendering herself quite intolerable to me. The conduct of her relations is still more odious. The father-in-law is an infamous man, her husband a mean-spirited wretch, and her mother a vile, intriguing woman, by whose arts, however, I am not to be duped. The abandoned female who unreservedly puts up her virtue for sale is preferable to the hypocrite who, for motives equally mercenary, affects a sentimental attachment. I wish you to call on my chamberlain, and inform him that I dispense with his services for the space of a year. Inform his wife that I forbid her appearance at court for six years. And make known to the affectionate married couple that, to afford them an opportunity of duly appreciating each other's qualities, I give them leave to spend six months

in Naples, six months in Vienna, and six months in any other part of Germany."

On another occasion, a lieutenant-colonel sent a petition to Napoleon, soliciting promotion. In accordance with the corruptions of those paganized times, he added, "I have two beautiful daughters, who will be too happy to throw themselves at the feet of the good Emperor, and thank him for the benefit conferred on their father."

Napoleon was indignant at this atrocious proposal. He said, "I know not what withholds me from having this infamous letter inserted in the order of the day of the writer's regiment." Napoleon made inquiries respecting this officer, and found that he had been one of the assassins during the Reign of Terror, and an intimate friend of Robespierre. He immediately dismissed him from service. He found that the daughters were amiable and interesting young ladies, totally unconscious of the infamous project entertained by their father. That they might not suffer the penalty of their father's baseness, he settled a small pension on each of them, on condition of their leaving Paris, and retiring to their native city.

Napoleon effectually enthroned himself in the hearts of the common people of France. They believed him to be their friend and advocate. They still cherish the same belief. At this hour there is no ruler, enthroned or entombed, who is regarded with the enthusiastic veneration with which the people of France now cherish the memory of their emperor. Napoleon stands alone in that glory. He has no rival.

Robert Southey makes the following admissions respecting this great conflict between Napoleon, as the advocate of popular rights, and the despotic governments of Europe.

"The state of Naples may be described in a few words. The king was one of the Spanish Bourbons. As the Caesars have shown us to what wickedness the moral nature of princes may be perverted, so, in this family, the degradation to which their intellect and nature can be reduced has been not less conspicuously evinced. Ferdinand, like the rest of his race, was passionately fond of field-sports, and cared for nothing else. His queen had all the vices of the house of Austria, with little to mitigate and nothing to ennoble them; provided she could have her pleasures, and the king his sports, they cared not in what manner the revenue was raised or administered. Of course, a system of favoritism existed at court, and the vilest and most impudent corruption prevailed in every department of state, and in every branch of administration, from the highest to the lowest. A sense of better things was kept alive in some of the Neapolitans by literature, and by their intercourse with happier countries. These persons naturally looked to France at the commencement of the Revolution, and, during all the horrors of that Revolution, still cherished the hope that, by the aid of France, they might be enabled to establish a new order of things in Naples. They were not

mistaken in believing that no government could be worse than their own. All these" (those seeking a change of government) "were confounded under the common name of Jacobins; and the Jacobins of the Continental kingdoms were regarded by the English with more hatred than they deserved. No circumstances could be more unfavourable to the best interests of Europe than those which placed England in strict alliance with the superannuated and abominable governments of the Continent. The subjects of those governments who wished for freedom thus became enemies to England."

Such are the concessions to which Mr. Southey is forced, while all his sympathies were with the English aristocracy. The sympathies of Napoleon were nobly and magnanimously with the oppressed people. He wished to promote reform, but he had seen enough of blind and maddened revolution. He wished to see the people restored to their rights, and also protected from the desolations of infuriated mobs. In this view, every step of his career is consistent. He resisted with equal firmness the arrogance of aristocratic usurpation and the encroachments of anarchy. Thus, in strange alliance, the kings and the mob joined hands against him, and he became the idol of the millions.

In Naples, while Napoleon was in Egypt, the republican party made an effort to throw off the intolerable tyranny with which the kingdom was oppressed. They were, for a time, quite successful, and the prospect of achieving the emancipation of Naples was brilliant. But a combined force of English, Russians, and Neapolitans fell with such resistless power upon the Republicans that the movement was crushed. Parties of these patriotic men took refuge in two strong castles. They were besieged by the Allies. Knowing the perfidy of the Neapolitans and the Russians, and believing that the English would have some little sympathy for those who were struggling for freedom, they demanded that a British officer should be brought forward, and to him they capitulated. Under the solemn sanction of the British name, that their persons and property should be safe, and that they and their families should be conveyed unmolested to France, where warm hearts would welcome them, they threw down their arms and opened the gates of the fortresses. This capitulation was signed by the three allied powers. Cardinal Ruffo signed as Viceroy of Naples, Kerand on the part of the Emperor of Russia, and Captain Foote as representative of the King of England.

But just at this time Lord Nelson, with his triumphant fleet, entered the bay. He had on board his ship his guilty paramour, Lady Hamilton, and the infamous King and Queen of Naples. Nelson immediately made signal to *mut the treaty*, declaring that he would grant rebels no other terms than unconditional sub-

The Neapolitan Cardinal protested against such an atrocious violation of these remonstrances the British admiral would not listen. He seized the hated

Republicans, and chained them, two and two, on board his own fleet. The King of Naples had not sufficient nerve to witness the horrible scenes which were to ensue. He hurried from the ship to his palace, and left Lord Nelson, the Queen, and Lady Hamilton to do their pleasure. "Numbers," says Alison, "were immediately condemned and executed. The vengeance of the populace supplied what was wanting in the celerity of the criminal tribunals. Neither age, nor sex, nor rank were spared. Women as well as men, youths of sixteen and grey-headed men of seventy, were alike led out to the scaffold, and infants of twelve years of age sent into exile. The Republicans behaved in almost every instance, in their last moments, with heroic courage, and made men forget, in pity for their misfortunes, the ingratitude or treason of which they had previously been guilty."

Sir Archibald can allow himself to call those noble men who were spurning the tyranny of Ferdinand of Naples *ung traitors*. Had Washington, and Adams, and Hancock failed and died upon the gibbet, they also would have been stigmatised as *ungrateful traitors*, and men, boasting their love of liberty, would heap obloquy upon those who should dare to vindicate their cause.

Admiral Carraccioli, a man of the purest and noblest character, was one of the leaders of this republican band. He had already passed the limits of threescore years and ten. He was arrested at nine o'clock in the morning, put on his trial on board the British flag-ship at ten, found guilty and sentenced to death at twelve, and hanged at the fore-yard-arm of the frigate at five o'clock in the afternoon; after which his body was cut down and cast into the sea. The admiral intreated Lord Nelson to grant him a new trial, as he had not been allowed time to prepare his defence. Lord Nelson refused. He then earnestly implored that he might be shot, declaring that the disgrace of being hanged was dreadful to him. This also was sternly denied. As a last hope, he sent Lieutenant Parkinson, in whose custody he was, to plead with Lady Hamilton. She refused to be seen. This abandoned woman, however, came upon the deck to enjoy the dying convulsions of the republican admiral as he was dangling at the yard-arm. For these infamous deeds Lord Nelson received from the court of Naples a diamond-h

he dukedom of Bronte, a title w
his vanity, and an i
ousand francs a-year.

"For these acts of cruelty," says Alison, "no sort of apology can or ought to be offered. In every point of view, the conduct of Nelson in this tragic affair was inexcusable." Southey says, "To palliate it would be vain; to justify it would be wicked. There is no alternative for one who will not make himself participator in guilt but to record the disgraceful story with sorrow and with shame."

such a transaction as this been laid to his charge,

that, abandoning his noble and broken-hearted wife, and attaching himself to an infamous woman, and becoming the slave to her fascinations, he violated the most solemn treaty, imprisoned and strangled the victims of regal perfidy, and surrendered men, women, and children to outrage and assassination from the hands of a ferocious mob! And yet the British government can rear monuments to the name of Nelson, while it endeavours to consign the memory of Napoleon to infamy. Will the verdict of the world ratify this injustice? We may safely answer *No!*²⁶

CHAPTER XIX.

CROSSING THE ALPS.

Renewed attacks by England and Austria—Proclamation—Generosity to Moreau—Napoleon's plans for himself—English caricatures—Pass of the Great St. Bernard—Grand preparations—Enthusiastic toil of the soldiers—The young peasant.

NAPOLEON, finding his proffers of peace rejected by the government of England with contumely and scorn, and declined by Austria, now prepared, with his wonted energy, to repel the assaults of the allies. As he sat in his cabinet at the Tuileries, the thunders of their unrelenting onset came rolling in upon his ear from all the frontiers of France. The hostile fleets of England swept the Channel, utterly annihilating the commerce of the Republic, landing regiments of armed emigrants upon her coasts, lavishing money and munitions of war to rouse the partisans of the Bourbons to civil conflict, and throwing balls and shells into every unprotected town. On the northern frontier, Marshal Kray came thundering down through the Black Forest to the banks of the Rhine with a mighty host of 150,000 men, to pour into all the northern provinces of France. Artillery of the heaviest calibre and a magnificent array of cavalry accompanied this apparently invincible army. In Italy, Melas, another Austrian marshal, with 140,000 men, aided by the whole force of the British navy, was rushing upon the eastern and southern borders of the Republic. The French troops, disheartened by defeat, had fled before their foes over the Alps, or were eating their horses and their boots in the cities where they were besieged. From almost every promontory on the coast of the Republic, washed by the Channel or the Mediterranean, the eye could discern English frigates, black and threatening, holding all France in a state of blockade.

One always finds a certain pleasure in doing that which he can do well. Napoleon was fully conscious of his military genius. He had, in behalf of bleeding humanity, implored peace in

vain. He now, with alacrity and with indignation, roused himself to inflict blows that should be felt upon his multitudinous enemies. With such tremendous energy did he do this, that he received from his antagonists the complimentary soubriquet of *the one hundred thousand men*. Wherever Napoleon made his appearance in the field, his presence alone was considered equivalent to that force.

The following proclamation rang like a trumpet charge over the hills and valleys of France. "Frenchmen! You have been anxious for peace. Your government has desired it with still greater ardour. Its first efforts, its most constant wishes, have been for its attainment. The English ministry has exposed the secret of its iniquitous policy. It wishes to dismember France, to destroy its commerce, and either to erase it from the map of Europe or to degrade it to a secondary power. England is willing to embroil all the nations of the Continent in hostility with each other, that she may enrich herself with their spoils, and gain possession of the trade of the world. For the attainment of this object, she scatters her gold, becomes prodigal of her promises, and multiplies her intrigues."

At this call all the martial spirits rushed to arms. Napoleon, supremely devoted to the welfare of the state, seemed to forget even his own glory in the intensity of his desire to make France victorious over her foes. With the most magnanimous superiority to all feelings of jealousy, he raised an army of 150,000 men, the very *élite* of the troops of France, the veterans of a hundred battles, and placed them in the hands of Moreau, the only man in France who could be called his rival. Napoleon also presented to Moreau the plan of a campaign in accordance with his own energy, boldness, and genius. Its accomplishment would have added surpassing brilliance to the reputation of Moreau; but the cautious general was afraid to adopt it, and presented another, perhaps as safe, but one which would produce no dazzling impression upon the imaginations of men.

"Your plan," said one, a friend of Moreau, to the First Consul, "is grander, more decisive, and even more sure; but it is not adapted to the slow and cautious genius of the man who is to execute it. You have your method of making war, which is superior to all others. Moreau has his own, inferior certainly, but still excellent. Leave him to himself. If you impose your ideas upon him, you will wound his self-love and disconcert him."

Napoleon, profoundly versed in the knowledge of the human heart, promptly replied, "You are right; Moreau is not capable of grasping the plan which I have conceived. Let him follow his own course. The plan which he does not understand and dare not execute I myself will carry out on another part of the theatre of war. What he fears to attempt on the Rhine, I will accomplish on the Alps. The day may come when he will regret the glory which he yields to me."

²⁶ "It deserves," says Alison, "to be recorded to the honour of Napoleon, that he endeavoured to palliate Nelson's share in these dark transactions, ascribing it to misinformation and the fascinating ascendancy of Lady

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

these were proud and prophetic words. Moreau was moderately victorious upon the Rhine, driving back the invaders. The sun of Napoleon soon rose over the field of Marengo in a blaze of effulgence, which paled Moreau's twinkling star into utter obscurity. But we know not where upon the page of history to find an act of more lofty generosity than this surrender of the noblest army of the Republic to one who considered himself, and was deemed by others, a rival, and thus to throw open to him the theatre of war where, apparently, the richest laurels were to be won; and we know not where to look for a deed more proudly expressive of self-confidence. "I will give Moreau," said he by this act, "one hundred and fifty thousand of the most brave and disciplined soldiers of France, the victors of a hundred battles. I myself will take sixty thousand men, new recruits and the fragments of regiments which remain, and with them I will march to encounter an equally powerful enemy on a more difficult field of warfare."

Marshal Melas had spread his vast host of one hundred and forty thousand Austrians through all the strongholds of Italy, and was pressing with tremendous energy and self-confidence upon the frontiers of France. Napoleon, instead of marching with his inexperienced troops to meet the heads of the triumphant columns of Melas, resolved to climb the rugged and apparently inaccessible fortresses of the Alps, and, descending from the clouds over pathless precipices, to fall with the sweep of the avalanche upon their rear. It was necessary to assemble this army at some favourable point, to gather, in vast magazines, its munitions of war. It was necessary that this should be done in secret, lest the Austrians, climbing to the summits of the Alps, and defending the gorges through which the troops of Napoleon would be compelled to wind their difficult and tortuous way, might render the passage impossible. English and Austrian spies were prompt to communicate to the hostile powers every movement of the First Consul.

Napoleon fixed upon Dijon and its vicinity as the rendezvous of his troops. He, however, adroitly and completely deceived his foes by ostentatiously announcing the very plan he intended to carry into operation. Of course, the Allies thought that this was a very foolish attempt to draw their attention from the real point of attack. The more they ridiculed the imaginary army at Dijon, the more loudly did Napoleon reiterate his commands for battalions and magazines to be collected there. The spies who visited Dijon reported that but a few regiments were assembled in that place, and that the announcement was clearly a very weak pretence to deceive. The print-shops of Vienna were filled with caricatures of the army of Dijon! The English especially made themselves very merry with Napoleon's grand army to scale the Alps. It was believed that the energies of the Republic were utterly expended in raising the force which was given to

Moreau. One of the caricatures represented the army as consisting of a boy dressed in his father's clothes, shouldering a musket which he could with difficulty hit, and eating a piece of gingerbread, and an old man with one arm and a wooden leg. The artillery consisted of a rusty blunderbuss. This derision was just what Napoleon desired. Though dwelling in the shadow of that mysterious melancholy which ever enveloped his spirit, he must have enjoyed in the deep recesses of his soul the majestic movements of his plans.

On the eastern frontiers of France there surge up, from luxuriant meadows and vine-clad fields and hill-sides, the majestic ranges of the Alps, piercing the clouds, and soaring with glittering pinnacles into the region of perpetual ice and snow. Vast spurs of the mountains extend on each side, opening gloomy gorges and frightful defiles, through which bounding torrents rush impetuously, walked in by almost precipitous cliffs, whose summits, crowned with melancholy firs, are inaccessible to the foot of man. The principal pass over this enormous ridge was that of the Great St. Bernard. The traveller, accompanied by a guide, and mounted on a mule, slowly and painfully ascended a steep and rugged path, now crossing a narrow bridge spanning aathomless abyss, again creeping along the edge of a precipice, where the eagle soared and screamed over the fir tops in the abyss below, and where a perpendicular wall rose to giddy heights in the clouds above. The path, at times, was so narrow, that it seemed that the mountain goat could with difficulty find a foothold for its slender hoof. A false step, or a slip upon the icy rocks, would precipitate the traveller, a mangled corpse, a thousand feet upon the fragments of granite in the gulf beneath. As higher and higher he climbed these wild, and rugged, and cloud-enveloped paths, borne by the unerring instinct of the faithful mule, his steps were often arrested by the roar of the avalanche, and he gazed appalled upon its resistless rush, as rocks, and trees, and earth, and snow, and ice, swept by him with awful and relentless desolation far down into the dimly-discerned torrents which rushed beneath his feet.

At God's bidding the avalanche fell. No precaution could save the traveller who was in its path. He was instantly borne to destruction, and buried where no voice but the archangel's trumpet could ever reach his ear. Terrific storms of wind and snow often swept through those bleak altitudes, blinding and smothering the traveller. Hundreds of bodies, like pillars of ice, embalmed in snow, are now sepulchred in those drifts, there to sleep till the fires of the last conflagration shall have consumed their winding-sheet. Having toiled two days through such scenes of desolation and peril, the adventurous traveller stands upon the summit of the pass, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, two thousand feet higher than the crest of Mount Washington, the American mountain. This summit, over which,

winds, consists of a small level plain, surrounded by mountains of snow of still higher elevation.

The scene here presented is inexpressibly gloomy and appalling. Nature in these wild regions assumes her most severe and sombre aspect. As one emerges from the precipitous and craggy ascent upon this Valley of Desolation, as it is emphatically called, the Convent of St. Bernard presents itself to the view.

This cheerless abode, the highest spot of inhabited ground in Europe, has been tenanted, for more than a thousand years, by a succession of joyless and self-denying monks, who, in that frigid retreat of granite and ice, endeavour to serve their Maker by rescuing bewildered travellers from the destruction with which they are ever threatened to be overwhelmed by the storms which battle against them. In the middle of this ice-bound valley lies a lake, clear, dark, and cold, whose depths, even in mid-summer, reflect the eternal glaciers which soar sublimely around. The descent to the plains of Italy is even more precipitous and dangerous than the ascent from the green pastures of France. No vegetation adorns these dismal and storm-swept cliffs of granite and of ice. The pinion of the eagle falls in its rarefied air, and the chamois ventures not to climb its steep and slippery crags. No human beings are ever to be seen on these bleak summits, except the few shivering travellers who tarry for an hour to receive the hospitality of the convent, and the hooded monks, wrapped in thick and coarse garments, with their staves and their dogs, groping through the storms of sleet and snow. Even the wood, which burns with frugal faintness on their hearths, is borne, in painful burdens, up the mountain sides upon the shoulders of the monks.

Such was the barrier which Napoleon intended to surmount, that he might fall upon the rear of the Austrians, who were battering down the walls of Genoa, where Massena was besieged, and who were thundering, flushed with victory, at the very gates of Nice. Over this wild mountain pass, where the mule could with difficulty tread, and where no wheel had ever rolled, or by any possibility could roll, Napoleon contemplated transporting an army of sixty thousand men, with ponderous artillery and tons of cannon balls, and baggage, and all the bulky munitions of war. England and Austria laughed the idea to scorn. The achievement of such an enterprise was apparently impossible.

Napoleon, however, was as skilful in the arrangement of the minutest details as in the conception of the grandest combinations. Though he resolved to take the mass of his army, forty thousand strong, across the pass of the Great St. Bernard, yet, to distract the attention of the Austrians, he arranged also to send small divisions across the passes of Saint Gothard, Little St. Bernard, and Mount Cenis. He would thus accumulate suddenly, and to the amazement of the enemy, a body of sixty-five thousand men upon the plains of Italy. This force, descending like an apparition from the clouds, in the rear of

the Austrian army, headed by Napoleon, and cutting off all communication with Austria, might, indeed, strike a venic into the hearts of the assailants of France.

The troops were collected in various places in the vicinity of Dijon, ready at a moment's warning to assemble at the place of rendezvous, and with a rush to enter the defile. Immense magazines of wheat, biscuit, and oats had been collected in different places. Large sums of specie had been forwarded to hire the services of every peasant, with his mule, who inhabited the valleys among the mountains. Mechanic shops, as by magic, suddenly rose along the path, well supplied with skilful artisans, to repair all damages, to dismount the artillery, to divide the gun-carriages and baggage-waggons into fragments, that they might be transported on the backs of men and mules over the steep and rugged way. For the ammunition a vast number of small boxes were prepared, which could easily be packed upon the mules. A second company of mechanics, with camp forges, had been provided to cross the mountain with the first division, and rear their shops upon the plain on the other side, to mend the broken harness, to reconstruct the carriages, and remount the pieces.

On each side of the mountain a hospital was established, and supplied with every comfort for the sick and wounded. The foresight of Napoleon extended even to sending, at the very last moment, to the convent upon the summit an immense quantity of bread, cheese, and wine. Each soldier, to his surprise, was to find, as he arrived at the summit, exhausted with herculean toil, a generous slice of bread and cheese, with a refreshing cup of wine, presented to him by the monks. All these minute details Napoleon arranged, while at the same time he was doing the work of a dozen energetic men in reorganizing the whole structure of society in France. If toil pays for greatness, Napoleon purchased the renown which he attained; and yet his body and his mind were so constituted that his sleepless activity was to him a pleasure.

The appointed hour at last arrived. On the 7th of May, 1800, Napoleon entered his carriage at the Tuileries, saying—

"Good-by, my dear Josephine. I must go to Italy. I shall not forget you, and I will not be

At a word, the whole majestic array was in motion. Like a meteor he swept over France. He arrived at the foot of the mountains. The troops and all the paraphernalia of war were on the spot at the designated hour. Napoleon immediately appointed a very careful inspection. Every foot-soldier and every horseman passed before his scrutinizing eye. If a shoe was ragged, or a jacket torn, or a musket injured, the defect was immediately repaired. His glowing words inspired the troops with the ardour which was burning in his own bosom. The genius of the First Consul was infused into the mighty host. Each man exerted himself to the utmost. The eye of their chief was every-

where, and his cheering voice roused the army to almost superhuman exertions. Two skilful engineers had been sent to explore the path, and to do what could be done in the removal of obstructions. They returned with an appalling recital of the apparently insurmountable difficulties of the way.

"Is it possible," inquired Napoleon, "to cross the pass?"

"Perhaps," was the hesitating reply, "it is within the limits of possibility."

"Forward, then," was the energetic response.

Each man was required to carry, besides his arms, food for several days, and a large quantity of cartridges. As the sinuosities of the precipitous path could only be trodden in single file, the heavy wheels were taken from the carriages, and each, slung upon a pole, was borne by two men. The task for the foot-soldiers was far less than for the horsemen. The latter clambered up on foot, dragging their horses after them. The descent was very dangerous. The dragoon, in the steep and narrow path, was compelled to walk before his horse. At the least stumble, he was exposed to being plunged headlong into the abysses yawning before him. In this way many horses and several riders perished. To transport the heavy cannon and howitzers, pine logs were split in the centre, the parts hollowed out, and the guns sunk into the grooves.

A long string of mules, in single file, were attached to the ponderous machines of war, to drag them up the slippery ascent. The mules soon began to fail, and then the men, with hearty good-will, brought their own shoulders into the harness—a hundred men to a single gun. Napoleon offered the peasants one thousand francs for the transportation of a twelve-pounder over the pass. The love of gain was not strong enough to lure them to such tremendous exertions. But Napoleon's fascination over the hearts of his soldiers was a more powerful impulse. With shouts of encouragement they toiled at the cables, successive bands of a hundred men relieving each other every half hour. High on those craggy steep, gleaming through the mist, the glittering bands of armed men like phantoms appeared. The eagle wheeled and screamed beneath their feet. The mountain goat, affrighted by the unwonted spectacle, bounded away, and paused in bold relief upon the cliff, to gaze upon the martial array which so suddenly had peopled the solitude.

When they approached any spot of very especial difficulty, the trumpets sounded the charge, which re-echoed, with sublime reverberations, from pinnacle to pinnacle of rock and ice. Animated by these bugle notes, the soldiers strained every nerve, as if rushing upon the foe. Napoleon offered to these bands the same reward which he had promised to the peasants. But to a man they refused the gold. They had imbibed the spirit of their chief, his enthusiasm, and his proud superiority to all mercenary motives.

"We are not toiling for money," said they,

but for your approval, and to share your glory."

Napoleon, with his wonderful tact, had introduced a slight change into the artillery service, which was productive of immense moral results. The gun carriages had heretofore been driven by mere waggoners, who, being considered not as soldiers, but as servants, and sharing not in the glory of victory, were uninfluenced by any sentiment of honour. At the first approach of danger, they were ready to cut their traces and gallop from the field, leaving their cannon in the hands of the enemy.

Napoleon said, "The cannoner who brings his piece into action performs as valuable service as the cannoner who works it. He runs the same danger, and requires the same moral stimulus, which is the sense of honour."

He therefore converted the artillery drivers into soldiers, and clothed them in the uniform of their respective regiments. They constituted twelve thousand horsemen, who were animated with as much pride in carrying their pieces into action, and in bringing them off with rapidity and accuracy, as the gunners felt in loading, directing, and discharging them. It was now the great glory of these men to take care of their guns. They loved tenderly the merciless monsters. They lavished caresses and terms of endearment upon the glittering, polished, death-dealing brass. The heart of man is a strange enigma. Even when most degraded, it needs something to love. These bloodstained soldiers, rutilized by vice, amid all the horrors of battle, lovingly fondled the murderous machines of war, and in the appeal, "Call me pet names,

The unrelenting gun was the stern mistress lady-love. He kissed it with unwearied, mustachioed lip. In rude and rough devotion he was ready to die rather than abandon the only object of his idolatrous homage. Consistently he baptized the life-devouring monster with blood. Affectionately he named it Mary, Emma, Lizzie. In crossing the Alps, dark night came on as some cannoners were floundering through drifts of snow, toiling at their gun. They would not leave the gun alone in the cold storm to seek for themselves a dry bivouac; but, like brothers guarding a sister, they threw themselves, for the night, upon the bleak and frozen snow by its side. It was the genius of Napoleon which thus penetrated these mysterious depths of the human soul, and called his aid those mighty energies. "It is not imagination," said one once to Napoleon, "but imagination!" he said, "It is imagination that rules the world."

When they arrived at the forts which Napoleon's kind care had provided. One would have anticipated there a scene of terrible confusion. To feed an army of a hundred thousand men

so bound
Each man

slice of bread and cheese, and quaffed his cup of wine, and passed on. It was a point of honour for no one to stop. Whatever obstructions were in the way were to be at all hazards surmounted, that the long file, extending nearly twenty miles, might not be thrown into confusion. The descent was more perilous than the ascent. But fortune seemed to smile. The sky was clear, the weather delightful, and in four days the whole army was re-assembled on the plains of Italy.

Napoleon had sent Berthier forward to receive the division and to superintend all necessary repairs, while he himself remained to press forward the mighty host. He was the last man to cross the mountains. Seated upon a mule, with a young peasant for his guide, slowly and thoughtfully he ascended those silent solitudes. He was dressed in the grey coat which he always wore. Art has pictured him as bounding up the cliff, proudly mounted on a prancing charger; but truth presents him in an attitude more simple and more sublime. Even the young peasant who acted as his guide was entirely unconscious of the distinguished rank of the plain traveller whose steps he was conducting.

Much of the way Napoleon was silent, abstracted in thought. And yet he found time for human sympathy. He drew from his young and artless guide the secrets of his heart. The young peasant was sincere and virtuous. He loved a fair maid among the mountains. She loved him. It was his heart's great desire to have her for his own. He was poor, and had neither house nor land to support a family. Napoleon, struggling with all his energies against combined England and Austria, and with all the cares of an army, on the march to meet one hundred and twenty thousand foes, crowding his mind, won the confidence of his companion, and elicited this artless recital of love and desire.

As Napoleon dismissed his guide with an ample reward, he drew from his pocket a pencil, and upon a loose piece of paper wrote a few lines, which he requested the young man to give, on his return, to the Administrator of the Army upon the other side. When the guide returned and presented the note, he found, to his unbounded surprise and delight, that he had conducted Napoleon over the mountains, and that Napoleon had given him a field and a house. He was thus enabled to be married, and to realize all the dreams of his modest ambition. Generous impulses must have been instinctive in a heart which, in a hour so fraught with mighty events, could turn from the toils of empire and of war, to find refreshment in sympathizing with a peasant's love. This young man but recently died, having passed his quiet life in the enjoyment of the field and the cottage which had been given him by the ruler of the world.

CHAPTER XX

The fort of Bard—Consternation at Melas—Solitude of Napoleon—Proclamation—Desaix—Montebello—Arrival of Desaix—Terrific battle—Death of Desaix—Consequences of war—Instinctive outburst of emotion—Letter to the Emperor of Austria—Terms of capitulation—Napoleon enters Milan—Enthusiastic reception in Paris.

The army now pressed forward, with great alacrity, along the banks of the Aosta. They were threading a beautiful valley, rich in verdure, and blooming beneath the sun of early spring. Cottages, vineyards and orchards in full bloom, embellished their path, while upon each side of them rose, in majestic swell, the fir-clad sides of the mountains. The Austrians, pressing against the frontiers of France, had no conception of the storm which had so suddenly gathered, and which was, with resistless sweep, approaching their rear. The French soldiers, elated with the achievement they had accomplished, and full of confidence in their leader, marched gaily on. But the valley before them began to grow more and more narrow. The mountains on either side rose more precipitous and craggy. The Aosta, crowded into a narrow channel, rushed foaming over the rocks, leaving barely room for a road along the side of the mountain. Suddenly the march of the whole army was arrested by a fort built upon an inaccessible rock, which rose like a pyramid from the bed of the stream. Bristling cannon, skillfully arranged on well-constructed bastions, swept the pass, and rendered further advance apparently impossible.

Rapidly the tidings of this unexpected obstruction spread from the van to the rear. Napoleon immediately hastened to the front ranks. Climbing the mountain opposite the fort by a goat path, he threw himself down upon the ground, where a few bushes concealed his person from the shot of the enemy, and with his telescope long and carefully examined the fort and the surrounding crags. He perceived one elevated spot, far above the fort, where a cannon might by possibility be drawn. From that position its shot could be plunged upon the unprotected bastions below.

Upon the face of the opposite cliff, far beyond the reach of cannon-balls, he discerned a narrow shelf in the rock, by which he thought it possible that a man could pass. The march was immediately commenced, in single file, along this giddy ridge. And even the horses, inured to the terrors of the Great St. Bernard, were led by their riders upon the narrow path which a horse's hoof had never trod before, and probably will never tread again. The Austrians in the fort had the mortification of seeing thirty-five thousand soldiers, with numerous horses, defile along this airy line, as if adhering to the side of the rock, but neither bullet nor ball could harm them.

Napoleon ascended this mountain ridge, and upon its summit, quite exhausted with days and nights of sleeplessness and toil, laid himself down in the shadow of the rock and fell asleep. The long

blue filed carefully and silently by, each soldier hushing his comrade, that the repose of their beloved chieftain might not be disturbed. It was an interesting spectacle to witness the tender affection beaming from the countenances of these bronzed and war-worn veterans, as every foot trod softly, and each eye, in passing, was riveted upon the slender form and pale and wasted cheek of the sleeping Napoleon.

The artillery could, by no possibility, be thus transported; and an army without artillery is a soldier without weapons. The Austrian commander wrote to Melas that he had seen an army of thirty-five thousand men and four thousand horse creeping by the fort, along the face of Mount Albaredo. He assured the commander-in-chief, however, that not one single piece of artillery had passed, or could pass, beneath the guns of his fortress. When he was writing this letter, already had one-half the cannon and ammunition of the army been conveyed by the fort, and were safely and rapidly proceeding on their way down the valley.

In the darkness of the night, trusty men, with great caution and silence, strewed hay and straw upon the road. The wheels of the lumbering carriages were carefully bound with cloths and wisps of straw, and, with axles well oiled, were drawn by the hands of these picked men beneath the very walls of the fortress, and within half pistol-shot of its guns. In two nights the artillery and the baggage-trains were thus passed along, and in a few days the fort itself was compelled to surrender.

Melas, the Austrian commander, now awoke, in consternation, to a sense of his peril. Napoleon—the dreaded Napoleon—had, as by a miracle, crossed the Alps. He had cut off all his supplies, and was shutting the Austrians up from any possibility of retreat. Bewildered by the magnitude of his peril, he no longer thought of forcing his march upon Paris. The invasion of France was abandoned. His whole energies were directed to opening for himself a passage back to Austria. The most cruel perplexities agitated him. From the very pinnacle of victory, he was in danger of descending to the deepest abyss of defeat.

It was also with Napoleon an hour of intense solicitude. He had but sixteen thousand men, two-thirds of whom were new soldiers, who had never seen a shot fired in earnest, with whom he was to arrest the march of a desperate army of one hundred and twenty thousand veterans, abundantly provided with all the most efficient machinery of war. There were many paths by which Melas might escape at leagues' distance from each other. It was necessary for Napoleon to divide his little band, that he might guard them all. He was liable at any moment to have a division of his army attacked by an overwhelming force, and cut to pieces before it could receive any reinforcements. He ate not, he slept not, he rested not. Day and night, and night and day, he was on horseback, pale, pensive, apparently in feeble health, and interesting

every beholder with his grave and melancholy beauty. His scouts were out in every direction. He studied all the possible movements and combinations of his foes. In imagination he overran Lombardy, and entered Milan in triumph. Melas anxiously concentrated his forces to break through the net with which he was entangled. He did everything in his power to deceive Napoleon by various feints, that the point of his contemplated attack might not be known. Napoleon, in the following clarion tones, appealed to the enthusiasm of his troops:—

"Soldiers! when we began our march, one department of France was in the hands of the enemy. Consternation pervaded the south of the Republic. You advanced. Already the French territory is delivered. Joy and hope in our country have succeeded to consternation and fear. The enemy, terror-struck, seeks only to regain his frontiers. You have taken his hospitals, his magazines, his reserve parks. The first act of the campaign is finished. Millions of men address you in strains of praise. But shall we allow our audacious enemies to violate with impunity the territory of the Republic? Will you permit the army to escape which has carried terror into your families? You will not. March, then, to meet it. Tear from its brows the laurels it has won. Teach the world that a malediction attends those who violate the territory of the Great People. The result of our efforts will be unclouded glory and a durable peace!"

The very day Napoleon left Paris, arrived in France from Egypt. Frank, sincere, upright, and punctiliously honourable, he was one of the few whom Napoleon truly loved. Desaix regarded Napoleon as infinitely his superior, and looked up to him with a species of adoration; he loved him with a fervour of feeling which amounted almost to a passion. Napoleon, touched by the affection of a heart so noble, requited it with the most confidential friendship.

Desaix, upon his arrival in Paris, found letters for him there from the First Consul. As he read the confidential lines, he was struck with the melancholy air with which they were pervaded. "Alas!" said he, "Napoleon has gained everything, and yet he is unhappy. I must hasten to meet him." Without delay he crossed the Alps, and arrived at the headquarters of Napoleon but a few days before the battle of Marengo. They passed the whole night together, talking over the events of Egypt and the prospects of France. Napoleon felt greatly strengthened by the arrival of his noble friend, and immediately assigned to him the command of a division of the army. "Desaix," said he, "is my sheet anchor."

"You have had a long interview with Desaix," said Bourrienne to Napoleon the next morning.

Yes," he replied, "but I had my reasons. As soon as I return to Paris I shall make him Minister of War. He shall always be my head-

sonant. I would make him a prince if I could. He is of the heroic mould of antiquity!"

Napoleon was fully aware that a decisive battle would soon take place. Melas was rapidly, from all points, concentrating his army. The following laconic and characteristic order was issued by the First Consul to Lannes and Murat:—

"Gather your forces at the River Stradella. On the 8th or 9th, at the latest, you will have on your hands fifteen or eighteen thousand Austrians. Meet them, and cut them to pieces. It will be so many enemies less upon our hands on the day of the decisive battle we are to expect with the entire army of Melas."

The prediction was true. An Austrian force advanced, eighteen thousand strong. Lannes met them upon the field of Montebello. They were strongly posted, with batteries ranged upon the hill-sides which swept the whole plain. It was of the utmost importance that this body should be prevented from combining with the other vast forces of the Austrians. Lannes had but eight thousand men. Could he sustain the unequal conflict for a few hours, Victor, who was some miles in the rear, could come up with a reserve of four thousand men. The French soldiers, fully conscious of the odds against which they were to contend, and of the carnage into the midst of which they were plunging, with shouts of enthusiasm rushed upon their foes. Instantaneously a storm of grapeshot from all the batteries swept through his ranks. Said Lannes, "*I could hear the bones crash in my division like glass in a hail-storm.*"

For nine long hours, from eleven in the morning till eight at night, the horrid carnage continued. Again and again the mangled, bleeding, wasted columns were rallied to the charge. At last, when three thousand Frenchmen were strewn dead upon the ground, the Austrians broke and fled, leaving also three thousand mutilated corpses and six thousand prisoners behind them. Napoleon, hastening to the aid of his lieutenant, arrived upon the field just in time to see the battle won. He rode up to Lannes. The intrepid soldier stood in the midst of mounds of the dead, his sword dripping with blood in his exhausted hand, his face blackened with powder and smoke, and his uniform soiled and tattered by the long and terrific strife. Napoleon silently but proudly smiled upon the heroic general, and forgot not his reward. From this battle, Lannes received the title of Duke of Montebello, a title by which his family is distinguished to the present day.

This was the opening of the campaign. It inspired the French with enthusiasm; it nerved the Austrians to despair. Melas now determined to make a desperate effort to break through the toils. Napoleon, with intense solicitude, was watching every movement of his foe, knowing not upon what point the onset would fall. Before daybreak on the morning of the 14th of June, Melas, having accumulated forty thousand

men, including seven thousand cavalry and two hundred pieces of cannon, made an impetuous assault upon the French, but twenty thousand in number, drawn up upon the plain of Marengo. Desaix, with a reserve of six thousand men, was at such a distance, nearly thirty miles from Marengo, that he could not possibly be recalled before the close of the day. The danger was frightful that the French would be entirely cut to pieces before any succour could arrive.

But the quick ear of Desaix caught the sound of the heavy cannonade as it came booming over the plain like distant thunder. He sprang from his couch and listened. The heavy and uninterrupted roar proclaimed a pitched battle, and he was alarmed for his beloved chief. Immediately he roused his troops, and they started upon the rush to succour their comrades. Napoleon despatched courier after courier to hurry the division along, while his troops stood firm through terrific hours as their ranks were ploughed by the murderous discharges of their foes. At last, the destruction was too awful for mortal men to endure! Many divisions of the army broke and fled, crying, "All is lost—save himself who can!"

A scene of frightful disorder ensued. The whole plain was covered with fugitives, swept like an inundation before the multitudinous Austrians. Napoleon still held a few squares together, who slowly and sullenly retreated, while two hundred pieces of artillery, closely pressing them, poured incessant death into their ranks. Every foot of ground was left encumbered with the dead. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. Melas, exhausted with toil, and assured that he had gained a complete victory, left General Zach to finish the work. He retired to his head-quarters, and immediately despatched couriers all over Europe to announce the great victory of Marengo. "Melas is too sanguine," said an Austrian veteran, who had before encountered Napoleon at Arcole and Rivoli; "depend upon it, our day's work is not yet done. Napoleon will yet be upon us with his reserve."

Just then the anxious eye of the First Consul espied the solid columns of Desaix entering the plain. Desaix, plunging his spurs into his horse, outstripped all the rest, and galloped into the presence of Napoleon. As he cast a glance over the wild confusion and devastation of the field, he exclaimed hurriedly,

"I see that the battle is lost. I suppose I can do no more for you than to secure your retreat?"

"By no means," Napoleon replied, with apparently as much composure as if he had been sitting by his own fireside; "the battle, I trust, is gained. Charge with your column. The disordered troops will rally in your rear."

Like a rock, Desaix, with his solid phalanx of ten thousand men, met the on-rolling billow of Austrian victory. At the same time, Napoleon despatched an order to Kellerman with his cavalry to charge the triumphant column of the Austrians in flank. It was the work of a

vocably the conditions upon which he was willing to treat. The terms were generous.

"The Austrian armies," said he, "may unmolestedly return to their homes; but all Italy must be abandoned."

Melas, who was eighty years of age, hoped to modify the terms, and again sent the negotiator to suggest some alterations.

"Monsieur," said Napoleon, "my conditions are irrevocable. I did not begin to make war yesterday. Your position is as perfectly comprehended by me as by yourselves. You are encumbered with dead, sick, and wounded, destitute of provisions, deprived of the *élite* of your army, surrounded on every side. I might exact everything; but I respect the white hairs of your general and the valour of your soldiers. I ask nothing but what is rigorously justified by the present position of affairs. Take what steps you may, you will have no other terms."

The conditions were immediately signed, and a suspension of arms was agreed upon until an answer could be received from Vienna.

Napoleon left Paris for this campaign on the 7th of May. The battle of Marengo was fought on the 14th of June. Thus, in five weeks, Napoleon had scaled the barrier of the Alps; with sixty thousand soldiers, most of them undisciplined recruits, he had utterly discomfited an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men, and regained the whole of Italy. The achievement amazed the civilized world. The bosom of every Frenchman throbbed with gratitude and pride. One shout of enthusiasm ascended from united France. Napoleon had laid the foundation of his throne deep in the heart of the French nation, and *there* that foundation still remains unshaken.

Napoleon now entered Milan in triumph. He remained there ten days, busy apparently every hour, by day and by night, in reorganizing the political condition of Italy. The serious and religious tendencies of his mind are developed by the following note, which, four days after the battle of Marengo, he wrote to the Consuls in Paris: "To-day, whatever our Atheists may say to it, I go in great state to the *Te Deum* which is to be chanted in the Cathedral of Milan."

An unworthy spirit of detraction has vainly sought to wrest from Napoleon the honour of this victory, and to attribute it all to the flank charge made by Kellerman. Such attempts deserve no detailed reply. Napoleon had secretly and suddenly called into being an army, and by its apparently miraculous creation had astounded Europe. He had effectually deceived the vigilance of his enemies, so as to leave them entirely in the dark respecting his point of attack. He had conveyed that army, with all its stores, over the pathless crags of the Great St. Bernard. Like an avalanche he had descended from the mountains upon the plains of startled Italy. He had surrounded the Austrian

hosts, though they were double his number, with a net through which they could not break. In a decisive battle he had scattered their ranks before him like chaff before the whirlwind. He was nobly seconded by those generals whom his genius had chosen and created.

It is indeed true, that without his generals and his soldiers he could not have gained the victory. Massena contributed to the result by his marvellous defence of Genoa; Morano, by holding in abeyance the army of the Rhine; Lannes, by his iron firmness on the plain of Montebello; Desaix, by the promptness with which he rushed to the rescue, as soon as his ear caught the far-off thunders of the cannon of Marengo; and Kellerman by his admirable flank charge of cavalry. But it was the genius of Napoleon which planned the mighty combination, which roused and directed the enthusiasm of his generals, which inspired the soldiers with fearlessness and nerved them for the strife, and which, through these efficient agencies, secured the astounding results.

Napoleon established his triumphant army, now increased to eighty thousand men, in the rich valley of the Po. He assigned to the heroic Massena the command of this triumphant host, and, ordering all the forts and citadels which blocked the approaches from France to be blown up, set out, on the 24th of June, for his return to Paris. In recrossing the Alps by the pass of Mount Cenis, he met the carriage of Madame Kellerman, who was going to Italy to join her husband. Napoleon ordered his carriage to be stopped, and alighting, greeted the lady with great courtesy, and congratulated her upon the gallant conduct of her husband at Marengo. As he was riding along one day, Bourrienne spoke of the world-wide renown which the First Consul had attained.

"Yes," Napoleon thoughtfully replied, "a few more events like this campaign, and my name may, perhaps, go down to posterity."

"I think," Bourrienne rejoined, "that you have already done enough to secure a long and lasting fame."

"Done enough!" Napoleon replied, "You are very good! It is true that in less than two years I have conquered Cairo, Paris, Milan. But were I to die to-morrow, half a page of general history would be all that would be devoted to my exploits."

Napoleon's return to Paris, through the provinces of France, was a scene of constant triumph. The joy of the people amounted almost to frenzy. Bonfires, illuminations, the pealing of bells, and the thunders of artillery, accompanied him all the way. Long lines of young maidens, selected for their grace and beauty, formed avenues of loveliness and smiles through which he was to pass, and carpeted his path with flowers. He arrived in Paris at midnight on the 2nd of July, having been absent but eight weeks.

The enthusiasm of the Parisians was unbounded and inexhaustible. Day after day and night after night, the festivities continued. The

* The *Te Deum* is an anthem of praise, sung on occasion of thanksgiving. It is so called from the first words, "*Te Deum laudamus.*" *Thee, God, we praise*

Palace of the Tuileries was ever thronged with a crowd, eager to catch a glimpse of the preserver of France. All the public bodies waited upon him, with congratulations. Bells rang, cannon thundered, bonfires and illuminations blazed, rockets and fireworks, in meteoric splendour, filled the air, bands of music poured forth their exuberant strains, and united Paris, thronging the garden of the Tuileries, and flooding back into the Champs Elysées, rent the heavens with ringing shouts of exultation. As

at the window of his palace, witnessing this spectacle of a nation's gratitude, he said—

"The sound of these acclamations is as to me as the voice of Josephine. Ho am to be beloved by such a people!"

Preparations were immediately made for a brilliant and imposing solemnity in commemoration of the victory. "Let no triumphal arch be raised to me," said Napoleon. "I wish for no triumphal arch but the public satisfaction."

It is not strange that enthusiasm and gratitude should have glowed in the ardent bosom of the French. In four months Napoleon had

France from a abyss of ruin to the pinnacle of prosperity and renown. For he had substituted law, for bankrupted plundered treasury, for ignominious defeat resplendent victory, for

as universal satisfaction. The invaders were driven from France, the hostile alliance broken, and the blessings of peace were now promised the

g this campaign there was p very interesting illustration of Napoleon's wonderful power of anticipating the progress of all events. Bourrienne, one day, just before the commencement of the campaign, entered the cabinet of the Tuileries, and found an immap of Italy unrolled upon the carpet, Napoleon stretched upon it. With ni

represent the trian troops, Napoleon was studying all the possible combinations and evolutions of the two hostile armies. Bourrienne, in silence, but with deep interest, watched the progress of this pin campaign. Napoleon, having arranged the pins with red heads where he intended to conduct the French troops, and with the black pins designating the point which he supposed the Austrians would occupy, looked up to his secretary and said—

"Do you think that I shall beat Melas?"

"Why, how can I tell?" Bourrienne answered.

"Why, you simpleton," said Napoleon playfully, "just look here. Melas is at Alessandria, where he has his head-quarters. He will remain there until Genoa surrenders. He has in Alessandria his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery, his reserves. Passing the Alps here," sticking a pin into the Great St. Bernard, "I fall upon Melas in his rear. I cut off his communications with Austria. I meet him here in the valley of the Bormida." So saying, he stuck a red pin into the plain of Marengo.

Bourrienne regarded this manœuvring of pins as mere piffling. His countenance expressed his perfect incredulity. Napoleon, perceiving this, addressed to him some of his usual apophthegms, in which he was accustomed playfully to indulge in moments of relaxation, such as, "You ninny! you goose!" and rolled up the map.

Ten weeks passed away and Bourrienne found himself upon the banks of the Bormida, writing, at Napoleon's dictation, an account of the battle of Marengo. Astonished to find Napoleon's anticipations thus minutely fulfilled, he frankly avowed his admiration of the military sagacity thus displayed. Napoleon himself smiled at the justice of his foresight.

Two days before the news of the battle of Marengo arrived in Vienna, England effected a new treaty with Austria for the more prosecution of the war. By this convention it was provided that England should loan Austria fifty millions of francs, to bear no interest during the continuance of the conflict. And the Austrian cabinet bound itself not to make peace with France without the consent of the Court of St. James. The Emperor of Austria was now sadly

d. His sense of honour would not allow him to violate his pledge to the King of England and to make peace. On the other hand, he trembled at the thought of seeing the armies of the invincible Napoleon again marching upon his capital. He therefore resolved to temporize,

in order to gain time, sent an ambassador to Paris. The plenipotentiary presented to Napoleon a letter, in which the Emperor stated—

"You will give credit to everything which Count Julien shall say on my part. I will ratify whatever he shall do."

Napoleon, prompt in action, and uninformed of the new treaty between Ferdinand and George III., immediately caused the preliminaries of

Vienna, angry with their ambassador for not protracting the discussion, refused to ratify the treaty, recalled Count Julien, sent him into exile, informed the First Consul of the treaty which bound Austria not to make peace without the concurrence of Great Britain, assured France of the readiness of the English cabinet to enter negotiations, and urged the immediate opening of a congress at Lunenburg, to which plenipotentiaries should be sent from each of the three great contending powers.²⁸

"Conscious, now, of the mortal danger he had committed in rejecting the overtures for peace, the Emperor of Austria despatched an envoy to Paris in the person of Count Julien, but rather to sound the views of the French government than armed with actual powers to treat. Nevertheless, the alarm of Pitt at this step was very great, and he laboured with all his might to induce the Austrian cabinet to continue the war, making the most lavish promises of subsidies from the British people. In truth, Austria was still inclined to try again the fortune of war, from the very excess of her disaster; but she wanted breathing-time after her prodigious losses, and she besought an extension of the Italian armistice to Germany."—*French Revolution*, by T. W. Redhead.

Napoleon was highly indignant in view of this duplicity and perfidy; yet, controlling his anger, he consented to treat with England, and with that view proposed a naval armistice with the mistress of the seas. To this proposition England peremptorily refused to accede, as it would enable France to throw supplies into Egypt and Malta, which island England was besieging. The naval armistice would have been undeniably for the interests of France. But the Continental armistice was as undeniably adverse to her interests, enabling Austria to recover from her defeats and to strengthen her armies. Napoleon, fully convinced that England, in her inaccessible position, did not wish for peace, and that her only object in endeavouring to obtain admittance to the congress was that she might throw obstacles in the way of reconciliation with Austria, offered to renounce all armistices with England, and to treat with her separately. This England also refused.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOHENLINDEN.

Duplicity of Austria—Obstinacy of Pitt—Responsibility of Pitt—Battle of Hohenlinden—Treaty of Lunéville—Testimony of Scott and Alison—Universality of Napoleon's genius—Letter of General Durosoi—The infernal machine—Josephine's letter—Absurd reports—Madame Junot—Mortense.

It was now September. Two months had passed in vexatious and sterile negotiations. Napoleon had taken every step in his power to secure peace. He sincerely desired it. He had already won all the laurels he could wish to win on the field of battle. The reconstruction of society in France, and the consolidation of his power, demanded all his energies. *The consolidation of his power!* That was just what the government of England dreaded. The consolidation of republican power, almost within cannon shot of the court of England, was an evil to be avoided at every hazard. It threatened the overthrow of both king and nobles.

William Pitt, the soul of the aristocratic government of England, determined still to prosecute the war. France could not harm England. But England, with her invincible fleet, could sweep the commerce of France from the seas. Fox and his coadjutors, with great eloquence and energy, opposed the war. Their efforts were, however, unavailing. The people of England, notwithstanding all the efforts of the government to defame the character of the First Consul, still cherished the conviction that, after all, Napoleon was their friend. Napoleon, in subsequent years, while reviewing these scenes of his early conflicts, with characteristic eloquence and magnanimity gave utterance to the following sentiments, which the verdict of the world will certainly yet confirm:—

"Pitt was the master of European policy. He held in his hands the moral fate of nations. But he made an ill use of his power. He kindled the fire of discord throughout the universe; and

his name, like that of Erastus, will be inscribed in history amid flames, lamentations, and tears. Twenty-five years of universal conflagration, the numerous coalitions that added to the flame, the revolution and devastation of Europe, the bloodshed of nations, the fearful debt of England, by which all these horrors were maintained, the profligate system of loans, by which the people of Europe are oppressed, the general discontent that now prevails—all must be attributed to Pitt. Posterity will brand him as a scourge.

"The man so lauded in his own time will hereafter be regarded as the genius of evil. No, that I consider him to have been wilfully atrocious, or doubt his having entertained the conviction that he was acting right. But St. Bartholomew had also its conscientious advocates. The Pope and cardinals celebrated it by a *Te Deum*, and we have no reason to doubt their having done so in perfect sincerity. Such is the weakness of human reason and judgment! But that for which posterity will, above all, execrate the name of Pitt, is the hateful school which he has left behind him; its insolent Machiavellism, its profound immorality, its cold egotism, and its utter disregard of justice and human happiness. Whether it be the effect of admiration and gratitude, or the result of mere instinct and sympathy, Pitt is, and will continue to be, the idol of the European aristocracy.

"There was, indeed, a touch of the Sylla in his character. His system has kept the popular cause in check, and brought about the triumph of the patriots. As for Fox, one must not look for his model among the ancients. He is himself a model, and his principles well, sooner or later, rule the world. The death of Fox was one of the fatal errors of my career. Had his life been prolonged, all this would have taken a totally different turn. The cause of the people would have triumphed, and we should have established a new order of things in Europe."

Austria really desired peace. The march of Napoleon's armies upon Vienna was an evil more to be dreaded than even the consolidation of Napoleon's power in France. But Austria was, by loans and treaties, so entangled with England, that she could make no peace without the consent of the Court of St. James. Napoleon found that he was but trifled with. Intermittent difficulties were thrown in the way of negotiation. Austria was taking advantage of the cessation of hostilities merely to recruit her defeated armies, that, as soon as the approaching winter had passed away, she might fall, with renovated energies, upon France.

The month of November had now arrived, and the mountains, whitened with snow, were swept by the bleak winds of winter. The period of the armistice had expired. Austria applied for its prolongation. Napoleon was no longer thus to be duped. He consented, however, to a continued suspension of hostilities, on condition that the treaty of peace were signed within forty-eight hours. Austria, believing that no

same man would march an army into Germany in the dead of winter, and that she would have abundant time to prepare for a spring campaign, refused. The armies of France were immediately on the move.

The Emperor of Austria had improved every moment of this transient interval of peace in recruiting his forces. In person he had visited the army to inspire his troops with enthusiasm. The command of the imperial forces was intrusted to his second brother, the Archduke John. Napoleon moved with his accustomed vigour. The political necessities of Paris and of France rendered it impossible for him to leave the metropolis. He ordered one powerful army, under General Brune, to attack the Austrians in Italy, on the banks of the Mincio, and to press firmly towards Vienna. In the performance of this operation, General Marmont, in the dead of winter, effected his heroic passage over the Alps by the pass of the Splügen. Victory followed their standard.

Moreau, with his magnificent army, commenced a winter campaign on the Rhine. Between the rivers Isar and Inn there is an enormous forest, many leagues in extent, of sombre firs and pines. It is a dreary and almost habited wilderness of wild ravines and tang.

Two great roads have been cut through the forest, and sundry woodmen's paths it at different points. In the centre a little hamlet of a few miserable huts, called Hohenlinden. In this forest, on the night of the 3rd of December, Moreau, with sixty thousand men, encountered the Archduke John with seventy thousand Austrian troops.

The clocks upon the towers of Munich had but just tolled the hour of midnight when both armies were in motion, each hoping to surprise the other. A dismal wintry storm was howling over the tree-tops, and the smothering snow, falling rapidly, obliterated all traces of a path, and rendered it almost impossible to drag through the drifts the ponderous artillery. Both parties, in the dark and tempestuous night, tangled in the forest, and the heads of their columns in various places met. An awful scene of confusion, conflict, and carnage then ensued. Imagination cannot compass the terrible sublimity of that spectacle. The dark midnight, the howlings of the wintry storm, the driving sheets of snow, incessant roar of artillery and of musketry from one hundred and thirty thousand combatants, the lightning flashes of the guns, the crash of the falling trees as the heavy ranks swept through the forest, the

ounding of innumerable horsemen, bellowing in the pathless snow, the shouts of onset, the shriek of death, and the burst of martial music from a thousand bands, all combined to present a scene of horror and of demoniac energy which probably even this lost world never presented before.

The darkness of the black forest was so intense and the snow fell in flakes so thick, and so blinding, that the combatants could

with difficulty see each other. They often judged of the foe only by his position, and fired at the flashes gleaming through the gloom. At times hostile divisions became intermingled in irretrievable confusion, and hand to hand, bayonet crossing bayonet, and sword clashing against sword, they fought with the ferocity of demons; for though the officers of an army may be influenced by the most elevated sentiments of dignity and of honour, the mass of the common soldiers have ever been the most miserable, worthless, and degraded of mankind. As the advancing and retreating hosts wavered to and fro, the wounded, by thousands, were left on the hill-sides and in dark ravines, with the drifting snow, crimsoned with blood, their only blanket, there in solitude and agony to moan, and freeze, and die. What death-scenes the eye of God must have witnessed that night, in the solitude of that dark, tangled, and blood-stained forest!

At last the morning dawned through the unbroken clouds, and the battle raged with renovated fury. Nearly twenty thousand of the mutilated bodies of the dead and wounded were left upon the field, with gory locks frozen to their icy pillows, and covered with mounds of snow. At last the French were victorious at every point. The Austrians, having lost twenty-five thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoner, one hundred pieces of artillery, and an immense number of waggons, fled in dismay. This terrific conflict has been immortalized by the noble epic of Campbell, which is now familiar wherever the English language is known.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Isar rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drums beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery, &c.

The retreating Austrians rushed down the valley of the Danube. Moreau followed thundering at their heels, plunging balls and shells into their retreating ranks. The victorious French were within thirty miles of Vienna, and the capital was in a state of indescribable dismay.

The Emperor again sent an envoy imploring for peace. The application was promptly acceded to, for Napoleon was contending only for Austria at his feet. His conquering armies, standing these astonishing victories, Napoleon made no essential alterations in his terms. Austria was at his feet. His conquering armies were almost in sight of the steeples of Vienna. There was no power which the Emperor could possess to obstruct their resistless march. He might have exacted any terms. But still he adhered to the first terms which he had proposed.

Moreau was urged by some of his officers to press on to Vienna. "We had better halt," he replied, "and be content with peace. It is for gaining." The Emperor of Austria was thus compelled to treat without the aid of England. The

obstacle in the way of peace was thus removed. At Lunéville, Joseph Bonaparte appeared as the ambassador of Napoleon, and Count Cobenzel as the plenipotentiary of Austria. The terms of the treaty were soon settled, and France was again at peace with all the world, England alone excepted.

By this treaty the Rhine was acknowledged as the boundary of France. The Adige limited the possessions of Austria in Italy; and Napoleon made it an essential article that every Italian imprisoned in the dungeons of Austria for political offences should immediately be liberated. There was to be no interference by either with the new republics which had sprung up in Italy. They were to be permitted to choose whatever form of government they preferred.

In reference to this treaty, Sir Walter Scott makes the candid admission that "the treaty of *not much more advantageous to France than that of Campo Formio.* The moderation of the First Consul indicated at once his for peace upon the Continent, and considerable respect for the bravery and strength of Austria." And Alison, in cautious but significant phrase, remarks, "These conditions did not differ materially from those offered by Napoleon before the renewal of the war; *a remarkable circumstance*, when it is remembered how vast an addition the victories of Marengo, Hohenlinden, and the Mincio had since made to the preponderance of the French armies."

It was, indeed, "a remarkable circumstance," that Napoleon should have manifested such unparalleled moderation under circumstances of such aggravated indignity. In Napoleon's first Italian campaign he was contending solely for peace. At last he attained it, in the treaty of Campo Formio, on terms equally honourable to Austria and to France. On his return from Egypt, he found the armies of Austria, three hundred thousand strong, in alliance with England, invading the territories of the Republic. He implored peace, in the name of bleeding humanity, upon the fair basis of the treaty of Campo Formio. His foes regarded his supplication as the imploring cry of weakness, and treated it with scorn. With new vigour they poured their balls and shells upon France.

Napoleon scaled the Alps, and dispersed his foes at Marengo like autumn leaves before the gale. Amid the smoke, the blood, and the groans of the field of his victory, he again wrote imploring peace; and he wrote in terms dictated by the honest and gushing sympathies of a humane man, and not in the cold and stately forms of the diplomatist. Crushed as his foes were, he rose not in his demands, but nobly said, "I am still willing to make peace upon the fair basis of the treaty of Campo Formio."

His treacherous foes, to gain time to recruit their armies, that they might fall upon him with renewed vigour, agreed to an armistice. They then threw all possible embarrassments in the way of negotiation, and prolonged the armistice till the winds of winter were sweeping fierce

over the snow covered hills of Austria. They thought that it was then too late for Napoleon to make any movements until spring, and that they had a long winter, before them in which to prepare for another campaign. They

peace. Through storms, and freezing gales, and drifting snows, the armies of Napoleon marched painfully to Hohenlinden. The hosts of Austria were again routed, and were swept away as the drifted snow flies before the gale. The Frenchmen lie cold in death, the terrible price of the victory. The Emperor of Austria, in his palace, heard the thunderings of Napoleon's approaching artillery. He implored peace. "It is all that I desire," said Napoleon; "I am not fighting for ambition or for conquest. I am still ready to make peace upon the fair basis of the treaty of Campo Formio."

While all the Continent was now at pen France, England alone, with indomitable nation, continued the war, without allies, and without any apparent or object.

paratively powerless upon the seas, could strike no blows which would be felt by the distant islanders. "On every point," says Sir Walter

English as annihilated the commerce of France, crippled blockaded her forts."

The treaty of Lunéville was signed on the 9th of February, 1801. Napoleon, lamenting the continued hostility of England, in announcing this peace to the people of France, remarked, "Why is not this treaty the treaty of

This was the wish of France. This has been the constant object of the efforts of her government, but its desires are fruitless. All Europe knows that the British Minister has endeavoured to frustrate the negotiations at Lunéville. In vain was it declared to him that France was ready to enter into a separate negotiation. This

y produced a refusal, under the pretext that England could not abandon her ally. Since then, when that ally consented to treat without gland, that government sought other means to delay a peace so necessary to the world. It raises pretensions contrary to the dignity and rights of all nations. The whole commerce of Asia, and of immense colonies, does not satisfy its ambition. All the seas must submit to the exclusive sovereignty of England." As Pitt received the tidings of this disclosure of his allies, in despairing despondency he exclaimed, "Fold up the map of Europe. It need not again be opened for twenty years."

While these great affairs were in progress, in Paris, was consecrating his energies with almost miraculous power in developing all the resources of the majestic empire under his control. He possessed the po

a degree which has probably never been e He could concentrate all his attention any expending could turn

an unpreoccupied mind. Incessant mental labour was the luxury of his life.

"Occupation," said he, "is my element. I am born and made for it. I have found the limits beyond which I could not use my legs. I have seen the extent to which I could use my eyes, but I have never known any bounds to my capacity for application."

The universality of Napoleon's genius was now most conspicuous. The revenues of the nation were replenished, and all the taxes arranged to the satisfaction of the people. The Bank of France was reorganized, and new energy infused into its operations. Several millions of francs were expended in constructing and perfecting five magnificent roads radiating from Paris to the frontiers of the empire. Robbers, the vagabonds of disbanded armies, infested the roads, rendering travelling dangerous in the extreme. "Be patient," said Napoleon. "Give me a month or two. I must first conquer peace abroad. I will then do speedily and complete justice upon these highwaymen."

A very important canal, connecting Belgium with France, had been commenced some years before. The engineers could not agree respecting the best direction of the cutting through the highlands which separated the valley of the Oise from that of the Somme. He visited the spot in person, decided the question promptly and wisely, and the canal was pressed to its completion. He immediately caused two new bridges to be thrown across the Seine at Paris. He commenced the magnificent road of the Simplon, crossing the rugged Alps with a broad and smooth highway, which for ages will remain a durable monument of the genius and energy of Napoleon. In gratitude for the favours he had received from the monks of the Great St. Bernard, he founded two similar establishments for the aid of travellers, one on Mount Cenis, the other on the Simplon, and both auxiliary to the convent on the Great St. Bernard. Concurrently with these majestic undertakings, he commenced the compilation of the civil code of France. The ablest lawyers of Europe were summoned to this enterprise, and the whole work was discussed section by section in the Council of State, over which Napoleon presided. The lawyers were amazed to find that the First Consul was as perfectly familiar with all the details of legal and political science as he was with military strategy.

Bourrienne mentions that, one day, a letter was received from an emigrant, General Durosé, who had taken refuge in the island of Jersey. The following is an extract from the letter:—

"You cannot have forgotten, general, that when your late father was obliged to take your brothers from the college of Autun, he was unprovided with money, and asked of me six hundred and twenty-five francs, which I lent him with pleasure. After his return he had not an opportunity of paying me, and when I left Ajaccio your mother offered to dispose of some

plate in order to pay the debt. To this I objected, and told her that I would wait until she could pay me at her convenience. Previous to the Revolution, I believe that it was not in her power to fulfil her wish of discharging the debt. I am sorry to be obliged to trouble you about such a trifle, but such is my unfortunate situation that even this trifle is of some importance to me. At the age of eighty-six, general, after having served my country for sixty years, I am compelled to take refuge here, and to subsist upon a scanty allowance granted by the English government to French emigrants. I say *emigrants*, for I am obliged to be one against my will."

Upon hearing this letter read, Napoleon immediately and warmly said, "Bourrienne, this is sacred. Do not lose a moment. Send the old man ten times the sum. Write to General Durosé that he shall be immediately erased from the list of emigrants. What mischief those brigands of the Convention have done. I can never repair it all." Napoleon uttered these words with a degree of emotion which he had rarely before evinced. In the evening he inquired with much interest of Bourrienne if he had executed his orders.

Many attempts were made at this time to assassinate the First Consul. Though France, with unparalleled unanimity, surrounded him with admiration, gratitude, and homage, there were violent men in the two extremes of society, among the Jacobins and the inexorable Royalists, who regarded him as in their way. Napoleon's escape from the explosion of the infernal machine, got up by the Royalists, was almost miraculous.

On the evening of the 24th of December, 1800, Napoleon was going to the Opera to hear Haydn's Oratorio of the Creation, which was to be performed for the first time. Intensely occupied by business, he was reluctant to go, but, to gratify Josephine, yielded to her urgent request. It was necessary for his carriage to pass through a narrow street. A cart, apparently by accident overturned, obstructed the passage. A barrel suspended beneath the cart contained as deadly a machine as could be constructed with gunpowder and all the missiles of death. The coachman succeeded in forcing his way by the cart. He had barely passed when an explosion took place, which was heard all over Paris, and which seemed to shake the city to its foundations. Eight persons were instantly killed, and more than sixty were wounded, of whom about twenty subsequently died. The houses for a long distance on each side of the street were fearfully shattered, and many of them were nearly blown to pieces. The carriage rocked as upon the billows of the sea, and the windows were shattered to fragments.

Napoleon had been in too many scenes of terror to be alarmed by any noise of destruction which gunpowder could produce. "Ha!" said he, with perfect composure, "we are blown up." One of his companions in the carriage, greatly terrified, thrust his head through the demolished

window, and called loudly to the driver to stop. "No, no!" said Napoleon, "drive on."

When the First Consul entered the Opera-house, he appeared perfectly calm and unmoved. The greatest consternation, however, prevailed in all parts of the house, for the explosion had been heard, and fearful apprehensions were felt for the safety of the idolized Napoleon. As soon as he appeared, thunders of applause, which shook the very walls of the theatre, gave affecting testimony of the attachment of the people to his person. In a few moments, Josephine, who had come in her private carriage, entered the box. Napoleon turned to her with perfect tranquillity and said, "The rascals tried to blow me up. Where is the book of the Oratorio?"

Napoleon soon left the Opera and returned to the Tuilleries. He found a vast crowd assembled there, attracted by affection for his person and anxiety for his safety. The atrocity of the attempt excited universal horror, and only increased the already almost boundless popularity of the First Consul. Deputations and addresses were immediately poured in upon him from Paris and from all the departments of France, congratulating him upon his escape. It was at first thought that this conspiracy was the work of the Jacobins. There were in Paris more than a hundred of the leaders of this execrable party, who had obtained a sanguinary notoriety during the Reign of Terror. They were active members of a Jacobin Club, a violent and vulgar gathering, continually plotting the overthrow of the government and the assassination of the First Consul. They were thoroughly detested by the people, and the community was glad to avail itself of any plausible pretext for banishing them from France. Without sufficient evidence that they were actually guilty of this particular outrage, in the strong excitement and indignation of the moment a decree was passed by the legislative bodies sending one hundred and sixty of these bloodstained culprits into exile.

The wish was earnestly expressed that Napoleon would promptly punish them by his own dictatorial power. Napoleon had, in fact, acquired such unbounded popularity, and the nation was so thoroughly impressed with a sense of his justice and his wisdom, that whatever he said was done. He, however, insisted that the business should be conducted by the constitutional tribunals and under the regular forms of law.

"The responsibility of this measure," said Napoleon, "must rest with the legislative body. The consuls are irresponsible, but the ministers are not. Any one of them who should sign an decree might hereafter be called to account."

Not a single individual must be counted upon.

The consuls themselves know not what may happen. As for me, while I live, I am not afraid that any one will dare to call me to account for my actions. But I may be killed, and then I cannot answer for the safety of my two colleagues. It would be your turn to govern," said he, smiling and turning to Camba-

of us yet very firm in the

ps. It will be better to have a law for the present as well as for the future."

It was finally, after much deliberation, decided that the Council of State should draw up a declaration of the reasons for the act; the First Consul was to sign the decree, and the Senate was to declare whether it was or was not constitutional. Then cautiously did Napoleon proceed under circumstances so exciting. The law, however, was unjust and tyrannical. Guilty as these men were of other crimes, by which they had forfeited all sympathy, it subsequently appeared that they were not guilty of this crime. Napoleon was violently embarrassed by this uncertainty of their guilt, and was not willing that they should be denounced as betrayers of the infant republic. "We believe," said he, "that they are guilty, but we do not know it. They must be acquitted for the crimes which they have committed, the massacres and the conspiracies already proved against them." The decree was passed. But Napoleon, strong in popularity, became so convinced of the powerlessness and insignificance of these Jacobins, that the decree was never enforced against them. They remained in France, but they were conscious that the eye of the police was upon them.

"It is not my own person," said Napoleon, "that I seek to avenge. My fortune, which has so often preserved me on the field of battle, will continue to preserve me. I think not of myself. I think of social order, which it is my mission to re-establish, and of the national honour, which it is my duty to purge from an abominable stain."

To the innumerable addresses of congratulation and adulation which this occurrence elicited, Napoleon replied: "I have been touched by the proofs of affection which the people of Paris have shown me on this occasion. I deserve them, for the only aim of my thoughts and of my actions is to augment the prosperity and the glory of France. While these handitti confined themselves to direct attacks upon me, I could leave to the laws the task of punishing them; but since they have endangered the population of the capital by a crime unexampled in history, the punishment must be equally speedy and terrible."

It was soon proved, much to the surprise of Napoleon, that the atrocious act was perpetrated by the partisans of the Bourbons. Many of the most prominent of the Royalists were implicated in this horrible conspiracy. Napoleon felt that he deserved their gratitude. He had interposed to save them from the fury of the Jacobins. Against the remonstrances of his friends, he had passed a decree which had restored one hundred and fifty thousand of these wandering emigrants to France. He had done everything in his power to enable them to regain their confiscated estates. He had been in all respects their friend and benefactor, and he would not believe, until the proof was indisputable, that they could thus requite him. The wily Fouché, however, dragged the whole matter into light. The prominent

conspirators were arrested and shot. The following letter, written by Josephine to the Minister of Police, strikingly illustrates the benevolence of her heart, and exhibits in a very honourable light the character of Napoleon:—

"While I yet tremble at the frightful event which has just occurred, I am distressed through fear of the punishment to be inflicted on the guilty, who belong, it is said, to families with whom I once lived in habits of intercourse. I shall be solicited by mothers, sisters, and disconsolate wives, and my heart will be broken through my inability to obtain all the mercy for which I would plead. I know that the clemency of the First Consul is great—his attachment to me extreme. The chief of the government has not been alone exposed; and it is that which will render him severe, inflexible. I conjure you, therefore, to do all in your power to prevent inquiries being pushed too far. Do not detect all those persons who have been accomplices in this odious transaction. Let not France, so long overwhelmed in consternation by public executions, groan anew beneath such inflictions. When the ringleaders of this nefarious attempt shall have been secured, let severity give place to pity for inferior agents, seduced, as they may have been, by dangerous falsehoods or exaggerated opinions. As a woman, a wife, and a mother, I must feel the heartrendings of those who will apply to me. Act, Citizen Minister, in such a way that the number of these may be lessened."

It seems almost miraculous that Napoleon should have escaped the innumerable conspiracies which at this time were formed against him. The partisans of the Bourbons thought that if Napoleon could be removed, the Bourbons might regain their throne. It was his resistless genius alone which enabled France to triumph over combined Europe. His death would leave France without a leader. The armies of the Allies could then, with bloody strides, march to Paris, and place the hated Bourbons on the throne. France knew this, and adored its preserver. Monarchical Europe knew this, and hence all the energies of its combined kings were centered upon Napoleon. More than thirty of these conspiracies were detected by the police.

London was the hot-house where they were engendered. Air-guns were aimed at Napoleon. Assassins dogged him with their poniards. A bomb-shell was invented, weighing about fifteen pounds, which was to be thrown in at his carriage-window, and which, exploding by its own concussion, would hurl death on every side. The conspirators were reckless of the lives of others, if they could only destroy the life of Napoleon. The agents of the infernal machine had the barbarity to get a young girl, fifteen years of age, to hold the horse who drew the machine. This was to disarm suspicion. The poor child was blown into such fragments that no part of her body, excepting her feet, could afterwards be found. At last Napoleon became aroused, and

declared that he would teach "these Bourbons that he was not a man to be shot at like a dog."

One day, at St. Helena, as he was putting on his flannel waistcoat, he observed Las Casas looking at him very steadily.

"Well! what is your *Excellency* thinking of?" said Napoleon, with a smile.

"Sire," Las Casas replied, "in a pamphlet which I lately read, I found it stated that your majesty was shielded by a coat-of-mail for the security of your person. I was thinking that I could hear positive evidence that, at St. Helena at least, all precautions for personal safety have been laid aside."

"This," said Napoleon, "is one of the thousand absurdities which have been published respecting me. But the story you have just mentioned is the more ridiculous, since every individual about me well knows how careless I am with regard to self-preservation. Accustomed from the age of eighteen to be exposed to the cannon-ball, and knowing the inutility of precautions, I abandoned myself to my fate. When I came to the head of affairs, I might still have fancied myself surrounded by the dangers of the field of battle, and I might have regarded the conspiracies which were formed against me as so many bomb-shells. But I followed my old course. I trusted to my lucky star, and left all precautions to the police. I was, perhaps, the only sovereign in Europe who dispensed with a body-guard. Every one could freely approach me without having, as it were, to pass through military barracks."

"Maria Louisa was much astonished to see me so poorly guarded, and she often remarked that her father was surrounded by bayonets. For my part, I had no better defence at the Tuileries than I have here. I do not even know where to find my sword," said he, looking round the room; "do you see it? I have, to be sure, incurred great dangers. Upwards of thirty plots were formed against me. These have been proved by authentic testimony, without mentioning many which never came to light. Some sovereigns invent conspiracies against themselves; for my part, I made it a rule carefully to conceal them whenever I could. The crisis most serious to me was during the interval from the battle of Marengo to the attempt of George Cadoudal and the affair of the Duke d'Enghien."

Napoleon now, with his accustomed vigour, took hold of the robbers, and made short work with them. The insurgent armies of La Vendée, numbering more than one hundred thousand men, and filled with adventurers and desperadoes of every kind, were disbanded when their chiefs yielded homage to Napoleon. Many of these men, accustomed to banditti warfare, took to the highways. The roads were so infested by them that travelling became exceedingly perilous, and it was necessary that every stage coach which left Paris should be accompanied by a guard of armed soldiers. To remedy a state of society thus convulsed to its very centre, special tri-

bunals were organized, consisting of eight justices. They were to take cognizance of all such crimes as conspiracies, robberies, and acts of violence of any kind.

The armed bands of Napoleon swept over France like a whirlwind. The robbers were seized, tried, and shot without delay. Order was at once restored. The people thought not of the dangerous power they were placing in the hands of the First Consul; they asked only for a commander who was able and willing to quell the tumult of the times. Such a commander they found in Napoleon. They were more than willing to confer upon him all the power he could desire. "You know what is best for us," said the people to Napoleon. "Direct us what to do, and we will do it." It was thus that absolute power came voluntarily into his hands. Under the circumstances, it was so natural that it can excite no surprise. He was called First Consul; but he already swayed a sceptre more mighty than that of the Cæsars.

But sixteen months had now elapsed since Napoleon landed at Fréjus. In that time he had attained the throne of France. He had caused order and prosperity to emerge from the chaos of revolution. By his magnanimity he had disarmed Russia, by his armies had humbled Austria, and had compelled Continental Europe to accept an honourable peace. He merited the gratitude of his countrymen, and he received it in overflowing measure. Through all these incidents, so eventful and so full of difficulty, it is not easy to point to a single act of Napoleon which indicates a malicious or an ungenerous spirit.

"I fear nothing," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "for my renown. Posterity will do me justice. It will compare the good which I have done with the faults which I have committed. If I had succeeded, I should have died with the reputation of being the greatest man who ever existed. From being nothing, I became, by my own exertions, the most powerful monarch of the universe, without committing any crime. My ambition was great, but it rested on the opinion of the masses. I have always thought that sovereignty resides in the people. The empire, as I had organized it, was but a great republic. Called to the throne by the voice of the people, my maxim has always been, a career open to talent without distinction of birth. It is for this system of equality that the European oligarchy detests me. And yet, in England, talent and great services raise a man to the highest rank. England should have understood me."

"The French Revolution," said Napoleon, "was a general movement of the mass of the nation against the privileged classes. The masses were exempt from the burdens of the nation, and yet exclusively occupied all the posts of honour and emolument. The Revolution destroyed these exclusive privileges, and established equality of rights. All the avenues to power and greatness were equally open to every citizen, according to his talents. The French nation

restored the imperial throne, and placed me upon it. The throne of France was granted before to Hugh Capet, by a few bishops and nobles. The imperial throne was given to me by the desire of the people."

Lucien also was employed in various ways, and the whole family were taken under the protection of the First Consul. At St. Helena, Napoleon uttered the following graphic and truthful eulogium upon his brothers and sisters:—"What family, in similar circumstances, would have acted better? Every one is not qualified to be a statesman. That requires a combination of powers which does not often fall to the lot of any one. In this respect all my brothers were singularly situated; they possessed at once too much and too little talent. They felt themselves too strong to resign themselves blindly to a guiding councillor, and yet too weak to be left entirely to themselves. But take them all in all, I have certainly good reason to be proud of my family. Joseph would have been an honour to society in any country, and Lucien would have been an honour to any assembly. As he advanced in life, would have every qualification requisite in a sovereign. Louis would have been distinguished in any rank or condition of life. My sister Eliza was endowed with masculine power of mind; she must have proved herself a philosopher in her adverse fortune. Caroline possessed great talents and capacity. Pauline, perhaps the most beautiful woman of her age, has been, and will continue to the end of her life, the most amiable creature in the world. As to my mother, she deserves all kinds of veneration. How seldom is so numerous a family entitled to so much praise. Add to this that, setting aside the jarring of political opinions, we sincerely loved each other. For my part, I never ceased to cherish fraternal affection for them all; and I am convinced that in their hearts they felt the same sentiments towards me, and that, in case of need, I have given me every proof of it."

The proud old nobility, whom Napoleon had restored to France, and upon many of whom he had conferred their confiscated estates, manifested no gratitude towards their benefactor. They were sighing for the re-enthronement of the Bourbons, and for the return of the good old times, when all the offices of emolument and honour were reserved for them and their children, and the people were but their hewers of wood and drawers of water. In the morning, as they would crowd the audience-chamber of the First Consul with their petitions. In the evening they disdained to honour his levees with their presence. They spoke contemptuously of Josephine, of her kindness, and her desire to conciliate all parties. They condemned everything that Napoleon did. He, however, paid no heed to their murmurings. He would not condescend even to punish them by neglect. In that most lofty pride which induced him to

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bunals were organized, consisting of eight jobs. They were to take cognizance of all such crimes as conspiracies, robberies, and acts of violence of any kind.

The armed bands of Napoleon swept over France like a whirlwind. The robbers were seized, tried, and shot without delay. Order was at once restored. The people thought not of the dangerous power they were placing in the hands of the First Consul; they asked only for a commander who was able and willing to quell the tumult of the times. Such a commander they found in Napoleon. They were more willing to confer upon him all the power he could desire. "You know what is best for us," said the people to Napoleon. "Direct us what to do, and we will do it." It was thus that absolute power came voluntarily into his hands. Under the circumstances, it was so natural that it can excite no surprise. He was called First Consul; but he already swayed a sceptre more mighty than that of the Cæsars.

But sixteen months had now elapsed since Napoleon landed at Fréjus. In that time he had attained the throne of France. He had caused order and prosperity to emerge from the chaos of revolution. By his magnanimity he had disarmed Russia, by his armies had humbled and had compelled Continental Europe to accept an honourable peace. He merited the gratitude of his countrymen, and he received it in overflowing measure. Through all these incidents, so eventful and so full of difficulty, it is not easy to point to a single act of Napoleon which indicates a malicious or an

"I fear nothing," said Napoleon at St. "for my renown. Posterity will do me justice. It will compare the good which I have done with the faults which I have committed. If I had succeeded, I should have died with the reputation of being the greatest man who ever existed. From being nothing, I became, by my own, the most powerful monarch of the without committing any crime. My ambition was great, but it rested on the opinion of the masses. I have always thought that sovereignty resides in the people. The empire, as I had organized it, was but a great republic. Called to the throne by the voice of the people, my maxim has always been, a career open to talent without distinction of birth. It is for this system of equality that the European oligarchy detests me. And yet, in England, talent and great services raise a man to the highest rank. England should have understood me."

"The French Revolution," said Napoleon, "was a general movement of the masses of the nation against the privileged classes. The nobles were exempt from the burdens of the state, and yet exclusively occupied all the posts of honour and emolument. The Revolution destroyed these exclusive privileges, and established equality of rights. All the avenues to wealth and greatness were equally open to every citizen according to his talents. The French

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should die or abdicate. The unaccommodating old duke refused to do either.

Napoleon, desirous of producing a moral impression in Paris, was anxious to crown them. He therefore allowed the old duke to retain Parma until his death, that his son might be placed upon the throne of Etruria. He wished to exhibit the spectacle, in the regicidal metropolis of France, of a king created and enthroned by France. Thus he hoped to diminish the antipathy to kings, and to prepare the way for that restoration of the monarchical power which he contemplated. He would also thus conciliate monarchical Europe, by proving that he had no design of overthrowing every kingly throne. It was, indeed, adroitly done. He required, therefore, the youthful prince to come to Paris to accept the crown from his hands, as in ancient Rome vassal monarchs received the sceptre from the *Cæsars*. The young candidates for monarchy left Madrid and repaired to the Tuilleries, to be placed upon the throne by the First Consul. This measure had two aspects, each exceedingly striking. It frowned upon the hostility of the *émigrés* to royalty, and it silenced the clamour against France as seeking to spread democracy over the ruins of all thrones. It also proudly said, in tones which must have been excessively annoying to the haughty legitimists of Europe, "You kings must be childlike and humble. You see that I can create such beings as you are."

Napoleon, conscious that his glory elevated him far above the ancient dynasty whose station he occupied, was happy to receive the young princes with pomp and splendour. The versatile *Variations*, ever delighted with novelty, forgot the twelve years of bloody revolutions which had overturned so many thrones, and, recognising in this strange spectacle the fruits of their victories and the triumph of their cause, shouted most enthusiastically, "Long live the King!" The Royalists, on the other hand, chagrined and aulien, answered passionately, "Down with Strangle reverse! yet how natural! Each party must have been surprised and bewildered at its own novel position.

In up the etiquette of this visit, it was he young princes should call si Napoleon, and that he should return their call the next day. The First Consul, at the head of his brilliant military staff, received the young monarch with paternal tenderness and with the most delicate attentions, yet with the universally recognised superiorities of power and glory. The princes were entertained at the magnificent chateau of Talleyrand, at Neuilly, with brilliant festivals and illuminations. For a month the capital presented a scene of gorgeous *fetes*. Napoleon, too entirely engrossed with the cares of empire to devote much time to these amusements, assigned the entertainment of his to his ministers. Nevertheless, he endeavored to give advice to the young couple about to reign over Etruria. He was much struck with the of the Prince, no sense of responsibility, and was

entirely devoted to trivial pleasures. He was exceedingly interested in the mysteries of cotillions, of leap-frog, and of hide-and-go-seek, and was ever thus trifling with the courtiers.

Napoleon saw that he was perfectly incapable of governing, and said to one of his ministers, "You perceive that they are princes descended from an ancient line. How can the reins of government be intrusted to such hands? But it was well to show to France this specimen of the Bourbons. She can judge if these ancient dynasties are equal to the difficulties of an age like ours." As the young king left Paris for his dominions, Napoleon remarked to a friend, "Rome need not be uneasy. There is no danger of his crossing the Rubicon." Napoleon sent one of his generals to Etruria with the royal pair, ostensibly as the minister of France, but in reality as the viceroy of the First Consul. The feeble monarch desired only the rank and splendour of a king, and was glad to be released from the cares of empire. Of all the proud acts performed by Napoleon during his extraordinary career, this creation of the Etrurian king, when viewed in all its aspects, was, perhaps, the proudest.

Madame de Montesson had become the guilty paramour of the Duke of Orleans, grandfather of Louis Philippe. She was not at all ashamed of this relation, which was sanctioned by the licentiousness of the times. Proud even of this alliance with a prince of the blood, she fancied that it was her privilege, as the only relative of the royal line then in Paris, to pay to the King and Queen of Etruria such honours as they might be gratified in receiving from the remains of the old court society. She therefore made a brilliant party, inviting all the returned emigrants of illustrious birth. She even had the boldness to invite the family of the First Consul and the distinguished persons of his suite. The invitation was concealed from Napoleon, as his determination to frown upon all immorality was well known. The next morning Napoleon heard of the occurrence, and severely reprimanded those of his suite who had attended the party, dwelling with great warmth upon the impropriety of countenancing vice in high places. Savary, who attended the party and shared in the reprimand, says that Madame de Montesson would have been severely punished had it not been for the intervention of Josephine, who was ever ready to plead for mercy.

Napoleon, having made peace with Continental Europe, now turned his attention earnestly to England, that he might compel that unrelenting antagonist to lay down her arms. "France," said he, "will not reap all the blessings of a pacification until she shall have a peace with England. But a sort of delirium has seized on that government, which now holds nothing sacred. Its conduct is unjust, not only to the French people, but towards all the powers of the Continent; and when governments are not just, their authority is short-lived. Powers must

to fall back into the track of moderation, of equity, and of reason."

Notwithstanding this state of hostilities, it is pleasant to witness the interchange of the courtesy of letters. Early in January of 1801, Napoleon sent some very valuable works, magnificently bound, as a present to the Royal Society of London. A complimentary letter signed BONAPARTE, *President of the National Institute, and First Consul of France*. As a significant intimation of his principles, there was on the letter a finely-executed vignette, representing Liberty sailing on the ocean in an open shell, with the following motto:—

"LIBERTY OF THE SEAS."

England claimed the right of visiting and searching merchant ships, to whatever nation belonging, whatever the cargoes, wherever the destination. For any resistance of this right, she enforced the penalty of the confiscation of both ship and cargo. She asserted that nothing was necessary to constitute a blockade but to announce the fact, and to station a vessel to before a blockaded port. Thus all the world were forbidden by England to approach a port of France. The English government contended that these principles were in accordance with the established regulations of maritime law. The neutral powers, on the other hand, affirmed that these demands were a usurpation on the part of England, founded on power, and not on the usages of nations or by the principles of maritime jurisprudence. "Free ships," said they, "make free goods. The flag covers the merchandise. A port is to be considered blockaded only when such a force is stationed at its mouth as renders it dangerous to enter."

Under these circumstances, it was not very difficult for Napoleon to turn the arms of the world against his most powerful foe. England had allied all the powers of the world against France; now Napoleon combined them all in friendly alliance with him, and directed their energies against his unyielding and un intimidated assailant. England was mistress of the seas. Upon that element she was more powerful than all Europe united. It was one great object of the British ministry to prevent any European Power from becoming the maritime rival of England. Napoleon, as he cast his eye over his magnificent empire of forty millions of inhabitants, and surveyed his invincible armies, was excessively annoyed that the fifteen millions of people crowded into the little island of England should have undisputed dominion over the whole wide world of waters.

The English have ever been respected above all other nations for wealth, power, courage, intelligence, and all stern virtues, but they never have been beloved. The English nation is at the present moment the most powerful, the most respected, and the most unpopular upon the surface of the globe. Providence deals in compensation.

It is perhaps unreasonable to

that all the virtues should be centred in one people. "When," said Napoleon, "will the French exchange their vanity for a little pride?" It may be rejoined, "When will the English lay aside their pride for a little vanity—that perhaps more ignoble, but certainly better-natured fault?"

abandoned by all her allies, continued the war, apparently because her pride revolted at being compared into a peace. And, in truth, England had not been vanquished at all. Her fleets were triumphant. The blows of Napoleon fell with such terrible

floating batteries. Napoleon overran the land. The genius of Pitt the sea. The commerce of France annihilated. The English navy, in the destitution of nobler game, even pursued French fishermen, and took away and their cod. The verdict of history will boldly pronounce that this was at least magnificent rapacity than to despoil regal and ducal galleries of the statues of Phidias and cartoons of Raphael.

England declared France to be in a state of blockade, and forbade all the rest of the world from having any commercial intercourse with her. Her invincible fleet swept all seas. Whenever an English frigate encountered any merchant ship, belonging to whatever nation, a shot was fired across her bows as a very emphatic command to stop. If the command was unheeded, a broadside followed, and the peaceful merchantman became lawful prize. If the vessel stopped, a boat was launched from the frigate, a young lieutenant ascended the sides of the merchantman, demanded of the captain the papers, and searched the ship. If he found on board any goods which he judged to belong to France, he took them away. If he could find any good which he could consider as munitions of war, and which, in his judgment, the ship was conveying to France, the merchantman, with all its crew, was confiscated. Young lieutenants in the navy are not particular for waiting many hours in compliments. They were often overbearing and insolent. England contended that these laws were the established principles of maritime law.

All the nations of Europe, now at peace with France, excessively annoyed at this right of search, which was rigorously enforced, declared it to be an intolerable usurpation on the part of England. Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, France, and Spain united in a great confederacy to resist these demands of the proud monarch of the seas. The genius of Napoleon formed this grand coalition. Paul of Russia was now a most enthusiastic admirer of the English, entered into it with all his soul. England soon found herself single-handed in the world in arms. With sublime energy, she collected their strength for the conflict. Murmurs, however, and remonstrances, The

opposition roused itself to new vigour. The government, in the prosecution of this war, had already involved the nation in a debt of millions upon millions. But the pride of the English government was aroused. "What! make peace upon compulsion!" England was conscious of her maritime power, and feared not the hostility of the world, and the world presented a wide field from which to collect remuneration for her

She swept the ocean triumphantly. The colonies of the Allies dropped into her hands like fruit from the overlaiden bough. Immediately upon the formation of this confederacy, England issued an embargo upon every vessel belonging to the allied powers, and also orders were issued for the immediate capture of any merchant vessels belonging to these powers, wherever they could be found. The ocean instantly swarmed with English privateersmen. Her navy was active everywhere. There had been no proclamation of war issued. The merchants of Europe were entirely unsuspecting of any such calamity. Their ships were all exposed. By thousands they were swept into the ports of England. More than half of the ships belonging to the northern powers then at sea were captured.

Russia, Denmark, and Sweden had a large armament in the Baltic. A powerful English fleet was sent for its destruction. The terrible energies of Nelson, so resplendent at Aboukir, were still more striking at Copenhagen. A terrific conflict ensued. The capital of Denmark was filled with weeping and woe, for thousands of her noble sons, the young and the joyous, were weltering in blood.

"I have been," said Nelson, "in above a hundred engagements, but that of Copenhagen was the most terrible of them all."

In the midst of this terrific cannonade, Nelson was rapidly walking the quarter-deck, which was slippery with blood and covered with the dead, who could not be removed as fast as they fell. A heavy shot struck the mainmast, scattering the splinters in every direction. He looked upon the devastation around him, and, sternly smiling, said, "This is warm work, and this day may be the last to any of us in a moment. But mark me, I would not be elsewhere for thousands." This was heroic, but it was not noble. It was the love of war, not the love of humanity. It was the spirit of an Indian chieftain, not the spirit of a Christian Washington.

The commander-in-chief of the squadron, seeing the appalling carnage, hung out the signal for discontinuing the action. Nelson was for a moment deeply agitated, and then exclaimed to a companion, "I have but one eye. I have a right to be blind sometimes." Then, putting the glass to his blind eye, he said, "I really don't see the signal. Keep mine for closer battle still flying. That is the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast!"

The human mind is so constituted that it must heroism. That sentiment is implanted

in every generous breast for some good purpose. Welmoes, a gallant young Dane, but seventeen years of age, stationed himself on a small raft, carrying six guns with twenty-four men directly under the bows of Nelson's ship. The unprotected raft was swept by an incessant storm of bullets from the English marines. Knee-deep in the dead, this fearless stripling continued to keep up his fire to the close of the conflict. Next day, Nelson met him at a repast at the palace. Admiring the gallantry of his youthful enemy, he embraced him with enthusiasm, exclaiming to the Crown Prince, "He deserves to be made an admiral." "Were I to make all my brave officers admirals," replied the prince, "I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service."

By this battle the power of the confederacy was broken. At the same time, the Emperor Paul was assassinated in his palace by his nobles, and Alexander, his son, ascended the throne. When Napoleon heard of the death of Paul, it is said that he gave utterance, for the first time in his life, to that irreverent expression, "*Mon Dieu!*" (*My God!*) which is ever upon the lips of every Frenchman. He regarded his death as a great calamity to France and to the world. The eccentricities of the Emperor amounted almost to madness. But his enthusiastic admiration for Napoleon united France and Russia in a close alliance.

The nobles of Russia were much displeased with the democratic equality which Napoleon was sustaining in France. They plotted the destruction of the king, and raised Alexander to the throne, pledged to a different policy. The young monarch immediately withdrew from the maritime confederacy, and entered into a treaty of peace with England. These events, apparently so disastrous to the interests of France, were, on the contrary, highly conducive to the termination of the war. The English people, weary of the interminable strife, and disgusted with the oceans of blood which had been shed, more and more clamorously demanded peace. And England could now make peace without the mortification of her pride.

Napoleon was extremely vigilant in sending succour to the army in Egypt. He deemed it essential, in order to promote the maritime greatness of France, that Egypt should be retained as a colony. His pride was also enlisted in proving to the world that he had not transported forty-six thousand soldiers to Egypt in vain. Vessels of every description, ships of war, merchantmen, despatch-boats, sailed almost daily from the ports of Holland, France, Spain, Italy, and even from the coast of Barbary, laden with provisions, European goods, wines, munitions of war, and each taking a file of French newspapers. Many of these vessels were captured. Others, however, escaped the vigilance of the cruisers, and gave to the colony most gratifying proof of the interest which the First Consul took in its welfare. While Napoleon was thus daily endeavouring to send partial relief to the army in Egypt, he was, at the same time, preparing a

vast expedition to convey thither a powerful reinforcement of troops and materials of war.

Napoleon assembled this squadron at Brest, ostensibly destined for St. Domingo. He selected seven of the fastest sailing ships, placed on board of them five thousand men, and an ample supply of those stores most needed in Egypt. He ordered that each vessel should contain a complete assortment of every individual article prepared for the colony, so that, in the event of one vessel being captured, the colony would not be destitute of the precise article which that vessel might otherwise have contained. He also, in several other places, formed similar expeditions; hoping thus to distract the attention of England, and compel her to divide her forces to guard all exposed points. Taking advantage of this confusion, he was almost certain that some of the vessels would reach Egypt. The plan would have been triumphantly successful, as subsequent events proved, had the naval commanders obeyed the instructions of Napoleon.

A curious instance now occurred of what may be called the despotism of the First Consul. And yet it is not strange that the French people should, under the peculiar circumstances, have respected and loved such despotism. The following order was issued to the Minister of

"Citizen Minister,—Have the goodness to short circular to the editors of the

calculated to afford the enemy the slightest clue to the different movements which are taking place in our squadrons, unless the intelligence be derived from the official journal."

Napoleon had previously, through the regularly constituted tribunals, suppressed all the journals in Paris but fourteen. The world has often wondered how France so readily yielded to the despotism of Napoleon. It was because the French were convinced that dictatorial power was essential to the successful prosecution of the war, and that each act of Napoleon was dictated by the most wise and sincere patriotism. They were willing to sacrifice the liberty of the press, that they might obtain victory over their enemies.

The condition of England was now truly alarming. Nearly all the civilized world was in arms against her. Her harvests had been cut off, and a frightful famine ravaged the land. The starving people were rising in different parts of the kingdom, pillaging the magnificent country seats of the English aristocracy, and sweeping in riotous mobs through the cities. The masses

ties—that he had burdened the nation with an enormous debt and with insupportable taxes—that by refusing peace with France he had drawn all the Continental Powers into hostility with England, and thus had deprived the people of that food from the Continent which was now in-

dispensable for the support of life. The opinion, seeing the power of Pitt shaken, redoubled their blows. Fox, Thurnay, Grey, Sheridan, and all

of the opposition said the "diffy" with which when he first came out to office when it was after that

association, who h, with the fact that of E. and with the city of "France," said they, "at peace with Europe." she appears to have been, when, according to the most extraordinary and all her victories." With bitter irony they exclaimed, "What have you now to say of this young Bonaparte, of this rich youth, who according to the ministerial language, was only deemed to enjoy a brief existence like his predecessors, so ephemeral that it did not entitle him to be treated with?"

Pitt was disconcerted by the number of his enemies and by the clamours of a foolish people. His proud spirit revolted at the of his course. He could only his t, that if he had not nu against revolutionary also have been revo

in arms. "As to the demand of the neutral powers," said he, "we must envelop ourselves in our flag, and protect our vessels on the ship, rather than admit the liberty of such principles in the waters of our ports."

Thus Pitt offered to his numerical majority in the Parliament, the masses of the people were turning with great power against him, and he felt that his position was materially weakened. Under these circumstances, Pitt, idolized by the aristocracy, exasperated by the democracy, took occasion to send in his resignation. The impression seemed to be universal, that the day had been reached, perceiving that

that it might be brought about rather than by himself. He caused himself, however, to be succeeded by Mr. Addington, a man of no distinguished note, but entirely under his influence. The feeble intellect of the King of England, though he was one of the most worthy and conscientious of men, was unequal to political storms. A renewed attack of incapacitated him for the functions. Mr. Pitt, who had been Prime Minister

George III., and Mr.

this

Napoleon now announced to the world his determination to struggle hand to hand with England until he had compelled the government to

of the naval superiority of his foes, he avowed his resolve to cross the Channel with a powerful army, march directly upon London, and thus compel the cabinet of St. James to make peace. It was a desperate enterprise; so desperate that, to the present day, it is doubted whether Napoleon ever seriously contemplated carrying it into effect. It was, however, the only measure Napoleon could now adopt. The naval superiority of England was so undeniable, that a maritime war was hopeless. Nelson, in command of the fleet of the Channel, would not allow even a fishing-boat to creep out from a French cove. Napoleon was very desirous of securing in his favour the popular opinion of the people of England and the sympathies of the whole European public.

He prepared with his own hand many articles for the *Moniteur*, which were models of eloquent and urgent polemics, and which elicited admiration from readers in all countries. He wrote in the most respectful and complimentary terms of the new English ministry, representing them as intelligent, upright, and well-intentioned men. He endeavoured to assure Europe of the unambitious desires of France, and contrasted her readiness to relinquish the conquests which she had made with the eager grasp with which the English held their enormous acquisitions in India and in the islands of the sea. With the utmost delicacy, to avoid offending the pride of Britain, he affirmed that a descent upon England would be his last resource; that he fully appreciated the bravery and the power of the English, and the desperate risks which he should encounter in such an undertaking; but he declared that there was no other alternative left to him, and that, if the English ministers were resolved that the war should not be brought to a close but by the destruction of one of the two nations, there was not a Frenchman who would not make the most desperate efforts to terminate this cruel quarrel to the glory of France.

"But why," exclaimed he, in words singularly glowing and beautiful, but of melancholy import, "why place the question on this last resort? Wherefore not put an end to the sufferings of humanity? Wherefore risk in this manner the lot of two great nations? Happy are nations when, having arrived at high prosperity, they have wise governments, which care not to expose advantages so vast to the caprices and vicissitudes of a single stroke of fortune."

These most impressive papers, from the pen of the First Consul, remarkable for their vigorous logic and impassioned eloquence, produced a deep impression upon all minds. This conciliatory language was accompanied by the most serious demonstrations of force upon the shores of the Channel. One hundred thousand men were upon the coasts of France, in the vicinity of Boulogne, preparing for the threatened invasion. Boats without number were collected to transport the troops across the narrow channel. It was asserted that, by taking advantage of a propitious moment immediately after a storm had

scattered the English fleet, France could concentrate such a force as to obtain a temporary command of the Channel, and the strait could be crossed by the invaders. England was aroused thoroughly, but not alarmed. The militia was disciplined, the whole island converted into a camp. Waggon were constructed for the transportation of troops to any threatened point. It is important that the reader should distinguish this threat of invasion in 1801 from that far more powerful naval and military organization executed for the same purpose in 1804, and known under the name of the Camp of Boulogne.

Not a little uneasiness was felt in England respecting the temporary success of the great conqueror. Famine raged throughout the island. Business was at a stand. The taxes were enormous. Ireland was on the eve of revolt. The mass of the English people admired the character of Napoleon; and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the government, regarded him as the foe of aristocracy and the friend of popular rights. Nelson, with an invincible armament, was triumphantly sweeping the Channel, and a French gun-boat could not creep round a headland without encountering the vigilance of the energetic hero. Napoleon, in escaping from Egypt, had caught Nelson napping in a lady's lap. The greatest admirers of the naval hero could not but smile, half-pleased that under the guilty circumstances, he had met with the misadventure. He was anxious, by a stroke of romantic heroism, to obliterate this impression from the public mind. The vast flotilla of France, most thoroughly manned and armed under the eye of Napoleon, was anchored at Boulogne, in three divisions, in a line parallel to the shore. Just before the break of day on the 4th of August, the fleet of Nelson, in magnificent array, approached the French flotilla, and for sixteen hours rained down upon it a tornado of balls and shells. The gun-boats were, however, chained to one another and to the shore. He did not succeed in taking a single boat, and retired mortified at his discomfiture, and threatening to return in a few days to take revenge. The French were exceedingly elated that, in a naval conflict, they had avoided defeat. As they stood there merely upon self-defence, victory was out of the question.

The re-appearance of Nelson was consequently daily expected, and the French, emboldened by success, prepared to give him a warm reception. Twelve days after, on the 16th of August, Nelson again appeared with a vastly increased force. In the darkness of the night he filled his boats with picked men, to undertake one of the most desperate enterprises on record. In four divisions, with muffled oars, this forlorn hope, in the silence of midnight, approached the French flotilla. The butchery, with swords, hatchets, bayonets, bullets, and hand grenades, was hideous. Both parties fought with perfect fury. No man seemed to have the slightest regard for limb or life. England was fighting for she knew not what. The French were contending in self-defence. For four long hours of

in his armies were rank infidels, regarding every form of religion with contempt. The religious element, by nature, predominated in the bosom of Napoleon. He was constitutionally serious, thoughtful, pensive. A profound melancholy ever overshadowed his reflective spirit. His inquisitive mind pondered the mysteries of the past and the uncertainties of the future. Educated in a wild country, where the peasantry were imbued with religious feelings, and having been trained by a pious mother, whose venerable character he never ceased to adore, the sight of the hallowed rites of religion revived in his sensitive and exalted imagination the deepest impressions of his childhood.

He had carefully studied, on his return from Egypt, the New Testament, and appreciated and profoundly admired its beautiful morality. He often conversed with Monge, Lagrange, Laplace, sages whom he honoured and loved, and he frequently embarrassed them in their incredulity by the logical clearness of his arguments. The *philosophy* of Voltaire, and the corruptions of sin, had rendered the purity of the unpalatable to France. Talleyrand, by the remembrance of his own bitterly opposed what he called "the peace." Nearly all the supporters and of the First Consul condemned every effort to bring back that which they denominated the reign of superstition. Napoleon honestly believed that the interests of France demanded that God should be recognised and Christianity respected by the French nation.

"Hear me," said Napoleon one day earnestly to Monge. "I do not maintain these opinions through the positiveness of a devotee, but from reason. My religion is very simple. I look at this universe, so vast, so complex, so magnificent, and I say to myself that it cannot be the result of chance, but the work, however inferior of an unknown, omnipotent being, as to man as the universe is superior to the finest machines of human invention. Search the philosophers, and you will not find a more decisive argument, and you cannot weaken it. But this truth is too succint for man. He wishes to know, respecting himself and respecting his future destiny, a crowd of secrets which the universe does not disclose. Allow religion to inform him of that which he feels the need of knowing, and respect her disclosures."

One day, when this matter was under earnest discussion in the Council of State, Napoleon said, "Last evening I was walking alone in the woods, amid the solitude of nature. The tones of a distant church bell fell upon my ear. Involun-

I felt deep emotion, so powerful is the of early habits and associations. I if I feel thus, what must be the of such impressions on the popular Let your philosophers answer that, if they can. It is absolutely indispensable to have a religion for the people. It will be said that I am a Papist. I am not. I am a part of France would become

I to favour that disposition. I am that the much greater portion would continue Catholic, and that they would oppose, with the greatest zeal, the division among their fellow-citizens. We should then have the Huguenot war over again, and interminable conflicts. But by reviving a religion which has always prevailed in the country, and by giving perfect liberty of conscience to the minority, all will be satisfied."

"The sound of a bell," says Bourrienne, "produced an effect upon Napoleon which I could never explain. He listened to it with delight. When we were at Malindon, and were walking in the road which led to Ruel, how many times has the sound of the bell of the village church interrupted the most serious conversation. He would instantly stop, that the of our steps might not cause him to lose one of those distant notes which charmed him. He was vexed with me because I did not notice the same impressions. The effect upon him was so great that his voice trembled with emotion, and he said to me, 'That recalls the first years which I passed at Brienne. I was then happy.' I have been twenty times witness to which the sound of a bell had

What renders me most hostile to the establishment of the Catholic worship are the numerous festivals formerly observed. A saint's day is a day of idleness, and I do not wish for that. People must labour in order to live. I shall consent to four holidays during the year, but to no more. If the gentlemen from Rome are not satisfied with that, they may take their departure." The loss of time appeared to him such a calamity, that he almost invariably appointed any celebration upon some day upon

The new pontiff was attracted to Napoleon by the secret charm of mutual sympathy. They met, as we have before remarked, during the wars of Italy. Pius VII., then the Bishop of Imola, was surprised and delighted in finding in the young republican general, whose fame was filling Europe, a man of refinement, of exalted genius, of religion, of serious character, of unpurity of life, and of delicate sensibility.

his soldiers, and respecting the temples of religion. With classic purity and eloquence he spoke the Italian language. The dignity and decorum of his manners, and his love of order, I with the rank

the ferocious soldiers with The impression the heart of the pontiff was never and generosity are always polished he must indeed be influenced by an ignorance hence infers that every is dictated by policy. A legate was sent the Pope to Paris. "Let the holy father Napoleon, put the utmost confidence in me. Let him cast himself into my arms, and I will be for the Church another Charlemagne."

RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

Napoleon had collected for himself a library of well-chosen books relating to the organization and the history of the Church, and to the relations of Church and State. He had ordered the Latin writings of Bossuet to be translated for him. These works he had devoured in those short intervals which he could glean from the cares of government. His genius enabled him at a glance to master the argument of an author, to detect any existing sophistry. His memory, almost miraculously retentive, and the philosophical cast of his mind, gave him at all times the perfect command of these treasures of knowledge. He astonished the world by the accuracy, extent, and variety of his information upon all points of religion.

It was his custom, when deeply interested in any subject, to discuss it with all persons from whom he could obtain information. With clear, decisive, and cogent arguments, he advocated his own views, and refuted the erroneous systems successively proposed to him. It was urged upon Napoleon that, if he must have a church, he should establish a French church, independent of that of Rome. The poetic element was too strong in the character of Napoleon for such a thought.

"What!" he exclaimed, "shall I, a warrior, wearing sword and spurs, and doing battle, attempt to become the head of a Church, and to regulate Church discipline and doctrine? I wish to be the pacificator of France and of the world, and shall I become the originator of a new schism, a little more absurd and not less dangerous than the preceding ones? I must have a Pope, and a Pope who will approximate men's minds to each other instead of creating divisions; who will reunite them, and give them to the government sprung from the Revolution as a price for the protection that he shall have obtained from it. For this purpose I must have the true Pope, the Catholic, apostolic, and Roman Pope, whose seat is at the Vatican. With the French armies and some difference, I shall always be sufficiently his master. When I shall raise up the altars again, when I shall protect the priests, when I shall feed them, and treat them as ministers of religion deserve to be treated in every country, he will do what I ask of him, through the interest he will have in the general tranquillity. He will calm men's minds, reunite them under his hand, and place them under mine. Short of this there is only a continuation and an aggravation of the desolating schism which is preying on us, and for me an immense and indelible ridicule."

The Pope's legate most strenuously urged some of the most arrogant and exclusive assumptions of the Papal Church.

"The French people must be allured back to religion," said Napoleon, "not shocked. To declare the Catholic religion the religion of the State is impossible. It is contrary to the ideas prevalent in France, and will never be admitted. In place of this declaration, we can only substitute the avowal of the fact that the Catholic

religion is the religion of the majority of Frenchmen. But there must be perfect freedom of opinion. The amalgamation of wise and honest men of all parties is the principle of my government. I must apply that principle to the Church as well as to the State. It is the only way of putting an end to the troubles of France, and I shall persist in it undeviatingly."

The question of the re-establishment of Christianity was very earnestly discussed in the Council of State. To the objections which were urged, Napoleon replied, "You are deceived. The clergy exists, and ever will exist. They will exist as long as the people are imbued with a religious spirit, and that disposition is permanent in the human heart. We have seen republics and democracies. History has many examples of such governments to exhibit, but none of a State without established worship, without religion, and without priests. Is it not better to organize the public worship and discipline the priests than to leave both entirely emancipated from the control of the State? At present, the clergy openly preach against the Republic, because they experience no benefit from it. Should we transport them? Unquestionably not! for what alone constitutes their authority in the wreck of their fortunes is the fidelity with which they adhere to the church of their fathers, and that will be increased rather than diminished by all the sufferings they undergo. You may send into exile the English or the Austrians, for they are bound by no ties to our country; but the French, who have families here, and are guilty of no offence but an adherence to their religious opinions, must be treated differently. You cannot extinguish their opinions. You must, therefore, attach them to the Republic. If the Protestant faith is proclaimed, one half the country will adopt that creed, and the other half remain Catholic. We shall have the Huguenot wars over again, and interminable divisions. We have nothing to take from the clergy, and as little to ask from them. The affair is entirely a political matter, and the line I have adopted appears the safest that could have been chosen."

The numbers were—

	For.	Against.
Tribunate	78	7
Legislative body	228	21
	306	28

Napoleon was overjoyed at the prospect not only of a general peace with Europe, but of religious peace in France. In all the rural districts, the inhabitants longed for their churches and their pastors, and for the rites of religion. In the time of the Directory, a famous wooden image of the Virgin had been taken from the church at Loretto, and was deposited in one of the museums of Paris as a curiosity. The sincere Catholics were deeply wounded and irritated by this act, which to them appeared so sacrilegious. Great joy was caused both in France and Italy when Napoleon sent a courier to the Pope restoring this statue, which was regarded with

very peculiar veneration. The same ambassador carried the terms of agreement for peace with the Church. This religious treaty with Rome was called "The Concordat." The Pope, in secular power, was helpless. Napoleon could, at any moment, pour a resistless swarm of troops into his territories.

As the French ambassador left the Tuileries, he asked the First Consul for his instructions.

"Treat the Pope," said Napoleon magnanimously, "as if he had two hundred thousand men."

The difficulties in the way of an agreement were innumerable. The army of France was thoroughly infidel. Most of the leading generals and statesmen who surrounded Napoleon contemplated Christianity in every aspect with hatred and scorn. On the other hand, the Catholic Church, uninstructed by misfortune, was not disposed to abate in the least its arrogant demands, and was clamorous for concessions which even Napoleon had not power to confer. It required all the wisdom, forbearance, and tact of the First Consul to accomplish this reconciliation. Joseph Bonaparte, the accomplished gentleman, the sincere, urbane, sagacious, upright man, was Napoleon's *corps de reserve* in all diplomatic acts.

The preliminaries being finally adjusted, the legation met at the Tuileries, and on the 15th of July, 1801, the great act was signed. Napoleon announced the event to the Council of State. He addressed them in a speech an hour and a half in length, and all were struck with the precision, the grandeur, the loftiness of his language. By universal consent, his speech was pronounced to be eloquent in the highest degree. But those philosophers who regarded it as the great glory of the Revolution that all superstition, by which they meant all religion, was swept away, in sullen silence yielded to a power which they could not resist. The people, the millions of France, with Napoleon.

The following liberal and noble sentiments were uttered in the proclamation by which Napoleon announced the Concordat to the French people:

"An insane policy has sought, during the Revolution, to smother religious dissensions under the ruins of the altar, under the ashes of religion itself. At its voice all those pious solemnities ceased in which the citizens called each other by the endearing name of brothers, and acknowledged their common equality in the sight of Heaven. The dying, left alone in his agonies, no longer heard that consoling voice which calls the Christian to a better world. God himself, exiled from the face of Nature. Ministers of peace, let a complete oblivion veil over your dissensions, your misfortunes, your faults. Let the religion which unites you bind you by indissoluble cords to the interests of your country. Let the young learn from your precepts that the God of peace is also the God of

who combat for the liberties of France. Citizens of the Protestant faith, the law has equally extended its solicitude to your interests. Let the morality, so pure, so holy, so brotherly, which you profess, unite you all in love to your country, and in respect for its laws; and, in all, never permit disputes on doctrinal points to weaken that universal charity which religion inculcates and commands."

To foreign powers the spectacle of France was gratifying in the highest degree. It seemed to them the pledge of peace and the harbinger of tranquillity. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia publicly expressed their joy at the auspicious event. The Emperor of Austria styled it "a service truly rendered to all Europe." The serious and devout in all lands considered the voluntary return of the French people to religion, from the impossibility of living without its precepts, one of the greatest triumphs of the faith.

On the 11th of April, 1802, the event was celebrated by a magnificent ceremony in the cathedral of Notre Dame. No person was spared to the festivity with utmost splendour. Though many of the generals and the high authorities of the State were reluctant to participate in the occasion, the power and the influence of the First Consul were irresistible.

The ceremony was crowded with splendour. The populace, ever animated with change and with shows, were greatly rejoiced. General Rapp, ever, positively refused to attend the ceremony. With the bluntness of a soldier, conscious that unknown devotion to the First Consul was for him impunity, he said—

"I shall not attend. But if you priests your aides-de-camp or your valets may do with them as you please."

Napoleon was making preparations for the ceremony.

"Well," said the First Consul, rubbing his hands in the glow of his gratification, "we go to church this morning. What say they to that in Paris?"

"Many persons," replied Cambaceres, "propose to attend the first representation in order to have the piece, should they not find it there."

"If any one," Napoleon firmly replied, "takes it into his head to hiss, I shall put him out of the door by the gentlemen of the consular guard."

"But what if the

like the rest?"

"As to that I have no fear," said Napoleon. "My old moustaches will go here to just as at Cairo they would march. They will remark nothing."

will be so too, passing the watchword to each other, *Decency*."

"What did you think of the ceremony?" inquired Napoleon of General Delmas, who stood near him, when it was concluded.

"It was a fine piece of mummery," he replied; "nothing was wanting but the million of men who have perished to destroy that which you have now re-established."

Some of the priests, encouraged by this triumphant restoration of Christianity, began to assume not a little arrogance. A celebrated opera dancer died, not in the faith. The priest of St. Roche refused to receive the body into the church, or to celebrate the rites of interment. The next day Napoleon caused the following article to be inserted in the *Moniteur*:—

"The curate of St. Roche, in a moment of hallucination, has refused the rites of burial to Mademoiselle Cameroi. One of his colleagues, a man of sense, received the procession into the Church of St. Thomas, where the burial service was performed with the usual solemnities. The Archbishop of Paris has suspended the curate of St. Roche for three months, to give him time to recollect that Jesus Christ commanded us to pray even for our enemies. Being thus recalled by meditation to a proper sense of his duties, he may learn that all these superstitious observances, the offspring of an age of credulity, or of crazed imaginations, tend only to the discredit of true religion, and have been proscribed by the recent concordat of the French Church."

The most strenuous exertions were made by the clergy to induce Napoleon publicly to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was thought that his high example would be very influential upon others. Napoleon nobly replied, "I have not sufficient faith in the ordinance to be benefited by its reception; and I have too much faith in it to allow me to be guilty of sacrilege. We are well as we are. Do not ask me to go farther. You will never obtain what you wish. I will not become a hypocrite. Be content with what you have already

It is difficult to describe the undisguised delight with which the peasants all over France again heard the ringing of the church bells upon the Sabbath morning, and witnessed the opening of the church doors, the assembling of the congregations with smiles and congratulations, and the repose of the Sabbath. Mr. Fox, in conversation with Napoleon after the peace of Amiens, ventured to blame him for not having authorized the marriage of priests in France. "I then had," said Napoleon, in his nervous eloquence, "need to pacify. It is with water, and not with oil, that you must extinguish theological volcanoes. I should have had less difficulty in establishing the Protestant religion in my empire."

The magistrates of Paris, grateful for the inestimable blessings which Napoleon had conferred upon France, requested him to accept the project of a triumphal monument to be erected to his

honour, at a cost of five hundred thousand francs. Napoleon gave the following reply:—

"I view with grateful acknowledgments those sentiments which actuate the magistrates of the city of Paris. The idea of dedicating monumental trophies to those men who have rendered themselves useful to the community is a praiseworthy action in all nations. I accept the offer of the monument which you desire to dedicate to me. Let the spot be designated, but leave the labour of constructing it to future generations, should they think fit thus to sanction the estimate which you place upon my services." Beneath the dome of the Invalides may now be seen the estimate which France has placed on the services of Napoleon.

There was an indescribable fascination about the character of Napoleon which no other man ever possessed, and which all felt who entered his presence. Some military officers of high rank, on one occasion, in these early days of his power, agreed to go and remonstrate with him upon some subject which had given them offence. One of the party thus describes the interview:—

"I do not know whence it arises, but there is a charm about that man which is indescribable and irresistible. I am no admirer of him. I dislike the power to which he has risen. Yet I cannot help confessing that there is a something in him which seems to speak that he is born to command. We went into his apartment determined to declare our minds to him very freely, to expostulate with him warmly, and not to depart till our subjects of complaint were removed. But in his manner of receiving us there was a certain something, a degree of fascination, which disarmed us in a moment; nor could we utter one word of what we had intended to say. He talked to us for a long time, with an eloquence peculiarly his own, explaining, with the utmost clearness and precision, the necessity for steadily pursuing the line of conduct he had adopted. Without contradicting us in direct terms, he controverted our opinions so ably that we had not a word to say in reply. We left him, having done nothing else but listen to him, instead of expostulating with him, and fully convinced, at least for the moment, that he was in the right and we were in the wrong."

The merchants of Rouen experienced a similar fascination when they called to remonstrate against some commercial relations which Napoleon had introduced. They were so entirely disarmed by his frankness, his sincerity, and were so deeply impressed by the extent and the depth of his views, that they retired saying, "The First Consul understands our interests far better than we do ourselves."

"The man," says Lady Morgan, "who, at the head of a vast empire, could plan great and lasting works, conquer nations, and yet talk astronomy with La Place, tragedy with Talma, music with Cherubini, painting with Gerard, *certes* with Denon, and literature and science with

very peculiar veneration. The same ambassador carried the terms of agreement for peace with the Church. This religious treaty with Rome was called "The Concordat." The Pope, in secular power, was helpless. Napoleon could, at any moment, pour a restless swarm of troops into his territories.

As the French ambassador left the Tuilleries, he asked the First Consul for his instructions. "Treat the Pope," said Napoleon magnanimously, "as if he had two hundred thousand soldiers." The difficulties in the way of an amicable arrangement were innumerable. The army of France was thoroughly infidel. Most of the leading generals and statesmen who surrounded Napoleon contemplated Christianity in every aspect with hatred and scorn. On the other hand, the Catholic Church, uninstructed by misfortune, was not disposed to abate in the least its arrogant demands, and was clamorous for concessions which even Napoleon had not power to confer. It required all the wisdom, forbearance, and tact of the First Consul to accomplish this reconciliation. Joseph Bonaparte, the accomplished gentleman, the sincere, urbane, sagacious, upright man, was Napoleon's *corps de reserve* in all diplomatic acts.

The preliminaries being finally adjusted, the Pope's legation met at the house of Joseph Bonaparte, and on the 15th of July, 1801, this great act was signed. Napoleon announced the event to the Council of State. He addressed them in a speech an hour and a half in length, and all were struck with the precision, the vigour, and the loftiness of his language. By universal consent, his speech was pronounced to be eloquent in the highest degree. But those philosophers who regarded it as the great glory of the Revolution that all superstition, by which they meant all religion, was swept away, in silent silence yielded to a power which they could not resist. The people, the millions of France, were with Napoleon.

The following liberal and noble sentiments were uttered in the proclamation by which Napoleon announced the Concordat to the French

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"An insane policy has sought, during the Revolution, to smother religious dissensions under the ruins of the altar, under the ashes of religion itself. At its voice all those pious solemnities ceased in which the citizens called each other by the endearing name of brothers, and acknowledged their common equality in the sight of Heaven. The dying, left alone in his agonies, no longer heard that consoling voice which calls the Christian to a better world. God himself seemed exiled from the face of Nature. Ministers of the religion of peace, let a complete oblivion veil over your dissensions, your misfortunes, your faults. Let the religion which unites you bind you by indissoluble cords to the interests of your country. Let the young learn from your precepts that the God of peace is also the God of arms, and that He throws His shield

who combat for the liberties of France. Citizens of the Protestant faith, the law has equally extended its solicitude to your interests. Let the morality, so pure, so holy, so brotherly, which you profess, unite you all in love to your country, and in respect for its laws; and, above all, never permit disputes on doctrinal points to weaken that universal charity which religion inculcates and commands."

To foreign nations, the spectacle of France thus voluntarily returning to the Christian faith was gratifying in the highest degree. It seemed to them the pledge of peace and the harbinger of tranquillity. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia publicly expressed their joy at the auspicious event. The Emperor of Austria styled it "a service truly rendered to all Europe." The serious and devout in all lands considered the voluntary return of the French people to religion, from the impossibility of living without its precepts, as one of the most signal triumphs of the Christian faith.

On the 11th of April, 1802, the event was celebrated by a magnificent religious ceremony in the cathedral of Notre Dame. No expense was spared to invest the festivity with the utmost splendour. Though many of the generals and the high authorities of the State were extremely reluctant to participate in the solemnities of the occasion, the power and the popularity of the First Consul were so great that they dared not make any resistance. The Cathedral was crowded with splendour. The versatile populace, ever delighted with change and with shows, were overjoyed. General Rapp, however, positively refused to attend the ceremony. With the bluntness of a soldier, conscious that his well-known devotion to the First Consul would secure for him impunity, he said—

"I shall not attend. But if you do not make these priests your aides-de-camp or your cook you may do with them as you please."

As Napoleon was making preparations to go to the Cathedral, Cambacérès entered his apartment.

"Well," said the First Consul, rubbing his hands in the glow of his gratification, "we go to church this morning. What say they to that in Paris?"

"Many persons," replied Cambacérès, "propose to attend the first representation in order to kiss the piece, should they not find it amusing."

"If any one," Napoleon firmly replied, "takes it into his head to kiss, I shall put him out of the door by the grenadiers of the consul."

But what if the grenadiers should take to

"As to that I have no fear," "My old monastaches will go to Dame just as at Cairo they would have to the mosque. They will remark how I go, and, seeing their general grave and decent, they

will be so too, passing the watchword to each other, *Decency*."

"What did you think of the ceremony?" inquired Napoleon of General Delmas, who stood near him, when it was concluded.

"It was a fine piece of mummery," he replied; "nothing was wanting but the million of men who have perished to destroy that which you have now re-established."

Some of the priests, encouraged by this triumphant restoration of Christianity, began to assume not a little arrogance. A celebrated opera dancer died, not in the faith. The priest of St. Roche refused to receive the body into the church, or to celebrate the rites of interment. The next day Napoleon caused the following article to be inserted in the *Moniteur*:—

"The curate of St. Roche, in a moment of hallucination, has refused the rites of burial to Mademoiselle Cameroi. One of his colleagues, a man of sense, received the procession into the Church of St. Thomas, where the burial service was performed with the usual solemnities. The Archbishop of Paris has suspended the curate of St. Roche for three months, to give him time to recollect that Jesus Christ commanded us to pray even for our enemies. Being thus recalled by meditation to a proper sense of his duties, he may learn that all these superstitious observances, the offspring of an age of credulity, or of crazed imaginations, tend only to the discredit of true religion, and have been proscribed by the recent concordat of the French Church."

The most strenuous exertions were made by the clergy to induce Napoleon publicly to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was thought that his high example would be very influential upon others. Napoleon nobly replied, "I have not sufficient faith in the ordinance to be benefited by its reception; and I have too much faith in it to allow me to be guilty of sacrilege. We are well as we are. Do not ask me to go further. You will never obtain what you wish. I will not become a hypocrite. Be content with what you have already gained."

It is difficult to describe the undisguised delight with which the peasants all over France again heard the ringing of the church bells upon the Sabbath morning, and witnessed the opening of the church doors, the assembling of the congregations with smiles and congratulations, and the repose of the Sabbath. Mr. Fox, in conversation with Napoleon after the peace of Amiens, ventured to blame him for not having authorized the marriage of priests in France. "I then had," said Napoleon, in his nervous eloquence, "need to pacify. It is with water, and not with oil, that you must extinguish theological volcanoes. I should have had less difficulty in establishing the Protestant religion in my empire."

The magistrates of Paris, grateful for the inestimable blessings which Napoleon had conferred upon France, requested him to accept the project of a triumphal monument to be erected to his

honour, at a cost of five hundred thousand francs. Napoleon gave the following reply:—

"I view with grateful acknowledgments those sentiments which actuate the magistrates of the city of Paris. The idea of dedicating monumental trophies to those men who have rendered themselves useful to the community is a praiseworthy action in all nations. I accept the offer of the monument which you desire to dedicate to me. Let the spot be designated, but leave the labour of constructing it to future generations, should they think fit thus to sanction the estimate which you place upon my services." Beneath the dome of the Invalides may now be seen the estimate which France has placed on the services of Napoleon.

There was an indescribable fascination about the character of Napoleon which no other man ever possessed, and which all felt who entered his presence. Some military officers of high rank, on one occasion, in these early days of his power, agreed to go and remonstrate with him upon some subject which had given them offence. One of the party thus describes the interview:—

"I do not know whence it arises, but there is a charm about that man which is indescribable and irresistible. I am no admirer of him. I dislike the power to which he has risen. Yet I cannot help confessing that there is a something in him which seems to speak that he is born to command. We went into his apartment determined to declare our minds to him very freely, to expostulate with him warmly, and not to depart till our subjects of complaint were removed. But in his manner of receiving us there was a certain something, a degree of fascination, which disarmed us in a moment; nor could we utter one word of what we had intended to say. He talked to us for a long time, with an eloquence peculiarly his own, explaining, with the utmost clearness and precision, the necessity for steadily pursuing the line of conduct he had adopted. Without contradicting us in direct terms, he controverted our opinions so ably that we had not a word to say in reply. We left him, having done nothing else but listen to him, instead of expostulating with him, and fully convinced, at least for the moment, that he was in the right and we were in the wrong."

The merchants of Rouen experienced a similar fascination when they called to remonstrate against some commercial relations which Napoleon had introduced. They were so entirely disarmed by his frankness, his sincerity, and were so deeply impressed by the extent and the depth of his views, that they retired saying, "The First Consul understands our interests far better than we do ourselves."

"The man," says Lady Morgan, "who, at the head of a vast empire, could plan great and lasting works, conquer nations, and yet talk astronomy with La Place, tragedy with Talma, music with Cherubini, painting with Gerard, *virtu* with Denon, and literature and science with

any one who would listen to him, was certainly out of the rôle of common men."

Napoleon now exerted all his energies for the elevation of France. He sought out and encouraged talent wherever it could be found. No merit escaped his princely munificence. Authors, artists, men of science, were loaded with honours and emoluments. He devoted most earnest attention to the education of youth. The navy, commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and all mechanical arts, secured his assiduous care. He laboured to the utmost, and with a moral courage above all praise, to discountenance whatever was loose in morals, or enervating or unwisely in amusements or taste.

The theatre was the most popular source of entertainment in France. He frowned upon all frivolous and immodest performances, and encouraged those only which were moral, grave, and dignified. In the grandeur of tragedy alone he took pleasure. In his private deportment he exhibited the example of a moral, simple, and toilsome life. Among the forty millions of France, there was not to be found a more temperate and laborious man. When nights of labour succeeded days of toil, his only stimulus was lemonade. He loved his own family and friends, and was loved by them with a fervour which soared into the regions of devotion. Never before did mortal man secure such love. Thousands were ready at any moment to lay down their lives through their affection for him. And that mysterious charm was so strong that it has survived his death. Thousands now live who would brave death in any form from love for Napoleon.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FIRST CONSUL FOR LIFE.

in France—Trials of —State of n
phine's plans for II
Republic—Congress at Lyon
of Napoleon—Solicitude of Eng
the decoration of the Legion of Honour
on as First Consul for life—Reproof to Lucien
Eliza—Review—Renewal of difficulties with Eng-

now at peace with all the world. It was universally admitted that Napoleon was the great pacificator. He was the idol of France. The masses of the people of Europe everywhere ded him as their advocate and friend, the

poison had not distinguished himself as a soldier, he would have done so as an author, poet, orator, or mathematician, somewhere or other; for he was potent with both tongue and pen, as well as sword. His conversation was highly instructive, and he was one of the most eloquent men of modern times. His

laments, but this speech
a to addresses—all his writings,
his first appearance in Italy to his last will and
at St Helena—many of his sudden sayings,
sarcasms, witherings, and unpremeditated
observations, breathe an abrupt, vivifying, concentrated,
and peculiar spirit, poetical and ve, logical and
argumentative, fervid and forcible
was a free talker, over wrapped up in
true taciturnity, or disclosure
Yet he was a listener too, which is a re

enemy of aristocratic usurpation, and the g champion of equality. The people of France no longer demanded liberty. Weary years of woe had taught them gladly to relinquish the boon. They only desired a ruler who would take care of them, govern them, protect them from the power of allied despotism, and give them equal rights. Though Napoleon had now but the title of First Consul and France was nominally a Republic, he was, in reality, the most powerful monarch in Europe. His throne was established in the hearts of nearly fifty millions of people. His word was law.

It will be remembered that Josephine contemplated the extraordinary grandeur to which her husband had attained with intense solicitude. She that more than ordinary regal power had ed into his hands, and she was not a ger to the intense desire which animated his heart to have an heir to whom to transmit his ad glory. She knew that many were to him that an heir was essential to the repose of France. She was fully informed that divorce had been urged upon him as one of the stern necessities of state. One day, when Napoleon was busy in his cabinet, Josephine I softly by a side door, and seating herself y upon his knee, and, passing her gently through his hair, said to him, with f tend

"I intreat you, my love, do not make y king. It is Lucien who urges you to it. Do not listen to him."

poison smiled upon her kindly, and said, "Why, my poor Josephine, you are mad. You must not listen to these fables which the old dowagers tell you. But you interrupt me now; I am very busy; leave me alone."

Josephine was at times almost delicious in apprehension of the natural vanity which threatened her. She knew the intensity of her husband's

he could not be blind to the apparent as a matter of state policy, that possess an heir. She also was y aware that throughout France marriage had long been regarded but as a partnership of convenience, to be formed and dissolved almost at pleasure. "Marriage," said Madame de Staël, "has become but the sacrament of adultery." The nation, under the influence of this would condemn her for selfishly refusing;

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knowing the subject, and analysing it in in those grave, sometimes technical and lions, the astonishing versatility of his g extent of his attainments for civil as well as military government, the quickness and clearness with which he seized the very point in question in matters he had been educated to, and might w of his superior knowledge of men and fully argument"—Ingersoll's Second

to an arrangement apparently essential to the repose of France and of Europe. Never was a woman placed in a situation of more terrible trial. Never was an ambitious man exposed to a more fiery temptation.

Laying aside the authority of Christianity, and contemplating the subject in the light of mere expediency, it seemed a plain duty for Napoleon and Josephine to separate. But gloriously does it illustrate the immutable truth of God's word, that, even in such an exigency as this, the path which the Bible pointed out was the only path of safety and of peace. "In separating myself from Josephine," said Napoleon afterwards, "and in marrying Maria Louisa, I placed my foot upon an abyss which was covered with flowers."

Josephine's daughter, Hortense, beautiful, brilliant, and amiable, then but eighteen years of age, was strongly attached to Duroc, one of Napoleon's officers, a very fashionable and handsome man. Josephine, however, had conceived the idea of marrying Hortense to Louis Bonaparte, Napoleon's younger brother. She said one day to Bourrienne—

"My two brothers-in-law are my determined enemies. You see all their intrigues. You know how much uneasiness they have caused me. This projected marriage with Duroc leaves me without any support. Duroc, independent of Bonaparte's friendship, is nothing. He has neither rank, fortune, nor even reputation. He can afford me no protection against the enmity of the brothers. I must have some more certain reliance for the future. My husband loves Louis very much. If I can succeed in uniting my daughter to him, he will prove a strong counterpoise to the calumnies and persecutions of my brothers-in-law."

These remarks were reported to Napoleon. He replied, "Josephine labours in vain. Duroc and Hortense love each other, and they shall be married. I am attached to Duroc. He is well born. I have given Caroline to Murat, and Pauline to Le Clerc. I can as well give Hortense to Duroc. He is brave. He is as good as the others. He is general of division. Besides, I have other views for Louis."

In the palace the heart may throb with the same joys and griefs as in the cottage. In anticipation of the projected marriage, Duroc was sent on a special mission to compliment the Emperor Alexander on his accession to the throne. Duroc wrote often to Hortense while absent. When the private secretary whispered in her ear, in the midst of the brilliant throng of the Tuileries, "I have a letter," she would immediately retire to her apartment. Upon her return, her friends could see that her eyes were moistened with the tears of affection and joy. Josephine cherished the hope that, could she succeed in uniting Hortense with Louis Bonaparte, should Hortense give birth to a son, Napoleon would regard him as his heir. The child would bear the name of Bonaparte; the blood of the Bonapartes would circulate in his veins; and he would be the offspring of Hortense, whom

Napoleon regarded as his own daughter, and whom he loved with the strongest parental affection. Thus the terrible divorce might be averted. Urged by motives so powerful, Josephine left no means untried to accomplish her purpose.

Louis Bonaparte was a studious, pensive, imaginative man, of great moral worth, though possessing but little force of character. He had been bitterly disappointed in his affections, and was weary of the world. When but nineteen years of age he had formed a very strong attachment for a young lady whom he had met in Paris. She was the daughter of an emigrant noble, and his whole being became absorbed in the passion of love. Napoleon, then in the midst of those victories which paved his way to the throne of France, was apprehensive that the alliance of his brother with one of the old Royalist families might endanger his own ambitious projects. He therefore sent him away on a military commission, and secured, by his powerful instrumentality, the marriage of the young lady to another person. The disappointment preyed deeply upon the heart of the sensitive young man. All ambition died within him. He loved solitude, and studiously avoided the cares and pomp of state. Napoleon, not having been aware of the extreme strength of his brother's attachment, when he saw the wound which he had inflicted upon him, endeavoured to make all the amends in his power. Hortense was beautiful, full of grace and vivacity. At last Napoleon fell in with the views of Josephine, and resolved, having united the two, to recompense his brother, as far as possible, by lavishing great favours upon them.

It was long before Louis would listen to the proposition of his marriage with Hortense. His affections still clung to the lost object of his idolatry, and he could not, without pain, think of union with another. Indeed, a more congenial alliance could hardly have been imagined. In no one thing were their tastes similar. But who could resist the combined tact of Josephine and the power of Napoleon? All obstacles were swept away, and the maiden, loving the hilarity of life, and its gayest scenes of festivity and splendour, was reluctantly led to the silent, pensive scholar, who as reluctantly received her as his bride.

Hortense had become in some degree reconciled to the match, as her powerful father promised to place them in high positions of wealth and rank. Louis resigned himself to his lot, feeling that earth had no further joy in store for him. A magnificent *fête* was given in honour of this marriage, at which all the splendours of the ancient royalty were revived. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, who, after the abdication of Louis Philippe, King of the French, was elected President of the French Republic, and afterwards Emperor of the French, was the only child of this marriage who survived his parents.

Napoleon had organized in the heart of Italy a Republic containing about five millions of inhabitants. This Republic could by no means maintain itself against the monarchies of E

enslaved by France. Napoleon, surrounded by hostile kings, deemed it essential to the safety of France to secure in Italy a nation of congenial sympathies and interests, with whom he could form the alliance of cordial friendship. The Italians, all inexperienced in self-government, regarding Napoleon as their benefactor and their sole supporter, looked to him for a constitution. Three of the most influential men of the Cisalpine Republic were sent as delegates to Paris, to consult with the First Consul upon the organization of their government. Under the direction of Napoleon a constitution was drafted, which, considering the character of the Italian people, and the hostile monarchial influences which surrounded them, was most highly liberal. A President and a Vice-President were to be chosen for ten years. There was to be a Senate of eight members, and a House of Representatives of seventy-five members. These were all to be selected from a body composed of 300 landed proprietors, 200 merchants, and 200 of the clergy and prominent literary men. Thus all the important interests of the state were represented.

In Italy, as in all the other countries of Europe at that time, there were three prominent parties. The Loyalists sought the restoration of monarchy and the exclusive privileges of kings and nobles. The moderate Republicans wished to establish a firm government, which would enforce order, and confer upon all equal rights. The Jacobins wished to break down all distinctions, divide property, and to govern by the blind energies of the mob. Italy had long been held in subjection by the spiritual terrors of the priests and by the bayonets of the Austrians. Ages of bondage had enervated the people, and there were no Italian statesmen capable of taking the helm of government in such a turbulent sea of troubles. Napoleon resolved to have himself proposed as President, and then, reserving to himself the supreme direction, to delegate the details of affairs to distinguished Italians, until they should, in some degree, be trained to duties so new to

"This plan," says Thiers, "was not, on his part, the inspiration of ambition, but rather of great good sense. His views on this occasion were unquestionably both pure and exalted." But nothing can more strikingly show the almost miraculous energies of Napoleon's mind and his perfect self-reliance than the readiness with which, in addition to the cares of the empire of France, he assumed the responsibility of organizing and developing another nation of five millions of inhabitants. This was in 1802. Napoleon was then but thirty-three years of age.

To have surrendered those Italians, who had rallied around the armies of France in their hour of need, again to Austrian domination, would have been an act of treachery. To have abandoned them, in their inexperience, to the Jacobin mob on the one hand and to Royalist intrigues on the other, would have insured the ruin of the Republic. But by leaving the details of government to be administered by

Italians, and at the same time sustaining the constitution by his own powerful hand, there was a probability that the Republic might attain prosperity and independence. As the press of business rendered it extremely difficult for Napoleon to leave France, a plan was formed for a vast congress of the Italians to be assembled in Lyons, about half way between Paris and Milan, for the imposing adoption of the republican constitution.

Four hundred and fifty-two deputies were elected to cross the frozen Alps in the month of December. The extraordinary watchfulness and foresight of the First Consul had prepared every thing for them on the way. In Lyons sumptuous preparations were made for their entertainment. Magnificent halls were decorated in the highest style of earthly splendour for the solemnities of the occasion. The army of Egypt, which had recently landed, honored by an escort, was gorgeously attired, to add to the magnificence of the spectacle. The Lyonnese youth, bristling with pride, were formed into an imposing body of cavalry.

On the 11th of January, 1804 Napoleon, accompanied by Josephine, arrived in Lyons. The whole population of the adjoining country had assembled along the road, anxiously watching for his passage. At night immense fires illumined his path, blazing upon every and in every valley. One continuous shout of "Live Bonaparte!" led along with the carriage from Paris to Lyons. It was late in the evening when Napoleon arrived in Lyons. The brilliant city flamed with the splendor of noon-day.

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and it reverberated along the streets in one continuous roar. Matrons and maidens, waving banners and handkerchiefs, wept in excess of emotion. Bouquets of flowers were showered from the windows to carpet his path, and every conceivable demonstration was made of the most enthusiastic love.

Napoleon himself was deeply moved by the scene. Some of the old grenadiers, whom he recognised, he called out of the ranks, kindly talked with them, inquiring respecting their wounds and their wants. He addressed several of the officers, whom he had seen in many encounters, shook hands with them, and a delirium of excitement pervaded all minds. Upon his return to the Hôtel de Ville, he met the deputation of the Convention. They presented him the address, urging upon him the acceptance of the Presidency of the Cisalpine Republic. Napoleon received the address, intimated his acceptance, and promised, on the following day, to meet the Convention.

The next morning dawned brightly upon the city. A large church, embellished with richest drapery, was prepared for the solemnities of the occasion. Napoleon entered the church, took his seat upon an elevated platform, surrounded by his family, the French ministers, and a large number of distinguished generals and statesmen. He addressed the assembly in the Italian language with as much ease of manner, elegance of expression, and fluency of utterance as if his whole life had been devoted to the cultivation of the powers of oratory. He announced his acceptance of the dignity with which they would invest him, and uttered his views respecting the measures which should be adopted to secure the prosperity of the *Italian Republic*, as the new state was henceforth to be called. Repeated bursts of applause interrupted his address, and at its close one continuous shout of acclamation testified the assent and the delight of the assembled multitude. Napoleon remained at Lyons twenty days, occupied, apparently, every moment with the vast affairs which then engrossed his attention. And yet he found time to write daily to Paris, urging forward the majestic enterprises of the new government in France. The following brief extracts from this free and confidential correspondence afford an interesting glimpse of the motives which actuated Napoleon at this time, and of the great objects of his ambition:—

"I am proceeding slowly in my operations. I pass the whole of my mornings in giving audience to the deputations of the neighbouring departments. The improvement in the happiness of France is obvious. During the past two years the population of Lyons has increased more than 20,000 souls. All the manufacturers tell me that their works are in a state of high activity. All minds seem to be full of energy; not that energy which overturns empires, but that which re-establishes them, and conducts them to prosperity and riches.

"I beg of you particularly to see that the unruly members whom we have in the constituted authorities are every one of them removed. The wish of the nation is, that the government shall not be obstructed in its endeavours to act for the public good, and that the head of Medusa shall no longer show itself either in our tribunes or in our assemblies. The conduct of Siéyès on this occasion completely proves that having contributed to the destruction of all the constitutions since '91, he wishes now to try his hand against the present. He ought to burn a wax candle to Our Lady for having got out of the scrape so fortunately and in so unexpected a manner. But the older I grow the more I perceive that each man must fulfil his destiny. I recommend you to ascertain whether the provisions for St. Domingo have actually been sent off. I take it for granted that you have taken proper measures for abolishing the *châlet*. If the Minister of Marine should stand in need of the frigates of the King of Naples, he may make use of them. General Jourdan gives me a satisfactory account of the state of Piedmont.

"I wish that Citizen Royer be sent to the 16th military division to examine into the accounts of the paymaster. I also wish some individual, like Citizen Royer, to perform the same duty for the 13th and 14th divisions. It is complained that the receivers keep the money as long as they can, and that the postmasters postpone payment as long as possible. The paymasters and receivers are the greatest nuisance in the state.

"Yesterday I visited several factories. I was pleased with the industry and severe economy which pervaded those establishments. Should the wintry weather continue severe, I do not think that the one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs a month, which the Minister of Interior grants for the purposes of charity, will be sufficient. It will be necessary to add twenty-thousand francs for the distribution of wood, and also to light fires in the churches and other large buildings to give warmth to a great number of people."

Napoleon arrived in Paris on the 31st of January. In the meantime, there had been a new election of members of the Tribunal and of the Legislative body. All those who had manifested any opposition to the measures of Napoleon in the re-establishment of Christianity and in the adoption of the new civil code were left out, and their places supplied by those who approved of the measures of the First Consul. Napoleon could now act unembarrassed. In every quarter there was submission. All the officers of the state, immediately upon his return, sought an audience, and, in that pomp of language which his majestic deeds and character inspired to him their congratulations. He was already a sovereign, in possession of regal power such as no other monarch in Europe enjoyed.

Upon one object all the energies of his mighty mind were concentrated. France was his estate,

his diadem, his all. The glory of France was his glory, the happiness of France his happiness, the riches of France his wealth. Never did a father, with more untiring self-denial and toil, labour for his family, than did Napoleon, through days of exertion and nights of sleeplessness, devote every energy of body and soul to the greatness of France. He loved not ease, he loved not personal indulgence, he loved not sensual gratification. The elevation of France to prosperity, wealth, and power was a limitless ambition. The almost supernatural success which had thus far attended his exertions did but magnify his desires and stimulate his hopes. He had no wish to elevate France upon the ruins of other nations. But he wished to make France the pattern of all excellence, the illustrious leader at the head of all nations, guiding them to intelligence, to opulence, and to happiness. Such, at this time, was the towering ambition of Napoleon, the most noble and comprehensive which was ever embraced by the conception of man.

Of course, such ambition was not consistent with the equality of other nations, for he determined that France should be the first. But he manifested no disposition to destroy the happiness of others; he only wished to give such an impulse to humanity in France, by the culture of mind, by purity of morals, by domestic industry, by foreign commerce, by great national works, as to place France in the advance upon the race-course of greatness.

In this race France had but one antagonist—England. France had nearly forty millions of inhabitants. The island of Great Britain contained about fifteen millions. But England, with her colonies, girded the globe, and, with her fleets, commanded all seas.

"France," said Napoleon, "must also have her colonies and her fleets."

"If we permit that," the statesmen of England rejoined, "we may become a secondary power, and may thus be at the mercy of France."

It was undeniably so. Shall history be blind to such fatality as this? Is man, in the hour of triumphant ambition, so moderate that we can be willing that he should attain power which places us at his mercy? England was omnipotent upon the seas. She became arrogant, and abused that power, and made herself offensive to all nations. Napoleon developed no special meekness of character to indicate that he would be, in the pride of strength which no nation could resist, more moderate and conciliating. Candour cannot censure England for being unwilling to yield her high position. To surrender her supremacy on the seas—to become a secondary power—to allow France to become her master. And who can censure France for seeking the establishment of colonies, the extension of

friendly alliance with other nations, and the creation of fleets to protect her from aggression upon the ocean as well as upon the land?

Napoleon himself with th

nimity which ever characterized him, though at times exasperated by the hostility which he now encountered, yet often spoke in terms of respect of the influences which animated his foes. It is to be regretted that his antagonists so seldom reciprocated this magnanimity. There was, in this sanguinary conflict, most certainly a right and a wrong. But it is not easy for man accurately to adjust the balance. God alone can award the issue. The mind is saddened as it wanders amid the labyrinths of conscientiousness and of passion, of pure motives and of impure ambition. This is, indeed, a fallen world. The drama of nations is a tragedy. Melancholy is the lot of man.

England daily witnessed, with increasing alarm, the rapid and enormous strides which France was making. The energy of the First Consul seemed superhuman. His acts indicated the most profound sagacity, the most far-reaching foresight. To-day the news reaches London that Napoleon has been elected President of the Italian Republic. Thus, in an hour, five millions of people are added to his empire! Tomorrow it is announced that he is establishing a colony at Elba—that a vast expedition is sailing for St. Domingo, to reorganize a colony there. England is bewildered. Again it is proclaimed that Napoleon has purchased Louisiana of Spain, and is preparing to fill the fertile valley of the Mississippi with colonists. In the meantime, all France is in a state of activity. Factories, roads, bridges, canals, fortifications, are everywhere springing into existence. The sound of the ship-hammer reverberates in all the harbours of France, and every month witnesses the increase of the French fleet. The news of the English people contemplates with admiration this development of energy. The statesmen of England contemplate it with dread.

For some men the Napoleon, in the midst of all other cares, had been maturing a vast system for the youth of France.

Drawn up, with his own hand, the plan for schools, and proposed the course of study, it is a little singular that, with his strong scientific predilections, he should have assigned the first rank to classical studies. Perhaps this is to be accounted for from his professed admiration of the heroes of antiquity. His own mind was thoroughly stored with all the treasures of Greek and Roman story. All these schools were formed upon a military model, for, situated as France was in the midst of monarchies at heart hostile, he deemed it necessary that the nation universally trained to bear arms.

Instruction was to be communicated in all schools by chaplains, military instruction by old officers who had left the army, and classical and

1
The First Consul to female schools. "France needs nothing much to promote her regeneration," said he, "as good mothers." To attract the youth of France to these schools, five millions of francs were

appropriated for over six thousand gratuitous exhibitions for the pupils. Ten schools of law were established, nine schools of medicine, and an institution for the mechanical arts, called the "School of Bridges and Roads," the first model of those schools of art which continue in France until the present day, and which are deemed invaluable. There were no exclusive privileges in these institutions; a system of perfect equality pervaded them. The pupils of all classes were placed upon a level, with an unobstructed arena before them. "This is only a commencement," said Napoleon; "by-and-bye, we shall do more and better."

Another project which Napoleon now introduced was violently opposed—the establishment of the Legion of Honour. One of the leading principles of the Revolution was the entire overthrow of all titles of distinction. Every man, high or low, was to be addressed simply as *Citizen*. Napoleon wished to introduce a system of rewards which should stimulate to heroic deeds, and ennoble those who had deserved well of humanity. Innumerable foreigners of distinction had thronged France since the peace. He had observed with what eagerness the populace had followed these foreigners, gazing with delight upon their gay decorations. The court-yard of the Tuileries was ever crowded when these illustrious strangers arrived and departed. Napoleon, in his council, where he was always eloquent and powerful, thus urged his views:—

"Look at these vanities which genius pretends so much to disdain. The populace is not of that opinion. It loves these many-coloured ribbons as it loves religious pomp. The democrat philosopher calls it vanity. Vanity let it be; but that vanity is a weakness common to the whole human race, and great virtues may be made to spring from it. With these so much despised baubles heroes are made. There must be worship for the religious sentiment; there must be visible distinctions for the noble sentiment of glory. Nations should not strive to be singular any more than individuals. The affectation of acting differently from the rest of the world is an affectation which is reproved by all persons of sense and modesty. Ribbons are in use in all countries. Let them be in use in France. It will be one more friendly relation established with Europe. Our neighbours give them only to the man of noble birth. I will give them to the man of merit—to the one who shall have served best in the army or in the state, or who shall have produced the finest works."

It was objected that the institution of the Legion of Honour was a return to the aristocracy which the Revolution had abolished. "What is there aristocratic," Napoleon exclaimed, "in a distinction purely personal, and merely for life, bestowed on the man who has displayed merit, whether civil or military—bestowed on him alone, bestowed for his life only, and not passing to his children? Such a distinction is the reverse

of aristocratic. It is the essence of aristocracy that its titles are transmitted from the man who has earned them to the son who possesses no merit. The ancient *régime*, so battered by the ram of the Revolution, is more entire than is believed. All the emigrants hold each other by the hand; the Vendéans are secretly enrolled; the priests, at heart, are not very friendly to us. With the words 'legitimate king,' thousands might be roused to arms. It is useful that the men who have taken part in the Revolution should have a bond of union, and cease to depend on the first accident which might strike one single head. For ten years we have only been making ruins; we must now found an edifice. Depend upon it, the struggle is not over with Europe. Be assured that struggle will begin again."

It was then urged by some that the Legion of Honour should be confined entirely to military merit. "By no means," said Napoleon. "Rewards are not to be conferred upon soldiers alone. All sorts of merit are brothers. The courage of the President of the Convention resisting the populace should be compared with the courage of Kleber mounting to the assault of Acre. It is right that civil virtues should have their reward as well as military virtues. Those who oppose this course reason like barbarians. It is the religion of brute force they commend to us. Intelligence has its rights before those of force. Force, without intelligence, is nothing. In barbarous ages, the man of stoutest sinews was the chieftain; now, the general is the most intelligent of the brave."

"At Cairo, the Egyptians could not comprehend how it was that Kleber, with his majestic form, was not commander-in-chief. When Mourad Bey had carefully observed our tactics, he could comprehend how it was that I, and no other, ought to be the general of an army so conducted. You reason like the Egyptians when you attempt to confine rewards to military valour. The soldiers reason better than you. Go to their bivouacs; listen to them. Do you imagine that it is the tallest of their officers, and the most imposing by his stature, for whom they feel the highest regard? Do you imagine even that the bravest stands first in their esteem? No doubt they would despise the man whose courage they suspected; but they rank above the merely brave man him whom they consider the most intelligent."

"As for myself, do you suppose that it is solely because I am reputed a great general that I rule France? No! It is because the qualities of a statesman and magistrate are attributed to me. France will never tolerate the government of the sword. Those who think so are strangely mistaken. It would require an abject servitude of fifty years before that could be the case. France is too noble, too intelligent a country, to submit to material power. Let us honour intelligence, virtue, the civil qualities; in short, let us bestow upon them, in all professions, the like reward."

The true spirit of republicanism is certainly

equality of rights, not of attainments and honours—the abolition of hereditary distinctions and privileges, not of those which are founded upon merit. The badge of the Legion of Honour was to be conferred upon all who, by genius, self-denial, and toil, had won renown. The prizes were open to the humblest peasant in the land. Still, the popular hostility to any institution which bore a resemblance to the aristocracy of the ancient nobility was so strong, that, though a majority voted in favour of the measure, there was a strong opposition. Napoleon was surprised. He said to Bourrienne—

"You are right. Prejudices are still against me. I ought to have waited. There was no occasion for haste in bringing it forward. But the thing is done; and you will soon find that the taste for these distinctions is not yet gone by. It is a taste which belongs to the nature of man. You will see that extraordinary results will arise from it."

The order was to consist of six thousand members. It was constituted in four ranks—grand officers, commanders, officers, and private legionaries. The badge was simply a red ribbon in the button-hole. To the first rank there was allotted an annual salary of 5,000*fr.*; to the second, 2,000*fr.*; to the third, 1,000*fr.*; to the fourth, 250*fr.* The private soldier, the retired scholar, and the skillful artist were thus decorated with the same badge of distinction which figured upon the breasts of generals, nobles, and monarchs. That this institution was peculiarly adapted to the state of France is evident from the fact that it has survived all the revolutions of subsequent years. "Though of such recent origin," says Thiers, "it is already consecrated as if it had passed through centuries; to such a degree has it become the recompense of heroism, of knowledge, of merit of every kind—so much have its honours been coveted by the *grands* and the princes of Europe the most proud of their origin."²²

The popularity of Napoleon was now unbounded. A very general and earnest disposition was expressed to confer upon the First Consul a magnificent testimonial of the national gratitude—a testimonial worthy of the illustrious man who was to receive it, and of the powerful nation by which it was to be bestowed. The President of the Tribunal thus addressed that

"Among all nations, public honours have been decreed to men who, by splendid actions, have honoured their country, and saved it from great

²² The oath administered to those who received the cross of the Legion of Honour was as follows:—"I swear, on my honour, to devote myself to the service of the Republic, to the preservation of the integrity of its territory, to the defence of its government, its laws, the property by them consecrated; to maintain justice, reason, and the laws tending to re-establish the titles and distinctions belonging to it; to contribute, to the utmost of my power, to the maintenance of liberty and equality." After the fall of the Empire, the oath was slightly changed

dangers. What man ever had stronger to the national gratitude than General Bonaparte? His valour and genius have saved the French people from the excesses of anarchy and from the miseries of war; and France is too great, too magnanimous, to leave such benefit without reward."

A deputation was immediately chosen to confer with Napoleon upon the subject of the tribute of gratitude and affection which he should receive. Surrounded by his colleagues and the principal officers of the state, he received them the next day in the Tuileries. With seriousness and modesty he listened to the high eulogium upon his achievements which was pronounced, and

I receive with sincere gratitude the wish expressed by the Tribunal. I desire no other glory than that of having completely performed the task imposed upon me. I aspire to no other reward than the affection of my fellow-citizens. I shall be happy if they are thoroughly convinced that the evils which they may experience will always be to me the severest of misfortunes; that life is dear to me solely for the services which I am able to render to my country; that death itself will have no bitterness for me, if my last looks can see the happiness of the Republic as firmly secured as is its glory."

But how was Napoleon to be rewarded? That was the great and difficult question. Was wealth to be conferred upon him? For wealth he cared nothing. Millions had been at his disposal, and he had emptied them all into the treasury of France. Ease, luxury, self-indulgence had no charms for him. Were honours to be reared to his honour, titles to be bestowed upon his name? Napoleon regarded these but as means for the accomplishment of his duty. In themselves they were nothing. The only one thing which he desired was power—power to work out vast results for others, and thus to secure for himself renown which should be pure and imperishable.

But how could the power of Napoleon be increased? He was already almost absolute. What ever he wished, he accomplished.

His plans, all co-operated in giving him power. It will be remembered that he was elected First Consul for ten

years. I felt that there was absolutely nothing which could be done, gratifying to the First Consul, but to prolong the term of his consulship, by either adding to it another period of ten years, or by continuing it during his life.

"What does he wish?" was the universal inquiry. Every possible means was tried, but in vain. I obtained a single senatorial decree.

One of the senators went to Napoleon and said, "Does he wish to be king? Only let him say so, and we are ready to vote for the dissolution of royalty. Most willingly will I do it for him, for he is worthy of that

First Consul shut

up in him

penetrable reserve. Even his most intimate friends could catch no glimpse of his secret wishes. At last the question was plainly and earnestly put to him.

With great apparent humility, he replied, "I have not fixed my mind upon anything. Any testimony of the public confidence will be sufficient for me, and will fill me with satisfaction."

The question was then discussed whether to add ten years to his consulship, or to make him First Consul for life. Cambacères knew well the boundless ambition of Napoleon, and was fully conscious that any limited period of power would not be in accordance with his plans. He ventured to say to him—

"You are wrong not to explain yourself. Your enemies—for, notwithstanding your services, you have some left even in the Senate—will abuse your reserve."

Napoleon calmly replied, "Let them alone. The majority of the Senate is always ready to do more than it is asked. They will go further than you imagine."

On the evening of the 8th of May, 1802, the resolution was adopted of prolonging the powers of the First Consul for ten years. Napoleon was probably surprised and disappointed. He, however, decided to return a grateful answer, and to say that not from the Senate, but from the suffrages of the people alone, could he accept a prolongation of that power to which their voices had elevated him. The following answer was transmitted to the Senate the next morning:—

"The honourable proof of your esteem, given in your deliberation of the 8th, will remain for ever engraven on my heart. In the three years which have just elapsed, fortune has smiled upon the Republic. But fortune is fickle. How many men whom she has loaded with favours have lived a few years too long. The interest of my glory and that of my happiness would seem to have marked the term of my public life at the moment when the peace of the world is proclaimed; but the glory and the happiness of the citizen ought to be silent when the interest of the state and the public partiality call him. You judge that I owe a new sacrifice to the people. I will make it, if the wishes of the people command what your suffrage authorizes."

Napoleon immediately left Paris for his country seat at Malmaison. This beautiful chateau was about twelve miles from the metropolis. Josephine had purchased the peaceful rural retreat at Napoleon's request, during his first Italian campaign. Subsequently, large sums had been expended in enlarging and improving the grounds, and it was ever the favourite residence of both Napoleon and Josephine.

Cambacères called an extraordinary meeting of the Council of State. After much deliberation, it was resolved, by an immense majority, that the following proposition should be submitted to the people:—"Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be First Consul for life?" It was then resolved to submit a second question:—"Shall the

First Consul have the power of appointing his successor?" This was, indeed, re-establishing monarchy under a republican name.

Cambacères immediately repaired to Malmaison to submit these resolutions to Napoleon. To the amazement of all, he immediately and firmly rejected the second question. Energetically he said—

"Whom would you have me appoint my successor? My brothers? But will France, which has consented to be governed by me, consent to be governed by Joseph or Lucien? Shall I nominate you consul, Cambacères? You? Dare you undertake such a task? And then the will of Louis XIV. was not respected; is it likely that mine would be? A dead man, let him be who he will, is nobody."

In opposition to all urgency, he ordered the second question to be erased, and the first only to be submitted to the people. It is impossible to divine the motive which influenced Napoleon in this most unexpected decision. Some have supposed that even then he had in view the Empire and the hereditary monarchy, and that he wished to leave a chasm in the organization of the government as a reason for future change. Others have supposed that he dreaded the rivalries which would arise among his brothers and his nephews from his having at his disposal so resplendent a gift as the Empire of France. But the historian treads upon dangerous ground when he begins to judge of motives. That which Napoleon actually *did* was moderate and noble in the highest degree. He declined the power of appointing his successor, and submitted his election to the suffrages of the people. A majority of 3,568,885 voted for the consulate for life, and only eight thousands and a few hundreds against it. Never before or since, except in the election of Louis Napoleon, was an earthly government established by such unanimity. Never had a monarch a more indisputable title to his throne.

Upon this occasion La Fayette added to his vote these qualifying words—"I cannot vote for such a magistracy until public freedom is sufficiently guaranteed. When that is done, I give my voice to Napoleon Bonaparte." In a private conversation with the First Consul, he added,

"A free government, and you at its head—that comprehends all my desires." Napoleon remarked, "In theory, La Fayette is perhaps right. But what is theory? A mere dream when applied to the masses of mankind. He thinks he is still in the United States—as if the French were Americans. He has no conception of what is required for this country."

A day was fixed for a grand diplomatic festival, when Napoleon should receive the congratulations of the constituted authorities and of the foreign ambassadors. The soldiers, in brilliant uniform, formed a double line from the Tuileries to the Luxembourg. The First Consul was seated in a magnificent chariot drawn by eight horses. A *cortège* of gorgeous splendour accompanied him. All Paris thronged the streets through which he passed, and the most enthu-

elastic applause rent the heavens. To the order of the Senate, Napoleon re-

"The life of a citizen belongs to his country. The French nation wishes that mine should be wholly consecrated to France. I obey its will. Through my efforts, by your assistance, citizen senators, by the aid of the authorities, and by the confidence and support of this mighty people, the liberty, equality, and prosperity of France will be rendered secure against the caprices of fate and the uncertainty of futurity. The most virtuous of nations will be the most happy, as it deserves to be; and its felicity will contribute to the general happiness of all Europe. Proud, then, of being thus called, by the command of that Power from which everything emanates, to bring back order, justice, and equality to the earth, when my last hour approaches, I shall yield myself up with resignation, and without any solicitude respecting the opinions of future generations."

On the following day, the new articles, modifying the Constitution in accordance with the change in the consulship, were submitted to the Council of State. The First Consul presided, and, with his accustomed vigour and perspicuity, explained the reasons of each article, as he recounted them one by one. The articles contained the provision that Napoleon should nominate his successor to the Senate. To this, after a slight resistance, he yielded. The most profound satisfaction now pervaded France. Even Josephine began to be tranquil and happy. She imagined that all thoughts of royalty and hereditary succession had now passed away. She contemplated with no uneasiness the power which Napoleon possessed of choosing his successor. Napoleon sympathized cordially with her in her high gratification that Hortense was soon to become a mother. The child was already, in their hearts, the selected heir to the power of Napoleon.

On the 15th of August, Paris magnificently celebrated the anniversary of the birthday of the First Consul. This was another introduction of monarchical usages. All the high authorities of the Church and the State, and the foreign diplomatic bodies, called upon him with congratulations. At noon, in all the churches of the metropolis, a *Te Deum* was sung, in gratitude to God for the gift of Napoleon. At night the city blazed with illuminations. The splendours and etiquette of royalty were now rapidly introduced.

The same fickle populace, who had so recently plied princes and thrones into blood and ruin, now captivated with the reintroduction of discarded splendours. Napoleon soon established himself in the beautiful chateau of St. Cloud, which he had caused to be repaired with great skill.

On the Sabbath, the First Consul, with Josephine, invariably attended divine service. Their example was soon followed by most of the members of the court, and the nation, as a body, turned to Christianity, which, even in its most

form, saves humanity from the abysses.

Immediately after divine service he conversed in the gallery of the chateau with the visitors who were then waiting for him. The brilliance of his intellect, and his high renown, caused him to be approached with emotions of awe. His words were listened to with intensest eagerness. He was the exclusive object of observation and attention. No earthly potentate had ever attained such a degree of homage, pure and sincere, as now circled around the First Consul.

Lucien was very desirous of having his court of decorum and of morals. Lucien owned a beautiful mansion near Neuilly. Upon one occasion he invited Napoleon and all the inmates of Malmaison to attend some private theatricals at his dwelling. Lucien and Eliza were the performers in a piece called "Alzire." The ardour of their declamation, the freedom of their gestures, and, above all, the indecency of the costume which they assumed, displeased exceedingly. As soon as the play was

ended, Lucien exclaimed, "It is a scandal. I ought not to suffer such indecencies. I will give Lucien to understand that I will have no more of it." As soon as Lucien entered the saloon, having resumed his usual dress, Napoleon addressed him before the whole company, and requested him in future to desist from all such representations. "What!" said he, "when I am endeavouring to restore purity of manners, my brother and sister must needs exhibit themselves upon a platform almost in a state of nudity! It is an insult!"

One day at this time, Bourrienne, going from Malmaison to Eucl, lost a beautiful watch. He proclaimed his loss by means of the bellman at Eucl. An hour after, as he was sitting down to dinner, a peasant boy brought him the watch, which he had found on the road. Napoleon heard of the occurrence. Immediately he instituted inquiries respecting the young man and the family. Hearing a good report of them, he gave the three brothers employment, and amply rewarded the honest lad. "Kindness," says Bourrienne, "was a very prominent trait in the character of Napoleon."

If we now take a brief review of what Napoleon had accomplished since his return from Egypt, it must be admitted that the records of the world are to be searched in vain for a similar result. No mortal man before ever accomplished so much, or accomplished it so well in so short a time.

Let us for a moment return to his landing at Fréjus, on the 8th of October, 1799, until he was chosen First Consul for life, in August, 1802, a period of not quite three years. Proceeding to

alone, he overthrew the Directory, he the supreme power, he introduced the administration of government, a new and very efficient system for the raising of taxes, raised public

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the horrors of that unnatural war which had for years been desolating La Vendée. Condescending to the attitude of a suppliant, he implored of Europe peace.

Europe chose war. By a majestic conception of military combinations, he sent Moreau with a vast army to the Rhine; stimulated Massena to the most desperate strife at Genoa; and then, creating as by magic an army from materials which excited but the ridicule of his foes, he climbed, with artillery and horse, and all the munitions of war, the icy pinnacles of the Alps, and fell like an avalanche upon his foes on the plain of Marengo. With far inferior numbers, he snatched the victory from the victors; and in the exultant hour of the most signal conquest, wrote again from the field of blood imploring peace. His foes, humbled and at his mercy, gladly availed themselves of his clemency, and promised to treat. Perfidiously, they only sought time to regain their strength. He then sent Moreau to Hohenlinden, and beneath the walls of Vienna extorted peace from Continental Europe.

England still prosecuted the war. The First Consul, by his genius, won the heart of Paul of Russia, secured the affection of Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden, and formed a league of all Europe against the Mistress of the Seas. While engaged in this work, he paid the creditors of the state, established the Bank of France, overwhelmed the highway robbers with utter destruction, and restored security in all the provinces; cut magnificent communications over the Alps, founded hospitals on their summits, surrounded exposed cities with fortifications, opened canals, constructed bridges, created magnificent roads, and commenced the compilation of that civil code which will remain an everlasting monument of his labours and his genius. In opposition to the remonstrances of his best friends, he re-established Christianity, and with it proclaimed perfect liberty of conscience. Public works were everywhere re-established to encourage industry. Schools and colleges were founded. Merit of every kind was stimulated by abundant

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Vast improvements were made in Paris, and the streets cleaned and irrigated. In the midst of all these cares, he was defending France against the assaults of the most powerful nation on the globe; and he was preparing, as his last resort, a vast army to carry the war into the heart of England. Notwithstanding the most atrocious libels with which England was filled against him, his fame shone resplendent through them all, and he was popular with the English people. Many of the most illustrious of the English statesmen advocated his cause. His gigantic adversary, William Pitt, vanquished by the genius of Napoleon, was compelled to retire from the Ministry, and the world was at peace.

The difficulties, perplexities, and embarrassments which were encountered in these enterprises were infinite. Napoleon says, with that magnanimity which history should recognise and

We are told that all the First Consul

had to look to was to do justice. But to whom was he to do justice? To the proprietors whom the Revolution had violently despoiled of their properties, for this only, that they had been faithful to their legitimate sovereign, and to the principle of honour which they had inherited from their ancestors, or to those new proprietors who had purchased these domains, adventuring their money on the faith of laws flowing from an illegitimate authority? Was he to do justice to those Royalist soldiers, mutilated in the fields of Germany, La Vendée, and Quiberon, arrayed under the white standard of the Bourbons, in the firm belief that they were serving the cause of their King against a usurping tyranny, or to the million of citizens who, forming around the frontiers a wall of brass, had so often saved their country from the inveterate hostility of its enemies, and had borne to so transcendent a height the glory of the French eagle? Was he to do justice to that clergy, the model and the example of every Christian virtue, stripped of its birth-right, the reward of fifteen hundred years of benevolence, or to the recent acquirers, who had converted the convents into workshops, the churches into warehouses, and had turned to profane uses all that had been deemed most holy for ages?"

"At this period," says Thiers, "Napoleon appeared so moderate after having been so victorious, he showed himself so profound a legislator after having proved himself so great a commander, he evinced so much love for the arts of peace after having excelled in the arts of war, that well might he excite illusions in France and in the world. Only some few among the persons who were admitted to his councils, who were capable of judging futurity by the present, were filled with as much anxiety as admiration on witnessing the indefatigable activity of his mind and body, and the energy of his will, and the impetuousness of his desires. They trembled even at seeing him do good in the way he did—so impatient was he to accomplish it quickly, and upon an immense scale. The wise and sagacious Tronchet, who both admired and loved him, and looked upon him as the saviour of France, said, nevertheless, one day, in a tone of deep feeling, to Cambacérès, 'This young man begins like Cæsar; I fear that he will end like him.'"

"Napoleon," says the Duke of Gaëta, "on his arrival at power, had one question of immense importance to resolve—for a long time it engrossed his meditations—*Would it be possible to maintain a republican form of government?*"

"The result of that system, thus far, had not been successful with us. The remembrance of the excesses of the Revolution was recent. We were threatened with the renewal of those excesses, with aggravated violence, at the moment in which the fortune of France placed her in the hands of the only man capable of rescuing her from anarchy. But could he hope to control, for any length of time, by the ascendancy of his genius, those passions which threatened incessantly the overthrow of all order, if he main-

tained a political organization which favoured their deadly influence?

"It is true that this organization has succeeded in the United States. But how great the difference between our situation, moral and physical, and that of a country entirely new, scarcely settled, and of manners generally austere, and which, besides, separated by the ocean from the continent of Europe, excites no fear among those powers that they shall experience any danger from the example of that which passes so far from themselves. But how could they look with tranquillity upon a similar example in a neighbouring country, so powerful as France in position and territory? Had not all Europe, in fact, conspired against the infant Republic? and was not France at the point of being crushed in the terrific strife when the national will placed the direction of affairs in the hands of Napoleon?"

"These considerations seem to render more than doubtful the possibility of maintaining the new order of things produced by the Revolution. Obstacles of a similar nature would unquestionably oppose the establishment of a monarchy under an illustrious captain elevated from the multitude. It would be equally necessary to prepare for a vigorous resistance to the attacks, more or less prolonged, of the ancient European dynasties. These attacks would never yield but to the power of victories.

"Nevertheless, in approaching as near as possible to the governmental forms of England, a system sanctioned by time, Napoleon flattered himself to be able, with less difficulty, to preserve for the nation the enjoyment of the principal advantages that France had acquired at so high a price, in replacing her under political forms to which she had long been accustomed, and, on the other hand, to diminish, perhaps, the hostility of the European Powers to a new government, whose system would thus, at least, more nearly resemble that which existed among themselves."

These opinions, recorded by the Duke of Gaëta, will undoubtedly be cherished by most thinking men who impartially reflect upon the then condition of France. That Napoleon finally adopted them there can be no room for doubt. That they were entertained cordially by the great mass of the French people, is beyond all intelligent denial.

RUFUS

Congratulations
to the English
philosopher—
Amiens by
nation of
—Interview
—the war—

—the war—celebration of the death of a nation.
Remark

THE elevation of Napoleon to the supreme power for life was regarded by most of the states of Continental Europe with satisfaction, as tend-

ing to diminish the dreaded influences of republicanism, and to assimilate France with the surrounding monarchies. Even in England, the prime minister, Mr. Addington, assured the French ambassador of the cordial approbation of the British government of an event destined to restore order and power in France. The King of Prussia, the Emperor Alexander, and the Archduke Charles of Austria, sent him their friendly congratulations. Even Catherine, the haughty Queen of Naples, mother of the Emperor of Austria, being then at Vienna, in ardent possession of her gratification to the French emperor, said, "General Bonaparte is a great man. He has done me much injury, but that shall not prevent me from acknowledging his genius. By checking disorder in France, he has rendered a service to Europe. He has attained the government of his country because he is most worthy of it. I hold him out every day as a pattern to the young princes of the imperial family. I exhort them to study that extraordinary personage, to learn from him how to make the yoke of authority endurable by means of genius and glory."

"It is clear," said Napoleon, "that if we wish for good faith or for permanency in our treaties of peace, it is necessary that the governments which surround us should adopt our forms, or that our institutions should become more in harmony with theirs. There must always exist a hostile spirit between the old monarchies and a new republic. Here you see the root of European discord."

The Duke of Gaëta, to whom Napoleon related his remark, observes, "The First Consul could not more favourably than toward England, which I was disposed to direct his (the republic's) establishment of a monarchy), and the which influenced him in his opinion, the of obtaining a solid and abiding peace."

But difficulties were rapidly arising between England and France. The English were much disappointed in not finding that the sale of their manufactures which they had so long sold to the cotton-iron manufactures of the north of England. Napoleon, devoted to the development of the of the

by the articles. William Pitt and his still maintaining immense influence, with extreme jealousy the rapid strides which Napoleon was making to power, and indignation in the journals against the of France. Most of the Royalist emigrants who had refused to acknowledge the new government were still devoted to the cause of the old monarchy, and had taken refuge in London.

YOUNG MEN WHO HAD BEEN IN ENGLAND IN THE long war against France. The English government could not refrain from sympathizing with in the cause. It ungenerous not to have done so. The emigrants of them supported by pensions paid

them by England. At the same time, they were constantly plotting against the life of Napoleon, and sending assassins to shoot him. "I will yet teach those Bourbons," said Napoleon, in a moment of indignation, "that I am not a man to be shot at like a dog." Napoleon complained bitterly that his enemies, then attempting his assassination, were in the pay of the British government. Almost daily the plots of these emigrants were brought to light by the vigilance of the French police.

A Bourbon pamphleteer, named Peltier, circulated widely through England the most atrocious libels against the First Consul, his wife, her children, his brothers and sisters. They were charged with the most low, degrading, and revolting vices. These accusations were circulated widely through England and America. They produced a profound impression. They were believed. Many were interested in the circulation of these reports, wishing to destroy the popularity of Napoleon, and to prepare the populace of England for the renewal of the war. Napoleon remonstrated against such infamous representations of his character being allowed in England. But he was informed that the British press was free; that there was no resource but to prosecute for libel in the British courts; and that it was the part of true greatness to treat such slanders with contempt. But Napoleon felt that such false charges were exasperating nations, were paving the way to deluge Europe again in war, and that causes tending to such woes were too potent to be despised.

The Algerines were now sweeping with their piratical crafts the Mediterranean, exacting tribute from all Christian powers. A French ship had been wrecked upon the coast, and the crew were made prisoners. Two French vessels and a Neapolitan ship had also been captured and taken to Algiers. The indignation of Napoleon was aroused. He sent an officer to the Dey with a letter, informing him that, if the prisoners were not released and the captured vessels instantly restored, and a promise given to respect in future the flags of France and Italy, he would send a fleet and an army, and overwhelm him with ruin.

The Dey had heard of Napoleon's career in Egypt. He was thoroughly frightened, restored the ships and the prisoners, implored clemency, and, with barbarian justice, doomed to death those who had captured the ships in obedience to his commands. Their lives were saved only through the intercession of the French minister. Napoleon then performed one of the most gracious acts of courtesy towards the Pope. The feeble monarch had no means of protecting his coasts from the pirates who still swarmed in those seas. Napoleon selected two fine brigs in the naval arsenal at Toulon, equipped them with great elegance, armed them most effectively, filled them with naval stores, and, conferring upon them the apostolical names of St. Peter and St. Paul, sent them as a present to the Pontiff. With characteristic grandeur of action,

he carried his attentions so far as to utter to bring back the crews, that the papal treasury might be exposed to no expense. The venerable Pope, in the exuberance of his gratitude, insisted upon taking the French seamen to Rome. He treated them with every attention in his power; exhibited to them St. Peter's, and dazzled them with the pomp and splendour of cathedral worship. They returned to France loaded with presents, and exceedingly gratified with the kindness with which they had been received.

It was stipulated in the treaty of Amiens that both England and France should evacuate Egypt, and that England should surrender Malta to its ancient rulers. Malta, impregnable in its fortifications, commanded the Mediterranean, and was the key of Egypt. Napoleon had therefore, while he professed a willingness to relinquish all claim to the island himself, insisted upon it, as an essential point, that England should do the same. The question upon which the treaty hinged was the surrender of Malta to a neutral power. The treaty was signed. Napoleon promptly and scrupulously fulfilled his agreements. Several embarrassments, for which England was not responsible, delayed for a few months the evacuation of Malta. But now nearly a year had passed since the signing of the treaty. All obstacles were removed from the way of its entire fulfilment, and yet the troops of England remained both in Egypt and in Malta. The question was seriously discussed in Parliament and in the English journals, whether England was bound to fulfil her engagements, since France was growing so alarmingly powerful.

Generously and eloquently Fox exclaimed, "I am astonished at all I hear, particularly when I consider who they are that speak such words. Indeed, I am more grieved than any of the honourable friends and colleagues of Mr. Pitt at the growing greatness of France, which is daily extending her power in Europe and in America. That France, now accused of interfering with the concerns of others, we invaded, for the purpose of forcing upon her a government to which she would not submit, and of obliging her to accept the family of the Bourbons, whose yoke she spurned. By one of those sublime movements which history should recommend to imitation, and preserve in eternal memorial, she repelled her invaders. Though warmly attached to the cause of England, we have felt an involuntary movement of sympathy with that general outburst of liberty, and we have no desire to conceal it. No doubt France is great, much greater than a good Englishman ought to wish, but that ought not to be a motive for violating solemn treaties. But because France now appears too great to us—greater than we thought her at first—to break a solemn engagement—to retain Malta, for instance—would be an unworthy breach of faith which would compromise the honour of Britain. I am sure that if there were in Paris an assembly similar to that

which is debating here, the British navy and its dominion over the seas would be talked of in the same terms as we talk in this house of the French armies, and their dominion over the land."

Napoleon sincerely wished for peace. He was constructing vast works to embellish and improve the empire. Thousands of workmen were employed in cutting magnificent roads across the Alps. He was watching, with intense interest, the growth of fortifications and the excavation of canals. He was in the possession of absolute power, was surrounded by universal admiration, and, in the enjoyment of profound peace, was congratulating himself upon being the pacificator of Europe. He had disbanded his armies, and was consecrating all the resources of the nation to the stimulation of industry. He therefore left no means of forbearance and conciliation untried to avert the calamities of war.

He received Lord Whitworth, the English ambassador in Paris, with great distinction. The most delicate attentions were paid to his lady, the Duchess of Dorset. Splendid entertainments were given at the Tuilleries in their honour. Talleyrand consecrated to them all the resources of his courtly and elegant manners. The two associate consuls, Cambacères and Lebrun, were also unwearied in attentions. Still, all these efforts on the part of Napoleon to secure friendly relations with England were unavailing. The British government still, in open violation of the treaty, retained Malta. The honour of France was at stake in enforcing the sacredness of treaties. Malta was too important a post to be left in the hands of England. At last, England boldly demanded the evacuation of Holland by the French, and the entire surrender of Malta to the Court of St. James. Napoleon was exceedingly indignant. He exclaimed, "The days of the Pompadours" and Du Barrys "are over. The French wish sincerely for peace, but for a peace becoming honourable men." Napoleon resolved to have a personal interview himself with Lord Whitworth, and to explain to him, with all frankness, his sentiments and his re-

It was on the evening of the 18th of February, 1808, that Napoleon received Lord Whitworth in his cabinet in the Tuilleries. A large writing-table occupied the middle of the room. Napoleon invited the ambassador to take a seat at one end of the table, and seated himself at the

other. "I have wished," said he, "to converse with you in person, that I may fully convince you of my real opinions and intentions." Then, with that force of language and that perspicuity which no man ever excelled, he recapitulated his transactions with England from the birth of that he had offered peace immediately upon his accession to the Consulate; that peace had been refused; that eagerly he had renewed negotiations, as soon as he could with any propriety do so; and that he had made great

secure the peace of .
"But my efforts," said he, "to live on good terms with England have met with no friendly response. The English newspapers breathe but animosity against me. The journals of the emigrants are allowed a license of abuse which is not justified by the British . . . Pensions are granted to . . . and his accomplices, who are plotting my . . . The grants, procured in England, are continually making excursions to France to stir up civil war. The Bourbon princes are received with the insignia of the ancient royalty. . . . to Switzerland . . . Italy to raise up difficulties against France. Every wind which blows from England brings me but hatred and insult. Now we have come to a situation from which we must relieve ourselves. Will you or will you not execute the treaty of Amiens? I have executed it on my part with scrupulous fidelity. That treaty obliged me to evacuate Naples, Tarento, and the Roman States within three months. In less than two months all the French troops were out of those countries. Ten months have elapsed since the exchange of the ratifications, and the English troops are still in Malta and at Alexandria. It is needless to try to deceive me on this point. Will you have peace or will you have war? If you are for war, only say so; we will wage it unflinchingly. If you wish for peace, you must evacuate Alexandria and Malta."

"The rock of Malta, on which so many fortifications have been erected, is, in a military point of view, an object of great importance; but, in my estimation, it has an importance infinitely greater, inasmuch as it implicates the honour of France. What would the world say if we were to allow a solemn treaty signed with us to be violated? It would doubt our energy. For my part, my resolution is fixed. I had rather see you in possession of the Heights of Montmartre than in possession of Malta."

"If you doubt my desire to preserve peace, listen, and judge how far I am sincere. Though yet very young, I have obtained a power, a renown, to which it would be difficult to add. Do you imagine that I am solicitous to risk this power, this renown, in a desperate struggle? If I have a war with Austria, I shall contrive to find the way to Vienna. If I have a war with you, I will take from you every ally upon the Continent. You will blockade us; but I will blockade you in my turn. You will make the Continent a prison for us, but I will make the

for you. H

²² Jeanne Antoinette, Marchioness of Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV. She first attracted the king's notice when he was hunting in the forest of Senart. She mainly obtained almost boundless power over the king, and many of the evils which France are attributed to the power which she possessed of filling the most important offices of the state with her favourites.

Jeanne Gomet de . . .
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in the guilty love of Louis XV. She
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the war, there must be more direct efficiency. There must be assembled 150,000 men and an immense flotilla. We must try to cross the Strait, and perhaps I shall bury in the depths of the sea my fortune, my glory, my life. It is an awful temerity, my lord, the invasion of England."

Here, to the amazement of Lord Whitworth, Napoleon enumerated frankly and powerfully all the perils of the enterprise; the enormous preparations it would be necessary to make of ships, men, and munitions of war; the difficulty of eluding the English fleet. "The chance that we shall perish," said he, "is vastly greater than the chance that we shall succeed. Yet this temerity, my lord, awful as it is, I am determined to hazard, if you force me to it. I will risk my army and my life. With me that great enterprise will have chances which it cannot have with any other. See now if I ought—prosperous, powerful, and peaceful as I now am—to risk power, prosperity, and peace in such an enterprise. Judge if, when I say I am desirous of peace, I am not sincere."

"It is better for you, it is better for me, to keep within the limits of treaties. You must evacuate Malta. You must not harbour my assassins in England. Let me be abused, if you please, by the English journals, but not by those miserable emigrants who dishonour the protection you grant them, and whom the Alien Act permits you to expel from the country. Act cordially with me, and I promise you, on my part, an entire cordiality. See what power we should exercise over the world if we could bring our two nations together. You have a navy which, with the incessant efforts of ten years, in the employment of all my resources, I should not be able to equal. But I have 500,000 men ready to march under my command whithersoever I choose to lead them. If you are masters of the seas, I am master of the land. Let us, then, think of uniting rather than of going to war, and we shall rule at pleasure the destinies of the world. France and England united can do everything for the interests of humanity."

England, however, still refused, upon one pretence and another, to yield Malta; and both parties were growing more and more exasperated, and were gradually preparing for the renewal of hostilities. Napoleon, at times, gave very free utterance to his indignation.

"Malta," said he, "gives the dominion of the Mediterranean. Nobody will believe that I consent to surrender the Mediterranean to the English unless I fear their power. I thus lose the most important sea in the world, and the respect of Europe. I will fight to the last for the possession of the Mediterranean; and if I once get to Dover, it is all over with those tyrants of the seas. Besides, as we must fight, sooner or later, with a people to whom the greatness of France is intolerable, the sooner the better. I am young. The English are in the wrong, more so than they will ever be again. I had rather settle the matter at once. They shall not have Malta."

Still Napoleon assented to the proposal for

negotiating with the English for the cession of some other island in the Mediterranean. "Let them obtain a port to put into," said he; "to that I have no objection. But I am determined that they shall not have two Gibralters in that sea—one at the entrance and one at the middle." To this proposition, however, England refused assent.

Napoleon then proposed that the island of Malta should be placed in the hands of the Emperor of Russia, leaving it with him in trust till the discussions between France and England were decided. It had so happened that the Emperor had just offered his mediation, if that could be available, to prevent a war. This the English government also declined, upon the plea that it did not think that Russia would be willing to accept the office thus imposed upon her. The English ambassador now received instructions to demand that France should cede Malta to England for ten years; and that England, by way of compensation, would recognise the Italian Republic. The ambassador was ordered to apply for his passports if these conditions were not accepted within seven days. To this insulting proposition France would not accede. The English minister demanded his passports and left France. Immediately the English fleet commenced its attack upon French merchant-ships, wherever they could be found; and the world was again deluged in war.

No fact in history can be more conclusively proved than that Napoleon was not responsible for the rupture of the peace of Amiens. As the settlement of this question is a matter of much moment, we will introduce some additional testimony.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, said, "At Amiens I sincerely thought that the fate of France and of Europe, and my own destiny, were permanently fixed. The English cabinet, however, again kindled the flame of war. England is alone responsible for all the miseries with which Europe has since been assailed. For my part, I intended to devote myself wholly to the internal interests of France. I am confident that I should have wrought miracles. I should have lost nothing in the scale of glory, and I should have gained much in the scale of happiness. I should then have achieved the moral conquest of Europe, which I was afterwards on the point of accomplishing by the force of arms. Of how much glory was I thus deprived? My enemies always spoke of my love of war. But was I not constantly engaged in self-defence? After every victory I gained, did I not immediately make proposals for peace?"

"The truth is, I never was master of my own actions. I never was entirely myself. I might have conceived many plans, but I never had it in my power to execute any. I held the reins with a vigorous hand, but the fury of the waves was greater than any force I could exert in resisting them. I prudently yielded rather than incur the risk of sinking through stubborn opposition. I was never truly my own master, but

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

longer remain in a country where not only all disposition towards peace is abjured, but where even the laws and usages of war are violated and contemned. The undersigned has, consequently, received orders to leave England, where he finds a further residence entirely useless. He is, at the same time, charged to declare that the French government, having had always for its first desire to contribute to a general peace, and for its maxim to mitigate as far as possible, the calamities of war, cannot consent, on its part, to render poor fishermen the victims of prolonged hostilities. It will, on the contrary, abstain from all reprisals, and it has ordered the armed ships of France to continue to leave all fishermen free and unmolested."

On the 20th of May, Napoleon, in the following proclamation, announced to France the rupture of the peace of Amiens:—

"We are forced to make war to repel an unjust aggression. We will do so with glory. If the King of England is resolved to keep Great Britain in a state of war till France shall recognise his right of executing or violating treaties at his pleasure, as well as the privilege of outraging the French government in official and private publications, without allowing us to complain, we must mourn for the fate of humanity. We assuredly wish to leave to our descendants the French name honoured and without a stain. Whatever may be the circumstances, we shall, on all occasions, leave it to England to take the initiative in all proceedings of violence against the peace and independence of nations; and she shall receive from us an example of that moderation which alone can afford any real security for social order and public happiness."

Napoleon, at St. Helena, in speaking of the injustice of this unprovoked and wanton attack, remarked, "During the past four years I had reunited all the parties into which France had been divided before my accession to power. The list of emigrants was closed. I had at first marked, then erased, and finally granted an amnesty to all those who wished to return to their country. All their existing and unsold property had been restored, with the exception of the forests, of which the law assigned them the revenues. There no longer remained on that list any names except those of persons immediately attached to the princes of the house of Bourbon, who did not wish to take advantage of the amnesty. Thousands upon thousands of the emigrants had returned, and been subjected to no other conditions than the oath of fidelity and obedience to the Republic. These laws effected great amelioration in public affairs. They, however, were accompanied by the inevitable inconveniences of emboldening, by their very mildness and indulgence, the foes of the Consular government—the Royalist party and our foreign enemies."

The English government, with insults, rejected Napoleon's overtures for peace when he ascended the Consular throne. At last, intimidated by

the clamour of the English people, the government reluctantly made peace. But, watching for an opportunity to renew the war, the English government violated the most solemn stipulations of the treaty of Amiens, seized two

French vessels, containing seventy-two millions of francs, and detained them in violation of French treaties. They did not wait till the vessels had time to reach Paris. Then, to defame the character of that great man who nobly rescued his country to self-defence, she filled the world with the cry that Napoleon, the arch-lineate ambition and a bloodthirsty spirit, had provoked the war. This deed of infamy cannot be painted in colours too black.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE.

Relict of history—Power of England—Seizure of French ships—Itinerary of English travellers—Preparations for the invasion of England—Tour through Belgium—Plans for crossing the Straits of

FOR THE ASSAULT.

IMPARTIAL history, without adorning or disfiguring, must award the responsibility of the rupture of the peace of Amiens to the government of Great Britain. Napoleon had nothing to hope for from war, and everything to fear. The only way in which he could even approach his formidable enemy was by crossing the sea and invading England. He acknowledged, and the world knew, that such an enterprise was an act of desperation. England was the undisputed mistress of the seas, and no naval power could stand before her ships. The voice of poetry was the voice of truth—

Britannia needs no bulwarks to frown along the steep,
Her march is on the mountain-wave, her home is on the deep.

England, with her invincible navy, could strike France in every quarter. She could sweep the coasts of the infant Republic from the sea, and appropriate to herself the commerce of all climes. Thus war proffered to England security and wealth. It promised the complete ruin of a dreaded rival, whose rapid increase in opulence and power had excited the most intense alarm. The temptation thus presented to the British cabinet to renew the war was powerful in the extreme. It required more virtue than ordinarily falls to the lot of man to resist. Unhappily for suffering humanity, England yielded to the temptation. To fulfil the stipulations of a treaty solemnly ratified, she retained possession of Malta in violation of the pledged faith, and renewed the assault on France.

In a moment, which before the rupture, had been in England for the purpose of

SEIZURE OF ENGLISH TRAVELLERS IN FRANCE.

the other cherishes implacable hatred against France. Hence arises this fluctuation in councils and in measures, and this attitude, at one time pacific and again menacing. While this strife continues, there are measures which prudence demands of the government of the Five hundred thousand men ought to be, and will be, ready to defend our country and to insult. Strange necessity, which wicked sions impose upon two nations, who should be, by the same interests and voted to peace! But let us hope for the best, and believe that we shall yet hear from the cabinet of England the counsels of wisdom and the voice of humanity.

When Mr. Fox was in Paris, he was one day, with Napoleon and several other gentlemen, in the gallery of the Louvre, looking at a cent globe, of unusual magnitude, which had been deposited in the museum.

marked upon the very small space which the

said Mr. Fox, as he approached this attempted to encircle it in his exte
"England is a small island, but with her power she girdles the world."

This was not an empty boast. were everywhere. In Spain, in the ranean, in the East Indies and West Asia, Africa, and America islands of the ocean, she extended her Roins, in her proudest day of grandeur, awayed such power.

It seemed but mere trifling for this England to in that the infant Republic of F

I gerung the world by her ambition, had obtained an influence in the ... republic, in the feeble Duchy of Parma, and had obtained the island of Ellis for a colony. To the arguments and remonstrances of Napoleon, England could make no reply but by the broadsides of her ships.

"You are seated," said England, "upon the

"And your king," Napoleon replies, "is on the throne of the exiled Stuarts."

"But the First Consul of France is also President of the Cisalpine Republic," England rejoins.

"And the King of England," Napoleon adds, "is the victor of Hanover."

"Your troops are in Switzerland," continues.

"And yours," Napoleon replies, "are in Spain, fortified themselves upon the rock of

"You are ambitious, and trying to sign colonies," England rejoins.

"But you,

ies where we have one."

"England says, "that you desire to appropriate to

"You have, to yourself India."

Indignant

exclaims, "Nelson, bri head the army! This

man must be put down. His ambition endar the liberties of the world. Historians of E land I inform the nations that the usurper Bo parts, by his arrogance and aggression, is delang-ing the Continent with blood."

Immediately on the withdrawal of the ambassador from Paris, and even before the parture of the French minister from London, England, without any public declaration of hostilities, commenced her assaults upon France. The merchant ships of the Republic, unsuspecting of danger, freighted with treasure, were seized, even in the harbours of England, and wherever they could be found, by the vigilant and almost omnipresent navy of the Queen of the Seas. Two French ships of war were attacked and captured. These disastrous tidings were the first intimation that Napoleon received that the war was renewed.

The indignation of the First Consul was thoroughly aroused. The retaliating blow he struck, though merited, yet terrible, was characteristic of the man. At midnight he summoned to his presence the Minister of Police, and ordered the arrest of every Englishman in France between the ages of eighteen and sixty. These were all to be detained as hostages for the prisoners England had captured upon the seas. The tidings of this decree rolled a billow of woe over the peaceful homes of England; for there were thousands of travellers upon the Continent, unapprehensive of danger, supposing that war would be declared before hostilities would be resumed. These were the first-fruits of that terrific conflict into which the world again was plunged.

No tongue can tell the anguish thus caused a thousands of homes. Most of the travellers ere gentlemen of culture and refinement—husbands, fathers, sons, brothers—who were visiting the Continent for pleasure. During twelve weary years these hapless men lingered in exile. Many died and moldered to the dust in France. Children grew to manhood, strangers to their imprisoned fathers, knowing not even whether they were living or dead. Wives and daughters, in desolated homes, through lingering years of suspense and agony, sunk in despair into the grave. The hulks of England were also filled with the husbands and fathers of France, and ary and starvation reigned in a thousand ges, clustered in the valleys and along the shores of the Republic, where peace and contentment might have dwelt but for this horrible and iniquitous strife. As in all such cases, the woes fell mainly upon the innocent—upon those homes where matrons and maidens wept away years of agony.

The imagination is appalled in contemplating this melancholy addition to the ordinary miseries of war. William Pitt, whose genius inspired this strife, was a man of gigantic intellect, of gigantic energy. But he was an entire stranger to all those kindly sensibilities which add lustre to human nature. He was neither a father nor a husband, and no emotions of gentleness, of

He could not refrain from seeing that war was the decree of destiny. He will make war, and he will not flinch before a proud nation engaged for twenty years of making all the powers of the earth bow before it."

Napoleon now resolved to visit Belgium and the departments of the Rhine. It seemed as if he were accompanied him. He was hailed with transport wherever he appeared, and royal honors were showered upon him. Everywhere his presence drew forth manifestations of attachment to his person, hatred for the English, and zeal to combat the domination of France. But, wherever Napoleon went, his commanding attention was directed to the docks, to the magazines, to the supplies, and the various resources and capabilities of the country. Every hour was such a toil, for toil seemed to be his only pleasure. From this brief tour Napoleon returned to Boulogne.

In the Straits of Calais, which Napoleon contemplated crossing, notwithstanding the immense preponderance of the British navy filling the Channel, are about thirty miles in width. There were four contingencies which seemed to render the project not impossible. In summer there are frequent calms in the Channel of forty-eight hours' duration. During this calm the English ships of the line would be compelled to be motionless. The flat-bottomed boats of Napoleon, impelled by strong rowers, might then pass even in sight of the enemy's squadron. In the winter there were frequently dense fogs, unaccompanied by any wind. It was used by the obscurity and the calm, a time so moment then being favorable. There was at last a chance, more favorable than either. The fogs were not infrequently so great as to prevent the English squadron from being compelled to leave the Channel and stand out to sea. Seizing the moment when the tempest subsided, the French flotilla might perhaps cross the straits before the squadron could return. A fourth chance was that it was, by skillful management, only in the night and to push the action of its guns.

all the mechanism of this Herculean enterprise, a more fully alive than himself to the tremendous hazard. It is impossible now to to be the result of a squadron and these

and in every direction with their guns in their turn they were out

is not

that number in battle every day. And what battle ever promised the results which a landing in England authorizes us to hope for?"

The amount of business now resting upon the mind of Napoleon seems incredible. He was personally attending to all the complicated diplomatic of Europe. Spain was professing friendship and alliance, and yet treacherously engaged in acts of hostility. Charles IV., perhaps the most contemptible monarch who ever wore a crown, was then upon the throne of Spain. His wife was a shameless libertine. Her paramour, Godoy, called the Prince of Peace, a weak-minded, conceited, worn-out debauchee, governed the degraded empire. Napoleon demonstrated against the perfidy of Spain, and the wrongs France was receiving at her hands. The miserable Godoy returned an answer, mean spirited, hypocritical, and sycophantic. Napoleon sternly shook his head, and ominously exclaimed, "All this will yet end in a clap of thunder."

In the midst of these scenes, Napoleon was continually displaying those generous and magnanimous traits of character which won the enthusiastic love of all who knew him. On one occasion, a young English sailor had escaped from imprisonment in the interior of France, and had succeeded in reaching the coast near Boulogne. Secretly he had constructed a little skiff of the branches and the bark of trees, as fragile as the ark of bulrushes. Upon this frail float, which would scarcely buoy up his body, he was about to venture out upon the stormy Channel, with the chance of being picked up by some English cruiser. Napoleon, informed of the desperate project of the young man, was struck with admiration in view of the fearless enterprise, and ordered the prisoner to be brought before him.

"Do you really intend," said the young man, "to see my

shall see her," he energetically present to her from me this pure trained up so affectionate and dutiful a son. that the young with every comfort, and sent in a cruiser, with a flag of truce, to the first British vessel that could be one thinks of the moral sublimity of the English and French. sh

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barbarity and brutality of savages war. Perhaps in the next interval between these two ships they fought for hours, hurling bullets and balls through the quivering nerves, and lacerated sinews, and mangled frames of brothers, husbands, and fathers.

Napoleon's labours at this time in the cabinet were so enormous, dictating to his agents in all parts of France, and to his ambassadors all over Europe, that he kept three secretaries constantly employed. One of these young men, who was lodged and boarded in the palace, received a salary of 6,000 francs a-year. Unfortunately, however, he had become deeply involved in debt, and was incessantly harassed by the importunities of his creditors. Knowing Napoleon's strong disapprobation of all irregularities, he feared utter ruin should the knowledge of the facts reach his ears. One morning, after having passed a sleepless night, he rose at the early hour of five, and sought refuge from his distraction in commencing work in the cabinet. But Napoleon, who had already been at work for some time, in passing the door of the cabinet to go to his bath, heard the young man humming a tune.

Opening the door, he looked in upon his young secretary, and said, with a smile of satisfaction—

"What! so early at your desk! Why, this is very exemplary. We ought to be well satisfied with such service. What salary have you?"

"Six thousand francs, sire," was the reply.

"Indeed!" said Napoleon; "that, for one of your age, is very handsome. And, in addition, I think you have your board and lodging?"

"I have, sire."

"Well, I do not wonder that you sing. You must be a very happy man."

"Alas! sire," he replied, "I ought to be, but I am not."

"And why not?"

"Because, sire," he replied, "I have too many English tormenting me. I have also an aged father, who is almost blind, and a sister who is not yet married, dependent upon me for support."

"But, sir," Napoleon rejoined, "in supporting your father and your sister, you do only that which every good son should do. But what have you to do with the English?"

"They are those," the young man answered, "who have loaned me money, which I am not able to repay. All those who are in debt call their creditors the English."

"Enough! enough! I understand you. You are in debt, then? And how is it that with such a salary you run into debt? I wish to have no man about my person who has recourse to the gold of the English. From this hour you will receive your dismissal. Adieu, sir!"

Saying this, Napoleon left the room and returned to his chamber. The young man was left with despair.

But a few moments elapsed when an aid-de-camp entered and gave him a note, saying, "It is from Napoleon." Trembling with agitation,

and not doubting that it confirmed his dismissal, he opened it and read:—

"I have wished to dismiss you from my cabinet, for you deserve it; but I have thought of your aged and blind father, and of your young sister, and, for their sake, I pardon you. And, since they are the ones who must most suffer from your misconduct, I send you, with leave of absence for one day only, the sum of ten thousand francs. With this sum disembarass yourself immediately of all the English who trouble you, and hereafter conduct yourself in such a manner as not to fall into their power. Should you fail in this, I shall give you leave of absence without permission to return."

Upon the bleak cliff of Boulogne, swept by the storm and the rain, Napoleon had a little hut erected for himself. Often leaving the palace of St. Cloud by night, after having spent a tedious day in the cares of state, he passed with the utmost rapidity over the intervening space of 180 miles. Arriving about the middle of the next day, apparently unconscious of fatigue, he examined everything before he allowed himself a moment of sleep. The English exerted all their energies to impede the progress of the majestic enterprise. Their cruisers, incessantly hovering around, kept up an almost uninterrupted fire upon their works. Their shells, passing over the cliff, exploded in the harbour and in the crowded camps. The labourers, inspired by the presence of Napoleon, continued proudly their toil, singing as they worked, while the balls of the English were flying around them.

For their protection, Napoleon finally constructed large batteries, which would throw twenty-four pound shot three miles, and thus kept the English ships at that distance. It would, however, require a volume to describe the magnitude of the works constructed at Boulogne. Napoleon was indefatigable in his exertions to promote the health and the comfort of the soldiers. They were all well paid, warmly clothed, fed with an abundance of nutritious food, and their camp, divided into quarters traversed by long streets, presented the cheerful aspect of a neat, thriving, well-ordered city. The soldiers, thus protected, enjoyed perfect health, and, full of confidence in the enterprise for which they were preparing, hailed their beloved leader with the most enthusiastic acclamations whenever he appeared.

Spacious as were the quays erected at Boulogne, it was not possible to range all the vessels alongside. They were consequently placed nine deep, the first one only touching the quays. A horse, with a band passing round him, was raised by means of a pulley, transmitted nine times from yard to yard, as he was borne aloft in the air, and in about two minutes was deposited in the ninth vessel. By constant repetition, the embarkation and disembarkation was accomplished with almost inconceivable promptness and precision. In all weather, in summer and

conscious than in the petty jealousies which so often rankle in the bosoms of great men. General Moreau had looked with an envious eye upon the gigantic strides of General Bonaparte to power. His wife, a weak, vain, envious woman, could not endure the thought that General Moreau should be only the second man in the empire, and she exerted all her influence over her vacillating and unstable husband to convince him that the conqueror of Hohenlinden was entitled to the highest gifts France had to confer.

One day, by accident, she was detained a few moments in the antechamber of Josephine. Her indignation was extreme. General Moreau was in a mood of mind to yield to the influence of these reproaches. As an indication of his displeasure, he allowed himself to repel the favours which the First Consul showered upon him. He at last was guilty of the impropriety of refusing to attend the First Consul at a review. In consequence, he was omitted in an invitation to a banquet which Napoleon gave on the anniversary of the Republic. Thus coldness increased to hostility. Moreau, with bitter feelings, withdrew to his estate of Grosbois, where, in the enjoyment of opulence, he watched with an evil eye the movements of one whom he had the vanity to think his rival.

Under these circumstances, it was not thought difficult to win over Moreau, and, through him, the army. Then, at the very moment when Napoleon had been hithered on his drive to Malmaison, the Loyalists all over France were to rise; the emigrant Bourbons, with arms and money supplied by England in their hands, were to rush over the frontier; the British navy and army were ready with their powerful co-operation; and the Bourbon dynasty was to be re-established. Such was this infamous conspiracy of the Bourbons.

But in this plan there was a serious difficulty. Moreau prided himself upon being a very decided Republican, and had denounced even the Consulate for life, as tending to the establishment of royalty. Still, it was hoped that the jealousy of his disposition would induce him to engage in any plot for the overthrow of the First Consul. General Pichegru, a man illustrious in rank and talent, a warm advocate of the Bourbons, and alike influential with Monarchists and Republicans, had escaped from the wilds of Sinamary, where he had been banished by the Directory, and was then residing in London.

drawn into the conspiracy, and employed to confer with Moreau. Matters being thus arranged, Cadoudal, with a band of bold and desperate men, armed to the teeth, and with an ample supply of funds, which had been obtained from the French treasury, set out from London for

depth, a rope-ladder could be let down to the surface of the sea. The smugglers thus scaled the precipice, bearing heavy burdens upon their shoulders. Cadoudal had found out this path, and easily purchased its use. To facilitate communication with Paris, a chain of lodging-places had been established in solitary farm-houses and in the castles of the Loyalist nobles, so that the conspirators could pass from the cliff of Riville to Paris without exposure to the public roads or to any inn. Captain Wright, an officer in the English navy, a bold and skilful seaman, took the conspirators on board his vessel, and secretly landed them at the foot of this cliff. Cautionally, Cadoudal, with some of his trusty followers, crept along from shelter to shelter, until he reached the suburbs of Paris.

From his lurking-place he despatched emissaries, bought by his abundance of gold, to different parts of France, to prepare the Royalists to rise. Much to his disappointment, he found Napoleon almost universally popular, and the Loyalists themselves settling down in contentment under his efficient government. Even the priests were attached to the First Consul, for he had rescued them from the most unrelenting persecution. In the course of two months of incessant exertions, Cadoudal was able to collect but thirty men, who, by liberal pay, were willing to run the risk of trying to restore the Bourbons. While Cadoudal was thus employed with the Royalists, Pichegru and his agents were sounding Moreau and the Republicans. General Lajolais, a former officer of Moreau, was easily gained over. He drew from Moreau a confession of his wounded feelings, and of his desire to see the Consular government overthrown in almost any way. Lajolais did not reveal to the illustrious general the details of the conspiracy, but, going to London by the circuitous route of avoiding detection, told his credulous employers that Moreau was ready to take any part in the enterprise.

At the conferences now held in London by this band of conspirators, plotting assassination, the Count d'Artois had the criminal folly to prefer a future monarch of France guiding the of a band of assassins. When Lajolais reported that Moreau was ready to aid Pichegru the moment he should appear, then Count d'Artois, exclaimed with "Ah! let but our two generals agree together, and shall speedily be restored to France!" It was arranged that Pichegru, Riviere, and one of the Polignacs, with others of the band, should immediately join Georges Cadoudal, and, as soon as everything was ripe, Charles and his son, the Duke of Herri, were to land in France, to share in the infamous project. A party embarked on board the ship of Captain Wright, and were landed, in the darkness of the night, beneath the cliff of

Upon the coast of Normandy, upon the side of a precipitous craggy cliff, ever washed by the ocean, there was a secret passage, formed by a cleft in the rock, known only to a select, one or two

Moreau made an appointment to meet Pichegru by night upon the Boulevard de la Madeleine.

It was a dark and cold night, in the month of January, 1804, when these two illustrious generals, the conqueror of Holland and the hero of Hohenliinden, approached, and, by a preconcerted signal, recognised each other. Years had elapsed since they had stood side by side as soldiers in the army of the Rhine. Both were embarrassed, for neither of these once honourable men was accustomed to deeds of darkness. They had hardly exchanged salutations when Georges Cadoudal appeared, he having planned the meeting, and being determined to know its result. Moreau, disgusted with the idea of association with such a man, was angry in being subjected to such an interview, and, appointing another meeting with Pichegru at his own house, abruptly retired. They soon met, and had a long and serious conference.

Moreau was perfectly willing to conspire for the overthrow of the Consular government, but insisted that the supreme power should be placed in his own hands, and not in the hands of the Bourbons. Pichegru was grievously disappointed at the result of this interview. He remarked to the confidant who conducted him to Moreau's house, and thence back to his retreat—

"And this man, too, has ambition, and wishes to take his turn in governing France. Poor creature! he could not govern her for four-and-twenty hours."

When Cadoudal was informed of the result of the interview, he imputuously exclaimed, "If we must needs have any usurper, I should infinitely prefer Napoleon to this brainless and heartless Moreau!" The conspirators were now almost in a state of despair. They found, to their surprise, in entire contradiction to the views which had been so confidently proclaimed in England, that Napoleon was admired and loved by nearly all the French nation, and that it was impossible to organize even a respectable party in opposition to him.

Various circumstances now led the First Consul to suspect that some serious plot was in progress. The three English ministers at Hesse, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria, were found actively employed in endeavouring to foment intrigues in France. The minister at Bavaria, Mr. Drake, had, as he supposed, bribed a Frenchman to act as his spy. This Frenchman carried all Drake's letters to Napoleon, and received from the First Consul drafts of the answers to be returned. In this curious correspondence, Drake remarks in one of his letters—

"All plots against the First Consul must be forwarded; for it is a matter of right little consequence by whom the animal be stricken down, provided you are all in the hunt."

Napoleon caused these letters to be deposited in the Senate, and to be exhibited to the diplomatists of all nations who chose to see them. Some spies had also been arrested by the police and condemned to be shot. One, on his way to execution, declared that he had important information to give. He was one of the band of

Georges Cadoudal, and confessed the whole plot. Other conspirators were soon arrested. Among them, M. Lozier, a man of education and polished manners, declared that Moreau had sent to the Royalist conspirators in London one of his officers, offering to head a movement in behalf of the Bourbons, and to influence the army to co-operate in that movement. When the conspirators, relying upon this promise, had reached Paris, he continued, Moreau took a different turn, and demanded that he himself should be made the successor of the First Consul.

When the first intimation of Moreau's guilt was communicated to Napoleon, it was with difficulty that he could credit it. The First Consul immediately convened a secret council of his ministers. They met in the Tuileries at night. Moreau was a formidable opponent even for Napoleon to attack. He was enthusiastically admired by the army, and his numerous and powerful friends would aver that he was the victim of the jealousy of the First Consul. It was suggested by some of the council that it would be good policy not to touch Moreau. Napoleon remarked—

"They will say that I am afraid of Moreau. That shall not be said. I have been one of the most merciful of men; but, if necessary, I will be one of the most terrible. I will strike Moreau as I would strike any one else, as he has entered into this conspiracy, odious alike for its objects and for the connexions which it presumes."

It was decided that Moreau should be immediately arrested. Cambacères, a profound lawyer, declared that the ordinary tribunals were not sufficient to meet this case, and urged that Moreau should be tried by a court-martial composed of the most eminent military officers, a course which would have been in entire accordance with existing laws. Napoleon opposed the proposition.

"It would be said," he remarked, "that I had punished Moreau by causing him, under the form of law, to be condemned by my own partisans."

Early in the morning Moreau was arrested and conducted to the Temple. Excitement spread rapidly through Paris. The friends of Moreau declared that there was no conspiracy; that neither Georges Cadoudal nor Pichegru was in France; that the whole story was an entire fabrication to enable the First Consul to get rid of a dangerous rival. Napoleon was extremely sensitive respecting his reputation. It was the great object of his ambition to enthrone himself in the hearts of the French people as a great benefactor. He was deeply wounded by these cruel taunts.

"It is indeed hard," said he, "to be exposed to plots the most atrocious, and then to be accused of being the inventor of those plots; to be charged with jealousy, when the vilest jealousy pursues me; to be accused of attempts upon the life of another, when the most desperate attacks are aimed at my own."

All the enthusiasm of his impetuous nature was now aroused to drag the whole plot to light

in defence of his honour. He was extremely indignant against the Royalists. He had not overturned the throne of the Bourbons. He had found it overturned, France in anarchy, and the Royalists in exile and beggary. He had been the generous benefactor of these Royalists, and had done everything in his power to render them service. In defence of deeply-rooted popular prejudices, and in opposition to the remonstrances of his friends, he had recalled the exiled emigrants, restored to them as far as possible their confiscated estates, conferred upon them important trusts, and had even lavished upon them so many favours as to draw down upon himself the accusation of meditating the restoration of the Bourbons. In return for such services, they were endeavouring to blow him up with infernal machines, and to butcher him on the highway.

As for Moreau, he regarded him simply with pity, and wished only to place upon his head the burden of a pardon. The most energetic measures were now adopted to search out the conspirators in their lurking-places. Every day new arrests were made. Two of the conspirators made full confessions. They declared that the highest nobles of the Bourbon Court were involved in the plot, and that a distinguished Bourbon prince was near at hand, ready to place himself at the head of the Royalists as soon as Napoleon should be slain.

The First Consul, exasperated to the highest degree, exclaimed, "These Bourbons fancy that they may shed my blood like that of some wild animal, and yet my blood is quite as precious as theirs. I will repay them the alarm with which they seek to inspire me. I pardon Moreau the weakness and the errors to which he is urged by a stupid jealousy, but I will pitilessly shoot the very first of these princes who shall fall into my hands. I will teach them with what sort of a they have to deal."

Fresh arrests were still daily made, and the confessions of the prisoners all established the point that there was a young prince who occasionally appeared in their councils, who was treated with the greatest consideration, and who was to head the movement. Still Cadoudal, Pichegru, and other prominent leaders of the conspiracy, eluded detection. As there was ample evidence that these men were in Paris, a law was passed in the Legislative Assembly, without opposition, that any person who should shelter them should be punished by death, and that whosoever should be aware of their hiding-place, and yet fail to expose them, should be punished with six years' imprisonment.

A strict guard was also placed for several days at the gates of Paris, allowing no one to leave, and with orders to shoot any person who should attempt to scale the wall. Pichegru, Cadoudal, and the other prominent conspirators were now in a state of terrible perplexity. They wandered by night from house to house, often paying five or ten thousand francs for the shelter of a few

One evening, Pichegru, in a state of

despair, seized a pistol, and was about to shoot himself through the head, when he was prevented by a friend. On another occasion, with the boldness of desperation, he went to the house of M. Marbois, one of the ministers of Napoleon, and implored shelter. Marbois knew the noble character of the master whom he served. With grief, but without hesitation, he allowed his old companion the temporary shelter of his roof, and did not betray him. He subsequently informed the First Consul of what he had done. Napoleon, with characteristic magnanimity, replied to this avowal in a letter expressive of his high admiration of his generosity in affording shelter under such circumstances to one who, though an outlaw, had been his friend.

At length Pichegru was betrayed. He was asleep at night. His sword and loaded pistols were by his side, ready for desperate defence. The gendarmes cautiously entered his room and sprang upon his bed. He was a powerful man, and he struggled with herculean but unavailing efforts. He was, however, speedily overpowered, bound, and conducted to the Temple. Soon after, Georges Cadoudal was arrested. He was in a cabriolet. A police officer seized the bridle of the horse. Cadoudal drew a pistol and shot him dead upon the spot. He then leaped from the cabriolet, and severely wounded another officer who attempted to seize him. He made the utmost efforts to escape on foot, under cover of the darkness of the night, but, surrounded by the crowd, he was soon captured. This desperate appeared perfectly calm and self-possessed before his examiners. There were upon his person a dagger, pistols, and sixty thousand francs in gold and in bank-notes. Boldly he avowed his object of attacking the First Consul, and proudly declared that he was acting in co-operation with the Bourbon princes.

The certainty of the conspiracy was now established, and the Senate transmitted a letter of congratulation to the First Consul upon his escape. In his reply, Napoleon remarked, "I have long since renounced the hope of enjoying the pleasures of private life. All my days are occupied in fulfilling the duties which my fate and the will of the French people have imposed upon me. Heaven will watch over France and defeat the plots of the wicked. The citizens may be without alarm; my life will last as long as it will be useful to the nation. But I wish the French people to understand, that existence without their confidence and affection would afford me no consolation, and we have no beneficial objects."

Napoleon sincerely pitied Moreau and to save them from the they merited. He sent a to a, assuring him that a frank should secure his pardon and restoration favour. But it was far more easy for N to forgive than for the proud Moreau to given sympathy, N of Pichegru. a/

leon contemplated he thought of this

and executed like a felon, he exclaimed to M. Réal,

"What an end for the conqueror of Holland! But the men of the Revolution must not thus destroy each other. I have long thought of forming a colony at Cayenne. Pichegru was exiled thither, and knows the place well; and of all our generals, he is best calculated to form an establishment there. Go and visit him in his prison, and tell him that I pardon him, that it is not towards him or Moreau, or men like them, that I am inclined to be severe. Ask him how many men and what amount of money he would require for founding a colony in Cayenne, and I will supply him, that he may go thither and re-establish his reputation in rendering a great service to France." Pichegru was so much affected by this magnanimity of the man whose death he had been plotting, that he bowed his head and wept convulsively. The illustrious man was conquered.

But Napoleon was much annoyed in not being able to lay hold upon one of those Bourbon princes who had so long been conspiring against his life, and inciting others to perils from which they themselves escaped. One morning, in his study, he inquired of Talleyrand and Fouché respecting the place of residence of the various members of the Bourbon family. He was told, in reply, that Louis XVIII. and the Duke d'Angoulême lived in Warsaw; the Count d'Artois and the Duke de Berri in London, where also were the Princes of Condé, with the exception of the Duke d'Enghien, the most enterprising of them all, who lived at Ettenheim, near Strasburg. It was in this vicinity that the British ministers, Taylor, Smith, and Drake had been busying themselves in fomenting intrigues. The idea instantly flashed into the mind of the First Consul that the Duke d'Enghien was thus lurking near the frontier of France to take part in the conspiracy. He immediately sent an officer to Ettenheim to make inquiries respecting the prince. The officer returned with the report that the Duke d'Enghien was living there with a Princess of Rohan, to whom he was warmly attached. He was often in Ettenheim, and occasionally went in to Strasburg. He was in the pay of the government, a soldier against his own country, and had received orders from the British cabinet to repair to the banks of the Rhine, to be ready to take advantage of any favourable opportunity which might be presented to invade France. This was an act of high treason.

Napoleon immediately surmised that this prince was the Duke d'Enghien. His frequent absences from Ettenheim were naturally associated with his frequent interviews with the conspirators. It also so happened that there was an officer in the suite of the prince who was treated with much consideration. This was the Marquis of Thumery. The officer who had been sent from Paris, *inognito*, to investigate the matter, misled by the German pronunciation of the name, very honestly

! that General Dumouriez was in the re-

This fatal report reached Paris on the 10th of March. That same morning a deposition had been made by one of the accomplices of Georges that there was a conspiracy; that a prince was at its head; that this prince, if he had not already come, would soon arrive. This deposition was laid before the First Consul at the same time with the report of the officer of *gendarmérie* from Ettenheim. The coincidence struck the mind of the First Consul with great force. He no longer entertained a doubt that this prince was the Duke d'Enghien. The supposed presence of General Dumouriez in his suits added almost demonstrative confirmation to this decision. It was certain that the prince alluded to could not have come from London, since the cliff at Biville had been so narrowly watched. The whole plot seemed now, to Napoleon, as clear as day. As soon as the assassins had struck him down, a mangled corpse, the Count d'Artois was to enter France through Normandy with Pichegru; the Duke d'Enghien was to enter through Alsace with Dumouriez; and thus the Bourbon princes, aided by foreign armies, were to re-establish the Bourbon throne by the assassination of the First Consul, and on the ruins of the Republic. This was, in fact, the design of the conspirators. The Duke d'Enghien was waiting for his orders to march; but it subsequently appeared that he had not taken part in the plan for the assassination of Napoleon. He was guilty of high treason, but he was not an accomplice with murderers. He was a traitor, but he was not an assassin. Yet, treasonable as was his enterprise, the heart refuses with severity to condemn. We almost sympathize in his attempts to regain, even by the aid of foreign arms, the throne of his exiled family. Napoleon was no stranger to appeals of generosity. He felt for the exiled Bourbons, and ever manifested a disposition to do everything in his power to alleviate their bitter lot. Had he not been fully convinced that the Duke d'Enghien was plotting his assassination, he would not have consented even to his arrest.

Very judiciously Thiers remarks, "The First Consul's mind, usually so strong and clear, could not resist so many appearances, so well calculated to mislead. He was convinced. It is necessary to have witnessed minds under the bias of an inquiry of this sort, and more especially when passion, of whatever kind, disposes them to believe in what they suspect, to be able to understand how ready such minds are to jump at conclusions, and to learn how very precious are those delays and forms of law which save men from those conclusions so quickly drawn from some merely accidental circumstances."

A council was immediately called to decide what should be done. The ministers were divided in opinion. Some urged sending a secret force to arrest the duke, with all his papers and accomplices, and bring them to Paris. Cambacères, apprehensive of the effect that such a violation of the German territory might produce in Europe, opposed the measure. Napoleon re-

pled to him kindly, but firmly, "I know your motive for speaking thus—your devotion to me. I thank you for it. But I will not allow myself to be put to death without resistance. I will make those people tremble, and teach them to keep quiet for the time to come."

Orders were immediately given for three hundred dragoons to repair to the banks of the Rhine, cross the river, dash forward to Ettenheim, surround the town, arrest the prince and all his retinue, and convey them to Strasburg. As soon as the arrest was made, Colonel Caulaincourt was directed to hasten to the Grand Duke of Baden with an apology from the First Consul for violating his territory, stating that the gathering of the hostile emigrants so near the frontiers of France authorised the French Government to protect itself, and that the necessity for prompt and immediate action rendered it impossible to adopt more tardy measures. The Duke of Baden expressed his satisfaction with the apology.

On the 15th of March, 1804, the detachment of dragoons set out, and proceeded with such rapidity as to surround the town before the duke could receive any notice of their approach. He was arrested in his bed, and hurried, but partially clothed, into a carriage, and conveyed with the utmost speed to Strasburg. He was from thence taken to the Castle of Vincennes, in the vicinity of Paris. A military commission was formed, composed of the colonels of the garrison, with General Hullin as President. The prince was brought before the commission.

He was calm and haughty, for he had no apprehension of the fate which awaited him. He was accused of high treason, in having sought to excite civil war, and in bearing arms against France. To arraign him upon this charge was to condemn him, for of this crime he was clearly guilty. Though he denied all knowledge of the act in question, boldly and rather defiantly he avowed that he had borne arms against France, and that he was on the banks of the Rhine for the purpose of serving against her again.

"I esteem," said he, "General Bonaparte as a great man, but, being myself a prince of the house of Bourbon, I have vowed against him eternal hatred. A Condé," he added, "can never re-enter France but with arms in his hands. My birth, my opinions, render me for ever the enemy of your government."

By the laws of the Republic, for a Frenchman to serve against France was a capital offence. Napoleon, however, would not have enforced this law in the case of the duke had he not fully believed that he was implicated in the conspiracy, and that it was necessary, to secure himself from assassination, that he should strike terror into the hearts of the Bourbons. The prince implored permission to see the First Consul. The court refused this request, which, if granted, would undoubtedly have saved his life. Napoleon also commissioned M. Réal to proceed to Vincennes and examine the prisoner. Had M. Réal arrived in season to see the duke, he would have made a list of facts which would have rescued the

prince from his tragical fate; but, exhausted by the fatigue of several days and nights, he had retired to rest, and had given directions to his servants to permit him to sleep undisturbed.

The order of the First Consul was consequently not placed in his hands until five o'clock in the morning. It was then too late. The court sorrowfully pronounced sentence of death. By torchlight the unfortunate prince was led down the winding staircase which led into a fosse of the château. There he saw, through the grey mist of the morning, a file of soldiers drawn up for his execution. Calmly he cut off a lock of his hair, and, taking his watch from his pocket, requested an officer to solicit *les éphémères* to those tokens of his love to the

Turning to the soldiers, he said, "I die for my king and for France;" and, giving the command to fire, he fell pierced by seven balls.

There are many indications that Napoleon afterwards deplored the tragical fate of the prince. It subsequently appeared that the mysterious stranger, to whom the prisoners so often alluded, was Pichegru. When the fact was communicated to Napoleon, he was deeply moved, and, musing long and painfully, uttered an exclamation of grief that

the seizure of the unhappy prince.

He, however, took the whole responsibility of his execution upon himself. In his tests at St. Helena, he wrote, "I arrested the d'Enghien because that measure was necessary to the security, the interest, and the honour of the French people, when the Count d'Artois

was in such circumstances, I would do the

The spirit is saddened in recording these terrific deeds of violence and of blood. It was a period of anarchy, of revolution, of war. Fleets were bombarding cities of thousands were falling in a day upon a single field of battle. Human life was considered of but little value. Bloody retaliations and reprisals were sanctioned by the laws of contending nations. Surrounded by these influences, nurtured from infancy in the midst of them, provoked beyond endurance by the aristocratic arrogance which regarded the elected sovereign of France as a usurper beyond the pale of law, it is only surprising that Napoleon could have passed through a career so wonderful, and so full of temptations, with a character so seldom sullied by blemishes of despotic injustice.

The execution of a prince of the blood royal sent a thrill of indignation through all the courts of Europe. The French and the Russians were treated, in many instances, with insult. The Emperor Alexander sent

revenge to the First Consul. He thus provoked a terrible reply from the man who could hurl a sentence like a bomb-shell. The young monarch of Russia was seated upon the bloodstained throne from which the daggers of assassins had removed his father. And yet not one of these assassins had been punished.

With crushing

"France has acted as Russia, under similar circumstances, would have done; for had she been informed that the assassins of Paul were assembled at a day's march from her frontiers, would she not, at all hazards, have seized upon them there?" This was not one of those soft answers which turn away wrath: it stung Alexander to the quick.

Absorbed by these considerations, Napoleon had but little time to think of the poisoned conspirators awaiting their trial. Picoté, hearing no further mention of the First Consul's proposal and informed of the execution of the Duke d'Anglem, gave himself up for lost. His proud spirit could not endure the thought of a public trial and an ignominious punishment. One night, after having read a treatise of Seneca upon suicide, he laid aside his book, and, by means of his silk cravat and a wooden peg, which he used as a tourniquet, he strangled himself. His keepers found him in the morning dead upon his bed.

The trial of the other conspirators soon came on. Moreau, respecting whom great interest was excited, as one of the most illustrious of the republican generals, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Napoleon immediately pardoned him, and granted him permission to retire to America. As that unfortunate general wished to dispose of his estate, Napoleon gave orders for it to be purchased at the highest price. He also paid the expenses of his journey to Barcelona, preparatory to his embarkation for the New World. Georges Cadoudal, Polignac, Rivière, and several others were condemned to death. There was something in the firm and determined energy of Georges Cadoudal which singularly interested the mind of the First Consul. He wished to save him.

"There is one man," said Napoleon, "among the conspirators whom I regret—that is Georges Cadoudal. His mind is of the right stamp. In my hands, he would have done great things. I appreciate all the firmness of his character, and I would not only pardon him, but give him a regiment. What do I say? I would have made him one of my *aides-de-camp*. Such a step would have excited a great clamour, but I should not have cared for it. Cadoudal refused everything. He is a bar of iron. What can I now do? He must undergo his fate, for such a man is too dangerous in a party. It is a necessity of my situation."

The evening before his execution, he desired the gaoler to bring him a bottle of excellent wine. Upon tasting the contents of the bottle brought, and finding it of an inferior quality, he complained, stating it was not such wine as he desired. The gaoler brutally replied, "It is good enough for such a miscreant as you." Cadoudal, with perfect deliberation and composure, corked up the bottle, and, with his herculean arm, hurled it at the head of the gaoler with an aim so well directed that he fell lifeless at his feet. The next day, with several of the traitors, he was executed.

he was ever to Napoleon a mini-

tering angel of mercy, was visited by the wife of Polignac, who, with tears of anguish, intreated Josephine's intercession in behalf of her condemned husband. Her tender heart was deeply moved by a wife's delicious agony, and she hastened to plead for the life of the conspirator. Napoleon, endeavouring to conceal the struggle of his heart beneath a severe exterior, replied,

"Josephine, you still interest yourself for my enemies. They are all of them as imprudent as they are guilty. If I do not teach them a lesson they will begin again, and will be the cause of new victims."

Thus rebuked, Josephine, almost in despair, retired. But she knew that Napoleon was soon to pass through one of the galleries of the château. Calling Madame Polignac, she hastened with her to the gallery, and they both threw themselves in tears before Napoleon. He, for a moment, glanced sternly at Josephine, as if to reproach her for the trial to which she had exposed him. But his yielding heart could not withstand this appeal. Taking the hand of Madame Polignac, he said,

"I am surprised in finding, in a plot against my life, Armand Polignac, the companion of my boyhood at the military school. I will, however, grant his pardon to the tears of his wife. I only hope that this act of weakness on my part may not encourage fresh acts of imprudence. Those princes, madame, are most culpable who thus compromise the lives of their faithful servants without partaking their perils."

General Lajolais had been condemned to death. He had an only daughter, fourteen years of age, who was remarkably beautiful. The poor child was in a state of fearful agony in view of the fate of her father. One morning, without communicating her intentions to any one, she set out alone and on foot for St. Cloud. Presenting herself before the gate of the palace, by her youth, her beauty, her tears, and her woe, she persuaded the keeper, a kind-hearted man, to introduce her to the apartment of Josephine and Hortense. Napoleon had said to Josephine that she must not any more expose him to the pain of seeing the relatives of the condemned; that if any petitions were to be offered, they must be presented in writing. Josephine and Hortense were, however, so deeply moved by the anguish of the distracted child, that they contrived to introduce her to the presence of Napoleon as he was passing through one of the apartments of the palace, accompanied by several of his ministers. The fragile child, in a delirium of emotion, rushed before him, precipitated herself at his feet, and exclaimed, "Pardon, sire! don't you for my father!"

Napoleon, surprised at this sudden apparition, exclaimed in displeasure, "I have said that I wish for no such scenes. Who has dared to introduce you here, in disregard of my prohibition? Leave me, miss!" So saying, he turned to pass from her.

But the child threw her arms around his knees, and with her eyes suffused with tears,

and agony depicted in every feature of her beautiful upturned face, exclaimed, "Pardon! pardon! pardon! it is for my father!"

"And who is your father?" said Napoleon, kindly. "Who are you?"

"I am Miss Lajolais," she replied, "and my father is doomed to die." Napoleon hesitated for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Ah, miss, but this is the second time in which your father has conspired against the state. I can do nothing for you!"

"Alas, sire!" the poor child exclaimed, with great simplicity, "I know it; but the first time papa was innocent; and to-day I do not ask for justice—I implore pardon, pardon for him."

Napoleon was deeply moved. His lip trembled, tears filled his eyes, and, taking the little hand of the child in both his own, he tenderly pressed it, and said,

"Well, my child, yes! For your sake I will forgive your father. This is enough. Now rise and leave me."

At these words the suppliant fainted, and fell senseless upon the floor. She was conveyed to the apartment of Josephine, where she soon revived, and, though in a state of extreme exhaustion, proceeded immediately to Paris. M. Lavalette, then aid-de-camp of Napoleon, and his wife accompanied her to the prison of the Conciergerie with the joyful tidings. When she arrived in the gloomy cell where her father was immured, she threw herself upon his neck, and her convulsive sobbings, for a time, stifled all possible powers of utterance. Suddenly her frame became convulsed, her eyes fixed, and she fell in entire unconsciousness into the arms of Madame Lavalette. When she revived, reason had fled, and the affectionate daughter was a hopeless maniac!

Napoleon, in the evening, was informed of this new calamity. He dropped his head in silence, mused painfully, brushed a tear from his eye, and was heard to murmur, in a low tone of voice, "Poor child! poor child! A father who has such a daughter is still more culpable. I will take care of her and her mother."

Six others of the conspirators also soon received a pardon. Such was the termination of the Bourbon conspiracy for the assassination of Napoleon.

Upon this subject the "Encyclopædia Americana" remarks with much candour:

"It is known to every impartial investigator that Napoleon was far from being of a cruel disposition; that he was never deaf to prayers for mercy, if the great interests of France allowed him to listen to them. He pardoned most of the persons implicated in the conspiracy of Georges; he pardoned the Prince of Hatzfeld; he offered pardon even to Staps, the young assassin at Schönbrunn; in short, proofs enough exist to show that his disposition was the opposite of cruel. The narratives of several persons concerned in the duke's death tend also to exculpate the First Consul. Savary, Duke of Rovigo, informs us in his 'Mémoire' that the Consul heard

through him, of the execution of the prince with amazement, and greatly regretted it. The Count Réal, Councillor of State, then Prefect of Paris, and, therefore, charged with the police of that city, declares the same. He has asserted in the United States, where he has lived a long time, in presence of Joseph Bonaparte, Count de Survilliers, Mr. Duponceau, General Ballemand, Captain Sary, and others, that Napoleon did not know of the execution of the duke until after it had taken place, and that he learned it with amazement from Savary's mouth, and that the Consul had intended to set the prince at liberty."

This agrees with the following statement, which we have from the most authentic source. Joseph, the brother of the Consul, found him, after this catastrophe, much affected, and highly indignant at those persons whom he accused of having occasioned this catastrophe. He regretted much that he had lost so fine an opportunity of doing an act of mercy. Even long after, in conversation with his brother, he frequently alluded to this sad event, and, with his usual

"It would have been noble to pardon a prince who, in plotting against me, had done what his position demanded of him. He was young," continued Napoleon; "my favours would have attached him to me; he would have become better acquainted with the state of France, and would have ended by entering my service. It would have been gratifying to have had the descendant of the great Count for aid-de-camp." This view is corroborated by Napoleon's letters, in Las Cases' Memorial, vol. vii., p. 437. The declarations of Napoleon himself, in his will, however, are at variance with this view of the subject. He there says, "I ordered the Duke d'Enghien to be arrested and executed, because it was necessary for the safety, the welfare, and the honour of the French nation. Under circumstances, I should act in the

same way; the death of the Duke d'Enghien is to be imputed to those who plotted in London against the life of the First Consul, and who intended to bring the Duke de Berri by Biville, and the Duke d'Enghien by Strasburg, into France."

Savary, who was himself a witness of the regrets of the Consul on account of the death of the Duke, gives the following explanation of this inconsistency: that Napoleon preferred, even on that occasion, to take the charge of the duke's death upon himself, rather than to allow his power to be doubted; and that he acted thus from regard to the dignity of a sovereign, who, if he enjoys the credit of the good which is done in his name, would act unworthily in throwing the blame of the evil done in his name upon others. He says, "When the Emperor uses the words, 'Le Duc d'Enghien est mort, parce que je l'ai voulu,' his meaning amounts only to this: 'When I reigned, no one dared conceive the thought of disposing of the life or liberty of any one. It might have been possible to impose upon me, but never for a moment to encroach upon my power.'

DID HE CONSENT TO THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN'S

"It is certain that, in the critical situation in which he found himself, walking upon volcanoes, still active and ever ready for eruption, he could not have suffered it to be believed that such an act could be committed without his consent. A belief in his power was of the utmost importance to the peace and order of France. The viceroy of France required that he should take upon himself the responsibility of every act done in his name.

"Bignon says that, in a note written by Napoleon himself, not yet published, there is the following passage respecting the Duke d'Enghien: 'If guilty, the commission was right to sentence him to death; if innocent, they ought to have acquitted him, because no order whatever can justify a judge in violating his conscience.'"

The following statements from the "American Quarterly Review" of September, 1839, also throw much light upon this very important subject:—

"We have it in our power, from high authority, that of a person not now in this country, to state, what the Duke of Rovigo was not aware of, the reason why the Duke d'Enghien suffered death without the knowledge or sanction of the First Consul. The prisoner, in extremity, asked to see the First Consul, which was not permitted; but the judges advocate, Dantancourt, humanely suggested

done, and the letter sent to Réal. The First Consul had been called up five times on the arrival of so many messengers, with insignificant despatches. So often disturbed, he was not to be called again unless for a very serious occasion. M. Réal sent the Duke d'Enghien's letter to Malchauson by a private horseman of the gendarmerie, who, uninformed as to its contents, gave no intimation that it required immediate attention. It was laid on a table, where it had remained unnoticed till after the First Consul had deliberately risen, and made his toilet as usual, without the least notion of its contents. In the meanwhile—indeed, before he got out of bed—the ill-starred writer of that letter was shot. The interview between the First Consul and Réal, which immediately followed that between the First Consul and Savary, disclosed the deplorable cause, as Savary's tidings had revealed the catastrophe. Réal's reception was that of a man who had been guilty of unpardonable negligence. He will, no doubt, at some proper time, submit his account to the world. But he knows that the Duke d'Enghien was not sacrificed to a tyrant's passions, policy, or fears; that the general agitation and very natural misunderstanding which his family and friends had occasioned throughout the capital and the council, the over-zealous, perhaps treacherous advice of some, the over-active, precipitate despatch of others, and one of

misadventures which are so common in the world, are the causes to which we are owing. Once done, however, *signa retrorsum*, never to recant, or apocryphal, was one

felt the full force of the French proverb, 'whoever excuses, accuses himself,' and not—would induce him to disown a deed done under his orders, though they were violated to his infinite injury and mortification, in almost every stage of the proceeding. Both accounts are correct; at all events, both exculpate Napoleon from the haste of the process.

on a mistaken, and it

the idea of the death of the Duke never crossed the First Consul's mind till he was astonished and confounded by the tidings communicated to him by Savary of his execution. Whatever the precipitation of some of his ministers or the intrigues of others may have designed—however his own plans may have been surprised, his measures hurried, and the result enchainé—it is certain, unless we are misinformed (and, if we are, it is that the sudden, violent, and impolitic death of the victim of various untoward circumstances was as unexpected and as unwelcome to him, at whose door it is laid as an unpardonable crime, as to any one living. The question was not whether he should be put to death, but whether he should be put on his trial."

ph Bonaparte, immediately after the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien, called upon his brother Napoleon. He thus records the interview.

Joseph, alluding to some past events, had said, "Who would then have thought that you would be one day called on to pronounce, as a judge, the destiny of a grandson of the Prince of Condé? At these words," continues Joseph, "I saw Napoleon's countenance change and a tear start, for my brother Napoleon's nature was good and kind, though he often took as much pains to appear stern as others do to be gentle. Leaning on my arm, 'What said he, 'and what misfortunes in that family! But who knows whether, out of this arrest, may not spring good for the family, for the country and for me? for out of it I will find means to show what I really am. I am strong enough not to fear the Bourbons. I am great enough, I think, for them not to suppose that I will degrade myself to the miserable part of Monk. They tell me that the Duke d'Enghien is even disposed to anticipate my favourable sentiments by writing to me; but whether he does or does not, he shall find in me none but favourable dispositions; a wish to pardon him—not merely the wish, but the will. I, who am here to

I like to imagine to myself the of reconciliation, and I smile at the possibility of extending a friendly hand to the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien. You would like to see, one day, a descendant of the great Condé your brother's aide-de-camp. For my should be delighted, I assure you; and my heart is filled with good and generous sentiments towards him."

then, are the established facts. The

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

d'Enghien was guilty of high treason. He was in the pay of England, with arms in his hands, fighting against his own country. He was lingering on the frontier, ready to march with invading armies into France. Yet Napoleon was generously disposed to overlook this crime of high treason, in reference to the peculiar political misfortunes of the family of the duke. But the Bourbons had entered into an atrocious conspiracy for the assassination of the First Consul. The evidence seemed overwhelming that the duke was actively engaged in this conspiracy. Napoleon resolved to bring him to trial, still magnanimously intending to pardon the unhappy man. He thought that such an act of clemency would prove his kind feelings towards the rejected Bourbons, and that he had no disposition to aggravate their misfortunes. The duke was arrested, accused of the crime of high treason, tried, found guilty beyond all possibility of doubt, condemned, and, by an untoward accident, executed before Napoleon had an opportunity to interpose the contemplated pardon. The duke fell before the majesty of a just law. Napoleon regretted his death; he regretted it doubly when he learned that, though the duke, by his own defiant confession, was guilty of high treason, still, that he probably was not involved with the conspirators in plotting assassination. But he proudly refused to make any apology to the Bourbon clamour. He would not attempt to mitigate unjust obloquy by criminating the officers of the law. With that spirit of self-respect to which none can refuse homage, he assumed the whole responsibility of the act.

Upon the basis of such facts, Lamartine, echoing the sentiments of aristocratic Europe, exclaims, "The First Consul had said, '*Dieu soit!*' But conscience, equity, and humanity protest alike against this satisfaction of a murderer who applauds himself. He claimed the crime to himself alone in the revelations at St. Helena. Let him, then, keep it all to himself! He has mowed down millions of men by the hands of war, and mad humanity, partial against itself for what it calls glory, has pardoned him. He has slain one alone cruelly, like a coward, in the dark, by the consciences of prevaricating judges, and by the balls of mercenary executioners, without risking his own breast—not as a warrior, but even as a murderer. Neither mankind nor history will ever pardon him this spilling of blood. A tomb has been raised to him under the dome built by Louis XIV. at the Palace of the Invalides, where the statues of twelve victories, hewn out of one single block of granite, harmonizing with the massy pillars which support the lofty edifice, seem to stand, the sentinels of ages, around the urn of porphyry which contains his bones. But there is in the shade, and seated on his sepulchre, an invisible statue which tarnishes and blights all the others—the statue of a young man, torn by hired nocturnal assassins from the arms of her he loved, from the inviolable asylum which he coveted, and slaughtered, by the

light of a lantern, at the foot of the palace of his sires. People go to visit, with a cold curiosity, the battle-fields of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Wagram, of Leipzig, of Waterloo; they walk over them with dry eyes; then they are shown, at the angle of a wall round the foundations of Vincennes, at the bottom of a trench, a place covered with nettles and marigolds, and they exclaim, 'It is there!' With a cry of indignation, they carry from the spot an eternal pity for the victim and an implacable hatred against the assassin!

"This re-lesson for the past, but it is also a lesson for the future. Let the ambitious, whether soldiers, tribunes, or kings, reflect that, if there are mercenary soldiers to serve them, and flatterers to excuse them while they reign, there is the conscience of humanity afterwards to judge them, and pity to detect them. The murderer has but his hour, the victim has all eternity!"

This legal execution of one convicted of high treason the Allies have anxiously stigmatized as murder and assassination. Had European aristocracy crushed republicanism in America as in France, Washington would also have been called the murderer and assassin of André. He was so called till the success of the American Republic overwhelmed the ridiculous accusation with contempt. Our sympathies cluster around D'Enghien and André, yet they both were guilty and merited their doom. Washington would gladly have pardoned André could he have done so without penning the cause of American freedom, and Napoleon grieved deeply that an untoward accident deprived him of the chance of extending a pardon to the

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE IMPERIAL THRONE.

—a for the Empire—Decree of the Senate or Chamber—Reply of Napoleon—Naval battle—Letter to the Pope

—a religious sanction of the marriage of Josephine—Coronation—The Empire.

THE conspiracy of the French princes for the assassination of Napoleon roused Republican France to increased efforts to consolidate the new government. The execution of the Duke d'Enghien, a prince of the blood royal, exasperated the feudal monarchs of Europe, and inspired them with additional hostility against the supremacy of the people. The Royalists considered Napoleon, with his almost superhuman energy, as the only obstacle to their projects. They were ready, at every hazard, to strike him down. The people of France, profoundly admiring the

his, were grateful for the harmony which had restored to the Republic, and for the abundant prosperity with which, by his labours, it had been crowned.

Immediately, in the Legislative

streets of Paris, through all the principal towns in the departments, and in the camps distributed along the coasts, all tongues were busy in pleading that the crown should be placed upon that brow on whose safety reposed the destinies of France. It was declared that experience had abundantly proved that Republicanism was not adapted to the genius of the French people; that the object of the revolution was accomplished in reforming abuses, in abolishing the old feudal system, and in limiting the royal authority; and that now the dignity and the safety of France required that Napoleon should be invested with regal power, that he might thus be on a level with surrounding monarchs.

Never was the impulsive character of the French people more conspicuous than on this occasion. Fouché, in the ardour of his zeal, was the first to approach Napoleon with an expression of the universal desire. In reiterated interviews, he represented the necessity of putting an end to the anxieties of France by returning to that monarchical form of government which might appease the hostility of the surrounding nations, which would invest the person of Napoleon with new sacredness, and which would consolidate the work of the Revolution. A blaze of enthusiasm flamed over all France at the idea of investing the First Consul, the friend and the idol of the people, with imperial dignity. Addresses were now poured in upon Napoleon without number, imploring him to accept the crown of France. The First Consul sent for Lebrun and to confer with them upon the subject. Frankly he avowed that he wished to ascend the throne, stating that it was manifest to every one that France desired a king; that every day she was receding farther from the wild excesses of the Revolution; that the adoption of the forms of monarchy would be an act of conciliation to the rest of Europe, and would enable him, with less opposition from abroad, to promote the popular interests of France.

Napoleon, with his accustomed prudence, immediately sent to most of the governments of Europe to ascertain if the change would be acceptable to them. France was at war with England, consequently the consent of that Power was out of the question. The hostile attitude which Russia had recently assumed rendered it a point of dignity not to address her. Prussia, Austria, Spain, and the minor Powers were consulted. As it was now generally esteemed impossible, throughout Europe, that the Bourbons could be restored, all the courts experienced much satisfaction at the idea of having the Republic abolished in France. The King of Prussia wrote, with his own hand, to his minister in Paris in the following cordial terms:—

"I unhesitatingly authorize you to the earliest possible opportunity to make M. Talleyrand that, after having seen the supreme power conferred for life upon the First Consul, I should see with still greater interest the public order, established by his wisdom and his great actions, consolidated by the heredi-

establishment of his family, and that I not hesitate to acknowledge it."

This letter, written but about a fortnight after the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, seems to indicate that, however deeply that event might have been deplored by the courts of Europe, the exasperating circumstances which led to the reprisal were fully appreciated. The Emperor Francis of Austria promptly assured Napoleon of his readiness to recognise that change in the government of France which could not but be acceptable to the surrounding monarchies. This was the general sentiment throughout all of the courts of Europe.

Bourrienne, in conversation with Napoleon one day remarked that he thought it would be impossible for Napoleon to get himself acknowledged Emperor by the old reigning families of Europe. "If it comes to that," he replied, "I will dethrone them all, and then I shall be the oldest sovereign among them."

The Senate of France, by unanimous acclamation, without a single dissentient voice, passed the decree, "That Napoleon Bonaparte should be named Emperor, and, in that capacity, be invested with the government of the French Republic." The Senate, in its enthusiasm, resolved to go in a body to St. Cloud, to present the decree to the First Consul, and to salute him as Emperor. It was the 18th of May, 1804. The fields were green, the trees in full foliage, and the bright atmosphere of the most lovely of spring mornings exhilarated all spirits. A long procession of carriages, escorted by a brilliant guard of cavalry, conveyed the senators to the rural palace of St. Cloud. Napoleon, with that perfect tranquillity of spirit which seemed never to forsake him, was ready to receive them. Josephine stood by his side, flushed with agitation, trembling in anticipation of the future, yet gratified at the new honour about to be conferred on her husband. Cambacères, the President of the Senate, bowing profoundly before his former colleague, now his new sovereign, thus addressed him:—

"Sire,—Four years ago the affection and the gratitude of the French people intrusted the reins of government to your Majesty, and the constitution of the state had already left to you the choice of a successor. The more imposing title which is now decreed to you, therefore, is but a tribute that the nation pays to its own dignity, and to the necessity it experiences of offering you new proofs of its daily increasing respect and attachment. How, indeed, can the French people reflect, without enthusiasm, upon the happiness it has experienced since Providence prompted it to throw itself into your arms? Our armies were vanquished, the finances in disorder, public credit was annihilated; the remnants of our ancient splendour were disputed by factions; the ideas of religion, and even of morality, were obscured. Your Majesty appeared; you recalled victory to our standards; you restored order and economy to the public expenditure. The nation, encouraged by the use you made of them, took confidence in its own resources. Your wisdom

additional burden and responsibility which their confidence has led them to impose on me, at least-until the interests of Italy herself permit me to place the crown on a younger head. My successor, animated by my spirit, and intent upon completing the work of regeneration already so auspiciously commenced, shall be one who will be ever ready to sacrifice his personal interests, and, if necessary, his life, in behalf of the nation over which he shall be called by Providence, the constitution of the country, and my approbation, to reign."

In reference to this event, Napoleon, in a free and frank conversation with his ancient school-fellow Bourrienne, remarked, "In eight days I shall set out to assume the iron crown of Charlemagne. That, however, is but a stepping-stone to greater things which I design for Italy, which must become a kingdom, comprising all the transalpine country from Venice to the maritime Alps. The union of Italy with France can be but transient. For the present it is necessary, in order to accustom the Italians to live under common laws. The people of Genoa, Piedmont, Milan, Venice, Tuscany, Rome, and Naples, cordially detest each other, and none of them could be induced to admit their inferiority. Rome, however, by her situations and historical associations, is the natural capital of Italy. To make it so in reality, the power of the Pope must be restricted to spiritual affairs. It would be impolitic to attempt the accomplishment of this just now; but if circumstances are favourable, there may be less difficulty hereafter. As yet, I have but crude ideas upon the subject, which time and events will ripen."

"When you and I were two idle young men, sauntering through the streets of Paris, a present feeling told me that I should one day be master of France. My conduct hence received a direction. It is wise, therefore, to provide for what may come, and this is what I am doing."

It would be impossible at once to unite into a single power, yielding obedience to one laws, I shall commence by making her rich. All the petty, worthless states into which she is divided will thus acquire a habit of obedience under the dominion of the same laws, and, in this habit is formed, and local feuds and animosities become extinct, there will again be an Italy worthy her olden renown, and her restoration to independence will have been my work.

Twenty years are requisite, however, to accomplish this, and who can calculate with certainty the future? I speak at this moment of things which have long been shut up in my mind. I am probably but uttering a pleasant

The Emperor and Empress, accompanied by the Pope, soon left Paris for Italy. They halted at Brienne, the scene of Napoleon's school-days. With many delightful and melancholy emotions, Napoleon recalled, with a zest and a rapidity which surprised himself, innumerable long-forgotten trains of ideas and sensations. They crossed the Alps. Josephine, supported by the

arm of Napoleon, and gazing upon the wild sublimities which surrounded them, with emotions of delight listened to the glowing recitals of her husband, as he pointed out to her the scenes of past enterprise and achievement.

Having taken leave of the Holy Father at Turin with mutual testimonials of affection and esteem, the Emperor, with his staff, visited the plain of Marengo. He had ascended upon that plain thirty thousand troops for a grand review, and that Josephine might behold, in the miniature of war, a picture of the dreadful scenes which had deluged those fields in blood. It was the 5th of May. The magnificent pavement glittered beneath the rays of a brilliant sun. A lofty throne was erected, from which the Emperor and Empress could overlook the whole. Napoleon dressed himself for the occasion with the same war-worn garments, the battered hat,

and the cavalry sabre, which he had worn amid the dangers and the terror of that awful day.

Many of the veterans who had been engaged in the action were present. The Emperor and the Empress appeared on the balcony in a magnificent chariot drawn by eight horses, and immediately they were greeted by an enthusiastic shout of acclamation from thirty thousand adoring voices. The gorgeous uniforms of the men, the rich caparisoning of the horses, the clangour of trumpets and martial bands, the glitter of

steel, the deafening thunders of art and musketry, filling the air with one and terrific roar, the dense volume of sulphur smoke rolling heavily over the plain, shutting out the rays of an unclouded sun, all combined to produce an effect upon the spectators never to be effaced.

On the 26th of May the coronation took place in the cathedral of Milan.

On the Emperor's head was placed an iron crown of which which is a circle of gold gems covering an iron ring formed of one of the spikes said to have pierced our Saviour's hand at the Crucifixion, had repaired for a thousand years in the church of Monza. It was brought forth from its mausoleum to embellish the coronation with the attraction of its deership. The ceremony was conducted with a magnificence not even surpassed by the scene in Notre Dame. The Empress first appeared, gorgeously dressed and glittering with diamonds. The most enthusiastic acclamations greeted her entrance. A moment after, Napoleon himself appeared. He was arrayed in imperial robes of velvet, purple and gold, with the diadem upon his brow, and the crown and sceptre of Charlemagne in his hands. He placed the crown upon his own brow, repeating aloud the historical

who tone

He remained in Milan a month, busy night and day in the great hall of the most festive character. The

A little incident at this time occurred which illustrates Napoleon's unwearied interest in promoting happiness. One day the Emperor and Empress had broken away from the pageantry and cares of state, and retired to the seclusion of a little island in one of the lakes in that vicinity. They entered the cabin of a poor woman. She had no idea of the illustrious character of her guests, and, in answer to their kind inquiries, told them frankly the story of her penury and her toils, and her anxiety for her children, as her husband could often obtain no work. Napoleon was interested in the indications which he saw of a superior character.

"How much money," said he, "should you want to make you perfectly happy?"

"Ah! sir," she replied, "a great deal I should want."

"But how much?" Napoleon rejoined.

"Oh, sir," she replied, "I should want as much as four hundred francs; but what prospect is there of one having four hundred francs?"

The Emperor caused an attendant to pour into her lap about three thousand francs in glittering gold. For a moment she was speechless in bewilderment, and then said—

"Ah, sir! ah, madam! this is too much; and yet you do not look as if you could sport with the feelings of a poor woman."

"No," Josephine replied, in most gentle accents, "the money is all yours—with it you can now rent a piece of ground, purchase a flock of goats, and I hope you will be able to bring up your children comfortably."

Napoleon's tact in detecting character ever enabled him to judge accurately where assistance could be judiciously conferred.

Before leaving Milan, Napoleon received a number of intercepted despatches of Sir Arthur Wellesley, containing a detailed account of the enormous acquisitions the English were making in India. He commented upon these despatches with great severity. The cabinet of London were holding up to the execration of Europe the illimitable ambition of the French monarch for striving to strengthen himself against the hostile monarchies around him by friendly associations and alliances with such powers as his genius could create. At the same time, this same cabinet were issuing orders to extend the British dominion over an extent of country and a population almost equal to that of all Europe. In this career of aggression against the East Indies, England could not even offer the plea that she was an invited liberator, or that she was conquering in a defensive war. It is, indeed, more easy to see the mote in our neighbour's eye than to discern the beam in our own.

From Milan, the Emperor and Empress continued their tour to Genoa. The restless and exhausted mind of Napoleon was weary at even the swiftest speed of the horses. Though they drove from post to post with the utmost idity, so that it was necessary con-

stantly calling from his carriage, "On! on. We do not go fast enough!" Their reception in Genoa was magnificent in the extreme. In the beautiful bay, a floating garden of orange trees was constructed in honour of Josephine. In the principal church the Emperor and Empress received the allegiance of the most prominent inhabitants.

As they were crossing the Alps, Napoleon, alighting from his carriage, proceeded on foot some distance in advance of the party. He met a peasant woman.

"Where are you hastening so eagerly this morning?" said he.

"To see the Emperor," she replied. "They tell me the Emperor is to pass this way."

"And why do you wish to see him?" said Napoleon; "what have you done but exchanged one tyrant for another? You have had the Bourbons, now you have Napoleon."

The woman for a moment was staggered, and then replied—

"It is no matter; Napoleon is our king, but the Bourbons were the kings of the nobles."

"This," said Napoleon to one to whom he related the anecdote, "comprehends the whole matter."

Napoleon, having appointed Eugene Beauharnais viceroy of Italy, returned to Paris, and here, wearing with perfect ease the weight of two crowns, he resumed his life of unintermitted toil. His habits of life were regular and temperate in the extreme. After issuing each morning the orders of the day, and having received those who were entitled to the privilege of an audience, he breakfasted at nine o'clock. The breakfast seldom lasted more than eight or ten minutes. Returning to his cabinet, he applied himself to business, and received the ministers, who attended with their portfolios. These occupations lasted until six in the evening. Then dinner was served. The Emperor and Empress usually dined alone. The dinner consisted of but one course, prolonged by the dessert. The only wine he drank was a very light French wine, mingled with water. Ardent spirits he never drank. The dinner usually lasted not more than twenty minutes. Returning to the drawing-room, a servant presented him with a cup of coffee. He then returned to his cabinet to resume his labours, rigorously acting upon the principle never to put off till to-morrow what could be done to-day. The Empress descended to her apartments, where she found the ladies of honour in attendance.

Napoleon occasionally, for a few moments, would leave his cabinet after dinner and enter the apartments of Josephine, to speak a few words with the ladies who were assembled there. Leaning upon the back of a chair, he would converse with that frankness with which he ever charmed all whom he addressed. In the evening he held a levee, when the officers on duty received their orders for the next day. Such was the life of the people's king. How different from that of the voluptuous monarchs

who had previously revelled in the palaces of France. Napoleon's personal tastes were extremely simple and modest, but he loved to see around his court a brilliant display of magnificence, deeming it essential to impress the imaginations of the French people. In private, few persons have manifested more polite and genial manners in their intercourse with those around them, though there were occasions when Napoleon, intensely occupied with the affairs of state, would arise from the breakfast-table and the dinner-table without the utterance of a word.

Immediately after the coronation of the Emperor, Louis XVIII. entered his earnest protest against Napoleon's right to the throne. Napoleon caused this protest to be published, without note or comment, in the *Moniteur*, that it might be read by all France. This was his only and his noble response. When Napoleon first perused this production, he calmly said—

"My right is the will of France. While I have a sword I shall maintain it."

The question whether the hereditary succession to the throne should be invested in the family of Napoleon had been submitted to the people. More than three and a half millions voted in favour, while but two thousand voted against it. Such unanimity in behalf of any ruler earth had never before recorded.

The English cabinet, trembling in view of the black cloud of invasion threatening their shores, and which cloud every day grew blacker and blacker with its surcharged thunders, roused its energies to form new coalitions against France. The representations she made on the subject of Napoleon's encroachments were favourably listened to by Austria, Russia, and Sweden. A hostile coalition was formed, the expenses of which were to be borne chiefly by the British, for a combined movement to overthrow the plebeian monarch. An attack upon France by the Northern Powers might interrupt the project and divert the attention of the terrible army threatening the invasion of England. Napoleon was well informed of the intrigues in progress against him. He secretly watched the tendency of events, while he took no public notice which could indicate his knowledge of the designs which were forming. Under

g occurred in his attempts to assemble the fleet in the Channel, Napoleon hesitated in what direction to encounter his foes—whether upon the shores of England, or to march to meet them as they should press through the defiles of Germany. After numerous perplexities, he said—

"My resolution is fixed. My fleets were lost sight of from the heights of Cape Ortegal on the 14th of August. If they come into the Channel, there is time yet. I embark, and I make the descent. I go to London, and there cut the knot of all coalitions. If, on the contrary, my admiral fails in conduct or in firmness, I raise my camp, I enter Germany with two hundred d men, and I do not stop till I have

scored the game at Vienna, taken Venice, and all the chief cities of Italy from Austria, and driven the Bourbons from Italy. I will not allow the Austrians and the Russians to assemble. I will strike them down before they can form their junction. The Continent being pacified, I will return to the ocean, and work anew for maritime peace."

All things were now prepared for the invasion. Napoleon was only waiting the arrival of the fleet. Officers were stationed with their glasses at various points of the coast, to observe all that was visible upon the sea, and to report to him.

Thus passed three days of intolerable suspense, but no fleet appeared. Admiral Villeneuve, in gross neglect from duty, had frustrated the whole plan. It was one of the deepest disappointments of Napoleon's life. Napoleon was extremely irritated. His whole soul was aroused into intensity of disappointment and vexation. He launched out into long and fierce invectives against the incapacity of his naval officers; said that he was betrayed by cowardice; deplored, in strains of anguish, the ruin of the most splendid and perfectly arranged plans he had ever conceived.

Suddenly the storm passed away. With that self-control which so wonderfully characterized him, he in an hour mastered his agitation, and calmed himself into perfect repose. With surprising facility, he immediately turned all the energies of his mind from the invasion of England to preparation to meet the combined foes who were gathering to assail him in the north. For several hours in succession, with extraordinary precision and minuteness of detail, he dictated the immortal campaign of Uta and Austerlitz. Thus terminated the enterprise of invading England. But this project was no a; though unfinished, it was one of the majestic enterprises of his life.

If ever a nation was authorized to engage in a war of self-defence, Napoleon was right in this endeavour to resist those unrelenting foes whom no plans for peace could disarm. In reference to the change of the government of France, Napoleon, at St. Helena, made the following profound

y object was to destroy the whole of the feudal system as organized by
With this view, I created a nobility from the people, in order to swallow up the r of the feudal nobility. The foundations of my ideas of fitness were abilities and personal worth, and I selected the son of a farmer or an artisan to make a duke or a marshal of France. I sought for true merit among all ranks of the great mass of the French people, and was anxious to organize a true and general system of equality. I was desirous that every Frenchman should be admissible to all the e ments and dignities of the state, provided he d of talents and character equal to t of the duties, whatever might
I was eager to abolish

to the last trace, the privileges of the ancient nobility, and to establish a government which, at the same time that it held the reins of government with a firm hand, should still be a *popular government*. The oligarchs of every country in Europe soon perceived my design, and it was for this reason that war to the death was carried on against me by England. The noble families of London, as well as those of Vienna, think themselves prescriptively entitled to the occupation of all the important offices in the state, and the management and handling of the public money. Their birth is regarded by them as a substitute for talents and capacities; and it is enough for a man to be the son of his father, to be fit to fulfil the duties of the most important employments and highest dignities of the state. They are somewhat like kings by divine right. The people are, in their eyes, merely milch cows, about whose interests they feel no concern, provided the treasury is always full, and the crown resplendent with jewels. In short, in establishing an hereditary nobility, I had three objects in view—

"1st. To reconcile France with the rest of Europe. 2ndly. To reconcile old with new France. 3rdly. To put an end to all feudal institutions in Europe, by re-connecting the idea of nobility with that of public services, and detaching it from all prescriptive or feudal notions. The whole of Europe was governed by nobles who were strongly opposed to the progress of the French Revolution, and who exercised an influence which proved a serious obstacle to the development of French principles. It was necessary to destroy this influence, and with that view to clothe the principal personages of the empire with titles equal to theirs."

The life of Napoleon is extremely rich in well-authenticated anecdotes illustrative of the peculiarities of his character; and it is difficult to find any anecdote respecting him, bearing the impress of genuineness, which does not indicate a spirit humane, generous, and lofty. All the battered and mutilated veterans in the *Hôtel des Invalides*, in Paris, tell with enthusiasm their treasured anecdotes of the Emperor. Every person who has had any intercourse with this extraordinary man, either as a companion in arms, in the cabinet, or as a servant, glows with excitement when speaking of the exalted intellect and the kindly heart of their adored master.

Baron Laugon says, "The present generation, who see thrones filled by men of the ordinary stamp, are unable to comprehend the state of feeling with which the Emperor inspired us. Providence has not granted to them the favour,

which must ever be our pride and glory, to have been face to face with Napoleon, to have heard his voice vibrate through our ears and hearts, and to have gazed upon his placid and majestic countenance. To us, Napoleon was not a mere Emperor, he was a being of a higher order—one of those sublime creations that perhaps help to exalt our ideas of the Creator. Napoleon was our father, our master, in some degree our idol. We young men cherished for him the affection and duty of sons. There existed between him and ourselves a positive sympathy, which made us regard, as a sacred and family duty, that which the present generation of young Frenchmen would pronounce to be servility and base va-

On one occasion a soldier of his Consular Guard committed suicide from a disappointment in love. Napoleon issued the following order of the day:—

"The grenadier Gobain has committed suicide from love. He was, in other respects, an excellent soldier. This is the second incident of the same nature which has occurred within the month. The First Consul directs it to be inserted in the order-book of the guard, that a soldier ought to know how to vanquish the pangs and melancholy of the passions; that there is as much true courage in bearing up against mental sufferings with constancy as in remaining firm on the wall of a battery. To yield ourselves to grief without resistance, or to kill ourselves to escape affliction, is to abandon the field of battle before the victory is gained."

One day, Napoleon was traversing the camp, attended by two officers, when he met a very pretty sutler woman, weeping bitterly, and leading by the hand a little boy about five years old. The Emperor, who happened to be unknown to the woman, reined up his horse, and inquired into the cause of her grief. The woman, much disconcerted, made no reply but the child frankly answered,

"My mother is crying, sir, because my father has beaten her."

"And where is your father?"

"He is close by. He is a sentinel on duty with the baggage."

On again addressing himself to the woman, and revealing the name of her husband. She refused to tell, being afraid that the Captain, as she supposed the Emperor to be, would cause him to be punished.

"Your husband has been beating you," Napoleon said; "you are weeping, and yet you are so afraid of getting him into trouble that you will not even tell me his name. This is very inconsistent. May it not be that you are a little in fault yourself?"

"Alas! Captain," the forgiving wife replied, "he has a thousand good qualities, though he has one very bad one. He is jealous, terribly jealous; and when he gets into a passion he cannot restrain his violence. And I love him, for he is my lawful husband, and the father of my dear

"A new hereditary nobility was now created, in which, as the Emperor expressed himself, to give 'the imperial throne the requisite dignity, and to excite a praiseworthy emulation in the hearts of the French.' The titles of the new nobility were those of the feudal times, yet no privileges were attached to these titles. This blow was considered by the old nobility more severe than any previous one, and perhaps was so." *Encyclopædia Americana* (article "Napoleon").

boy!" So saying, she fondly kissed her child, who, by the way in which he returned her caresses, proved his affection for his mother.

Napoleon was deeply touched by this little domestic drama. Burdened as he was with the cares of empire, he could turn aside from them to dry up the fountain of sorrow in the heart of this humble follower of the camp. Addressing the woman again, he said: "Whether you and your husband love each other or not, I do not choose that he should beat you. Tell me your husband's name, and I will mention the affair to the Emperor."

"If you were the Emperor himself," she replied, "I would not tell it you, for I know that he would be punished."

"Silly woman!" Napoleon rejoined; "all that I want is to teach him to behave well to you, and to treat you with the respect you deserve." Then, shrugging his shoulders, he made some further remark upon female obstinacy, and galloped away.

"Well, gentlemen," said he to his companions, "what do you think of that affectionate creature? There are not many such women at the Tuilleries. A wife like that is a treasure to her husband." Immediately he despatched an officer to desire the commander of the escort to come to him. He inquired very particularly respecting the woman, her husband, and the child.

"He is," said the officer, "one of the best behaved men in the company. He is very jealous of his wife, but without reason. The woman's conduct is irreproachable."

"Try and ascertain," said Napoleon, "if he has ever seen me; if he has not, bring him hither."

It appeared that Napoleon had never been seen by the grenadier, who was a fine-looking young man of about five and twenty, who had recently joined the army. When he was conducted to Napoleon, the latter said, in a familiar tone,

"What is the reason, my lad, that you beat your wife? She is a young and pretty woman, and a better wife than you are a husband. Such conduct is disgraceful in a French grenadier."

"If women are to be believed," the man replied, "they are never in the wrong. I forbidden my wife to talk to any man whatever; and yet, in spite of my commands, I find her constantly gossiping with one or another of my comrades."

"Now, there is your mistake. You want to prevent a woman from talking; you might as well try to turn the course of the Danube. Take my advice: do not be jealous. Let your wife gossip and be merry. If she were doing wrong, it is likely she would be sad instead of gay. I desire that you do not strike your wife again. If my order be not obeyed, the Emperor shall hear of it. Suppose his majesty were to give you a reprimand, what would you say then?"

The man, not a little irritated at this interference with his marital privileges, replied, "My wife is mine, general, and I may beat her if I choose; I should say to the Emperor, 'Look ye to the enemy, and leave me to manage my wife.'"

poison larned and said, "My good fellow, you are now speaking to the Emperor."

The word fell upon the soldier's heart like magic. Much confused, he hung his head lowered his voice, and said, "Oh, sire! that quite alters the case. Since your majesty commands, I, of course, obey."

"That is right," Napoleon replied. "I hear an excellent character of your wife speaks well of her; she is my rather than expose you to punishment; reward her by kind treatment. I promote you to the rank of sergent. Apply to the grand marshal, and he will give you five hundred francs; with that you can furnish your mother's stores, which will enable your wife to carry on a profitable business. Your son is a fine boy, and at some future time he shall be provided for. But, mind! never let me hear of your beating your again. If you do, you shall find that I land blows as well as you."

Several years after this, the Emperor was with the army in another campaign. Napoleon, who had a wonderful power of recollecting the countenances of persons whom he had once seen, met the "daughter of the regiment" and her son, and immediately rode up to her, saying, "Well, my good woman, how do you do? Has your husband kept the promise he made me?"

The affectionate wife burst into tears, and throwing herself at the Emperor's feet, exclaimed, "Oh, sire! sire! since my good star has me into the presence of your I been the happiest of women."

"Then reward me," said Napoleon "by being the most virtuous of wives." With these words he tossed a few pieces of gold into her hands and rode away, while the whole battalion raised an enthusiastic shout of "Vive l'Empereur!"

Napoleon, at St. Helena, was conversing with Las Casas upon the subject of the invasion of England, when the following conversation ensued:—"Were the English much afraid of my invasion?" inquired the Emperor.

"I cannot inform you," said Las Casas; "but in the saloons of Paris we laughed at the idea."

"Well," replied Napoleon, "you might have laughed in Paris, but I did not laugh in London. He soon calculated the extent of his danger, and therefore threw a condition upon my back when I had raised my arm to strike."

was the English oligarchy exposed to danger. I had taken measures to preclude the possibility of failure in my landing. I had the best army in the world; I need only say it was the army of Ansterlitz. In four days I should have been in London. I should have entered the giza capital, as a conqueror, but as a liberator. I sh have been another William III.; but I would have acted with greater generosity and disinterestedness. The discipline of my army was perfect. My troops would behaved in London the same as they Paris. No sacrifices—not even have been exacted from it

We should have presented ourselves to

not as conquerors, but as brothers who came to restore to them their rights and their liberties. I would have assembled the citizens, and directed them to labour themselves in the task of their regeneration, because the English had already preceded us in political legislation. I would have declared that our only wish was to be able to rejoice in the happiness and prosperity of the English people, and to these professions I would have strictly adhered. In the course of a few months, the two nations which had been such determined enemies would have henceforward composed only one people, identified in principles, maxims, and interests. I should have departed from England in order to effect, from south to north, under republican colours (for I was then First Consul), the regeneration of Europe, which at a later period I was on the point of effecting, from north to south, under monarchical forms.

"Both systems were equally good, since both would have been attended by the same results, and would have been carried into execution with firmness, moderation, and good faith. How many ills that are now endured, and how many that are yet to be endured, would not unhappy Europe have escaped! Never was a project so favourable to the interests of civilization conceived with more disinterested intentions, or so near being carried into execution. It is a remarkable fact, that the obstacles which occasioned my failure were not the work of men, but proceeded from the elements. In the south, the sea frustrated my plans; the burning of Moscow, the snow, and the winter completed my ruin in the north. Thus water, air, and fire—all Nature, and Nature alone, was hostile to the universal regeneration which Nature herself called for. The problems of Providence are insoluble."

After a few moments of thoughtful silence, he again said: "It was supposed that my scheme was merely a vain threat, because it did not appear that I possessed any reasonable means of attempting its execution. But I had laid my plans deeply, and without being observed. I had dispersed all our French ships, and the English were sailing after them to different parts of the world. Our ships were to return suddenly, and at the same time, and to assemble in a mass along the French coasts. I would have had seventy or eighty French or Spanish vessels in the Channel, and I calculated that I should continue master of it for two months. Three or four thousand little boats were to be ready at a signal."

"A hundred thousand men were every day drilled in embarking and landing as a part of their exercise. They were full of ardour, and eager for the enterprise, which was very popular with the French, and was supported by the wishes of a great number of the English. After landing my troops, I could calculate upon only one pitched battle, the result of which would not be doubtful; and victory would have brought us to London. The nature of the country would not admit of a war of manœuvring. My conduct would have done the rest. The people of Eng-

land groaned under the yoke of an oligarchy. On feeling that their pride had not been humbled, they would have ranged themselves on our side. We should have been considered only as allies come to effect their deliverance. We should have presented ourselves with the magical words of liberty and equality."

CHAPTER XXX.

CAMPAIGN OF ULM.

Causes for the misrepresentations of Napoleon's character—Admission of Napier—Treachery of Austria—Breaking up from Boulogne—Address to the Senate—Comparison of forces—Proclamation—Anecdote—Reply to the Austrian officer—Madame Marbois—Interview of the Emperor and the Austrian Prince—Conference with General Mack—Address to the Austrian officers—Proclamation—Testimony of Bourrienne—The young engineer—Justice of Napoleon.

THROUGHOUT Europe, the reputation of Napoleon has been exposed to influences greatly adverse to it. Upon the downfall of the republican Emperor, the Bourbons reascended the throne. Their claims to the sovereignty of France could be defended only by representing the exile of St. Helena as a usurper and a tyrant. Again the people drove the Bourbons from the throne. The Orleans branch of the family received the sceptre. The motive to withhold justice from Napoleon continued with unabated strength. Louis Philippe, during all his reign, trembled at the name of Bonaparte. The historian who should have dared to vindicate the character of the great idol of the populace would have been withered by the frowns which would have darkened upon him from the saloons of Versailles, St. Cloud, and the Tuileries. All the despots of Europe have been equally interested to misrepresent the career of Napoleon. He was the great advocate of the rights of the people against the arrogant assumption of haughty nobles and feudal kings. By their combined power they crushed their foe. Now they traduce him.

The campaigns of Ulm and Austerlitz will be remembered while time endures. The facts are ample. Napoleon was engaged in a war of self-defence with England. He had implored peace. Earnestly he desired it. Peace alone, by promoting commerce, agriculture, and manufactures, could make France rich and powerful. War was destruction to his infant navy, robbed him of his colonies, and called the peasants from fields of rural labour to the field of blood. But England did not wish France to be rich and powerful. With her invincible fleet Britain could sweep every sea, enrich herself with spoils of the Republic, and command the commerce of all climes. Earnestly desiring war, she violated the most solemn treaty, and commenced, even without warning, an attack upon the unprotected cities and the unguarded commerce of the French. Napoleon, disappointed, yet not intimidated, rose sublimely to meet the struggle. England was amazed and terrified by his gigantic efforts.

To avert the impending storm she strove to call the despots of Europe to her aid. She succeeded. Russia, Austria, Sweden, dreading the free principles which had gained utterance in France, gladly accepted the bribes which England offered to marshal their armies for war. The Allies secretly organized a force of five hundred thousand men to fall simultaneously upon France, at various and widely distant points. England agreed to pay thirty millions of francs annually for every one hundred thousand men the Allies would furnish. The fleet of England, numbering not less than five hundred ships of war, blockaded the harbours of France, and of her allies, and desolated with storms of shot and shell every unprotected city.

England, in India, in Egypt, along the shores of the Mediterranean, and in all seas from pole to pole, was extending her limitless empire. Russia, the greatest despot of our globe, was grasping with her right arm the half of Europe, and with her left the half of Asia, and was yearly extending her sway over conquered provinces. Austria had overrun a large portion of Italy, and, in banditti alliance with Prussia and Russia, had dismembered Poland and divided the spoil. And yet these monarchs had the effrontery to say, "Behold the intolerable ambition of Napoleon. He has annexed to France, Genoa, Piedmont, the Island of Elba, and has accepted the crown of Lombardy." Napier, the eloquent English historian of the Peninsular war, candidly makes the following admission:—

"Up to the peace of Tilsit, the wars of France were essentially defensive. The bloody strife which wasted the Continent so many years was not a struggle for pre-eminence between ambitious powers, not a dispute for some accession of territory, not for the political ascendancy of one or other nation, but a deadly conflict to determine whether aristocracy or democracy should predominate, whether equality or privilege should henceforth be the principle of European governments."

And how can candour censure Napoleon for this strife. Could he escape the imputation of folly, if, surrounded by hostile despotisms, all increasing their power, and all ready to band together for his destruction, he had made no attempt to strengthen France by friendly alliances? And when thus treacherously assailed in every quarter, without even a declaration of war, was it his duty quietly to repose in the palace of the Tuileries, and see the billows of invasion roll over his country? Was he bound tamely to submit to be hurled from the throne upon which the unanimous voice of France had placed him? Was it his duty to surrender his countrymen to the hated despotism of a detested dynasty? To these questions impartial history can return but one answer.

The Allies hoped to take Napoleon by surprise. No declaration of war was issued. The Austrian minister remained quietly in Paris. Every precaution was adopted to lull their lotus into false security. The destruction of

Napoleon now seemed certain. How could he contend, single-handed, against such a myriad of foes? Stealthily the armies of Austria, 80,000 strong, under General Mack, commenced their march towards the frontiers of France. The Emperor Alexander, with 115,000 Russians, was hastening, by forced marches, through the plains of Poland to unite with the Austrians. They thought that Napoleon, all engrossed upon the shores of the Channel, a thousand miles distant, was blind to their movements. He was watching them with an eagle eye. With the infatuation of self-confidence, the Austrian hosts rapidly advanced. They overran Bavaria, the ally of France, and endeavoured to compel the King of Bavaria to join in the assault. They took possession of Munich and Ulm, entered the defiles of the Black Forest, and fortified themselves strongly in all the outposts which opened into the valley of the Rhine. The Russian army, with proud tread, was hastening to join them. The Austrians were full of satisfaction that, at last, they had stolen a march upon so vigilant a foe.

But Napoleon was not the man to be thus entrapped. Like a whirlwind from the serene sky he burst upon his astounded foes. Indescribable was the consternation and bewilderment of the Austrians when informed that Napoleon, as if by magic, had crossed the Rhine and the Danube; that, with his whole host, he was in their rear, cutting off all their supplies, all communication with Austria, all hope of relief from the Russians, and all possibility of escape. Had an army suddenly descended from the clouds, the Austrians could hardly have been more utterly confounded. From every direction Napoleon's triumphant columns were marching upon their unprotected rear. In their distraction they fled this way and that. But there was no escape—there was no hope. Everywhere they were entangled in the meshes of that net which Napoleon had so skillfully and so rapidly spread around his foes. In despair they threw down their arms. Baggage-waggons, guns, muskets, horses, and standards in vast profusion fell into the hands of the victors. Resistance was in vain. Napoleon had so manoeuvred that each Austrian band found itself surrounded by superior numbers. The least resistance insured destruction. The marvellous conquest which Napoleon thus achieved was almost as bloodless as it was entire.

As soon as Napoleon, at Boulogne, heard of the decided hostile movement of his foes, he put the seal of silence upon the press, and upon the telegraph, and upon all the avenues of information. Twenty thousand carriages were in readiness to transport his host, which, from its thorough discipline, he called the Grand Army, to the banks of the Rhine. He assembled the soldiers before him, informed them of the perfidious and unprovoked assault of the Allies, and of the necessity of an immediate march to Germany. Exultant cheers announced the alacrity with which the mighty host obeyed its chieftain. In an instant it was in motion. The genius of

perhaps never more conspicuous than in the directions now given to the several corps of the army. The vast plan, extending over a region of hundreds of leagues, embraced the utmost grandeur of general combination. At the same time, his directions were given to each of the generals with the most extraordinary minuteness and accuracy of detail. The daily marches of every regiment, the places of rest, all were marked out with undeviating accuracy. Almost with the speed of thought, nearly two hundred thousand men swept over France, crossed the Rhine and the Danube, and effectually blocked up the retreat of the foe, even before that foe was aware that the French had left the heights of Boulogne. As soon as Napoleon had seen his whole army on the move, he hastened to Paris, and, assembling the Senate, he thus addressed them:—

"Senators! It is necessary, in the present state of Europe, that I should explain to you my sentiments. I am about to quit my capital, to place myself at the head of the army, to bear prompt assistance to my allies, and to defend the dearest interests of my people. The wishes of the eternal enemies of the Continent are accomplished. Hostilities have commenced in the midst of Germany. Austria and Russia have united with England, and our generation is involved anew in the calamities of war. A few days ago I still cherished the hope that peace would not be disturbed. But the Austrian army has passed the Inn. Munich is invaded. The Elector of Bavaria has been driven from his capital. All my hopes of peace have vanished."

To meet the enormous expenses of such a war required great financial skill. But the genius of Napoleon was equal to the task. He was so strongly enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen that he could have borrowed millions, and thus have imposed upon France the burden of taxation which Pitt has bequeathed to England. But he was exceedingly unwilling to throw any of the expenses of the war upon the future. "While I live," he wrote to M. Marbois, "I will not issue any paper."

Josephine accompanied Napoleon to Strasburg. His columns had strictly followed his orders, and had pursued the routes which he had assigned to them. He wrote to Talleyrand—

"The Austrians are in the defiles of the Black Forest. God grant that they may remain there. My only fear is that we shall frighten them too much. If they allow me to gain a few more marches, I shall have completely turned them. Forbid the newspapers to make any more mention of the army than if it did not exist."

It was, indeed, a proud array which Napoleon had now at his command. One hundred and eighty-six thousand combatants, burning with enthusiasm and adoring their chief, awaited his orders. Thirty-eight thousand were ready to move with the celerity of the wind wherever he pointed. Three hundred and forty pieces of cannon, whose gunners were trained to unerring

precision, were dragged in the train of this formidable host. Still he was contending at fearful odds. The coalition numbered 500,000 men. Of these, 250,000 were Austrians, 200,000 Russians, 50,000 English, Swedes, and Neapolitans. It was also known that 200,000 Prussians were ready to join the coalition upon the first reverse attending the French arms.

As soon as Napoleon arrived at the head of his columns, he was received with shouts, a thousand times repeated, of "Vive l'Empereur!" He addressed his troops in one of those eloquent and heart-stirring proclamations which ever roused them to almost a frenzy of enthusiasm. "Soldiers!" said he, "the campaign of the third coalition has commenced. Austria has passed the Inn, violated its engagements, attacked and chased our ally from his capital. We will not again make peace without sufficient guarantees. Our generosity shall not again make us forget what we owe to ourselves. You are but the advance-guard of the Great People. You may have forced marches to undergo, fatigues and privations to endure. But, whatever obstacles we may encounter, we shall overcome them, and never taste of repose till we have placed our eagles on the territory of our enemies."

Matters were now rapidly approaching a crisis. Mack was fatally enveloped in the divisions of the French. Napoleon superintended everything. He was everywhere present. He slept not; he rested not; he scarcely ate. On horseback by night and by day, he passed like the wind from post to post. His mind seemed incapable of exhaustion, his body insensible to fatigue. One cold, stormy night, when the rain was falling in floods, and a freezing October gale swept hillside and valley, Napoleon, spattered with mud and drenched with rain, rode on horseback through the black hours till the lurid dawn of day. He then overtook a division of his army toiling painfully through the storm. The soldiers were half dead with fatigue.

For many days and nights the weather had been frightful. The tributaries of the Danube were swollen into torrents. The snow, melting as it fell, had rendered the roads almost impassable. Without a murmur, they had been making forced marches, dragging their heavy artillery through the miry ruts, and bidding defiance to every obstacle. In the gloom of the dismal storm, Napoleon gathered the troops in a circle around him. Like a father talking confidentially to his children, he explained to the soldiers the situation of the enemy, and the manoeuvres by which he was surrounding them. The soldiers, intoxicated by this proof of confidence from their Emperor, burst into the most vehement transports of enthusiasm. As Napoleon again put spurs to his horse and disappeared in the gloom of distance, a shout of exultation rose from the multitudinous host which pierced the tempestuous sky, and outroared the wailings of the storm. His words proved a tonic to the whole exhausted host. With renovated energies they pressed on their way.

Napoleon's gigantic plan was completely successful. The Austrians were surrounded beyond all hope of escape. In twenty days, without a single pitched battle, by a series of marches and a few skirmishes, the Austrian army of 80,000 men was utterly destroyed. A few thousand only, in fugitive bands, eluded the grasp of the victor, and fled through the defiles of the mountains. The masterly manoeuvres of the French columns had already secured 80,000 prisoners almost without bloodshed. Thirty-six thousand were shut up in Ulm. Their doom was sealed. The well-authenticated fact seems almost in-

that the Austrians, by this sudden apparition of Napoleon and his whole army in their rear, by the blow after blow which fell upon them with lightning rapidity, and with the scathing severity of the lightning's bolt, were in such a panic and so utterly bewildered, that one night one hundred Austrians surrendered at discretion to a French officer and two dragoons.

As the Emperor was one day passing through a crowd of prisoners, an Austrian officer expressed his astonishment on seeing the Emperor of the French, with his clothes saturated with rain and spattered with mud, presenting a more comfortable aspect than the meanest drummer in his army. For eight days and nights, during which the rain had been falling almost incessantly in torrents, the Emperor had not taken off his clothes, or even his boots, or thrown himself upon a couch for rest. One of the aides-de-camp explained to Napoleon the remark of the Austrian officer.

"Your master," replied Napoleon, "has compelled me to resume the character of a soldier. I hope he will allow that the throne and the imperial purple have not made me forget my first profession."

The fatigue of the soldiers during the forced marches of these dreary days of mud, and rain, and freezing cold, was dreadful. After a sleepless night upon the storm-drenched ground, they often toiled all day almost without food, and up to their knees in mire. Yet, whenever the Emperor appeared, new vigour was infused into their exhausted frames, and they greeted him with the most enthusiastic acclamations. The Austrian officers expressed their surprise at this extraordinary attachment, and wondered that the soldiers, in the midst of such distress, could forget their sufferings the moment they saw the Emperor.

"They are right," Napoleon replied; "it is to spare their blood that I make them undergo such dreadful fatigue."

In the midst of these stormy scenes, Napoleon was one day riding on horseback, when he saw a carriage advancing. A lady was in it, bathed in tears. Napoleon inquired the cause of her

"Sir," she replied, "I have been robbed by a party of soldiers, who have killed my gardener. I am going to request that your Emperor will send me a guard. He once knew my family, I was under obligations to it."
"Your name?" inquired N

"I am the daughter of M. Marbeuf," she replied, "formerly governor of Corsica."

"Madame," Napoleon rejoined, "I am delighted to have the opportunity of serving you. I am myself the Emperor. Every member of M. Marbeuf's family has a claim upon my gratitude."

He treated her with the greatest possible attention, gave her a picket of chasseurs from his own guard to escort her, liberally rewarded her for the losses she had sustained, and conveyed her to her home grateful and happy.

Napoleon sent General Serret to summon the garrison at Ulm to surrender. The night was chill and black. A terrible hurricane wrecked earth and sky. The rain fell in floods. To pass the city from the French camp, the utmost caution was necessary to avoid galls in which both man and horse might have foundered. The French advanced posts, main guards, voltiges, and sentinels, had all sought shelter from the drenching, freezing storm. Not a watch-fire blazed upon the deluged ground. Even the parks of artillery were deserted. With difficulty

was found, under a wagon, stiff with cold, and half-drowned with mud and water. He was taken to accompany the messenger, and with the blast of his bugle to seek at the city gates. The impetuous spirit of Napoleon was unmindful of the darkness, the cold, and the tempest. He was ready for the assault, and to spare the effusion of blood summoned a surrender.

Thirty-six thousand Austrians, in the extreme of dejection, were now trembling behind the ramparts of Ulm. Napoleon, in person superintending the approach, was hourly contracting the circle which confined the Impetuous. His guns were placed upon the heights which commanded the city, and now and then a shell fell into the streets, a dreadful portent to the terrified inhabitants of the approaching storm. Nothing remained for Mack but capitulation. Prince Maurice was sent, early the next morning, to the head-quarters of Napoleon. As is customary on such occasions, he was conducted to headquarters blindfolded. When the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in the presence of the Emperor.

The weather was dreadful. Chilling winds swept the bleak plains. The sleet, which filled the air, melted as it reached the ground, and the miry roads, trampled by horse, and furrowed by artillery wheels, were almost impassable. The Emperor was ever ready to share those hardships which he laid upon his soldiers. The convoy found him in a wretched tent, through which the storm swept drearily. A few loose boards upon the ground kept his feet from the water which deluged the plain. The Prince proposed to surrender upon condition that the garrison should be permitted to retire to Austria. Napoleon smiled, and replied—

"What reason can I have to comply with such
In a week you will be in my power,
ditions. I am perfectly acquainted

with your situation. You expect the advance of the Russians. They have scarcely yet arrived in Bohemia. And then, if I allow you to depart, what guarantee have I that your troops will not be united with those of Russia, and be made to fight against me again? Your generals have often deceived me thus. I will not again be their dupe. De Marengo I suffered Melas to march with his forces from Alessandria. Two months afterwards Moreau had to fight the same men, notwithstanding the most solemn promises on the part of your government to conclude peace. After such conduct as I have experienced from the Austrian cabinet, I can trust to no engagement. The war is not of my seeking. It has been a violation of faith throughout. Return to your general, and inform him that I cannot grant what he requires. Your officers alone can be allowed to return to Austria. The soldiers must remain prisoners. He must be brief in his decision. I have no time to lose. The longer he delays, the worse he will render his own situation and that of his army."

The next day General Mack himself visited Napoleon. He was treated with that courtesy and generosity with which Napoleon ever addressed a fallen foe. The conqueror demonstrated to General Mack the utter hopelessness of his condition. He convinced him that all further resistance must be unavailing. In glowing colours he depicted the carnage which must ensue from taking the place by assault. He implored the general, as a humane man, to spare him the cruel necessity of throwing his shells into the thronged dwellings of the city, and of surrendering its beautiful streets to the horrors of fire and the sword. It was clearly in vain to protract the struggle. Mack, with anguish, consented to the surrender. Napoleon was overjoyed that he had thus been enabled to mitigate the miseries of war by disarming his enemies almost without bloodshed.

The next day was cold, clear, and brilliant. It witnessed a scene unparalleled in modern warfare. Europe was astonished and appalled by its narration. Thirty-six thousand troops marched out of the gates of Ulm, and laid down their arms before the conqueror. Napoleon, with his magnificent staff, stood upon an eminence before the fire of a bivouac, as the melancholy array, for five hours, defiled before him. It must have been a proud hour to the victor. Yet no gesture and no expression of his serene countenance revealed the slightest emotion of exultation. In touching terms, magnanimous and sympathetic, he thus addressed the vanquished officers:—

"Gentlemen,—War has its chances. Often victorious, you must expect sometimes to be vanquished. Your master wages against me an unjust war. I say it candidly, I know not for what I am fighting. I know not what he requires of me. He has wished to remind me that I was once a soldier. I trust he will find that I have not forgotten my original avocation. I want nothing on the Continent. I d

ships, colonies, and commerce. I never acquire would be as advantageous to you as to me."

Again he remarked to a group of Austrian officers, as the procession of captives continued to defile before him, "It is truly deplorable that such honourable men as yourselves, whose names are spoken of with honour wherever you have combated, should be made the victims of an insane cabinet intent on most chimerical projects. It was already a sufficient crime to have attacked me in the midst of peace without any declaration of war. But this offence is trivial compared with that of bringing into the heart of Europe a horde of barbarians, and allowing an Asiatic power to mix itself up with our disputes. Instead of attacking me without a cause, the Aulic Council should rather have united their forces to mine, in order to repel the Russian force. Such an alliance is monstrous. It is the alliance of the dogs and the wolves against the sheep. Had France fallen in the strife, you would not have been long in perceiving the error you had committed."

At this moment a French officer repeated an insulting expression which he had heard from the common soldiers in regard to the Austrian captives. Napoleon severely rebuked the officer, and ordered him to retire. "You must have little respect for yourself," said he, "to insult men bowed down by such a misfortune."

The joy and exultation in the French army passed all bounds. Such victories, with so little bloodshed, were never known before. The enthusiasm of the troops and their devotion to the Emperor became boundless. "The Little Corporal," exclaimed the veterans to each other, "has discovered a new method of carrying on war. He makes more use of our legs than of our bayonets." The following proclamation electrified Europe by the stupendous successes it commemorated, and by the nervous eloquence with which its sentences glowed:—

"Soldiers of the grand army! In fifteen days we have concluded a campaign. We have kept our promise. We have chased the troops of Austria from the Bavarian territories, and have re-established our ally in the possession of his states. That army which, with so much ostentation and presumption, had advanced to our frontiers, is annihilated. But what signifies that to England? We are no longer at Boulogne.

"Of 100,000 men who composed that army, 60,000 are prisoners. They will replace our conscripts in the labour of the fields. Two hundred pieces of cannon, their whole park of ammunition, and ninety standards, are in our possession. Of that whole army, not fifteen thousand have escaped.

"Soldiers! I announced to you a great battle; but, thanks to the faulty combinations of the enemy, I have obtained these immense advantages without incurring any risk. And, what is unexampled in the history of nations, this great result has not weakened us by the loss of fifteen hundred men. Soldiers! this astonishing:

is owing to your boundless confidence in your Emperor, to your patience in undergoing fatigue, to your rare intrepidity. But we will not rest here! Already I see you are burning to commence a second campaign. The gold of England has brought against us a Russian army from the extremities of the universe. We will make it undergo the same fate. There are no generals there whom it would add to my glory to vanquish. All my care shall be to obtain the victory with as little effusion of blood as possible. My soldiers are my children."

"Napoleon," says Bourrienne, "was completely subdued in spirit when he was the conqueror. He received the vanquished with kindness. Nor was this the result of a feeling of pride concealed under the mask of hypocrisy. I am sure he pitied them sincerely. I have often heard him remark, 'How much to be pitied is a general on the day after a lost battle.'" When the Austrian court, in its exasperation, was about to unjust vengeance upon General Mack, Napoleon humanely interfered to save him from condemnation by a court-martial.

He sent to the Senate the flags taken from the enemy. In his letter to this body, he says, "The primary object of the war is already fulfilled. The Elector of Bavaria is re-established upon his throne. The aggressors have been struck as by a thunderbolt. Assisted by Divine Providence, I hope, in a short time, to triumph over all my enemies."

He wrote, at the same time, a circular to all the bishops in the empire, requesting them, in gratitude to God, to sing a *Te Deum* in all the churches. "The dazzling victories," said he, "which our armies have just obtained against the unjust league formed by the hatred and the gold of England, render it necessary that my people should address their thanks to the God of armies for the past, and implore his blessing for the future."

Just before the capitulation of Ulm, Napoleon sent Captain Bernard, a young officer of the engineers, on an important reconnoitring expedition. With great skill and intrepidity he prosecuted his mission, advancing almost to Vienna. Upon his return Napoleon personally examined him, and was much pleased with his answers. Among other things, the engineer remarked that it would be of great advantage to direct the army upon Vienna, passing by the fortified places, and that, once master of the capital, the Emperor might dictate laws to the whole Austrian monarchy. This was taking too great a liberty. Napoleon severely replied—

"You are very presumptuous! A young officer to pretend to trace out a campaign for me! Go and await my orders."

As soon as the young man had retired, Napoleon turned to General Rapp and said, "There is a man of merit. He has observed correctly. I shall not expose him to the risk of being shot. I shall have occasion for him by-and-bye. Tell Berthier to despatch an order for his departure for Illyria."

This young man finally became an aide-de-camp of Napoleon, and one of the most distinguished engineers in the world. Upon the overthrow of his illustrious master, declining the most brilliant offers from the different sovereigns of Europe, he retired to the United States. Here he took the command of the corps of engineers, and executed works in civil and military engineering which will for ever remain memorials of his genius.

The following anecdote illustrates the implicit and exact obedience which Napoleon demanded and enforced. He arrived at Strasburg the 25th of September. He had ordered all the divisions of the grand army, converging by various routes, to debile across the Rhine, by the bridge of Kehl, the next day. The general officers were directed to meet him at the head of the bridge at six o'clock in the morning. An hour before the appointed time, in spite of the rain which was pouring from the skies in floods, Napoleon, in the gloom of the yet undawned morning, was at the rendezvous. The columns were already crossing the bridge, and ranging themselves upon the other side of the river. As Napoleon sat upon his horse, exposed to the fury of the storm, the water, dripping from his clothes, made quite a pool beneath him. His hat was so soaked by the rain that the rim flapped down upon his shoulders. Calmly, silently, and apparently unannoyed by any sense of discomfort, he contemplated the passage of the troops. Soon the officers gathered around. Napoleon interrupted the silence by saying—

"Gentlemen, we have gained a grand maron upon our enemies." Then, glancing his eye around the group, he exclaimed, with rapid utterance, "But where is Vandamme? Why is he not here? Is he dead?"

For a moment they were silent. Then General Chardon ventured to reply, "Sire, it is possible that General Vandamme is not yet awake. Last evening we drank several glasses of wine together to the health of your Majesty, and perhaps—"

"General," interrupted Napoleon with severity, "you did well to drink to my health yesterday, but to-day Vandamme does wrong to sleep when he knows that I await him."

General Chardon offered to despatch one of his aides-de-camp to call his companion in arms.

"Vandamme sleep," said Napoleon, "will perhaps awake himself; then I will wait."

At that moment Vandamme appeared. He was pale with agitation, and exceedingly embarrassed. "General," said Napoleon, glancing at him a severe look, "it appears that you have forgotten the order which I have issued."

"Sire," said General Vandamme, "this is the first time that I have thus offended. And I assure you that I was this morning extremely unwell, b-----"

you were as tipsy as
lamins should be
But, lest
to you a

you will go to combat under the flag of the King of Wurtemberg, that, if possible, you may give the Germans a lesson upon temperance."

Vandamme retired in disgrace. The same day he joined the army of Wurtemberg. During the brief campaign he performed prodigies of valour. After the capitulation of Ulm, Napoleon again saw him, commended him for his services, and again received him into favour, saying, "General, never forget that I honour brave men. But I do not love those who sleep when I am waiting. Let us say no more about it."

In crossing a swollen stream the captain of a company was swept away by the torrent. A soldier, whom that captain had degraded in consequence of some fault of discipline, plunged into the stream, and saved the life of the drowning officer. Napoleon heard of it. Immediately he sent for the soldier.

"You are a brave man," said he. "Your captain had degraded you, and he had reason to do so. In saving his life, you have proved that there is no rancour in your breast. This is noble. You are now at quits. But as for me, I am not at quits towards you. I appoint you quartermaster, and make you chevalier of the Legion of Honour. To your captain you owe this promotion. Go and thank him."

This even-handed justice—punishing his proudest generals when they deserved it, and appreciating and rewarding in the humblest soldier any trial of courage or magnanimity—accounts, in part, for that almost superhuman love with which Napoleon bound all hearts to himself.

On the 17th of October, Napoleon rode forty-two miles on horseback without one moment of rest. He then, booted and spurred, and wrapped in his muddy cloak, threw himself upon some straw in a cow-shed for an hour of sleep. Not a mile from where Napoleon was reposing, in the midst of the lowing herds, the Bishop of Augsburg had splendidly illuminated his aristocratic palace, and a bed of down, curtained with silken drapery, was prepared to receive the Emperor. But Napoleon would not sleep in ceiled chambers when his soldiers were suffering, through the dreary night, in pools of water on the cold unsheltered ground.

CHAPTER XXXL

AUSTERLITZ.

Peril of the Emperor—Oath of Alexander and Frederick William—Daring energy of Napoleon—Anniversary of the coronation—Untiring activity of Napoleon—Proclamation—His vigilance—Battle of Austerlitz—Interview between the French and Austrian Emperors—Touching anecdote—Magnanimity of Napoleon—Proclamation—Disappointment of the authorities at Paris—William Pitt—Generosity of the Emperor—Letters to Josephine.

THE capitulation at Ulm took place on the 20th of October, 1805. Astounding as was the victory which Napoleon had just achieved, still his peril was imminent. One hundred and sixteen thou-

sand Russians, headed by the Emperor Alexander, were hurrying through the plains of Poland to meet Napoleon. From every quarter of Austria columns of troops were in rapid march to unite with the Russians. In a combined band of overwhelming numbers they determined to crush their audacious foe. Alexander repaired in person to Berlin, and employed all the weight of his authority, and all the fascinations of his captivating manners, to unite the army of Prussia, 200,000 strong, with the Allies. The Queen of Prussia, a beautiful woman, proud, ambitious, and animated by the inspiration of genius, conceived the idea of uniting the two sovereigns by an oath which should never be forgotten. At midnight, Alexander and Frederick William descended into the dark and dismal tomb of Frederick the Great.

A single torch revealed the gloom of the regal mausoleum. Thus standing, in the dead of night, by the coffin of the renowned warrior they bound themselves by a solemn oath to sustain the cause of the allied kings against those principles of popular liberty which threatened the subversion of every European throne.

England disembarked a force of thirty thousand troops in Hanover to hasten to the scene of conflict. It was apparently time for Napoleon to retreat, or at least strongly to fortify himself, and await the assault of his combined foes. But, to the amazement of all Europe, he audaciously pressed on into the very midst of impending destruction. Like an inundation, his victorious army rolled down the valley of the Danube, sweeping everything before them. Neither rivers, nor batteries, nor hostile legions, could for an hour retard his march. Every soldier seemed to have imbibed the spirit of his commander. It was a band of iron men insen-

In three days Napoleon entered Munich, the capital of Bavaria. The whole city blazed with illumination; enthusiastic shouts welcomed the deliverer. But Napoleon rested not for an hour. He allowed his discomfited foes not one moment to recover from their panic. "Forward, forward to Vienna," was the command. The impetuous torrent, horsemen, infantry, artillery, rolled on. Terror and destruction had fallen upon the empire so suddenly that it overawed like a supernatural infliction. All Austria was in consternation. Francis fled from his capital. The panic in Vienna was dreadful; and still each day the mighty host drew nearer. Resistance was in vain. The Austrians and Russians, retreating from the blows which fell so thick and heavily upon them, fled to join the proud army which Alexander was leading to the rescue.

On the morning of the 13th of November the bugles of the French were heard upon the heights which surround Vienna, and the polished steel of their armour glittered in the rays of the morning sun. It was a clear, cold, winter day. A deputation of the citizens waited upon Napoleon, imploring his clemency. He assured them

troops had been engaged, and they had beaten ninety thousand Russians and Austrians.

No language can describe the frightful confusion and disorder which pervaded the ranks of the retreating foe. The genius of Napoleon never shone more terribly than in the blows which he dealt upon an enemy flying before him. The barbarian Russians, wild with dismay, filled the heavens with their frenzied shouts, and wreaked a blind and merciless vengeance upon the villages scattered along their route. The squadrons of Napoleon pursued them in all directions, and trampled their gory bodies into the earth. The Emperor Francis, seeing that all was irretrievably lost, sent Prince John to Napoleon to implore an armistice. The hours of the bloody day had passed, and midnight had again settled over the gory plain.

The Prince found Napoleon upon the field of battle, carrying succour with his own hand to the wounded, and speaking to their grateful hearts words of sympathy and encouragement. He would allow himself no rest till with his own eyes he had seen that all his wounded men were sheltered. Many a dying soldier, with tearful gaze, in his last agonies looked up and peror. Nay, to their parched lips, and with his own hand, he took the cloaks from the dead to cover

Napoleon received the Prince courteously. He assured him that most earnestly he desired peace, and that it would afford him satisfaction to have

following day. In the meantime he issued orders to pursue the retreating foe with the utmost vigour. His position was still perilous in the extreme. Despotie Europe was banded against him.

A powerful Russian army was marching from the north. Hungary was rising. Prince Ferdinand was approaching,

with her 200,000 troops, was threatening his rear. Napoleon was conscious of his peril and conscious of his power.

The next morning he addressed his troops in the following proclamation:—

"Soldiers! I am satisfied with you. In the battle of Austerlitz you have justified all that I expected from your intrepidity. You have decorated your eagles with immortal glory. An army of 100,000 men, commanded by the Emperors of Russia and of Austria, has been, in less than four hours, either cut in pieces or dispersed. Thus, in two months, the third coalition has been vanquished and dissolved. Peace cannot now be far distant. But I will make only such a peace as gives us guarantees for the future, and secures rewards to our allies. When everything necessary to secure the happiness and prosperity of our country is obtained, I will lead you back to France. My people will again behold you with joy. It will be enough for one of you to say 'I was in the battle of Austerlitz,'

for all your fellow-citizens to exclaim, 'There is a brave man!'"

The next morning the Emperor Francis, accompanied by a small escort of guards, repaired, in a carriage drawn by six horses, to the place appointed for the interview. He found Napoleon standing before the fire of a bivouac. A wind-mill by his side afforded a partial shelter from the wintry gale which swept the black hills. Napoleon, with great courtesy, greeted the Emperor of Austria as he alighted from his carriage, and said to him,

"I receive you in the only palace which I have inhabited for the last two months."

"You have made such good use," Francis very happily replied, "of that habitation, that it should be agreeable to you."

The two monarchs conversed together for two hours, and agreed verbally to terms of peace. Francis, mortified and exasperated, sought to throw the blame of

of merchants. In order to save the commerce of the world, they are willing to set the Continent in flames."

Having obtained better terms for himself than he had any right to expect, the Austrian monarch and his ally Alexander. "The Emperor," replied Napoleon, "is surrounded. Not a man can escape me. If, however, your majesty will promise that Alexander shall at once return to Russia, I will stop the advance of my columns." Francis pledged his honour that he would draw his forces.

When the Emperor Francis had departed, Napoleon walked for a moment to and fro before the fire, with his hands clasped behind his back. After a short silence, during which he appeared absorbed in thought, he was overheard to say, "I have acted very unwisely."

of the Austrian and Russian armies. They are both entirely in my power. But—let it be. I will at least cause some tears less to I

your camp to the head-quarters of Alexander, and if he would ratify the armistice.

"I am happy to see you," said the Emperor to the envoy. "The occasion has been very glorious for your arms. That day will take nothing from the reputation which your master has earned in so many battles. It was my first

I confess that the rapidity of his march gave me time to succour the points everywhere where you were at least double the number of our forces."

"Sire," Savary replied, "our force was twenty-five thousand less than yours. And even of that, the whole was not very warmly engaged. But we manœuvred much, and the same division combated at many different points. Therein lies the art of war. The Emperor, who has seen it, is never wanting in that

particular. He is still ready to march against the Archduke Charles, if your Majesty does not accept the armistice."

"What guarantee does your master require?" replied Alexander; "and what security can I have that your troops will not prosecute their movements against me?"

"He asks only your word of honour," Savary replied. "He has instructed me, the moment it is given, to suspend the pursuit."

"I give it with pleasure," rejoined the Emperor. "And should it ever be your fortune to visit St. Petersburg, I hope that I may be able to render my capital agreeable to you."

Hostilities immediately ceased. The fragments of the two defeated armies retired without further molestation to their homes.

As Napoleon was returning to Vienna, he met a large convoy of wounded Austrians on their route for the hospitals of the capital. He immediately alighted from his carriage, and, uncovering his head, exclaimed, "Honour to the brave in misfortune!" His suite followed his example. The Emperor stood in pensive silence, with his hat in his hand, as the melancholy procession of the wounded and dying passed along. The human heart is ever responsive to such appeals. These men had lavished their blood contending against Napoleon. But this development of sympathy in one moment disarmed all enmity, and irresistibly won their love and admiration.

France had been perfidiously assailed by the allied powers. In repelling the assault, millions of money had been expended, all the arts of peace had been interrupted, and seven thousand Frenchmen had sacrificed their lives. Napoleon wisely resolved so to strengthen his position as no longer, by weakness, to invite such attacks. With characteristic magnanimity, he added not one foot to the territory of France. He compelled Austria to pay the expenses of the war. He raised the Electors of Bavaria and Wurtemberg to the dignity of kings, adding to the one power 1,000,000 inhabitants, and to the other 183,000. The little state of Baden also gained 113,000 subjects. Thus he rewarded his friends, and strengthened the barriers placed between France and the three great despots of Europe—Russia, Prussia, and Austria. To remove Austria farther from his eastern frontier, he annexed the state of Venice to the Italian kingdom, and gave Austria in exchange the electorate of Salzburg.

These changes were all important to protect France from furious assaults. Napoleon would have been singularly wanting in political foresight had he exacted less. He could not have been accused of injustice had he demanded more. He wished to interpose a barrier of subordinate kingdoms, friendly to France, between his empire and the dominions of his powerful and unrelenting foes. Every dictate of humanity and of policy demanded that he should thus shelter France from the assaults of conquered but still hostile nations.

Upon the signing of the articles of

peace, Napoleon made the following communication to his soldiers:—

"Peace has just been signed with the Emperor of Austria. You have, in the last autumn, made two campaigns. You have seen your Emperor share your dangers and your fatigues. I wish also that you should see him surrounded with the grandeur and splendour which belong to the sovereign of the first people in the world. You shall all be there. We will celebrate the names of those who have died in these two campaigns on the field of honour. The world shall ever see us ready to follow their example. We will even do more than we yet have done, if necessary to vindicate our national honour, or to resist the efforts of those who are the eternal enemies of peace upon the Continent. During the three months which are necessary to effect your return to France, prove the example for all armies. You have now to give testimonies, not of courage and intrepidity, but of strict discipline. Conduct yourselves like children in the bosom of their family."

Napoleon now gave directions to the army to retrace their steps to France, by slow and easy marches. He himself proceeded to Paris with the utmost rapidity, allowing himself no time to enjoy the triumphs which were prepared to greet him by the way. The public authorities of Paris had made arrangements for a magnificent reception on his arrival. He, however, disappointed them by entering Paris at night, unattended by any escort. The next day the mayor and other public functionaries called upon him, and, in their congratulatory address, expressed regret that he had not given them an opportunity to testify their gratitude by a public triumph for the services he had rendered his country.

Napoleon returned the following memorable reply:—

"Had I been defeated, I would have made a public entry. Our enemies would then have been convinced, from the manner of my reception by the good citizens of Paris, that the attachment which they had always shown me was not confined to my fortune. Though vanquished, they would still consider their cause and mine inseparably united. Returning a victor, I would not hazard their being accused of servile adulation."

This formidable confederacy, which Napoleon had shattered at a blow, was organized by William Pitt. Its utter overthrow was fatal also to the ambitious spirit which formed it. When the news reached him of the total destruction of the allied army at Austerlitz, he gazed long and sadly upon the map of Europe, and turned away, saying, "Henceforth we may close that map for half a century." His health now hourly declined. On the 23rd of January, 1806, at the age of forty-seven, he expired, exclaiming with his last breath, "Alas, my country!" No sooner did the French Revolution break out than William Pitt, to use the words of Alison, "became the soul of all the confederacies which

were framed to oppose a barrier to the diffusion of its principles. The steady friend of freedom, he was, on that very account, the resolute opponent of democracy. It was not against France but Republican France, that his hostility was directed."

Several medals were executed to commemorate the battle of Austerlitz. One morning M. Denon came to Napoleon at St. Cloud with several medals upon this subject. One represented on one side a head of Napoleon, and upon the other an eagle holding fast a leopard.

"Does this mean?" inquired the Emperor.

"Sire," replied M. Denon, "it is a French eagle strangling in its talons the leopard, one of the emblems of the coat of arms of England."

contemptuously threw down the

"How dare you tell me that the French eagle strangles the English leopard? I cannot send out to sea the smallest fishing-boat that the fish do not seize upon. It is, in truth, the fish that strangles the French eagle. Let this medal be instantly destroyed, and never present any of the same kind to me again."

The generosity of Napoleon towards his army was as magnificent as was his victory. He immediately adopted all the children of those who had fallen. They were supported and educated at the expense of the state. They all, as the children of the Emperor, were permitted to attach the name of Napoleon to their own. To the widows of the generals he gave a pension of 8,000 francs a year. The widows of the colonels and the majors received 2,500 francs annually; those of captains, 1,250 francs; those of lieutenants, 750 francs; while the widows of all the soldiers received a pension of 200 francs. The wounded were also liberally rewarded.

Napoleon was in the habit, during his campaigns, of writing almost daily to Josephine. These letters were often written upon a drum-head at his night's bivouac, or upon the pommel of his saddle when the balls of the enemy were falling around him. These tokens of his love for Josephine were very brief, and so hastily written, that it required all Josephine's ingenuity to decipher them. The following are from the papers which he thus wrote during this campaign. They give us an insight to the heart of Napoleon. These attentions, so delicate and so touching, prove that the majesty of genius had not overshadowed in his character the graces of affection:—

"2nd Oct., 1805, 10 o'clock a.m.

"I am still in good health. I start for Stuttgart, where I shall be to-night. The great manoeuvres commence. The armies of Wurtemberg and of Baden have united with us in a good position, and I love you.

"12th Oct., 11 o'clock at night.

"My army has entered Munich. The enemy beaten. Everything announces the most short

successful, and brilliant campaign I have yet made. I am very well. The weather is, however, frightful. I shall change my clothes twice a day, it ruins so much. I love you and embrace you.

"19th Oct.

"I have my Josephine, much my days of an entire week

have been nearly frozen. Little ill. To-day I have obtained some repose. I have fulfilled my duty. I have destroyed the Austrian army by single marches. I have taken 60,000 prisoners, 120 pieces of cannon, ninety flags, and more than thirty generals. I now go in pursuit of the Russians. They are undone. I am content with my army. I have lost but 1,500 men, and of these two-thirds are but slightly wounded. Adieu, my A thousand loving words.

"3rd Nov., 10 o'clock at night.

"I am in full march. The weather is very old. The earth is covered with a foot of snow. This is a little severe. Happily our march is through forests. I am pretty well. My affairs move very satisfactorily. My enemies ought to be more anxious than I. I desire very much to hear from you, and to learn that you are free from inquietude. Adieu, my love. I must sleep."

"15th Nov., 9 o'clock at night.

I left Vienna two days ago, my love, a little. I have not yet seen the city by day. I passed through it in the night. Almost all my troops are beyond the pursuing the Russians. Adieu, my Josephine. The very moment it is possible, I shall send for you. work for you.

"NAPOLEON.

"16th Nov.

"I have written for you to come immediately to Baden, and thence to Munich, by the way of Stuttgart. Bring with you the means of making to the ladies and to the functionaries may serve you. Be unassuming, but recall homage. Everything is due to you. You owe nothing but courtesy. The Electress of Wurtemberg is daughter of the King of England. She is a lovely woman. Treat her with kindness, but without affection. I shall be most happy to see you the moment my affairs will allow me to do so. I set out immediately for my advance guard. The weather is frightful. It snows continually. As to the rest, my affairs are prosperous. Adieu, my love."

, 1805.

"I send Lebrun to you from the field of battle. I have beaten the Russian and Austrian armies, commanded by the two Emperors. I am a little fatigued. I have bivouacked eight days in the open air, through nights severely cold. I shall pass to-night in the chateau of Prince Kaunitz,

where I go to sleep for two or three hours. The Russian army is not only beaten, but destroyed. I embrace you.

"NAPOLEON."

"Dec. 5.

"I have concluded a truce. The Russians have implored it. The victory of Austerlitz is the most illustrious of all which I have gained. We have taken forty-five flags, 150 pieces of cannon, and twenty generals. More than 20,000 are slain. It is an awful spectacle. The Emperor Alexander is in despair. I saw yesterday, at my bivouac, the Emperor of Germany. We conversed for two hours, and agreed upon an immediate peace. The weather is dreadful. Repose is again restored to the Continent. Let us hope that it will extend throughout the world. The English will not be able to make headway against us. I look forward, with great pleasure, to the moment when I shall again see you. Adieu, my love. I am pretty well, and I am very desirous to embrace you."

"10th December, 1805.

"It is long since I have heard any news from you. The brilliant fêtes of Baden, Stuttgart, and Munich cause the soldiers, drenched with rain, and covered with blood and mire, to be forgotten. I set out immediately for Vienna. The Russians are gone. They return to their own country thoroughly beaten and thoroughly humiliated. I desire intensely to return to you. Adieu, my love.

"NAPOLEON."

The following letter conceals, beneath the semblance of mirthfulness, a spirit wounded by apparent neglect:—

"19th December.

"August Empress! Not one letter from you since your departure from Strasburg. You have entered Baden, Stuttgart, and Munich without writing us one word. That is not very amiable nor very tender. I am still at Brunn. The Russians have gone. I have a truce. Condescend, from the summit of your grandeur, to occupy yourself a little with your slaves.

"NAPOLEON

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANNEXATIONS AND ALLIANCES.

The Emperor on his return from Austerlitz—Letter to the Minister of Finance—Napoleon's labours for the improvement of France—Religious character and thoughts of the Emperor—Deputation from Genoa—Its annexation to France—Conduct of Naples—Insolence of the European kings—Proclamation—Dilemma—Holland—Cisalpine Republic—The government of Eugene—Modmont—Ambition of Napoleon—Necessity of allies for France—Consciousness of the Emperor of the uncertainty of his position—Confederation of the Rhine—Attack on Spanish ships—Battle of Trafalgar—Fox—Difficulty of making peace with England—Death of Fox.

It was nearly midnight when Napoleon, accompanied by Josephine, entered the darkened streets of Paris on his return from Vienna. He drove directly to the Tuileries, and ascended the

stairs, with hasty strides, to his cabinet. Without undressing, or even throwing himself upon a couch for a moment of repose, he sent for the Minister of Finance. The whole of the remainder of the night was passed in the rigid examination of the state of the Bank of France. The eagle eye of the Emperor immediately penetrated the labyrinth of confusion in which its concerns were involved. Writing from the camp of Boulogne, in the midst of all the distractions of the preparations for the march to Ulm and Austerlitz, Napoleon had thus addressed the Minister of Finance:—

"The paper of the bank is issued in many, perhaps a majority of the cases, not on real capital, but on a delusive supposition of wealth. In one word, in discounting after this manner, the bank is *coining false money*. So clearly do I see the dangers of such a course, that, if necessary, I would stop the pay of my soldiers rather than persevere in it. I am distressed beyond measure at the necessities of my situation, which, by compelling me to live in camps and engaged in distant expeditions, withdraw my attention from what would otherwise be the chief object of my anxiety, and the first wish of my heart—a good and solid organization of all which concerns the interest of banks, manufactures, and commerce."

The next day, at eleven o'clock, the whole Council of Finance was assembled. Napoleon kept them incessantly occupied during an uninterrupted session of nine hours. Thus energetically, without allowing himself a moment for repose, he entered upon a series of labours unparalleled in the history of mankind. The mind of this extraordinary man was all interested in constructing, not in destroying. He loved not the carnage of the battle-field. He loved not the aspect of burning cities, or the desolating sweep of contending armies. It was far more in accordance with his humane disposition, and his intellectual and refined taste, to labour in his cabinet in rearing works of imperishable grandeur, than, hungry, cold, and weary, drenched with rain, spattered with mud, toiling through the mire, and bivouacking upon the drifting snow, to lead his armies to mutilation, blood, and death. Napoleon was a man. The groans of the dying were not music to his ear. As he went, invariably, the messenger of mercy over the field of strife, when the conflict was over, the aspect of the mangled, the dying, and the dead was not a pleasing spectacle to his eyes. His foes compelled him, during all his reign, to devote one-half of his energies to repel their assaults.

Napoleon had again conquered peace with all the world, England alone excepted. The government of England, notwithstanding the firm opposition of a large portion of the people, still waged unrelenting war against the Republican Empire. England was too intelligent to be deceived by words. It mattered not whether Napoleon were called Consul or Emperor. The principles of his government were still the same.

He was the man of the people. It was his mission to abase aristocratic usurpation, and to elevate the people to equality of privileges and of rights.

Napoleon immediately made arrangements for the army to return by slow and comfortable marches of twelve miles a day. He ordered the sick and the wounded to be amply provided for during the winter, that they might be brought back to France under the genial sun of spring. Officers were commanded to remain with them, to see that all their wants were fully supplied. Never before or since has there been a general so attentive to his sick and wounded soldiers. To this testimony there is not a dissentient voice.

In the midst of negotiations and military cares more vast and varied than ever before occupied the mind of man, Napoleon devoted himself, with a fondness amounting to a passion, to the creation of magnificent works of art and of public utility. In those snatches of leisure left him by his banded foes, he visited all parts of his capital and of his empire. Wherever he went, some grand idea for moral, intellectual, or physical improvement suggested itself to his mind. The foot-prints of the Emperor still remain all over Paris, and in the remotest provinces of France, enduring memorials of his philanthropy, his comprehensive wisdom, and his tireless energy. He found St. Denis, the mausoleum of the ancient kings of France, in deplorable dilapidation. The venerable edifice was immediately and magnificently repaired. The beautiful church of St. Geneviève was crumbling to decay. He restored it to more than its pristine splendour.

He reared the magnificent monument in the Place Vendôme. This noble obelisk of bronze, winding round whose shaft are displayed, in long basso-relievo, the exploits of the campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz, excites the admiration of every beholder. The monument was consecrated to the Grand Army, and was constructed of the cannon taken from the enemy. Napoleon had ever been contending for peace. In these eventful campaigns he had secured peace for the Continent. He wished to have the statue of Peace surmount the lofty summit of the pillar. But the nation gratefully decreed that Napoleon, the hero-pacifist, in imperial costume, should crown the trophy of his own genius. When the Allies, after desolating Europe for a quarter of a century with blood, succeeded in driving Napoleon from his throne and reinstating the Bourbons, they hurled the statue of the Republican Emperor from its proud elevation. They could not, however, tear the image of Napoleon from the heart of an adoring people. The Bourbons were again driven into exile, and the statue of Napoleon replaced. No sacrilegious hand will ever venture again rudely to touch that memorial of a nation's love and homage.

He formed the plan, and commenced the work of uniting the Louvre and the Tuileries in the most splendid palace the world has ever seen. And this palace was to be consecrated, not to

the licentious indulgence of a monarch, and noble but to the fine arts, for the benefit of the people. The magnificent "Arch of Triumph" in the Carrousel, and the still more magnificent arch facing the Elysian Fields, were both completed this year. Fifteen new fountains were erected in the city. More extensive engines were created to raise water from the Seine, that eighty fountains might play unceasingly night and day. Magnificent quays were erected along the banks of the river. A bridge in process of building was rapidly completed, and named the Bridge of Austerlitz. A new bridge, subsequently called the Bridge of Jena, was commenced. These were but a part of the works entered upon in the capital. The most distant departments of the empire shared his attention and his munificence. Immense canals were constructed, conferring the benefits of water communication upon all parts of France. National roads, upon which the tourist now gazes with astonishment, were commenced. Others, already laid out, were urged to their rapid completion. The world-renowned Pass of the Simplon, the road through the valley of the Moselle, the highway from Roanne to Lyons, the celebrated road from Nice to Genoa, the roads over Mount Cenis and Mount Genèvre, and along the banks of the Rhine, and the astonishing works at Antwerp, will for ever remain a memorial of his

desire to enrich and ennoble the country of which he was the monarch.

These were the works in which he delighted; this was the fame he wished to rear for himself; this was the immortality he sought. His renown is immortal. He has left upon the Continent an imprint of beneficence which time can never efface. But Europe was in arms against him. To protect his empire from hostile invasion while carrying on these great works, he was compelled continually to support four hundred thousand men in battle array.

Napoleon was always a serious man, religiously

In his youthful years he kept himself aloof not only from the dissipations, but from the merriment of the camp. In his

life the soldiers gave him the name of *général*. Though not established in the belief that Christianity was of divine origin, he ever cherished a profound reverence for the religion of the Bible. Amid the smog of infidel Europe, he, with unvarying constancy, affirmed that religion was essential to the well being of society, not merely as a police lation, but as a necessity of the human When but twenty-four years of age, he married his brother Louis, who was then a lad about fifteen years old, but conscientious and devout, to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Says Louis, "I was then but a child. It was in consequence of his advice and care that I partook of my first communion. He selected a worthy

preparation
sacrament of study for Madame
school was presented him, he

one regulation. "The young ladies shall attend prayers *twice a week*." He immediately erased with his pen the words "twice a week," and substituted "*every day*."

"Sire," said General Bertrand to Napoleon one day, "you believe in God. I also believe. But, after all, what is God? What do we know of him? Have we seen him?"

Napoleon replied, "*What is God? Do I know what I believe?* Very well! I will tell you. Answer me: How know you that a man has genius? Is it anything you have seen? Is it visible—genius? What, then, can you believe of it? We see the effect, from the effect we pass to the cause. We find it; we affirm it; we believe it. Is it not so? Thus, upon the field of battle, when the action commences, though we do not understand the plan of attack, we admire the promptitude, the efficiency of the manoeuvres, and exclaim, '*A man of genius!*' When, in the heat of the battle, victory wavers, why do you the first turn your eyes towards me? Yes! your lips call me. From all parts we hear but one cry, '*The Emperor, where is he? his orders!*' What means that cry? Is it the cry of instinct, of general faith in me—in my genius."

"Very well! I also have an instinct, a knowledge, a faith, a cry which involuntarily escapes me. I reflect. I regard nature with her phenomena, and I exclaim, *God!* I admire and cry, *There is a God!*"

"Since you believe in genius, tell me, tell me, I pray you, what gives to the man of genius this invention, this inspiration, this glance of the eye peculiar to man alone? Answer me! from whence does it come? You cannot tell! Is it not so? Neither can I nor any one else. And still, this peculiarity which characterizes certain individuals is a fact as evident, as positive as any other fact. But if there is such a difference in mind, there is evidently a cause; there is some one who has made that difference. It is neither you nor me, and *genius* is but a word which teaches nothing of its cause. That any person should say, *They are the organs!* Behold a silliness fit for a medical student, but not for me. Do you understand?"

Napoleon saw so many imperfections in the Catholic priesthood, that he was unwilling to intrust the education of youth to ecclesiastics. Their devotion to the past, their hostility to all innovation and progress, incapacitated them in his judgment to rouse and guide the youthful mind. He devoted, at this time, very special attention to the education of the masses of the people. He established a university to raise up a corps of teachers of high qualifications, who should hold distinguished rank in the state, and who should receive ample emolument. In all the schools religion was to be taught by chaplains.

Such were the labours of Napoleon in Paris from January to July, 1806. At the same time he was compelled to defend himself from England, who was incessantly assailing France with all the power of her invincible fleet. He was

also conducting the most momentous negotiations with the various nations of Europe.

The province of Genoa occupied the southern slope of the Apennines. It was about as large as Rhode Island, and contained 500,000 inhabitants. Its population was thoroughly imbued with the principles of Republican France. In the wars then desolating Europe, this Lilliputian state was of course powerless, unless sustained by some stronger arm. Its immediate contiguity to France encouraged the desire for annexation. A deputation from the Senate of Genoa visited Napoleon soliciting this favour.

"In regenerating the people of this country," said the deputation, "your Majesty has contracted the obligation to render it happy. But this cannot be done unless it is governed by your Majesty's wisdom and valour. The changes which have taken place around us have rendered our insulated situation a source of perpetual disquietude, and imperiously call for a union with that France which you have covered with imperishable renown. Such is the wish which we are charged to lay at your Majesty's feet. The reasons on which it is founded prove sufficiently that it is not the result of any external suggestion, but the inevitable consequence of our actual situation."

When Napoleon entered Genoa in consummation of this union, he was received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. The *fêtes* arranged by the exultant inhabitants on that memorable occasion surpassed anything which modern Italy had ever seen. The magistrates met Napoleon at the gates of the city with the keys.

"Genoa," said they, "named the Superb from its situation, is now still more worthy of that name from its destination. It has thrown itself into the arms of a hero. It therefore places its keys in the hands of one capable, above all others, of maintaining and increasing that glory."

The city blazed with illuminations; the roar of artillery shook the embattled shores and frowning forts; and fireworks, surpassing the imagined creations of fairy power, filled the whole heavens, as Genoa rejoiced over the consummation of her nuptials with France.

The kingdom of Naples, sometimes called the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, contained a population of about eight millions. The government, almost an unlimited monarchy, was in the hands of a branch of the house of Bourbon. The perfidious court had again and again sent its ships and its armies to assail Napoleon. And yet, in the hour of victory, Napoleon had ever treated the hostile government with singular magnanimity. When the Emperor was more than a thousand miles from his capital, in the wilds of Northern Germany, struggling with his banded foes upon the plains of Austerlitz, the King of Naples thought it an inviting opportunity to attack him in his rear. Without any provocation, inviting the English fleet into his harbours, and joining his army, fifty thousand strong, with those of England, Austria, and

Russia, he fell upon France. Napoleon heard of this act of treachery immediately after the battle of Austerlitz. He was extremely exasperated.

The kings of Europe seemed to treat him as an outlaw, beyond the pale of all honourable intercourse. The most solemn treaties with him regarded as of no moment. They did

in their power to stir up treason around his throne, and to fan in France the flame of civil war. They cringed before his mighty genius as they met him on the field of battle, or in the chamber of council, and yet were they ever ready to stab him in the back the moment his face was turned. An independent nation of forty millions of people, with hardly a dissenting voice, had elected him its monarch. The despots of Europe denied him right to the throne. They refused him his title. They called him contemptuously *M. Bonaparte*.²⁴ They resorted to every mean subterfuge in their diplomacy to avoid the recognition of his imperial dignity. They filled the world with the blackest libels against his fair fame. They accused him of drunkenness, debauchery, murder, bloodthirstiness, incest. They fed those who were constructing infernal machines, and mingling poison, and sharpening daggers, to hunt him out of the world. There is great moral sublimity in the dignity with which Napoleon encountered all this, and went straight on with his work. He had already spared the Bourbons of Naples three times. He resolved to be their dupe no longer. The following energetic proclamation to his army announced the merited fate of this perfidious court:—

"Soldiers! For the last ten years I have done nothing in my power to save the King of Naples. He has done everything to destroy himself. After the battles of Dego, Mondovi, and Lodi, he could oppose to me but a feeble resistance. I relied upon the word of this prince, towards him. When the coalition was dissolved at Marengo, the King of Naples, who had been the first to commence this unjust war, abandoned by his remained single-handed and defenceless implored me. I pardoned him a second time. It is but a few months since you were at the gates of Naples. I had sufficiently powerful reasons for suspecting the treason in contemplation. I was still generous. I acknowledged the neutrality of Naples. I ordered you to evacuate the kingdom. For the third time the house of Naples was re-established and saved. Shall we forgive a fourth time? Shall we rely a fourth

time on a court without faith, honour, or reason? No, no! *The dynasty of Naples has caused its reign.* Its existence is incompatible with the honour of Europe and the repose of I

We presume that there are few readers who will condemn Napoleon for this transaction. Yet Sir Archibald Alison comments upon it in the following terms. For Napoleon to defend himself from the treachery of despots—the knives of assassins, the Allies ever considered an atrocious crime.

"This extraordinary severity towards a monarch who was only making a hostile French Emperor, and who had certainly done less injury to the continent than any European dynasty, was one of the most unjustifiable acts of that relentless conqueror, and, at the same time, one of that mixture of caution and prudence by which his ambitious enterprise was regulated. Let the case be French themselves stated it. The king of Naples, with the dagger at their throat, and under the threat of immediate invasion, had agreed on the 21st of September to a treaty of neutrality, which was ratified by the court, under the same measures, on the 8th of October. On the 15th of the same month, and English squadron in the Bay of Naples, six weeks afterwards, liberated them from their apprehensions, and the cabinet was to violate the former treaty, and join in the coalition against France. Such a departure from national faith was dishonourable; it was a fair ground for hostility, and might have justified exactions of considerable magnitude; but was it a sufficient reason for detestment? That is the point; and if it is, what dynasty has not, fifty times severer?"

Napoleon wrote, in the following words, to his brother Joseph: "My wish is that, in the first days of February, you should enter the kingdom of Naples, and that I should be informed, in the course of the month, that my wishes hang over that capital. You will not require any suspension of arms or capitulation. My intention is, that the Bourbons shall have ceased to reign in Naples. I wish to seat on the throne a prince of my house; you, in the first place, if that suits you; another, if that does not

His army and went to the English fled with the utmost precipitation, taking with them the royal family. By thus ejecting the royal family of Naples, and placing the crown upon the brow of his brother, Napoleon greatly exasperated the remaining sovereigns of Europe, and added much to his embarrassments. But by leaving the Bourbons on the throne, after such repeated acts of perfidy, he exposed himself to the peril of

²⁴ Gustavus, King of Sweden, in a public note delivered to the French envoy at Stockholm, expressed his surprise at the "indecent and ridiculous insolence which Monsieur Napoleon Bonaparte had permitted to be inserted in the *Moniteur*." Alexander, in public documents of the French government

And the British cabinet passed a decree that the Emperor Napoleon, while at St. Helena, should have no other title than that of *General Bonaparte*. He insisted that Napoleon was *The First*.

Europe should rise in wisely he of now the idea became of Napoleon principle in the feudal

kings of Europe were in heart banded against him, and were ever watching for opportunities to assail him, he must strengthen his power by establishing thrones and sustaining governments which should be occupied by his friends. It was a struggle, not only for his political existence, but also for the dignity and the independence of the French nation.

Holland was a low, marshy country. Two million and a half of inhabitants, protected from the sea by dikes, cultivated its fields and worked its factories. Holland had followed in the footsteps of France in the effort to obtain, by revolutionary violence, deliverance from aristocratic usurpation. England, with her allies, fell upon Holland as upon France. At one swoop she robbed her of her colonies, swept her commerce from the seas, and held all her ports in close blockade. Hostile armies invaded her territory. The nation, single-handed, was powerless against such multitudinous foes. She appealed to France for aid. The aid was furnished, and the allied hosts expelled. When France adopted monarchical forms of government, Holland decided to do the same. Holland and France, mutually sympathizing, needed mutual support. Their most intimate alliance seemed to be essential to their existence. Holland, therefore, chose Louis Bonaparte for her King. Louis was an intelligent, conscientious, and upright man. Even the voice of slander has not attempted to sully his fame. He won the enthusiastic love of his subjects.

The Cisalpine Republic had received the name of the Kingdom of Italy. It was a small territory, containing three millions and a half of inhabitants. It was indebted to Napoleon for existence. Unaided by his arm, it could not for an hour have protected itself from the assaults of Austria. In mid-winter, four hundred and fifty deputies had crossed the Alps to implore the assistance of Napoleon in organizing their government, and in defending them from the armed despotisms which threatened their destruction. In the following words they had addressed Napoleon:—

"The Cisalpine Republic needs a support which will cause it to be respected by the powers which have not yet recognised its existence. It absolutely requires a man who, by the greatness of his name and strength, may give it the rank and consideration which it may not otherwise obtain. Therefore General Bonaparte is requested to honour the Cisalpine Republic by continuing to govern it, by blending the direction of its affairs with those of France, so long as shall be necessary to unite all parts of its territory under the same political institutions, and to cause it to be recognised by the Powers of Europe."

At the earnest solicitation of the people, Napoleon afterwards accepted the crown, declaring Eugene to be his heir. On this occasion he said to the French Senate—

"Powerful and great is the French Empire. Greater still is our moderation. We have, in a manner, conquered Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Germany. But in the midst of such unparalleled

success we have listened only to the counsels of moderation. Of so many conquered provinces we have retained only the one which was necessary to maintain France in that rank among nations which she has always enjoyed. The partition of Poland, the provinces torn from Turkey, the conquest of India, and of almost all the European colonies, have turned the balance against us. To form a counterpoise to such acquisitions, we must retain something. But we must keep only what is useful and necessary. Great would have been the addition to the wealth and the resources of our territory if we had united to them the Italian Republic. But we gave it independence at Lyons; and now we proceed a step further, and recognise its ultimate separation from the crown of France, deferring only the execution of that project till it can be done without danger to Italian independence."

The government of Eugene in Italy was popular in the extreme. The Italians still look back upon the days of the Kingdom of Italy as the most brilliant and the most prosperous of their modern history. The administration of the government by Napoleon is ever spoken of with admiration. Eugene followed the maxims which he received from the sagacity and the experience of the Emperor. "Unlike," says Alison, "the conquered states of other European monarchies, the inhabitants of Lombardy felt the foreign yoke only in the quickened circulation of wealth, the increased vent for industry, the wider field for exertion. Honours, dignities, and emoluments, all were reserved for Italians. Hardly a magistrate or civil functionary was of foreign birth. Everywhere great and useful undertakings were set on foot. Splendid edifices ornamented the towns. Useful canals irrigated the fields."

The state of Piedmont, a province of Sardinia, contained a population of one and a half million. The inhabitants were overjoyed to escape from the iron despotism of Austrian rule. Cordially sympathizing with the French in their political principles, they tumultuously joined them. The whole land blazed with illuminations and was vocal with rejoicings as Piedmont was annexed to France. Napoleon was of Italian parentage. He ever remained faithful to the souvenirs of his origin. The Italian language was his mother tongue, and the interests of Italy were peculiarly near to his heart.

The Peninsula was divided into several petty dukedoms, principalities, and kingdoms. None of these could be independent. They could only exist by seeking shelter beneath the flag of Austria or France. It was one of the fondest dreams of Napoleon's noble ambition to restore Italian independence. He hoped, by his influence, to have been able to unite all these feeble governments in one great kingdom, containing twenty millions of inhabitants. Rome he would make its illustrious capital. He designed to rescue the immortal city from the ruins with which it is encumbered; to protect its ancient monuments from the further ravages of decay, and to restore the city, as far as possible, to its ancient splen-

a few battalions across the little state of Anspach, which belonged to Prussia. To Bernadotte, who had charge of this division, he wrote:

"You will traverse the territory of Anspach. Avoid resting there. Do everything in your power to conciliate the Prussians. Testify the greatest possible regard for the interests of Prussia. In the meantime, pursue your march with the utmost rapidity, alleging as an excuse the impossibility of doing otherwise, which is really the fact."

At the same time, he despatched the Grand Marshal Duroc to Berlin to apprise the King of Prussia of the critical situation in which he was placed by an attack from so formidable an alliance, without any previous declaration of war; to express his regret at the necessity of marching some troops over a portion of the Prussian territory; and to excuse himself upon the ground of absolute necessity alone. Though the King rather ungraciously accepted the apology, the more warlike portion of the nation, headed by their chivalric Queen, loudly declared that this violation was an outrage which could only be avenged by the sword. This was one of the grievances of which Prussia now complained.

There were then, as now, in Europe two antagonistic forces—the governors and the governed—the aristocracy and the people. The triumph of Napoleon was the triumph of popular rights. Alexander, young, ambitious, and the monarch of the uncrowned millions of Russia, was anxious to wipe out the stain of Austerlitz. Prussia, proud of her past military glory, and stimulated by an enthusiastic and romantic Queen, resolved to measure swords with the great conqueror. England, burdened with the grasp of two hemispheres, reiterated her cry against "the insatiable ambition of Napoleon."

The armies of Prussia, nearly 200,000 strong, commenced their march against France, and entered the heart of Saxony. Frederick William, the King of Prussia, headed this army, and compelled the King of Saxony to join the alliance. "Our cause," he said, "is the common cause of legitimate kings, and all such must aid in the enterprise." Alexander, having aroused anew his barbarian legions, was hastening by forced marches over the wilds of Poland. Two hundred thousand men were in his train, to join the invading host in their march upon Paris. England, with her omnipresent and invincible fleet, was frowning along the shores of the Mediterranean and of the Channel, raining down terrific blows upon every exposed point, and striving, by her political influence and her gold, to unite new nations in the formidable coalition.

With deep sorrow Napoleon beheld the rising of this new storm. He had just completed an arduous campaign; he had treated his enemies with surpassing magnanimity, and had hoped that a permanent peace was secured. But no sooner was one coalition destroyed than another was formed. His energetic spirit, however, was not one to yield to despondency. Throwing off

with all his wonted power and genius he roused himself for the new conflict. He wrote to brothers in Naples and in Holland, saying—

"Give yourselves no uneasiness. The present struggle will be speedily terminated. Prussia and her allies, be they who they may, will be crushed. And this time I will settle finally with Europe. I will put it out of the power of my enemies to stir for ten years."

He shut himself up for forty-eight hours to form his plans and arrange the details. He then for two days dictated, almost without intermission, nearly two hundred letters.

All these letters are preserved. Through all time they will be admired as models of the art of governing armies and empires. In six days the Imperial Guard sent from Paris to the Rhine. They travelled by post sixty miles a day. It was nearly midnight on the 24th of September, 1806, when Napoleon, accompanied by Josephine, entered his carriage at the Tuilleries to join the army. As in the last contest, he knew not "why he fought, or what was required of him." He communicated a letter to the Senate, in which he said:

"In so just a war, which we have not provoked by any act, by any pretence, the true cause of which it would be impossible to assign, and where we only take arms to defend ourselves, we depend entirely upon the support of the laws, and upon that of the people, whose circumstances call upon to give fresh proofs of their devotion and courage."

In his first bulletin he wrote, "The Prussia is with the army, dressed as an Amazon, bearing the uniform of her regiment of dragoons, writing twenty letters a day to spread the conflagration in all directions. We seem to behold Arminia in her madness setting fire to her own palace. After her follow Prince Louis of Prussia, a prince full of bravery, hurried on by the spirit of party, who flatters himself that he shall find great renown in the vicissitudes of war. Following the example of these illustrious persons, all the court cries 'To arms!' But when war shall have reached them with all its horrors, all will seek to exculpate themselves from having been instrumental in bringing its thunder to the door."

At Mayence Napoleon parted with Josephine. Her tears for a moment overcame him, and he yielded to those emotions of tenderness which are an honour to the heart. He headed his army, utterly bewildered the Prussians by his manoeuvres, and in a few days threw his whole force into their rear, cutting them off from all their supplies and from all possibility of retreat. He was now sure of a decisive victory; yet, to arrest, if possible, the effusion of blood, he humanely wrote to the King of Prussia:—

"I am now in the heart of Saxony. Believe me, my strength is such that your sword could not long balance the victory. But shed so much blood? To what purpose? Should we make our

I do not prize a victory which is purchased by the lives of so many of my children. If I were just commencing my military career, and if I had any reason to fear the chances of war, this language would be wholly misplaced. Sire! your Majesty will be vanquished. You will have compromised the repose of your life and the existence of your subjects without the shadow of a pretext. At present you are uninjured, and may treat with me in a manner conformable with your rank. Before a month has passed you will treat, but in a different position. I am aware that I may, in thus writing, irritate that sensibility which naturally belongs to every sovereign. But circumstances demand that I should use no concealment. I implore your Majesty to view in this letter nothing but the desire I have to spare the effusion of human blood. Sire, my brother, I pray God that he may have you in his worthy and holy keeping.

"Your Majesty's good brother,

To this letter no reply was returned. It was given to a Prussian officer, but it is said that the Emperor did not receive it until the morning of the battle of Jena.

In two days, Napoleon, accompanying the advance guard of his army, met the mighty host of the Prussians strongly fortified upon the fields of Jena and Auerstadt. It was the evening of the thirteenth of October. A cloudless sun, filling the western sky with splendour, dazzled the eye with brilliance as its rays were reflected from the armour of one hundred thousand men. Eighteen thousand superb cavalry, with their burnished helmets and proud caparisons, were drawn up upon the plain. Three hundred pieces of heavy artillery were concentrated in a battery, whose destructive power imagination can hardly conceive. The advanced posts of the Prussians were stationed upon the Landgrafenberg, a high and steep hill, whose summit was deemed inaccessible to artillery. Napoleon immediately drove them from the hill and took possession. From its brow the whole lines of the Prussian army could be descried, extending for many leagues.

The plain of Auerstadt, twelve miles distant, was however lost from the view. Napoleon was not aware that a strong division of the Prussian army occupied that position. The shades of night came on. The blaze from the Prussian fires, dispersed over a space of eighteen miles, threw a brilliant glow over the whole heavens. Couriers were immediately despatched to hasten on with all possible speed the battalions of the French army for the decisive battle which the morning sun was to usher in. Napoleon was his own engineer in surmounting the difficulties of dragging the cannon to the summit of the Landgrafenberg. To encourage the men to herculean toil, Napoleon, by the light of the lantern, worked with his own hands in blasting the rocks and smoothing the way. With incredible enthusiasm, the successive divisions of

the French, as they arrived engaged in overcoming those obstacles which to the Prussians had appeared absolutely insurmountable. Napoleon, having prepared the way and aided in dragging one gun to the summit, left his troops to do the rest. Through the long night they toiled unceasingly, and before the morning dawned a formidable battery was bristling from the heights.

As battalion after battalion arrived in the darkness, they took the positions designated by their experienced chieftain, and threw themselves upon the ground for sleep. Soult and Ney received orders to march all night, to be prepared to arrest the retreat of the Prussians. Napoleon, having thus made all his arrangements for the terrific conflict of the ensuing day, retired to his tent about midnight, and calmly sat down to draw up a plan of study and of discipline for *Madame Campan's Female School*.²⁰

Nothing can more strikingly show than this the peculiar organization of this most extraordinary mind. There was no affectation in this effort. He could, at any time, turn from one subject, however momentous that might be, and consecrate all his energies to another, untroubled by a wandering thought. All that he did for the internal improvement of France, he was compelled to do in moments thus snatched from the toils of war. Combined Europe would never allow him to lay aside the sword.

"France," said Napoleon, "needs nothing so much to promote her regeneration as good mothers."

His heart was deeply interested in promoting the prosperity and happiness of France. To the sanguinary scenes of Jena and Auerstadt he was reluctantly driven by the attacks of foes who denounced him as a usurper, and threatened to hurl him from his throne.

It was midnight. A girdle of flame, rising from the innumerable watch-fires of the Prussian hosts, blazed along the horizon as far as the eye could extend, almost encircling the troops of the Emperor. The cold winds of approaching winter swept the bleak summit of the Landgrafenberg. Wrapped in his cloak, he had thrown himself upon the ground, to share for an hour the frigid bivouac of his soldiers. He was far from home. The fate of his empire depended, perhaps, upon the struggle of the ensuing day. England, Russia, Prussia, the three most powerful monarchies upon the globe, were banded against him. If defeated on the morrow, Austria, Sweden, and all the minor monarchies, would fall upon the Republican Emperor, and secure his utter destruction.

In that gloomy hour, intercepted despatches of the utmost importance were placed in the hands of Napoleon. He roused himself from his slumber, and read them by the light of the camp-fire. The Bourbons of Spain, admonished by the de-

²⁰ Count Pelet de Lozerne assigns this event to the eve of the battle of Austerlitz. In either case, it all illustrates a well-known peculiarity in the character of Napoleon.

feat of Trafalgar, had decided that England would be for them a safer ally than France. While professing cordial friendship for Napoleon, they were entering into secret alliance with England. Taking advantage of Napoleon's absence from France, and trusting that he would encounter defeat far away in the heart of Prussia, they were treacherously preparing to cross the Pyrenees, and, in alliance with England, to attack him in his rear. Napoleon certainly was not one of the meekest of men. The perusal of these documents convinced him that he could enjoy no security while the Bourbons sat upon the throne of Spain. They would avail themselves of every opportunity to attack him in the dark. As he folded up these proofs of their perfidy, he calmly remarked, "The Bourbons of Spain shall be replaced by princes of my own family." From that hour the doom of the Spanish house of Bourbon was sealed.

Napoleon wrapped himself again in his cloak, threw himself upon the ground with his feet towards the fire, and slept as serenely as if he were reposing upon the imperial couch of St. Cloud.

At about four o'clock in the morning he was in horseback. A dense fog enveloped the shrouding with impenetrable obscurity ping hosts. Under cover of the darkness the thick vapour, the French army was ranged in battle array. Enthusiastic shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" greeted Napoleon as he rode along their lines. The soldiers, benumbed with cold, and shivering in their ranks, waited impatiently two hours for the signal of attack. At six o'clock the order to advance was given. In solid columns, through the grey mist of the morning, the French pierced the Prussian lines in every direction.

Then ensued a scene of horror which no pen can describe, which no imagination can conceive. For eight hours the battle raged as if demon with demon contended—the soldiers of Napoleon and the marshalled host trained in the school of Frederick the Great! It was, indeed, "Greek meeting Greek." The ground was covered with the slain. The shrieks of the wounded, trampled beneath the hoofs of charging cavalry, the shout of onset, as the pursuers cut down and rode over the pursued, rose in hideous clamour even above the thunders of the battle. The victory wavered to and fro. About midday the Prussian general felt that the victory was his. He despatched an order to one of his generals:—

"Send all the force you can to the chief point of attack. At this moment we beat the enemy at all points. My cavalry has captured some of his cannon."

A few hours later he sent the following almost frantic despatch to his reserve:—

"Loose not a moment in advancing with your yet unbroken troops. Arrange your columns so that, through their openings, there may pass the broken bands of the battle. Be ready to receive the charges of the enemy's cavalry, which in the most furious manner rides on, overwhelms, and

sabres the fugitives, and has driven into one confused mass the infantry, cavalry, and artillery."

In the midst of this appalling scene, so graphically described, the Prussian reserve, twenty thousand strong, with firm tread and unbroken front, emerged through the cloud of fugitives to stem the awful torrent. For a moment they seemed to restore the battle. Napoleon stood upon the summit of the Langgrafenberg, calm, serene, perceiving every portion of the extended field, and directing the terrific elements of destruction. The Imperial Guard, held in reserve, waited hour after hour, looking upon the carnage before them, burning with intense zeal to share in the conflict. At last a young soldier, in the excess of his almost delirious excitement, shouted, "Forward, forward!"

"How now?" exclaimed Napoleon sternly, as he turned his eye towards him. "What heedless boy is this who ventures to counsel his Emperor? Let him wait till he has commanded in thirty pitched battles before he proffers his advice!"

It was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. Napoleon saw that the decisive moment had arrived. He ordered Murat, with twelve thousand horse, fresh and in the finest array, to charge the bewildered, wavering, bleeding host, and complete the victory. The clatter of iron hoofs was heard: nothing like the roar of an earthquake as this terrible and irresistible mass swept with overwhelming destruction upon the plain. The weak Prussian army was destroyed.

The Prussian general, veils her weeping eyes from the appalling scene which ensued. It was no longer battle, but a massacre. All order was lost, as the whole army, like an inundation, rushed from the field. The batteries of Napoleon ploughed their ranks in every direction.

The musketry of them through and through with a pitiless storm of bullets. Twelve thousand horsemen, mounted on powerful and unwearied steeds, rode over and trampled down the confused mass, and their sabres dripped with blood. The wretched victims of war, in their frantic attempts to escape, found their retreat everywhere cut off by the terrible genius of the conqueror. They were headed here and there, and driven back upon themselves in reluctant waves of blood and destruction.

While this scene was transpiring upon the plains of Jena, the Prussians were at a similar disaster upon the field of Auerstedt, but twelve miles distant. As the fugitives of both armies met in the light and were gled in the crowded

grape-shot, and cannon-balls were falling like hailstones and thunderbolts upon them, consternation unutterable seized all hearts. In wild dismay they disbanded, and, throwing down their arms and forsaking their horses, and their ammunition, a rabble rout, across the fields, fled without a rallying point. But Murat, with his twelve

in the midst of them, and their mangled corpses strewed the plain.

Darkness came. It brought no relief to the vanquished. The pitiless pursuit was uninterrupted. Not one moment was allowed the foe to rally or to rest. In every direction the fugitives found the divisions of Napoleon before them. The King himself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner during the tumult and the horror of that disastrous rout. He had fled in the midst of the wreck of his army from the field of Auerstadt. Accompanied by a few companions on horseback, he leaped hedges and fences, and, in the gloom of night, plunged through field and forest. It was five o'clock in the morning before he succeeded, by circuitous routes and through by-paths, in reaching a place of safety.

The Prussians lost, during this disastrous day, twenty thousand in killed and wounded, and twenty thousand were taken prisoners. Napoleon, according to his custom, having despatched his various generals in pursuit of the vanquished, passed most of the night upon the field of battle, personally superintending the care of the wounded. With his own hand he held the cup of water to their lips, and soothed their dying agonies with his sympathy. With his iron firmness he united a heart of great tenderness. No painful efforts were spared to promote their comfort. He sent Duroc in the morning to the crowded hospitals of Jena, to convey his sympathy to every man individually of the wounded there, to distribute money to those who needed it, and to assure all of munificent rewards. As the letter of the Emperor was read to these unfortunate men, forgetting their sufferings, they shouted "Vive l'Empereur!" Mangled and bleeding, they expressed the desire to recover that they might again devote their lives to him.

Napoleon, with his accustomed magnanimity, ever attributing great praise to his officers and soldiers, most signally rewarded Davoust for his heroism at Auerstadt. In his official account of the battle, he stated—

"On our right the corps of Marshal Davoust performed prodigies. Not only did he keep the enemy in check, but pursued the bulk of his forces over a space of three leagues. That marshal has displayed alike the distinguished bravery and firmness of character which are the first qualities of a soldier."

For his dauntless intrepidity on this occasion he created him Duke of Auerstadt. To honour him still more, he appointed him to enter first the Prussian capital, thus giving him precedence in the sight of the whole army. Two weeks afterwards he called his officers around him, and addressed them in the highest terms of respect and admiration. Davoust stepped forward and said, "Sire! the soldiers of the third corps will always be to you what the tenth legion was to Cæsar."

Immediately Napoleon took measures for following up his victory with that activity and skill which no other captain has ever equalled. In less than fourteen days every remnant

of the Prussian army was taken, and all the fortresses of Prussia were in the hands of the French. The fugitive King, with a few companions, had fled to the confines of Russia, there to await the approach of the armies of Alexander. Prussia was struck as by a thunderbolt. Never before in the history of the world was such a power so speedily and so utterly annihilated. It was but one month after Napoleon had left Paris, and the work was all done—an army of two hundred thousand men killed, taken prisoners, or dispersed—innumerable fortresses, which had been deemed impregnable, and upon which had been lavished the wealth of ages, had been compelled to capitulate, and Napoleon was reposing at Berlin in the palace of the Prussian King. Europe heard the tidings with amazement and dismay. It seemed more like the unnatural fiction of an Arabian tale than like historic verity. "In assailing this man," said the Russian Emperor, "we are but children attacking a giant."

The King of Saxony had been compelled to join Prussia against France. In these wars of Europe, sad is the fate of the minor Powers. They must unite with one party or the other. Napoleon had taken a large number of Saxon prisoners. The day after the great battle of Jena, he assembled the captive officers in one of the halls in the University at Jena. In frank and conciliating words, he thus addressed them:—

"I know not why I am at war with your sovereign. He is a wise, pacific prince, deserving of respect. I wish to see your country rescued from its humiliating dependence upon Prussia. Why should the Saxons and the French, with no motives for hostility, fight against each other? I am ready, on my part, to give a pledge of my amicable disposition by setting you all at liberty, and by sparing Saxony. All I require of you is your promise no more to bear arms against France."

The Saxon officers were seized with admiration as they listened to a proposition so friendly and generous from the lips of this extraordinary man. By acclamation they bound themselves to serve against him no more. They set out for Dresden, declaring that in three days they would bring back the friendship of their sovereign.

The Elector of Hesse was one of the vilest of men, and one of the most absolute and unrelenting of despots. He had an army of 82,000 men. He had done everything in his power to provoke the war, and was devoted to the English, by whom he was despised. Alexander with nearly 200,000 chosen troops, was pressing down through the plains of Poland, to try his strength again with the armies of France. Napoleon resolved to meet the Czar half way. It was not safe for him to leave in his rear so formidable a force in the hands of this treacherous prince. Marshal Mortier was charged to declare that the Elector of Hesse had ceased to reign, to take possession of his dominions in the name of France, and to disband his army.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The Grand Duke of Weimar had command of a division of the Prussian army. His wife was sister of the Emperor Alexander. She had contributed all her influence to instigate the war. Napoleon entered Weimar. It was a refined and intellectual city, the Athens of modern Germany, and honoured by the residence of Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland. Contending armies, in frightful clamour and carnage, had surged through its streets, as pursuers and pursued had rushed pell-mell in at its gates from the dreadful fields of Jena and Auerstadt. The houses were pierced and shattered by shells and balls, and the pavements were slippery with blood. The Grand Duchess, greatly agitated, approached Napoleon to implore his clemency.

"You now see, madam," Napoleon coolly replied, "what war is."

This was his only vengeance. He treated his female foe with the greatest courtesy, expressed no displeasure at the conduct of her husband, and ordered especial attention to be paid to the wounded Prussians with which the city was filled. He munificently rewarded a Catholic priest for his unwearied attentions to the bleeding Prussians.

On the 28th of October Napoleon made a triumphal entry into Berlin, and established himself in the King's palace. Prussia had provoked the war. By the right of conquest, Prussia now belonged to Napoleon. With characteristic delicacy, he would allow no one to occupy the private apartments of the Queen. She had fled in the utmost haste, leaving all her letters and the mysteries of a lady's boudoir exposed. He, however, in his bulletins, spoke with great severity of the Queen. She had exerted all her powers to rouse the nation to war. On her back, she placed herself at the head of the troops, and fanned to the highest pitch, by her beauty, her talents, and her lofty spirit, the flame of military enthusiasm. His sarcasm on queens who meddle in affairs of state, and who, by their ignorance, expose their husbands to frightful disasters, and their country to the horrible ravages of war, were generally thought ungenerous towards one so utterly prostrate. Napoleon, indignant in view of the terrible scene of carnage and woe which her vanity had caused, reproached her in one of his bulletins without mercy. Josephine, in the kindness of her heart, wrote to him in terms of remonstrance. Napoleon thus replied:—

"Nov. 6, 1806, 9 o'clock P.M.

"I have received your letter, in which, it seems, you reproach me for speaking ill of women. True it is that, above all things, I dislike female intriguers. I have been accustomed to kind, gentle, conciliatory women. Such I love; and if they have spoiled me, it is not my fault, but yours. However, you will see that I have acted indulgently towards one sensible and deserving

I allude to Madame Hatzfeld. When I showed her her husband's letter, she burst into tears; and, in a tone of the most exquisite grief and

This was too much: it went to my heart. I said, 'Well, madam, throw the letter into the fire, and then I shall have no proof against your husband.' She burned the letter, and was restored to happiness. Her husband is now safe. Two hours later, and he would have been lost. You see, therefore, that I like women who are feminine, unaffected, and amiable, for they alone resemble you. Adieu, my love. I am very well

"NAPOLEON."

The occurrence to which Napoleon refers was this. The Prince of Hatzfeld was governor of Berlin. He had surrendered the city to Napoleon, and promised submission. An intercepted letter proved that he, under cover of this assumed friendship, was acting as a spy, and communicating to the King of Prussia everything of importance that was transpiring in Berlin. He had given his oath that he would attempt nothing but to save his army, and would attend solely to the quiet, safety, and welfare of the capital. The Prince was arrested and ordered to appear before a court-martial. In two hours he would have been shot.

His wife, in a delirium of terror, threw herself in tears before Napoleon, as he alighted from his horse at the gate of the palace. "I was a tender-hearted man," "I never," "could resist a woman's tears." by her distress, he conducted her to an apartment. A hot fire was glowing in the Napoleon took the intercepted letter, and, giving it to her, said, "Madame, is not that the handwriting of your husband?" Trembling and confounded, she confessed that it was. "It is now in your hands," said Napoleon; "throw it into the fire, and there will no longer remain any evidence against him." The lady, half dead with confusion and terror, knew not what to do. Napoleon took the paper and placed it upon the fire. As it disappeared in smoke and flame, he said to the Princess, "Your husband is now safe. There is no proof left which can lead to his conviction." This act of clemency has ever been regarded as a signal evidence of the goodness of Napoleon's heart. The safety of his army seemed to require that something should be done to intimidate the magistrates of the several towns, who were also revealing the secrets of his operations to the enemy.

Napoleon went to Potsdam to visit the tomb of Frederick the Great, where the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia had, but a year before, taken their solemn and romantic oath. He seemed deeply impressed with solemnity as he stood by the remains of this man of heroic energy and of iron soul. For a time not a word was uttered. The sword of the Prussian monarch was suspended there. Napoleon took it down, examined it very carefully, and then, turning thoughtfully to General Rapp, said—

"Did you know that the Spanish ambassador presented me with the sword of Francis I.? The Persian ambassador also gave me a sabre which belonged to Gengis-Khan. I would not

exchange this sword of Frederick for twenty millions of francs. I will send it to the governor of the Invalides. The old soldiers there will regard with religious reverence a trophy which has belonged to the most illustrious captain of whom history makes any mention."

General Rapp ventured to reply, "Were I in your place, I should not be willing to part with this sword. I should keep it for myself."

Napoleon glanced at his aid-de-camp a very peculiar look, half reproachful, half comical, and, gently pinching his ear, said, "Have I not, then, a sword of my own, Mr. Giver of Advice?"

In 1757, the armies of France had been signally defeated upon the plain of Rosbach by the Prussians. The Prussian government had erected a monument commemorative of the victory. Napoleon, passing over the field, turned from his course to see the monument. To his surprise, he found it a very insignificant affair. The inscription on the soft stone had been entirely effaced by the weather. The obelisk was hardly more imposing than a French milestone. In perfect silence, he contemplated it for some time, walking slowly around it, his arms folded upon his breast, and then said, "This is contemptible—this is contemptible." Just then a division of the army made its appearance. "Take that stone," said he to a company of sappers, "place it upon a cart, and send it to Paris. It will require but a moment to remove it." Then, mounting his horse, he galloped away. For both of these acts Napoleon has been severely censured. It is not an easy question to decide what are the lawful trophies of war.

When Napoleon left the capital of Austria, on his return to France after the campaign of Austerlitz, he thus addressed the citizens of Vienna in a final adieu:—"In leaving you, receive, as a present evincing my esteem, your arsenal complete, which the laws of war had rendered my property. Use it in the maintenance of order. You must attribute all the ills you have suffered to the mishaps inseparable from war. All the improvements which my army may have brought into your country you owe to the esteem which you have merited."

Napoleon, in a month, had overturned the Prussian monarchy, destroyed its armies, and conquered its territory. The cabinets and the aristocracies of Europe were overwhelmed with consternation. Napoleon, the Child of the Revolution, and the propagator of the doctrine of equal rights to prince and peasant, was humbling into the dust the proudest monarchies. Every private soldier in the French army felt that all the avenues of wealth, of influence, of rank were open before him. This thought nerved his arm and inspired his heart. France had imbibed the unalterable conviction, which it retains to the present day, that Napoleon was the great friend of the people, their advocate, and the firm defender of their rights. After the battle of Jena, Napoleon issued a glowing proclamation to the army, in which he extolled in the loftiest terms their heroism, their intrepidity, and their en-

durance of the most exhausting fatigue. He concluded in the following words:—"Soldiers! I love you with the same intensity of affection which you have ever manifested towards me."

Lannes, in a despatch to the Emperor, wrote, "Yesterday I read your Majesty's proclamation at the head of the troops. The concluding words deeply touched the hearts of the soldiers. It is impossible for me to tell your Majesty how much you are beloved by these brave men. In truth, never was lover so fond of his mistress as they are of your person."

The Prussians were fully aware of the tremendous power with which the principles of equality invested the French soldier. One of the Prussian officers wrote to his family, in a letter which was intercepted, "The French, under fire, become supernatural beings. They are urged on by an inexpressible ardour, not a trace of which is to be discovered in our soldiers. What can be done with peasants who are led into battle by nobles, to encounter every peril, and yet to have no share in the honours or rewards?"

The King of Prussia himself, while a fugitive in those wilds of Poland which, in banditti alliance with Russia and Austria, he had infamously annexed to his kingdom, found that he could not contend successfully with France without introducing equality in the ranks of his army also. Thus liberal ideas were propagated wherever the armies of Napoleon appeared. In every country in Europe, the Emperor of France was regarded by democrat and aristocrat alike as the friend of the people.

During these stormy scenes, Napoleon, in the heart of Prussia, conceived the design of erecting the magnificent temple of the Madeleine. It was to be a memorial of the gratitude of the Emperor, and was to bear upon its front the inscription, "The Emperor Napoleon to the Soldiers of the Great Army." On marble tablets there were to be inscribed the names of all the officers, and of every soldier who had been present at the great events of Ulm, Austerlitz, and Jena. The names of those who had fallen in those battles were to be inscribed upon tablets of gold.

To the Minister of the Interior he wrote from Posen, dated December 6th, 1806:—"Literature has need of encouragement. Propose to me some means for giving an impulse to all the different branches of *belles-lettres* which have in all times shed lustre upon the nation."

In the midst of the enormous cares of this extraordinary campaign, Napoleon found time to write, almost every day, a few lines to Josephine. A few of these letters will be read with interest:—

"Bamberg, Oct. 7th, 1806.

"I set out this evening, love, for Cronach. My army is in full march. Everything is prosperous. My health is perfect. I have received but one letter from you. I have received one from Eugene and Hortense. Adieu. A thousand kisses, and good health. "N."

"Gera, Oct. 13, 2 o'clock A.M.

"I am at Gera, my dear friend. My affairs are prosperous—everything as I could wish. In a few days, with the aid of God, matters will take, I think, a terrible turn for the poor King of Prussia. I pity him, personally, for he is a worthy man. The Queen is at Erfurt with the King. If she wishes to see a battle, she will have that cruel pleasure. I am very well. I have gained flesh since my departure; nevertheless, I travel every day from sixty to seventy-five miles, on horseback, in carriages, and in every other way. I retire at eight o'clock and rise at midnight. I often think that you have not yet retired. Wholly thine,
"NAPOLEON."

"Jena, Oct. 15, 3 o'clock A.M.

"My love! I have manoeuvred successfully against the Prussians. Yesterday I gained a great victory. There were 150,000 men. I have taken 20,000 prisoners; also 100 pieces of cannon, and many flags. I was near the King of Prussia, and just failed taking him and the Queen. For two days and nights I have been in the field. I am wonderfully well. Adieu, my love! Take care of yourself, and love me. If Hortense is with you, give her a kiss, as also one to Napoleon, and to the little one.
"N

"Weimar, Oct. 16, 5 o'clock P.M.

"M. Talleyrand will show you the bulletin, my dear friend. You will there see my success. Everything has transpired as I had calculated. Never was an army more effectually beaten and more entirely destroyed. I have only time to say that I am well, and that I grow fat upon fatigue, bivouacs, and sleeplessness. Adieu, my dear friend. A thousand loving words to Hortense, and to the grand Monsieur Napoleon. Wholly thine,
"NAPOLEON."

"Nov. 1, 2 o'clock A.M.

"Talleyrand has arrived, and tells me, my love, that you do nothing but weep. What do you wish, then? You have your daughter, grandchildren, and good news. Surely this is enough to make one contented and happy. The weather is superb. Not a drop of rain has yet fallen during the campaign. I am very well, and everything is prosperous. Adieu, my love! I have received a letter from Monsieur Napoleon. I think Hortense must have written it. A thousand kind things to all.
"NAPOLEON."

The little Napoleon to whom the Emperor so often alludes was the eldest son of Louis and Hortense, and brother of the present Emperor of the French. He was an unusually bright and promising boy, and a great favourite of his illustrious grandfather. Napoleon had decided to adopt him as his heir, and all thoughts of divorce were now laid aside.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE FIELD OF ETLAU.

Naval appeal of Napoleon—Paper Blockade—Report of the French Minister—The Berlin decree—Retaliatory measures of France and England—Testimony of Alison—Proclamation to the despising soldiers—Message to the Senate—Fiducious of the Poles—Embarrassing situation of Napoleon—Encampment on the Vistula—Care for the soldiers—Battle of Eylau—The Chancellor—Fencing Anecdotes—Letters to Josephine.

ON the fields of Jena and Auerstadt the Prussian monarchy was destroyed. Frederick William had nothing left but a remote province of his empire. To this he had occupied a fugitive. From the utter wreck of his armies, he had gathered around him a few thousand men. It was with extreme regret that Napoleon had found himself compelled to leave the congenial scenes of peaceful life in Paris to repel the assault of his bandied foes. Had he remained in France until Russia, Prussia, and England had combined their multitudinous hosts, he would have been undone. With his accustomed energy, he sprang upon Prussia before Alexander had time, with his hundred thousand troops, to traverse the vast plains between St. Petersburg and Berlin. By the most extraordinary skill in manœuvring, and in the endurance of fatigue and toil almost superhuman, he threw his whole force into the rear of the Prussians. He then cut them off from Berlin and from all their supplies. Then, sure of victory, to save the admission of blood he again implored peace. His appeal was unavailing. The roar of battle recommenced, and the armies of Prussia were overwhelmed, crushed, annihilated. As soon as the terrible scene was over, Napoleon quietly established himself in the palaces of the Prussian monarch. The kingdom was entirely at his mercy. He then sent Duroc to find Frederick William, again to propose the sheathing of the sword.

The unhappy King was found more than five hundred miles from his capital. He was far away beyond the Vistula, in the wilds of Prussian Poland. He had gathered around him about twenty-five thousand men, the shattered remnants of those hardy battalions whom Frederick the Great had trained to despise fatigue, dangers, and death. The Russian host, amazed at the sudden catastrophe which had overwhelmed its ally, threw open its arms to receive the fugitive King. Frederick, animated by the presence of the proud legions of Alexander, and convinced that the innumerable hordes of Russia pledged for his support, still hoped to his affairs. Peremptorily he repelled the offers of Napoleon, resolving, with renewed again to appeal to the decisions of the sword.

Nothing now remained for Napoleon but intently to meet the accumulating hostility still threatened him. Frederick, from the remote provinces of his empire, was endeavouring to resuscitate his army. Alexander, thoroughly was calling into requisition all the resources of his almost limitless realms. He

hoped to collect a force which would utterly overwhelm the audacious victor. England, with her invincible navy proudly sweeping all seas, was landing at Dantzic and Königsberg troops, treasure, and munitions of war. The storms of winter had already come. Napoleon was a thousand miles from the frontiers of France. His foes were encamped several hundred miles farther north, amid the gloomy forests and snow-clad hills of Poland. During the winter they would have time to accumulate their combined strength, and to fall upon him, in the spring, with overwhelming numbers.

England, exasperated and alarmed by this amazing triumph of Napoleon, now adopted a measure which has been condemned by the unanimous voice of the civilised world as a grievous infringement of the rights of nations. It is an admitted principle that, when two Powers are at war, every neutral power has a right to sail from the ports of one to the ports of the other, and to carry any merchandise whatever, excepting arms and military supplies. Either of the contending parties has, however, the right to blockade any port or ports by a naval force sufficient to preclude an entrance. England, however, having the undisputed command of the seas, adopted what has been called a *paper blockade*. She forbade all nations to have any commercial intercourse whatever with France or her allies. She had also established it as a maritime law, that all private property found afloat, belonging to an enemy, was to be seized, and that peaceful passengers found upon the ocean were to be made prisoners of war. The French Minister for Foreign Affairs made a very able report to the government upon this subject, which was concluded in the following words:—

"The natural right of self-defence permits us to oppose an enemy with the same arms he uses, and to make his own rage and folly recoil upon himself. Since England has ventured to declare all France in a state of blockade, let France, in her turn, declare that the British isles are blockaded. Since England considers every Frenchman an enemy, let all Englishmen, in the countries occupied by the French armies, be made prisoners of war. Since England seizes the private property of peaceable merchants, let the property of all Englishmen be confiscated. Since England desires to impede all commerce, let no ships from the British isles be received into the French ports. As soon as England shall admit the authority of the laws of nations universally observed by civilised countries; as soon as she shall acknowledge that the laws of war are the same by sea and land; that the right of conquest cannot be extended either to private property or to unarmed and peaceable inhabitants; and that the right of blockade ought to be, limited to fortified places, your Majesty will cause these rigorous but not unjust measures to cease, for justice between nations is nothing but exact reciprocity."

In accordance with these principles, thus

avowed to the world, Napoleon issued his famous ordinance, called, from the city at which it was dated, *The Berlin Decree*.

The following is a copy of this celebrated document:—

"In our Imperial Camp, Berlin,
"Nov. 28th, 1806.

"Napoleon, Emperor of the French and King of Italy, considering—

"1. That England regards not the law of nations recognised by all civilized states;

"2. That she holds for an enemy every individual belonging to a hostile power, and makes prisoners of war not only the crews of armed vessels, but the crews of trading ships, and even captures merchants travelling on account of commercial business;

"3. That she extends to merchantmen, and to the property of individuals, the right of conquest, which is only applicable to what belongs to the hostile state;

"4. That she extends to commercial towns and to ports not fortified, to havens and to the mouths of rivers, the right of blockade, which, according to the practice of civilized nations, only is applicable to fortified places;

"5. That she declares blockaded places before which she has not even a single ship of war, though no place is blockaded until it is so invested that it cannot be approached without imminent danger;

"6. That she even declares in a state of blockade places which her whole force united would be unable to blockade, viz., the entire coast of an empire;

"7. That this monstrous abuse of the right of blockade has no other object than to prevent communications between different countries, and to raise the trade and the manufactures of England upon the ruin of the industry of the Continent;

"8. That such being evidently the object of England, whoever deals in English merchandise on the Continent thereby favours her designs and becomes her accomplice;

"9. That this conduct on the part of England, which is worthy of the early ages of barbarism, has operated to the advantage of that Power and to the injury of others;

"10. That it is a part of natural law to oppose one's enemies with the arms he employs, and to fight in the way he fights, when he disavows all those ideas of justice and all those liberal sentiments which are the result of social civilization;

"We have resolved to apply to England the measures which she has sanctioned by her maritime legislation.

"The enactments of the present decree shall be invariably considered as a fundamental principle of the Empire until such time as England acknowledges that the law of war is one and the same by land and by sea; that it cannot be extended to private property of any description whatsoever, nor to the persons of individuals not belonging to the profession of arms, and that the

aw of blockade ought to be limited to fortified places actually invested by competent forces.

"Accordingly we have decreed and do decree as follows:—

"1. The British islands are declared in a state of blockade.

"2. All trade and intercourse with the British islands is prohibited. Consequently, letters or packets addressed to England, or to any native of England, or written in the English language, will not be conveyed by post, and will be seized.

"3. Every native of England, whatever his rank or condition, who may be found in the countries occupied by our troops or by those of our allies, shall be made prisoner of war.

"4. Every warehouse, and all merchandise and property of any description whatever, belonging to an English subject, or the produce of English manufactures or colonies, is declared good prize.

"5. Trade in English merchandise is prohibited; and all merchandise belonging to England, or the produce of her manufactures and colonies, is declared good prize.

"6. One-half of the produce of the confiscation of the merchandise and property declared good prize by the preceding articles will be appropriated to the indemnification of the merchants for the losses they have sustained through the capture of trading vessels by English cruisers.

"7. No vessel coming directly from England or her colonies, or having been there since the publication of the present decree, will be received in any port.

"8. Any vessel which, by means of a false declaration, shall contravene the above article, shall be seized, and the ship and cargo shall be confiscated, as if they were English property.

"9. Our prize-court of Paris shall pronounce final judgment in all disputes that may arise in our empire, or the countries occupied by the French army, relative to the execution of the present decree. Our prize-court of Milan shall pronounce final judgment in all the said disputes that may arise throughout our kingdom of Italy.

"10. Our minister for foreign affairs will communicate the present decree to the Kings of Spain, Naples, Holland, and Etruria, and to our other allies, whose subjects, like our own, are suffering from the injustice and barbarism of the maritime legislation of England.

"11. Our ministers for foreign affairs, war, marine, finance, and police, and our postmasters-general, are directed, according as they are severally, to carry the present decree into
(Signed)

y measure has been admired by a profound stroke of policy, by others it has been denounced as a revolting act of despotism. It certainly was not presenting the other cheek. It was returning blow for blow. By thus excluding all English goods from the Continent, Napoleon hoped to be able soon to

render the Continent independent of the factories and the workshops of the wealthy islanders. France owes to this decree the introduction of sugar from the beet-root.

"I found myself alone," says Napoleon, "in my opinion on the Continent. I was compelled, for the moment, to employ force in every quarter. At length they began to comprehend me. Already the tree bears fruit. If I had not given way, I should have changed the face of commerce as well as the path of industry. I had naturalized sugar and indigo. I should have naturalized cotton and many other things."

Two days after the publication of the Berlin decree, Napoleon wrote to Junot:—

"Take especial care that the ladies of your establishment use Swiss tea. It is as good as that of China. Coffee made from chicory is not at all inferior to that of Arabia. Let them make use of these substitutes in their drawing-rooms, instead of amusing themselves with talking politics like Madame de Stael. Let them take care, also, that no part of their dress is composed of English merchandise. If the wives of my chief officers do not set the example, whom can I expect to follow it? It is a contest of life or death between France and England. I must look for the most cordial support in all those by whom I am surrounded."

In reference to the unrelenting hostility with which Napoleon was assailed nearly every moment of his life, he often remarked, "I cannot do what I wish. I can only do what I can. These English compel me to live day by day."

The French Directory, on the 18th January, 1798, had iniquitously passed a decree declaring all ships containing English merchandise good prizes, and dooming to death all neutral sailors found on board English ships. This was one of the acts of that anarchical government which Napoleon overthrew.

"Napoleon," says Alison, "soon after his accession to the Consular throne, issued a decree revoking this, and reverting to the old and humane laws of the monarchy in this respect."

This decree of Napoleon was surely an act of conciliation and friendship.

On the 16th of May, 1806, the British government passed an order declaring "the whole coasts, harbours, and rivers, from the Elbe to Brest inclusive, as actually blockaded." To this order in council Napoleon replied by the Berlin
November 26th, 1806.

and then passed another act, still more arrogant and oppressive, on the 1st of January, 1807, declaring "that no vessel shall be permitted to trade from one port to another, if both belong to France or her allies, and shall be so far under their control as that British vessels are excluded therefrom; and the captains of all British vessels are hereby required to warn every neutral vessel, coming from any such port, and destined to such other port, to discontinue her ; and any vessel, after being so warned, having had a reasonable time allowed it information of the present order i

council, which shall, notwithstanding, persist in such voyage to such other port, shall be declared good prize." To this Napoleon made no reply.

After a few months, on the 11th of November, 1807 England, adding insult to injury, issued another decree, still more severe, declaring all the ports and places of France and her allies, from which, though not at war with his Majesty, the British flag is excluded, shall be subject to the same restrictions in respect of trade and navigation as if the same were actually blockaded in the most strict and rigorous manner; and that all trade in articles, the produce or manufacture of the said countries or colonies, shall be deemed to be unlawful, and all such articles declared good prize." To this Napoleon replied in his celebrated Milan decree of the 17th of December, 1807.

These decrees of Napoleon gave rise to the most extraordinary debates in the English Parliament, during which no one of either of the parties into which the Parliament was divided even alluded to the fact that England was entirely the aggressor.

"In endeavouring, at the distance of thirty years," says Alison, "to form an impartial opinion on this most important subject, it must at once strike the most cursory observer that the grounds on which this question was debated in the British Parliament were not those on which its merits really rested, or on which they were placed by Napoleon at the time, and have been since argued by the Continental historians. On both sides, in England, it was assumed that France was the aggressor by the Berlin decree, and that the only question was whether the orders in council exceeded the just measures of retaliation, or were calculated to produce more benefit or injury to this country.

"But was the Berlin decree the *origin* of the commercial warfare, or was it merely, as Napoleon and the French writers assert, a *retaliation* upon England, by the only means at the disposal of the French Emperor, for the new and illegal species of warfare which, in the pride of irresistible maritime strength, they had thought fit to adopt? That is the point upon which the whole question really depends; and yet, though put in the foremost rank by Napoleon, it was scarcely touched on by either party in the British Parliament. Nor is it difficult to see to what cause this extraordinary circumstance was owing. Both the great parties which divided that assembly were desirous of avoiding that question; the Whigs, because the measure complained of by Napoleon, and on which the Berlin decree was justified by the French government, had been mainly adopted by Mr. Fox, and subsequently extended by Lord Howick; the Tories, because they were unwilling to cast any doubt on the exercise of maritime powers, in their opinion, of essential importance to this country, and which gave them the great advantage of having their political adversaries necessarily compelled to support the general principle on which the measures in question had been founded.

"History, however, must disregard all these temporary considerations, and in good faith approach the question, whether, in this great debate, England or France was the real aggressor; and on this point, as on most others in human affairs, where angry passions have been strongly excited, it will probably be found that there were faults on both sides.

"But still the English historian must lament that the British government had given so plausible a ground for representing its measures as retaliatory only, by issuing in May, 1806, the blockade of the French coasts of the Channel."

There has probably been no act of Napoleon's life for which he has been more pitilessly condemned than for his Berlin and Milan decrees. They have been represented as atrocious acts of wanton and unprovoked aggression against a meek and lowly sister kingdom.

It was reported to Napoleon that the troops, comfortably housed in the cities and villages of Prussia, were very reluctant to move to frigid bivouacs upon the icy marshes of the Vistula. To one who reported to him the despondency of the army, Napoleon inquired—

"Does the spirit of my troops fail them when in sight of the enemy?"

"No, sire," was the reply.

"I was sure of it," said Napoleon. "My troops are always the same. I must rouse them."

Walking up and down the floor with rapid strides, he immediately dictated the following proclamation:—

"Soldiers! A year to-day you were on the field of Austerlitz. The Russian battalions fled before you in dismay, or, being surrounded, yielded their arms to the victors. The next day they sued for peace. But we were imposed upon. Scarcely had they escaped, through our generosity, which was probably blameable, from the disasters of the third coalition, than they organized a fourth. But the ally upon whom they chiefly relied is no more. His capital, fortresses, magazines, arsenals, two hundred and eighty standards, seven hundred field-pieces, and five fortified cities, are in our possession. The Oder, the Wartha, the deserts of Poland, the storms of winter, have not arrested your steps for a moment. You have braved all, surmounted all. Every foe has fled at your approach.

"In vain have the Russians endeavoured to defend the capital of ancient and renowned Poland. The eagle of France soars over the Vistula. The brave and unfortunate Pole, on seeing you, dreams that he beholds the legions of Sobieski returning from their memorable expedition. Soldiers! we will not sheath our swords until a general peace is established, and we have secured the rights of our allies, and restored to our commerce its freedom and its colonies. On the Elbe and the Oder we have reconquered Pondicherry, and our establishments in India, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Spanish colonies. Who gave the Russians the right to hold the balance of destiny, or to inter-

fore with our just designs? They and ourselves, are we not still the soldiers of Austerlitz?"

Bonrienne said, "When Napoleon dictated his proclamations, he appeared for the moment inspired, and exhibited, in some sort, the excitement of the Italian improvisatori. In order to follow him, it was necessary to write with inconceivable rapidity. Frequently, when reading over to him what he has dictated, I have known him smile, as in triumph, at the effect which he imagined any particular passage would produce."

This address electrified the whole army. Its clarion notes rang through all hearts. Not another murmur was heard. The corps in the rear, by forced marches, pressed forward with alacrity to reach head-quarters. Those nearer the Emperor forgot their fatigues and their sufferings, and longed to engage the enemy. The love of the soldiers for their chieftain was so enthusiastic, and their confidence in his wisdom was so unbounded, that, though hungry, barefooted, and exhausted, the whole mighty host crowded eagerly along. The storms of approaching winter howled around them. The wheels of their ponderous artillery sank axle-deep in the mire. Still, through rain and snow, and miry roads, they followed their indomitable chief, recounting with pride the fatigues which they had already endured, and eagerly anticipating the heroic deeds they were yet to perform.

Before leaving Berlin, Napoleon wrote to the Minister of War: "The project which I have now formed is more vast than any which I ever before conceived. From this time I must find myself in a position to cope with all events." He also addressed a message to the Senate in that peculiar energy of style marking all his productions, which the annals of eloquence have rarely equalled, never surpassed.

"The monarchs of Europe," said he, "have thus far sported with the generosity of France. When one coalition is conquered, another immediately springs up. No sooner was that of 1805 dissolved than we had to fight that of 1806. It behoves France to be less generous in future. The conquered states must be retained till the general peace on land and sea. England, regardless of all the rights of nations, launching a commercial interdict against one quarter of the globe, must be struck with the same interdict in return; and it must be rendered as rigorous as the nature of things will permit. Since we are doomed to war, it will be better to plunge in wholly than to go but half way. Thus may we hope to terminate it more completely and more solidly by a general and durable peace."

The labours of Napoleon were perfectly Herculean in preparing for this winter campaign. It was four hundred miles from Berlin to Warsaw. This was a dreary interval for an army to traverse through the freezing storms and drifting snows of a northern winter. The Russians and present a hundred and twenty upon the banks of the Vistula.

The partition of Poland by Russia, Prussia, and Austria has been pronounced by the unanimous voice of the world the most atrocious act which has disgraced modern Europe. As Napoleon entered that part of Poland which had been annexed to Prussia in this infamous deed of rapacity, the Poles gathered around him with the utmost enthusiasm. The nobles of the dismembered empire thronged his head-quarters. They hailed him as the saviour of their country. They pledged to him their fortunes and their lives if he would rescue Poland from their oppressors.

The populace rent the skies with shouts wherever the great conqueror. They were clamorous for arms, that they might fight the battle of freedom and regain their independence. Napoleon was ex-

ception from Warsaw waited upon him, and, placing him to proclaim the independence of Poland, and to place some member of his own family upon the throne. They assured him that the Poles, as one man, would rally with admiration and gratitude beneath his banners. Napoleon said to

"France is never recognized the different partitions of Poland. Nevertheless, I cannot proclaim your independence unless you are determined to defend your rights with arms in your hands, and by all sorts of sacrifices, even that of life. You are reproached with having, in your constant civil dissensions, lost sight of the true interests of your country. Instructed fortune, be now united, and prove to that one spirit animates the whole."

After reputation had withdrawn, Napoleon remarked, "I like the Poles. Their enthusiasm pleases me. I should like to make them an independent people. But that is no very easy matter. The cake has been shared among too many. There is Austria, Prussia, and Prussia, who have each had a slice. When the match is once kindled, who knows where the conflagration may stop? My first duty is towards France. I must not sacrifice her interests for Poland. In short, we must refer this matter to the universal sovereign, Time. He will show us, by-and-bye, what we are to do."

The situation of Napoleon was indeed critical. He was hundreds of leagues from the frontiers of France, and enveloped in the snows of winter. Russia, with her countless hordes and unknown resources, was threatening him from the North. Prussia, though conquered, was watching for an opportunity to retrieve her disgrace and ruin. Austria had raised a force of eighty thousand men, and was threatening his rear. This Austrian force was professedly an army of observation. But Napoleon well knew that, upon the slightest reverse, Austria would fall upon him in congenial alliance with Russia and Prussia. England, the undisputed monarch of the wide world of waters, was most efficiently co-operating with these banded foes of France.

By proclaiming the independence of Poland, Napoleon would have gained a devoted ally,

ranking a nation of twenty millions of inhabitants beneath his flag; but by liberating Poland from its proud and powerful oppressors, he would have exasperated to the highest degree Russia, Prussia, and Austria. Thus the probabilities of peace would have been infinitely more remote. Napoleon was contending for peace. He told the Poles frankly that he could not involve France in any new quarrels. "I am not come hither," said he, "to beg a throne for my family. I am not in want of thrones to give away."

Through December's dismal storms—through a country more dreary than imagination can well conceive, filled with gloomy forests, fathomless morasses, bleak and barren plains, Napoleon led his troops to the banks of the Vistula. Wherever he met his foes, he scattered them before him with whirlwind power. Sometimes, over a space of seventy-five miles in breadth, Napoleon's army was fighting its way against the storm of bullets which, from hostile batteries, swept their ranks. But nothing could retard his progress. The suffering of that wintry march was awful beyond description. Early in January the army entered the dark forests which frown along the inhospitable Vistula.

The cantonments of the French army were extended one hundred and fifty miles, skirting the left bank of the river. All the passes of the stream were occupied in such strength as to render surprise impossible. The soldiers cut down the forests and constructed comfortable huts to screen themselves from the piercing cold. The camps were admirably arranged in regular streets, presenting the most cheerful aspect of order and cleanliness. Reviews, rural labours, and warlike games, occupied the minds of the soldiers and confirmed their health. Immense convoys of provisions, guarded by troops and fortresses left in the rear, were continually defiling along all the roads from the Rhine. The soldiers were soon comfortable and happy in their well-provisioned homes. Napoleon, regardless of his own ease, thought of them alone. He was everywhere present. His foresight provided for every emergency. His troops witnessed with gratitude his intense devotion to their comfort. They saw him riding from post to post by day and by night, drenched with rain, splattered with mud, whitened with snow, regardless of rest, of food, of sleep, wading through mire and drifts, groping through darkness and breasting storms. Napoleon said, "My soldiers are my children." No one could doubt his sincerity who witnessed his vigilance, his toil, his fatigue. Not a soul in the army questioned his parental love. Hence the Emperor was loved in return as no other mortal was ever loved before.

The soldiers, to their surprise, found that the generous foresight of Napoleon had provided them even with several millions of bottles of wine. Abundant magazines were established, that they might be fully supplied with good food and warm clothing. The sick and wounded in particular were nursed with the most tender care. Six thousand beds were prepared at Warsaw, and

an equal number at Thorne, at Posen, and at other places on the banks of the Vistula and Oder. Comfortable mattresses of wool were made for the hospitals. Thirty thousand tents, taken from the Prussians, were cut up into bandages and bedding. Over each hospital Napoleon appointed a chief overseer, always supplied with ready money, to procure for the sick whatever luxuries they needed. A chaplain was appointed in each hospital to minister to the spiritual wants of the sick and the dying. This chaplain was to be, in an especial manner, the friend and the protector of those under his care. He was charged by the Emperor to report to him the slightest negligence towards the sick. Such were the infinite pains which Napoleon took to promote the comfort of his soldiers. He shared all their hardships. His palace was a barn. In one room he ate, and slept, and received his audiences. It was his invariable custom, whenever he issued an order, to inform himself if the order had been executed. He personally arranged all the military works of the widely-extended line over which his army was spread.

The month of January, with its storms and intensity of cold, passed slowly away. Winter brooded drearily over the plains of Poland, presenting one vast expanse of ice and snow. Europe contemplated with amazement the sublime spectacle of a French army of one or two hundred thousand men passing the winter in the midst of the gloomy forests of the Vistula. Alexander, with troops accustomed to the frozen North, planned to attack Napoleon by surprise in his winter quarters. Secretly he put his mighty host in motion. Napoleon, ever on the alert, was prepared to meet him. Immediately marching from his encampments, he surprised those who hoped to surprise him.

Battle after battle ensued. The Russians fought with unyielding obstinacy, the French with impetuous enthusiasm. In every forest, in every mountain gorge, upon the banks of every swollen stream clogged with ice, the Russians planted their cannon and hurled balls and shells, and grape into the bosoms of their unrelenting pursuers. But the French, impelled by the resistless impetuosity of their great chieftain, pressed on, regardless of mutilation and death. The snow was crimsoned with blood. The wounded struggled, and shrieked, and froze in the storm-piled drifts. The dark forms of the dead floated with the ice down the cold streams to an unknown burial. Wintry nights, long, dismal, and freezing, darkened upon the contending hosts. Their lurid watch-fires gleamed in awful sublimity over wide leagues of frozen hill and valley. The soldiers of each army, nerved by the energies of desperation, threw themselves upon the snow as their only couch, and with no tent covering but the chill sky.

Napoleon stopped one night at a miserable cottage. His little camp bedstead was placed in the middle of the kitchen floor. In five minutes he despatched his supper, which consisted of but one dish. Then, rolling his napkin in to a ball,

he playfully threw it at the head of his favourite valet Constant, saying, "Quick, quick, take y the remains of my banquet." Then, unrolling a map of Prussia, he spread it upon the floor, and addressing Caulaincourt, said, "Come here. Grand Equerry, and follow me." With pins he marked out the progressive movements of his army, and said, "I shall beat the Russians there, and there, and there. In three months the campaign will be ended. The Russians must have a lesson. The fair Queen of Prussia must learn, too, that advisers sometimes pay dearly for the advice they give. I do not like those women who throw aside their attributes of grace and goodness. A woman to instigate war! to urge men to cut each other's throats! Shame on it! She may run the risk of losing her kingdom by playing that game."

At this moment some despatches were delivered to the Emperor. Rapidly glancing over them, he frowned and exclaimed—

"Surely these despatches have been a long time on their way! How is this? Tell the orderly officer who brought them that I wish to see them."

"Sir," said he, severely, as the officer entered, "at what hour were these despatches placed in your hands?"

"At eight o'clock in the evening, sire."

"And how many leagues had you to ride?"

"I do not know precisely, sire."

"But you ought to know, sir—an orderly officer ought to know that. I know it. You had twenty-seven miles to ride, and you set off at eight o'clock. Look at your watch, sir! What o'clock is it now?"

"Half past twelve, sire. The roads were in a terrible state. In some places the snow obstructed passage."

"Poor excuses, sir—poor excuses. Retire, and await my orders." As the officer, extremely disconcerted, closed the door, he added, "This cool, leisurely gentleman wants stimulating. The reprimand I have given him will make him spur his horse another time. Let me see—my answer must be delivered in two hours. I have not a moment to lose."

Soon the orderly officer was recalled.

"Set off immediately, sir," said he; "these despatches must be delivered with the utmost speed. General Lasalle must receive my orders by three o'clock—by three o'clock. You understand, sir?"

"Sire, by half-past two the general shall have the orders of which I have the honour to be the bearer."

"Very well, sir, mount your horse—but stop!" he added, calling the officer back, and speaking in those winning tones of kindness which he had ever at his command, "tell General Lasalle that it will be agreeable to me that you should be the one selected to announce to me the success of

the confidence and the love of the person reprimanded."

Napoleon had now driven his assailants, enveloped in the storms and the ice of a Polish winter, two hundred and forty miles from the banks of the Vistula. At last the retreating Russians concentrated all their forces upon the plain of Eylau. It was the 7th of February, 1807. The night was dark and intensely cold, as the Russians, exhausted by the retreating march of the day, took their position for a desperate battle on the morrow. There was a gentle swell of land, extending two or three miles, which skirted a vast, bleak, unsheltered plain, over which the piercing wintry gale drifted the deep snow. Leaden clouds, hurrying through the sky as if flying from a defeat or congregating for a conflict, boded a rising storm. Upon this ridge the Russians, in double lines, formed themselves in battle array. Five hundred pieces of cannon were ranged in battery, to hurl destruction into the bosoms of their foes. They then threw themselves upon the icy ground for their frigid bivouac. The midnight storm wailed its mournful requiem over the sleeping host, and sifted down upon them the winding sheet of snow.

In the midst of the tempestuous night, Napoleon, with his determined battalions, came also upon the plain, groping through drifts and gloom. He placed his army in position for the terrific battle which the dawn of morning would usher in. Two hundred pieces of heavy artillery were advantageously posted to sweep the dense ranks of the enemy. Upon the ridge 80,000 Russians slept. In the plain before them 60,000 Frenchmen were bivouacking upon the snow. The hostile hosts were at but half cannon shot from each other. Indomitable determination inflamed the souls of officers and soldiers in both armies. It was an awful night, the harbinger of a still more awful day.

The frozen earth, the inclement sky, the drifting snow, the wailing wind, the lurid watch-fires gleaming through the gloom, the spectral movement of legions of horsemen and footmen taking their way for the sanguinary strife, the confused voices and of the movements of the mighty armies, blending, like the roar of many waters, with the midnight storm, presented a spectacle of sublimity which overawed every beholder. The sentinels of each army could almost touch each other with their hands. Cold, and hungry, and weary, the humanity for a moment triumphed over the city of war. Kind words of greeting and of sympathy were interchanged by those who soon, in frenzy, were plunging bayonets into each other's bosoms. At midnight, Napoleon slept for an hour in a chair. He then mounted his horse, and marshalled his slivering troops for the horrors of battle.

The dark and stormy morning had not yet dawned when the cannonade commenced. It was terrific. The very earth shook

With such consummate tact could Napoleon direct, and at the same time win

detonation. Seven hundred heavy cannon, worked by the most skillful gunners, created an unintermitted roar of the most deafening and appalling thunder. Both armies presented their unprotected breasts to bullets, grape-shot, balls, and shells. Companies, battalions, regiments, even whole divisions, melted away before the merciless discharges. The storm of snow, in blinding, smothering flakes, swept angrily into the faces of the assailants and assailed, as the bands of battle, in exultant victory or in terrific defeat, rushed to and fro over the plain. The tempestuous air was soon so filled with smoke that the day was as dark as the night. Under this black and sulphureous canopy the infuriated hosts rushed upon each other. Even the flash of the guns could not be seen through the impenetrable gloom. Horsemen plunged to the charge unable to discern the foe. Thus the deadly conflict continued, one hundred and forty thousand men firing into each other's bosoms, through the morning, and the noon, and the afternoon, and after the sun had gone down in the gloom of a winter's night. Napoleon galloped up and down the field of blood, regardless of danger, ever presenting himself at those points which were most threatened.

In the midst of the battle Napoleon was informed that a church, which he deemed a position of essential importance, had been taken by the enemy. He pressed his spurs into his horse, and galloped with the utmost speed into the midst of his battalions, who were retreating before vastly superior numbers.

"What!" shouted the Emperor, "a handful of Russians repulse troops of the Grand Army! Forward, my brave lads! We *must* have the church! We must have it at every hazard!"

Animated by this voice, an enthusiastic shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" rose above the thunders of the conflict. The soldiers instantly formed in solid columns, and, through a perfect storm of bullets and shells, forced their way upon the enemy. The Emperor espied, a few paces from him, an old grenadier. His face was blackened with gunpowder, his clothes were reddened with blood, his left arm had just been torn from his shoulder by a shell, and the crimson drops were falling from the ghastly wound. The man was hurrying to fall into the ranks.

"Stay! stay! my good fellow," exclaimed the Emperor; "go to the ambulance and get your wound dressed."

"I will," replied the soldier, "as soon as we have taken the church." He then disappeared in the midst of the smoke and the tumult of the battle. The Duke of Vicenza, who witnessed this scene, says the tears gushed into the eyes of the Emperor as he contemplated this touching proof of devotion.

The battle had now raged for eighteen hours. The snow was red with blood. The bodies of the wounded and the dead covered the plain. Thousands of the torn and bleeding victims of war through these long hours had writhed in agony in the freezing air, trampled by the rush

of frenzied squadrons. Their piercing shriek rose above the roar of artillery and musketry. Eylau was in flames; other adjacent villages and farm-houses were blazing. The glare of the conflagration added to the horrors of the pitiless storm of the elements and of war. Women and children were perishing in the fields, having fled from their bomb-battered and burning dwellings. Still the battle continued unabated.

As the twilight of the stormy day faded into the gloom of night, Napoleon, calm and firm, stood beneath the shelter of the church which he had retaken. The balls were crashing around him. Grief pervaded every face of the imperial staff. With consternation they implored him to place himself in a position of safety. Regardless of their intreaties, he braved every peril. Infusing his own inflexibility into the hearts of all around, he still impelled his bleeding columns upon the foe. More than thirty thousand Russians, struck by the balls and the swords of the French, were stretched upon the frozen field. Ten thousand Frenchmen, the dying and the dead, were also strewn upon the plain. Ten thousand horses had been struck down. Some had been torn in pieces by cannon-balls; others, frightfully mutilated, were uttering piercing screams, and were wildly plunging over the plain, trampling the wounded beneath their iron hoofs.

It was now ten o'clock at night. Nearly one-half of the Russian army was destroyed. A fresh division of the French now appeared on the field. They had been marching all day with the utmost haste, guided by the cannon's roar. The Russians could endure the conflict no longer. Proud of having so long and so valiantly withstood the great Napoleon, they retreated shouting *victory*! Napoleon remained master of the blood-bought field. The victors, utterly exhausted, bleeding and freezing, again sought such repose as could be found upon the gory ice beneath that wintry sky. Napoleon was overwhelmed with grief. Never before had such a scene of misery met even his eye.

According to his invariable custom, he traversed the field of battle, to minister with his own hands to the wounded and the dying. It was midnight—dark, cold, and stormy. By his example, he animated his attendants to the most intense exertions in behalf of the sufferers. His sympathy and aid were extended to the wounded Russians as well as to those of his own army. One of his generals, witnessing the deep emotion with which he was affected, spoke of the glory which the victory would give. "To a father," said Napoleon, "who loses his children, victory has no charms. When the heart speaks, glory itself is an illusion."

As Napoleon was passing over this field of awful carnage, he came to an ambulance, or hospital waggon. A huge pile of amputated arms and legs, clotted with gore, presented a horrible spectacle to the eye. A soldier was resusitating the efforts of a surgeon who was about to cut off

his leg, which had been dreadfully shattered by a cannon-ball.

"What is the matter?" inquired the Emperor, as he rode up to the spot. Seeing, at a glance, the state of the case, he continued, "How is this? Surely you, a brave *mustache*, are not afraid of a cut?"

"No, your Majesty, I am not afraid of a cut. But this is a sort of cut that a man may die of; and there is poor Catharine and her four little ones! If I should die——" And the man sobbed aloud.

"Well," replied the Emperor, "and what if you should die? Am I not here?"

The wounded soldier fixed his eyes for a moment upon Napoleon, and then, with a trembling voice, exclaimed, "True, true, your Majesty! I am very foolish. Here, doctor, cut off my limb. God bless the Emperor!"

A dragoon, dreadfully torn by a cannon-ball, raised his head from the bloody snow as the Emperor drew near, and faintly said, "Turn your eyes this way, please your Majesty. I believe that I have got my death wound. I shall soon be in another world. But no matter for that—*Vive l'Empereur!*" Napoleon immediately dismounted from his horse, tenderly took the hand of the wounded man, and enjoined it upon his attendants to convey him immediately to the ambulance, and to commend him to the special care of the surgeon. Large tears rolled down the cheeks of the dying dragoon as he fixed his eyes upon the loved features of his

that I had a thousand lives to lay down for your Majesty."

"Near a battery," says Caulaincourt, "which had been abandoned by the enemy, we beheld a singular picture, and one of which description can convey but a faint idea. Between a hundred and fifty and two hundred French grenadiers were surrounded by a quadruple rank of Russians. Both parties were weltering in a river of blood, amid fragments of cannons, muskets, and swords. They had evidently fought with the most determined fury, for every corpse exhibited numerous and horrible wounds. A feeble cry of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' was heard to emanate from this mountain of the dead, and all eyes were instantly turned to the spot whence the voice proceeded. Half concealed beneath a tattered flag lay a young officer, whose breast was decorated with an order. Though pierced with numerous wounds, he succeeded in raising himself up, so as to rest on his elbows. His handsome countenance was overspread with the livid hue of death. He recognised the Emperor, and, in a feeble, faltering voice, exclaimed—

"*God bless your Majesty! farewell, farewell! Oh, my poor mother!*" He turned a supplicating glance to the Emperor, and then, uttering the words, '*To dear France my last sigh!*' he fell stiff and cold. It was poor Ernest Anzoni, one of the bravest of men, and one who, but a few hours before, had received the warmest commendation of the Emperor. His death blighted the

happiness of a beautiful and accomplished woman whom I remembered among my friends.

"Napoleon seemed riveted to the spot, which was watered with the blood of those heroes. '*Brave men!*' said he; '*brave Anzoni! Excellent young man! Alas! this frightful scene!*' His endowment shall go to his mother. Let the order be presented for my signature as soon as possible." Then turning to Dr. Ivan, who accompanied him, he said, "Examine poor Anzoni's wounds, and see whether anything can be done for him. This is indeed terrible." The Emperor, whose feelings were deeply excited, continued his mournful inspection of the field of battle."

Upon this dreadful field of woe, of blood, of death, oppressed with myriad cares, and in the gloom of the inclement night, Napoleon remembered his faithful and anxious Josephine. She was then in Paris. Seizing a pen, he hurriedly wrote the following lines: "Calling a courier to his side, he despatched him at his side to convey the note to Josephine.

"Eylan, 3 A. M.

"My love! There was a great battle yesterday. Victory remains with me, many men. The loss of the enemy, still more considerable, does not console me. I write these two lines myself, though greatly fatigued, to tell you that I am well, and that I love you. Wholly thine,

The dawn of the morning exhibited, upon

spectacle earth has ever witnessed. Nearly forty thousand men, awfully torn by cannon-balls, were prostrate upon the bloodstained ice and snow. A wail of anguish rose from the extended plain, which froze the heart of the beholder with terror. Dismounted cannon, fragments of projectiles, guns, swords, horses, dead or cruelly mangled, rearing, plunging, shrieking in their agony, presented a scene of unparalleled horror. Napoleon's heart was most deeply moved. His feelings of sympathy burst forth even in one of his bulletins. "This spectacle," he wrote, "is fit to excite in princes a love of pen and a horror of war." He immediately despatched some battalions to pursue the retreating enemy, while he devoted all his energies to the relief of the miseries spread around him. In the evening of the same day he wrote another letter to Josephine.

"Eylan, 6 P.M., February 9, 1807.

"I write one word, my love, that you may not be anxious. The enemy has lost the battle, forty pieces of cannon, ten flags, 12,000 prisoners. He has suffered horribly. I have lost many men—1,600 killed, and three or four thousand wounded. Corbineaux was killed by a shell. I was strongly attached to that officer, who had great merit. It gives me great pain. My horse-guard has covered itself with glory. Allemagne is wounded dangerously. Adieu, my love. Wholly thine,

"NAPOLEON."

of the next day, he wrote

to that noble wife who well knew how to appreciate the delicacy and generosity of such attentions:—

"Eylau, 3 A.M., Feb. 11.

"I send you one line, my love. You must have been very anxious. I have beaten the enemy in a memorable battle, but it has cost me many brave men. The inclement weather constrains me to return to my cantonments. Do not indulge in grief, I intreat you. All this will soon end. The happiness of seeing you will lead me soon to forget my fatigues. I never was better. The little Tascher has conducted himself nobly. He has had a rough trial. I have placed him near me. I have made him officer of ordinance. Thus his troubles are ended. The young man interests me. Adieu, my dearest. A thousand kisses.

"NAPOLEON."

In another letter of the 14th, he writes:—

"My love, I am still at Eylau. The country is covered with the dead and the wounded. This is not the pleasant part of war. One suffers, and the soul is oppressed to see so many victims. I am well. I have done what I wished. I have repulsed the enemy, compelling him to abandon his projects. You must be very anxious, and that thought afflicts me. Nevertheless, tranquilize yourself, my love, and be cheerful. Wholly thine,

"NAPOLEON."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE MARCH TO

Renewed offers of peace—Address to the Legislative body in Paris—Proclamation—Offers of Austria—Napoleon's reply—Employments at Osterode—Madame de Staël—Temple of the Madeleine—Foresight of the Emperor—Letters—English diplomacy at Constantinople—Dantzig—Attack of the Allies—Friedland—Russia sues for peace—Address to the army.

NAPOLEON remained eight days at Eylau, healing the wounds of his army, and gathering supplies for the protection and comfort of his troops. He was daily hoping that Frederick William and Alexander would demand no more blood—that they would propose terms of peace. It is a fact admitted by all, that Napoleon, in his wars thus far, was fighting in self-defence. He was the last to draw the sword, and the first to propose peace. In this campaign, before the battle of Jena, Napoleon wrote to Frederick, intreating him to spare the effusion of blood. This appeal was disregarded. Scarce had the sun gone down over that field of carnage and of woe, ere Napoleon wrote again, pleading for humanity. Again was his plea sternly rejected. Secretly the Allies collected their strength, and fell upon him in his cantonments. Napoleon pursued them two hundred and forty miles, and destroyed half of their army upon the plain of Eylau. For five days he waited anxiously, hoping that his vanquished assailants would propose peace. They were silent. He then, magnanimously triumphing over pride and spirit, id almost

violating the dictates of self-respect, descended again to plead for the cessation of hostilities. In the following terms, conciliatory, yet dignified, he addressed the King of Prussia:—

"I desire to put ; period to the misfortune of your family, and to organize as speedily as possible the Prussian monarchy. Its intermediate power is necessary for the tranquillity of Europe. I desire peace with Russia ; and, provided the cabinet of St. Petersburg has no designs upon the Turkish empire, I see no difficulty in obtaining it. Peace with England is not less essential to all nations. I shall have no hesitation in sending a minister to Memel to take part in a congress of France, Sweden, England, Russia, Prussia, and Turkey. But as such a congress may last many years, which would not suit the present condition of Prussia, your Majesty therefore will, I am persuaded, be of opinion that I have taken the simplest method, and one which is most likely to secure the prosperity of your subjects. At all events, I intreat your Majesty to believe in my sincere desire to re-establish amicable relations with so friendly a Power as Prussia, and that I wish to do the same with Russia and England."

The Allies considered this renewed proposal of Napoleon but an indication of his weakness. It encouraged them to redoubled efforts. They resolved to collect still more numerous swarms of Cossacks from the barbarian North, and, with increased vigour, to prosecute the war. Napoleon had also made proposals to Sweden for peace. His advances were there also repelled. The King of Sweden wrote to the King of Prussia, "I think that a public declaration should be made in favour of the legitimate cause of the Bourbons, by openly espousing their interests, which is plainly that of all established governments. My opinion on this point is fixed and unalterable."

This arrogant assumption, that France had not a right to choose its own form of government and elect its own sovereign, rendered peace impossible. Even had Napoleon, like Benedict Arnold, turned traitor to his country, and endeavoured to reinstate the rejected Bourbons, it would only have plunged France anew into all the horrors of civil war. The proudest and most powerful nations in Europe would not submit to dictation so humiliating. Napoleon truly said, "The Bourbons cannot return to the throne of France but over the dead bodies of one hundred thousand Frenchmen." The Bourbons did finally return in the rear of the combined armies of despotic Europe. But the Allies crimsoned the Continent with blood, and struck down nearly a million of Frenchmen in mutilation and death ere they accomplished the iniquitous restoration. But where are the Bourbons now? And who now sits upon the throne of France? This is a lesson for the nations.

Just before the campaign of Jena, Napoleon thus addressed the Legislative Body in Paris:—

Princes, magistrates, soldiers, citizens, we

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

have all but one object in our several departments—the interest of our country. Weakness in the executive is the greatest of all misfortunes to the people. Soldier or First Consul, I have but one thought; Emperor, I have no other object—the prosperity of France. I do not wish to increase its territory, but I am resolved to maintain its integrity. I have no desire to augment the influence which we possess in Europe, but I will not permit what we enjoy to decline. No state shall be incorporated with our empire; but I will not sacrifice my rights, or the ties which unite us, to other states.”

Napoleon, finding that there was no hope of peace, and having driven his enemies to the banks of the Niemen, prepared to return to his winter quarters upon the Vistula. He thus addressed his army:—

“Soldiers! We were beginning to taste the sweets of repose in our winter quarters, when the enemy attacked the first corps on the Lower Vistula. We flew to meet him. We pursued him, sword in hand, eighty leagues. He was driven for shelter beneath the cannons of his fortresses, and beyond the Pregel. We have captured sixty pieces of cannon, sixteen standards, and killed, wounded, or taken more than forty thousand Russians. The brave who have fallen on our side have fallen nobly—like soldiers. Their families shall receive our protection. Having thus defeated the whole projects of the enemy, we will return to the Vistula, and re-enter our winter quarters. Whoever ventures to disturb our repose will repent of it. Beyond the Vistula, as beyond the Danube, we shall always be the soldiers of the Grand Army.”

Napoleon himself remained at Eylau until everything was removed. He superintended the departure of the several divisions of the army, the sick, the wounded, the prisoners and the artillery taken from the enemy. He had a vast number of sledges constructed, and made as comfortable as possible, for the removal of the sick and the wounded. More than six thousand were thus transported over two hundred miles to their warm hospitals on the banks of the Vistula.

Austria now wished for an excuse to join the Allies. She was, however, bound by the most solemn treaties not again to draw the sword against France. Napoleon had very cautiously avoided giving her any offence. But she could not forget the disgrace of Ulm and Austerlitz. As an entering wedge to the strife, she proffered her services as mediator. Napoleon was not at all deceived as to her intentions, yet promptly replied

“The Emperor accepts of Francis II. for the re-establishment of peace, so necessary to all nations. He only fears that the Power which, hitherto, seems to have made a system of founding its wealth and greatness upon the divisions of the Continent will draw from this step new subjects of animosity and new pretences for dissensions. If

way that ~~can~~ encourage the hope of the cessation of bloodshed ought not to be neglected by France, which, as all Europe knows, was dragged, in spite of herself, into this war.”

At the same time, Napoleon called for a new levy of eighty thousand men. But five months before he had called out the same number. He wished to display such a force that the Allies would see that his defeat was impossible, and that they would consent to peace without further shedding of blood. He wrote to Cambacères: “It is very important that this measure should be adopted with alacrity. A single objection raised in the Council of State or in the Senate would weaken me in Europe, and will bring Austria upon us. Then, it will not be two conscriptions, but three or four, which we shall be obliged to decree, perhaps to no purpose, and to be vanquished at last.”

“A conscription, announced and resolved upon without hesitation, which, perhaps, I shall not call for, which, certainly, I shall not send to the active army, for I am not going to wage war with boys, will cause Austria to drop her arms. The least hesitation, on the contrary, would induce her to resume them, and to use them against us. No objection, I repeat, but an immediate and punctual execution of the decree which I send you. This is the way to have peace—to have a speedy, a magnificent peace.”

Having despatched this decree to Paris, Napoleon sent a copy to Talleyrand, requesting him to communicate to the Austrian government, without circumlocution, that the Emperor had divined the drift of the mediation which Austria had offered; that he accepted that mediation with a perfect knowledge of what it signified; that to offer peace was well, but that peace should be offered with a white truncheon in the hand; that the armaments of Austria were a very unsuitable accompaniment to the offer of mediation.

“I thus,” said he, “explain myself with frankness, to prevent calamities, and to save Austria from them. If she wishes to send officers to ascertain our strength, we engage to show them the depôts, the camps of reserve, and the divisions on the march. They shall see that, independently of the 100,000 French already in Germany, a second army of 100,000 men is preparing to cross the Rhine, to check any hostile movements on the part of the court of Vienna.” These measures, so eminently sagacious, prevented Austria from uniting with the Allies, and thus, for the time at least, prevented an accumulation of the horrors of war.

The Bourbons of Spain were also still watching for an opportunity to fall upon Napoleon. Believing it impossible for the French Emperor to escape from his entanglements in Poland, surrounded by myriad foes, the Spanish court treacherously summoned the nation to arms. Napoleon was a thousand miles beyond the Rhine. England had roused Spain to attack him in the rear. The proclamation was issued the day before the battle of Jena. That amazing victory

characteristic meanness, the Spanish government immediately sent word to Napoleon that the troops were raised to send to his assistance in case he should stand in need of them. The Emperor smiled, and, affecting to be a dupe, thanked Spain for its zeal, and requested the loan of fifteen thousand troops. The troops could not be refused.

Napoleon wrote to have them received in the most friendly and hospitable manner, and to be abundantly supplied with provisions, clothing, and money. They were stationed in the garrisons of France, and French soldiers, drawn from those garrisons, were called to Poland. These repeated acts of perfidy led to the final dethronement of the Bourbons of Spain. Their overthrow promoted the ruin of Napoleon. Their continuance upon the throne would also have secured that ruin. It was written in the book of Divine decrees that Napoleon must rise and fall. Human energy and wisdom could not have averted his final discomfiture. Had Napoleon joined hands with the feudal kings, and reigned the sovereign of the *nobles*, not of the people, the defender of *privilege*, not the advocate of *equality*, he might, perhaps, have disarmed the hostility of despots, but he would also have lost the heart of France. He fell magnificently; but his memory is embalmed in the love of the French people; it never will perish. "St. Helena," says Napoleon, "was written in the book of destiny."

The cheerless months of departing winter passed rapidly away, as both parties prepared for the renewal of the strife. Napoleon shared the encampment of his troops. He taught them patience and fortitude by enduring himself every privation which they were called to experience. His brother Joseph, in a letter, complained of hardships in Naples. Napoleon, in the following terms, replied to his complaints:—

"The officers of our staff have not undressed for these two months, and some not for four months past. I myself have been a fortnight without taking off my boots. We are amid snow and mud, without wine, without bread, eating potatoes and meat, making long marches and countermarches, without any kind of comfort, fighting in general with bayonets and under grape, the wounded having to be carried away in sledges, exposed to the air, two hundred miles."

Napoleon established his head-quarters in a wretched barn at a place called Osterode. "If, instead of remaining in a hole like Osterode," says Savary, "where every one was under his eye, and where he could set his whole force in motion, the Emperor had established himself in a great town, it would have required three months to do what he effected in less than one."

Here Napoleon not only attended to all the immense interests which were gathered round him, but he also devoted incessant thought to the government of his distant empire. The portfolios of the several ministers were sent to him from Paris every week. Upon the day of their reception he invariably attended to their contents, and returned them with minute directions. The

most trivial as well as the most important matters were subject to his scrutiny. There had been composed in his honour verses which he deemed bad, and which were recited in the theatres. He requested other verses to be substituted, in which he was less praised, but which gave utterance to noble thoughts.

"The best way to praise me," said he, "is to write things which excite heroic sentiments in the nation."

With great care he studied the proceedings of the French Academy. At one of those meetings the memory of Mirabeau was violently assailed. Napoleon wrote to Fouché:—"I recommend to you, let there be no reaction in the public opinion. Let Mirabeau be mentioned in terms of praise. There are many things in that meeting of the Academy which do not please me. When shall we grow wiser? When shall we be animated by that genuine Christian charity which shall lead us to desire to abuse no one? When shall we refrain from awaking recollections which send sorrow to the hearts of so many persons?"

With intense interest he watched the progress of education. In reference to the institution for the education of girls at Ecouen, he wrote to Lacépède:—"It is there proposed to train up women, wives, mothers of families. Make believers of them, not reasoners. The weakness of the brain of women, the mobility of their ideas, their destination in the social order, the necessity for inspiring them with a perpetual resignation, and a mild and easy charity—all this renders the influence of religion indispensable for them. I am anxious that they should leave the institution, not fashionable *belles*, but virtuous women—that their attractive qualities may be those of the heart."

He urged that they should study "history, literature, enough of natural philosophy to be able to dispel the popular ignorance around them, somewhat of medicine, botany, dancing—but not that of the Opera—ciphering, and all sorts of needlework."

"Their apartments," he wrote, "must be furnished by their own hands. They must make their chemises, their stockings, their dresses, their caps, and they must be able, in case of need, to make clothes for their infants. I wish to make these young girls useful women. I am certain that I shall thus make them agreeable and attractive."

He was informed that Madame de Staël had returned to Paris, and that she was striving to excite hostility against his government. He ordered her to be expelled. Some of his friends urged him not to do so. He persisted, saying that if he did not interfere she would compromise good citizens, whom he would afterwards be compelled to treat with severity.

Of Madame de Staël, Napoleon said at St. Helena, "She was a woman of considerable talent and of great ambition, but so extremely intriguing and restless as to give rise to the observation that she would throw her friends into

the sea, that, at the moment of drowning, she might have an opportunity of saving them. I was obliged to banish her from court. She was ardent in her passions, vehement and extravagant in her expressions. She combined all her resources to make an impression on the general of the army of Italy. Without any acquaintance with him she wrote to him when afar off; she tormented him when present. If she was to be believed, the union of genius with a little insignificant Creole, incapable of appreciating or comprehending him, was a monstrosity. Unfortunately, the general's only answer was an indifference which women never forgive, and which indeed," Napoleon remarked with a smile, "is hardly to be forgiven."

"Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy," he continued, "I was accosted by Madame de Staël at a grand entertainment given by M. Talleyrand. She challenged me, in the midst of a numerous circle, to tell her who was the greatest woman in the world. I looked at her, and coldly replied, 'She, madame, who has borne the greatest number of children.' Madame de Staël was at first a little disconcerted; she endeavoured to recover herself by observing that it was reported that I was not very fond of women. 'Pardon me, madame,' I replied, 'I am very fond of my wife.' I cannot call her a wicked woman, but she was a restless intriguer, possessed of considerable talent and influence."

Again he said of Madame de Staël: "Her house had become quite an arsenal against me. People went there to be armed knights. She endeavoured to raise enemies against me, and fought against me herself. She was at once Armida and Clorinda. After all, it cannot be denied that Madame de Staël is a very distinguished woman, endowed with great talents, and possessing a very considerable share of wit. She will go down to posterity. It was more than once intimated to me, in order to soften me in her favour, that she was an adversary to be feared, and might become a useful ally. And certainly if, instead of reviling me as she did, she had spoken in my praise, it might, no doubt, have proved advantageous to me. Her position and her abilities gave her an absolute sway over the saloons. Their influence in Paris is well known. Notwithstanding all she had said against me, and all that she will yet say, I am certainly far from thinking that she has a bad heart. The fact is, that she and I have waged a little war against each other, and that is all."

He then added, in reference to the numerous writers who had declaimed against him, "I am destined to be their food. I have but little fear of becoming their victim. They will bite against granite. My history is made up of facts, and words alone cannot destroy them. In order to fight against me successfully, somebody should appear in the lists armed with the weight and authority of facts on his side. It would then, perhaps, be time for me to be moved. But as for all other writers, whatever be their talent, their efforts will be in vain. My fame will sur-

vive. When they wish to be admired, they will sound my praise."

While at Osterode, nothing seemed to be overlooked by Napoleon's all-comprehensive and untiring energies.

To the Minister of the Interior he wrote:—"An effective mode of encouraging literature would be to establish a journal, of which the criticism is enlightened, actuated by good intentions, and free from that coarse brutality which characterises the existing newspapers, and which is so contrary to the true interests of the nation. Journals now never criticise with the intention of repressing mediocrity, guiding inexperience, or encouraging rising merit. All their endeavour is to wither, to destroy. Articles should be selected for the journals where reasoning is mingled with eloquence, where praise for deserved merit is tempered with censure for faults. Merit, however inconsiderable, should be sought for and rewarded."

Again he wrote:—"You should occupy yourself with the project of establishing a university for literature—understanding by that word not merely the *belles-lettres*, but history and geography. It should consist of at least thirty professorships, so linked together as to exhibit a living picture of instruction and direction, where every one who wishes to study a particular age should know at once whom to consult—what books, monuments, or chronicles to examine—where every one who wishes to travel should know where to receive positive instructions as to the government, literature, and physical productions of the country which he is about to visit."

"It is a lamentable fact, that in this great country, a young man who wishes to study, or is desirous to signalize himself in any department, is obliged for some time to grope in the dark, and literally to lose years in fruitless researches before he discovers the true repositories of the information for which he seeks. I desire such institutions. They have long formed the subject of my meditations, because, in the course of my various labours, I have repeatedly experienced their want."

A vast number of plans for the Temple of the Madeleine was sent to him. He wrote:—"After having attentively considered the different plans submitted to my examination, I have not felt the smallest doubt as to which I should adopt. That of M. Vignon alone fulfils my wishes. It is a temple which I desire, not a church. What could you erect as a church which could vie with the Pantheon, Notre Dame, or, above all, with St. Peter's at Rome? Everything in the temple should be in a chaste, severe, and durable style. It should be fitted for solemnities at all times, at all hours. The imperial throne should be a curule chair of marble. There should be seats of marble for the persons invited, an amphitheatre of marble for the performers. No furniture should be admitted but cushions for the seats. All should be of granite, of marble, and of iron. With this view, searches should be :

in all the provinces for quarries of marble and granite. They will be useful, not merely for this monument, but for others which I have in view, and which will require thirty, forty, or fifty years for their construction. Not more than 3,000,000 of francs should be required. The temple of Athens cost not much more than one-half that sum. Fifteen millions of francs have been absorbed, I know not how, in the Pantheon. But I should not object to the expenditure of five millions of francs for the construction of a temple worthy of the first city in the world."

Thus arose the exquisite structure of the Madeleine. Napoleon reared it in honour of the Grand Army. He, however, secretly intended it as an expiatory monument to Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the other victims of the Revolution. He intended thus to announce it, and to dedicate it as soon as the fervour of revolutionary passion had sufficiently abated.

Napoleon learned that M. Berthollet, a man whom he particularly esteemed for his scientific attainments, was in some pecuniary embarrassment. He immediately wrote to him, "I am informed that you are in need of 150,000 francs. My treasurer has an order to place that sum at your disposal. I am very glad to find this occasion to be useful to you, and to give you a proof of my esteem."

He was informed by the correspondence, which he paid for liberally and read with care, that there was a quarrel in the Opera. There was a disposition to persecute a poor machinist in consequence of the failure of some decorations which he was preparing. Napoleon wrote to the Minister of Police, "I will not have wrangling anywhere. I will not suffer M—— to be the victim of an accident. My custom is to protect the unfortunate. Whether actresses ascend into the clouds or ascend not, I will not allow that to be made a handle for intriguing."

Severe and, as Napoleon thought, mischievous attacks were made in two of the public journals upon the philosophers. He wrote, "It is necessary to have discreet men at the head of those papers. Those two journals affect religion even to bigotry. Instead of attacking the excesses of the exclusive system of some philosophers, they attack philosophy and human knowledge. Instead of keeping the productions of the age within bounds by sound criticism, they discourage those productions, depreciate and debase them."

His admirable foresight and energy had soon provided the army with all the comforts which could be enjoyed in a rude encampment. The Russians, on the other hand, were almost starving. They wandered about in marauding bands, pillaging the villages, and committing the most frightful excesses. Sometimes, driven by hunger, they came even to the French encampments, and begged bread of the French soldiers. By signs they expressed that for several days they had eaten nothing. The soldiers received them as brothers, and fed them bountifully.

To promote industry in Paris, Napoleon gave

orders for an immense quantity of shoes, boots, harness, and gun carriages to be made there. To transport these articles from France to the heart of Poland, through hostile countries infested by prowling bands of shattered armies, he designed a plan as ingenious and effective as it was simple. He had been impressed, in the quagmires through which his army had advanced, with the little zeal which the drivers of the baggage-waggons evinced, and their want of courage in danger. He had previously with great success, given a military organization to the artillery-drivers. He now resolved to do the same with the baggage-drivers. These men, who had previously been but humble day-labourers, now became a proud corps of the army, with the honourable title of Battalion of the Train. They were dressed in uniform. A new sentiment of honour sprang up in their hearts. It was a two months' journey from Paris to the Vistula. They protected their equipages, freighted with treasure, and urged them on with the same zeal with which the artillerymen defended their guns, and the infantry and cavalry their flags. Animated by that enthusiasm which Napoleon had thus breathed into their hearts, they now appeared insensible to danger or fatigue.

Such were the multitudes of objects to which Napoleon directed his attention. The eyes of all Europe were fixed upon him during his encampment amid the snows of Poland. His enemies were awed by his energy and his achievements. His distant empire was as perfectly and as minutely under his government as if he were spending his days in his cabinet at the Tuilleries. Though thus laden with a burden of toil and care such as never before rested upon a mortal mind, rarely did he allow a day to pass without writing a line to Josephine. Often he sent to her twice a day a brief note of remembrance and love. The following are a few of his letters:—

"Posen, Dec. 2, 1806.

"It is the anniversary of Austerlitz. I have been to an assembly in the city. It rains. I am well. I love you and desire you. The Polish ladies are all French, but there is only one woman for me. Would you like to know her? I might, indeed, draw you her portrait, but I should have to flatter the portrait itself quite too much before you could recognise yourself in it. These nights here are long, all alone. Entirely thine,

"NAPOLEON."

"Posen, Dec. 3, 1806, noon.

"I have received yours of November the 26th. Two things I observe in it. You say I do not read your letters. This is an unkind thought. I do not thank you for so unfavourable an opinion. You also tell me that that neglect must be caused by some dream of another. And yet you add that you are not jealous. I have long observed that angry people insist that they are not angry; that those who are frightened say that they have no fear. You are thus convicted of jealousy. I am delighted. As to this matter, you are wrong. I think of anything

rather than that. In the deserts of Poland one has little opportunity to dream of beauty. I gave a ball yesterday to the nobility of the province. There were enough fine women, many richly, many badly dressed, although in Parisian fashion. Adieu, my love. I am well. Entirely thine,
"NAPOLEON."

"Posen, Dec. 3, 6 P.M.

"I have received your letter of November the 27th, in which I perceive that your little head is quite turned. I often recall the line,

"Woman's longing is a consuming flame."

You must calm yourself. I have written to you that I am in Poland, and that as soon as our winter quarters are established you can come. We must wait some days. The greater one becomes, the less can he have his own way. The ardour of your letter shows me that all you beautiful women recognise no barriers. Whatever you wish must be. As for me, I declare I am the veriest slave. My master has no compassion. That master is the nature of things. Adieu, my love. Be happy. The one of whom I wish to speak to you is Madame L—. Every one censures her. They assure me she is more a Prussian than a French woman. I do not believe it. But I think her a silly woman, and one who says only silly things. Thine entirely,
"NAPOLEON."

"Görlitz, Dec. 28, 1806, 5 A.M.

"I can write you but a word, my love. I am in a wretched barn. I have beaten the Russians. We have taken from them 36 pieces of cannon, their baggage, and 6,000 prisoners. The weather is dismal. It rains. We are in mud up to our knees. In two days we shall be at Warsaw, from which place I will write to you. Wholly thine,
"NAPOLEON."

"January 23, 1807.

I have received your letter of the 15th of January. It is impossible that I should permit ladies to undertake such a journey—wretched roads, miry and dangerous. Return to Paris. Be there cheerful, contented. I could but smile at your remark that you took a husband in order to live with him. I thought, in my ignorance, that woman was made for man; man for his country, his family, and glory. Pardon my ignorance. One is continually learning with our beautiful ladies. Adieu, my love. Think how much I suffer in not being able to call you here. Say to yourself, 'It is a proof how precious I am to him.'
"NAPOLEON."

Without date.

"My love!—Your letter of the 20th of January has given me much pain. It is too sad. Behold the evil of not being a little devout. You tell me that your happiness makes your glory. That is not generous. You ought to say, The happiness of others is my glory. That is not conjugal. You must say, The happiness of my husband is my glory. That is not maternal. You should say, The happiness of my children is my glory.

But since others, your husband, your children, cannot be happy without a little glory, you should not say *fiat* at it so much. Josephine, your heart is excellent, but your reason feeble. Your perceptions are exquisite, but your deliberations are less wise.

"Enough of fault-finding. I wish that you should be cheerful, contented with your lot, and that you should obey, not mourning and weeping, but with alacrity of heart and with some degree of satisfaction with all. Adieu, my love! I leave to-night to run through my advance posts.
"NAPOLEON."

From his rude encampment at Osterode he wrote, the 37th of March, "I desire, more strongly than you can, to see you, and to live in tranquillity. I am interested in other things besides war. But duty is paramount over all. All my life I have sacrificed tranquillity, interest, happiness, to my destiny."

The Emperor was exceedingly attached to the little Napoleon, to whom he often refers in his

He was the son of — and of his brother Louis. The boy, five years of age, was exceedingly beautiful, and developed all those energetic and magnanimous traits of character which would win, in the highest degree, the admiration of Napoleon. The Emperor had decided to make this young prince his heir. All thoughts of the divorce were now relinquished. Early in the spring of this year the child was suddenly taken sick of the croup and died. The sad tidings were conveyed to Napoleon in his cheerful stable at Osterode. It was a terrible blow to his hopes and to his affections. He sat down in silence, buried his face in his hands, and for a long time seemed lost in painful musings. No one ventured to disturb his grief.

Napoleon was now the most powerful monarch in Europe. But he was without an heir. His death would plunge France into anarchy, as ambitious chieftains, each surrounded by his partisans, would struggle for the throne. Mournfully and anxiously he murmured to himself, and again, "To whom shall I leave all this." Napoleon was ambitious. He wished to send down his name to posterity as the greatest benefactor France had ever known. To accomplish this, he was ready to sacrifice comfort, health, his affections, and that which he deemed least of all, his life. He — above all other created beings. He deceived himself by the belief that it would be indeed a noble sacrifice to France to bind, as an offering upon the altar of his country, even their nuptial love. He knew that the question of divorce would again arise. The struggle now resumed in his heart, between his love for Josephine and his desire to found a stable dynasty, and to transmit his name to posterity, was fearful. Strong as was his self-control, his anguish was betrayed by his pallid cheek, his restless eye, his loss of appetite and of sleep.

To Josephine, apprehensive of the result, the bereavement was inexpressibly dreadful. Over-

DEATH OF HORTENSE'S ELDEST CHILD.

whelmed with anguish, she wept day and night. This little boy, Charles Napoleon, Prince Royal of Holland, died at the Hague, the 6th of May, 1807. He was the elder brother of Louis Napoleon, now Emperor of the French. Upon receiving the intelligence of his death, Napoleon thus wrote to Josephine:—

"May 14, 1807.

"I can appreciate the grief which the death of poor Napoleon has caused you. You can understand the anguish which I experience. I could wish that I were with you, that you might become moderate and discreet in your grief. You have had the happiness of never losing any children. But it is one of the conditions and sorrows attached to suffering humanity. Let me hear that you have become reasonable and tranquil. Would you magnify my anguish? Adieu, my love.

"NAPOLEON."

In the following terms he wrote to Hortense:—

"My daughter!—Everything which reaches me from the Hague informs me that you are unreasonable. However legitimate may be your grief, it should have its bounds. Do not impair your health. Seek consolation. Know that life is strewn with so many dangers, and may be the source of so many calamities, that death is by no means the greatest of evils.

"Your affectionate father,

"NAPOLEON."

"Finkenstien, May 20, 1807."

Four days after he thus wrote to Josephine:—

"May 24, 1807.

"I have received your letter from Lacken. I see, with pain, that your grief is still unabated, and that Hortense is not yet with you. She is unreasonable, and merits not to be loved, since she loves but her children. Strive to calm yourself, and give me no more pain. For every irremediable evil we must find consolation. Adieu, my love. Wholly thine,

"NAPOLEON."

Again he writes to Hortense, on the 2nd of June:—

"My daughter!—You have not written me one word in your just and great grief. You have forgotten everything, as if you had no other loss to endure. I am informed that you no longer love—that you are indifferent to everything. I perceive it by your silence. That is not right. It is not what you promised me. Your mother and I are nothing, then. Had I been at Malmaison, I should have shared your anguish; but I should also wish that you would restore yourself to your best friends. Adieu, my daughter. Be cheerful. We must learn resignation. Cherish your health, that you may be able to fulfil all your duties. My wife is very sad in view of your condition. Do not add to her anguish.

"Your affectionate father,

NAPOLEON."

Again he wrote:—

"My daughter!—I have received your letter dated Orleans. Your griefs touch my heart. But I would wish that you would summon more fortitude. To live is to suffer. The sincere man struggles incessantly to gain the victory over himself. I do not love to see you unjust towards the little Louis Napoleon, and towards all your friends. Your mother and I cherish the hope to be more in your heart than we are. I gained a great victory on the 14th of June. I am well, and I love you intensely. Adieu, my daughter! I embrace you with my whole heart.

"NAPOLEON."

While Napoleon was encamped upon the snows of Poland, waiting for the return of spring, all his energies of body and mind were incessantly active. Often he made the rounds of his cantonments, riding upon horseback ninety miles a day, through storms, and snow, and mire. He was daily in correspondence with his agents for the recruiting of his army, and for the transport of the enormous supplies which they required. He kept a watchful eye upon everything transpiring in Paris, and guided all the movements of the government there. During the long winter nights he was ruminating upon the general policy he should adopt in disarming enemies, in rewarding friends, in forming alliances, and in shielding France from further insults.

England now made the desperate endeavour to force Turkey into the alliance against France. Failing entirely to accomplish this by diplomacy, she resorted to measures which no one has had the boldness to defend. An English fleet forced the Dardanelles, scorning the feeble batteries of the Turks. The squadron anchored in front of Constantinople, with its guns pointed at its thronged dwellings. The summons was laconic:—"Dismiss the French minister, surrender your fleet to us, and join our alliance against France, or in one half-hour we will lay your city in ashes."

But Napoleon had placed in Constantinople an ambassador equal to the emergency. General Sebastiani roused all the vigour of the Turkish government. He beguiled the foe into a parley. While this parley was protracted day after day, the whole population of the city—men, women, and children, Turks, Greeks, and Armenians—threw themselves into the work of rearing defences. French engineers guided the labourers. In less than a week 917 pieces of cannon and 200 mortars were frowning upon the batteries. The squadron was now compelled to retreat. With difficulty it forced its way back through the Strait, pelted all the way by the feeble batteries of the Turks. The English lost in this audacious expedition two hundred and fifty men. The Turks, thus influenced, became more cordially allied to France. Napoleon was extremely gratified at the result.

Twenty-five thousand of the Allies had invaded themselves in Dantzic. The conquest

of the city was a matter of great moment to Napoleon. The conduct of the siege was intrusted to Marshal Lefebvre. He was a brave officer, but an ignorant man. He was extremely impatient of the slow progress of the engineers, and was restless to head his troops and rush to the assault. Napoleon, with his head-quarters about a hundred miles from Dantzic, kept up a daily correspondence with his marshal upon the progress of the works. It frequently, during the siege, became necessary for Napoleon personally to interpose to settle disputes between Marshal Lefebvre and his officers. The following letter to the impetuous soldier finely develops the prudence and the candour of the Emperor:—

"You can do nothing but find fault, abuse our allies, and change your opinion at the pleasure of the first comer. You wanted troops. I sent you them. I am preparing more for you; and you, like an ingrate, continue to complain, without thinking even of thanking me. You treat our allies, especially the Poles and the Baden troops, without any delicacy. They are not used to stand fire; but they will get accustomed to it. Do you imagine that we were as brave in '92 as we are now, after fifteen years of war? Have some indulgence, then, old soldier as you are, for the young soldiers who are starting in the career, and who have not yet your coolness in danger. The Prince of Baden, whom you have with you, has chosen to leave the pleasures of the court for the purpose of leading his troops into fire.

"Pay him respect, and give him credit for a zeal which his equals rarely imitate. The breasts of your grenadiers, which you are for bringing in everywhere, will not throw down walls. You must allow your engineers to act, and listen to the advice of General Chasseloup, who is a man of science, and from whom you ought not to withdraw your confidence at the suggestion of the first petty cavalier, pretending to judge of what he is incapable of comprehending. Reserve the courage of your grenadiers for the moment when science shall tell you that it may be usefully employed; and, in the meantime, learn patience. It is not worth while, for the sake of a few days—which, besides, I know not how to employ just now—to get some thousand men killed whose lives it is possible to spare. Show the calmness, the consistency, the steadiness which befit your age. Your glory is in taking Dantzic. Take that place, and you shall be satisfied with me."

On the 26th of May, Dantzic capitulated, after a terrific conflict of fifty-one days. From the abundant stores which the Allies had gathered there, Napoleon immediately sent a million of bottles of wine to his troops in their cantonments. While the snows were melting, and the frost yielding to the returning sun of spring, it was hardly possible for either army to resume hostilities. The heavy cannon could not be drawn through the miry roads. Though Napoleon was fifteen hundred miles from his capital, in a

hostile country, and with Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and England combined against him, his genius, his foresight, his indefatigable activity, supplied his troops with every comfort. The allied army was, on the contrary, suffering every privation. The starving soldiers, to appease the cravings of want, desolated extended tracts of country with violence and plunder.

The allied army now consisted of 14,000 men, of which 100,000 could be speedily concentrated upon a field of battle. Napoleon, with 400,000 men dispersed along his extended line of march, and stationed in the fortresses of his wide frontier, could, in a few days, concentrate 160,000 men upon any spot between the Niemen and the Vistula. With his accustomed vigilance and forecast, early in May he ordered all the divisions of his army to take the field, and to be daily exercised in preparation for the resumption of hostilities.

Early in June the Allies made a sudden rush from their intrenchments, hoping to surround and overwhelm the division of Marshal Ney. This was the signal for Napoleon's whole army, extended along a line of one hundred and fifty miles, to advance and to concentrate. They did advance. The opposing hosts everywhere met. The roar of musketry and of artillery, the rush of squadrons, and the clash of sabres, resounded by day and by night. Napoleon had matured all his plans. With iron energy he drove on to the result. By skilful manœuvring, he everywhere outnumbered his foes. Over mountains, across rivers, through defiles and forests, he pursued the retiring foe.

Field after field was red with blood. Mothers, with their babes, fled from their homes before the sweep of this awful avalanche of woe. In each village the Russians made a stand. For an hour the tempest of war roared and flashed around the doomed dwellings. The crash of cannon balls, the explosion of shells, the storm of bullets speedily did its work. From the smouldering ruins the panting, bleeding Russians fled. In the blazing streets horsemen and footmen met, hand to hand, in the desperate fight. Ten thousand homes were utterly desolated. Women and children were struck by bullets and balls. Fields of grain were trampled in the mire. Still the storm of war swept on and swept on, mercilessly and unrelentingly. Regardless of prayers and tears, and blood and woe, barbarian Russians fled and ferocious Frenchmen pursued.

Every vile man on earth loves the army and the license of war. No earthly power can restrain the desperadoes who throng the rank and file of contending hosts. From such an inundation of depraved and reckless men there is no escape. The farmhouse, the village, the city is alike exposed. Humanity shudders in contemplating the atrocities which are perpetrated. The carnage of the field of battle is the very least of the calamities of war. Napoleon was indefatigable in his efforts. His energy appeared superhuman. He seemed neither to eat, nor

sleep, nor rest. He was regardless of rain, of mud, of darkness, of storms. Horse after horse sunk beneath him, as with his staff, like a whirlwind, he swept along his lines, rousing, animating, energizing his mighty hosts, advancing over a space of fifty leagues.

It was on the 5th of June that the storm of war commenced. Day and night it continued unabated, as the Russians, fighting with desperation, sullenly retreated before their foes. On the 10th the Allies had concentrated, upon the field of Heilsberg, on the banks of the river Alle, 90,000 men. Here they planted themselves firmly behind intrenchments, fortified by five hundred pieces of heavy artillery. These were loaded to the muzzle with grape-shot to mow down the French advancing over the open plain.

In utter recklessness of life, 30,000 Frenchmen, rending the skies with their loud hurrahs, rushed upon the muzzles of these guns. Murat and Ney headed the desperate assault. Napoleon was not there to witness a scene of butchery so inexcusable. The Russian batteries opened the bare bosoms of these moving masses, and the whole heads of columns were swept away. Still on and on the impetuous host rushed, with oaths and shouts, wading through blood, and trampling over piles of the slain. They pour over the intrenchments, sabre the gunners, and shout victory.

Suddenly the tramp of iron hoofs is heard. Trumpets sound the charge. A squadron of horse, ten thousand strong, sweeps down upon the French with resistless plunge. The shout of victory sinks away into the wall of death. The French who had scaled the ramparts were overwhelmed, annihilated. Thus the tide of battle ebbed and flowed all day long. Night came. Dense volumes of smoke canopied the field of demoniac war with the sulphurous gloom of the world of woe. By the light of the cannon's flash the surges of battle still rolled to and fro. Clouds gathered in the black sky. A dismal rain began to fall, as if Nature herself wept over the crimes of the children of earth. Midnight came. The booming of the guns gradually ceased, as the soldiers, utterly exhausted with a conflict of twelve hours, threw themselves, amid the dying and the dead, upon the storm-drenched and gory ground. Late in the night Napoleon came galloping upon the field. He was exceedingly displeased at the senseless butchery to which his impetuous generals had led the men.

The dawn of a gloomy morning of wind and rain revealed to both armies an awful spectacle. The two hostile hosts were within half cannon shot of each other. The narrow space between was covered with eighteen thousand of the dead and wounded. All the dead and many of the wounded had been stripped entirely naked by those wretches, both male and female, who ever, in great numbers, follow in the wake of armies for such plunder. These naked bodies, crimsoned with gore, mutilated by balls and by ghastly sabre strokes, presented an aspect of war stripped

of all its pageantry. By mutual, instinctive consent, both parties laid aside their guns, and hastened to the relief of the wounded and to the burial of the dead. How strange the scene! Russians and Frenchmen were now mingled together upon the same field, in perfect amity, vying with each other in deeds of kindness.

Each army then resumed its position to renew the fight. The Russians rallied behind their intrenchments, the French upon the open plain. Napoleon, ever anxious to spare the needless effusion of blood, so skillfully manoeuvred, preparing to attack his foes in the rear, that the Russians were soon compelled, without the firing of a gun, to abandon their position and to continue their retreat. All the night of the 12th of June the Russians were precipitately retreating. Though dreadfully fatigued, they continued their flight the whole of the next day. They were compelled to make another stand upon the plain of Friedland. Their doom was sealed. Napoleon had driven them into the elbow of a river, and had so skillfully drawn together his forces as to render their escape impossible.

Early in the morning of the 14th the battle of Friedland commenced. The division of Lannes was in advance. The Russian army fell upon it with the utmost energy, hoping to secure its destruction before the other divisions of the French army could come to its relief. Napoleon was ten miles distant when he heard the first deep booming of the cannon. He sent in every direction for his battalions to hasten to the scene of conflict. At noon Napoleon galloped upon the heights which overlooked the field. As he saw the position of the enemy, hemmed in by the bend of the river, and his own troops marching up on every side, a gleam of joy lighted up his features.

"This," he exclaimed, "is the 14th of June. It is the anniversary of Marengo. It is a lucky day for us."

The French, during the morning, had been contending against fearful odds. Lannes, with 26,000 men, had withstood the assault of the whole Russian army of 80,000. As Napoleon appeared upon the heights, General Oudinot, plunging his spurs into his horse, hastened to the Emperor, exclaiming, "Make haste, sire! My grenadiers are utterly exhausted. But give me a reinforcement, and I will drive all the Russians into the river." The clothes of the intrepid soldier were perforated with balls, and his horse was covered with blood. Napoleon glanced proudly at him, and then, with his glass, carefully and silently surveyed the field of battle. One of his officers ventured to suggest that it would be best to defer the battle for a few hours, until the rest of the troops had arrived and had obtained a little rest. "No, no," Napoleon replied energetically; "one does not catch an enemy twice in such a scrape."

Calling his lieutenants around him, he explained to them his plan of attack with that laconic force and precision of language which no man has ever surpassed. Grasping the arm of

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Marshal Ney, and pointing to the little town of Friedland, and the dense masses of Russians crowded before it, he said emphatically—

"Yonder is the goal. March to it without looking about you. Break into that thick mass, whatever it costs. Enter Friedland; take the bridges, and give yourself no concern about what may happen on your right, your left, or your rear. The army and I shall be there to attend to that."

Ney, proud of the desperate enterprise assigned him, set out on the gallop to head his troops. Napoleon followed with his eye this "bravest of the brave." Impressed by his martial attitude, he exclaimed, "That man is a lion." Ney's division of 14,000 men, with a solid tramp which seemed to shake the plain, hurled itself upon the foe. At the same signal the whole French line advanced. It was a spectacle of awful sublimity. One incessant roar of battle, louder than the heaviest thunders, shook the plain. Napoleon stood in the centre of the divisions which he held in reserve. A large cannon ball came whistling over their heads, just above the bayonets of the troops. A young soldier instinctively dodged. Napoleon looked at him, and, smiling, said, "My friend, if that ball were intended for you, though you were to burrow a hundred feet under ground, it would be sure to find you there."

Friedland was soon in flames, and Ney in possession of its blazing dwellings and its blood-stained streets. As the darkness of night came on, the scene was indescribably awful. The Russians, having lost 25,000 men in killed and wounded, retreated towards the river, pursued by the victorious French, who were ploughing their ranks incessantly with grape-shot, musketry, and cannon balls. The bridges were all destroyed. A frightful spectacle of wreck and ruin was now presented. The retreating army plunged into the stream. Some found fords, and, wading breast high, reached the opposite bank, and planted anew their batteries; thousands were swept away by the current. The shore, for miles, was lined with the bodies of drowned men. A storm of bullets swept the river, crowded with the fugitives, and the water ran red with blood.

The allied army was now utterly destroyed. It was impossible to make any further opposition to the advance of Napoleon. The broken bands of the vanquished retired precipitately across the Niemen, and took refuge in the wilds of Russia. The Russian generals and the Russian army now clamoured loudly for peace. Alexander sent a messenger to Napoleon imploring an armistice. Napoleon promptly replied that, after so much fatigue, toil, and suffering, he desired nothing so much as a safe and honourable peace, and that most cordially he consented to an armistice, hoping that it might secure that desirable end. Thus in ten days the campaign was terminated. Napoleon thus addressed his army:—

"Soldiers! On the 5th of June we were attacked in our cantonments by the Russian army. The enemy had mistaken the cause of

our inactivity. He perceived too late that our repose was that of the lion. He repents of having disturbed it. In a campaign of ten days we have taken 120 pieces of cannon, seven colours, and have killed, wounded, or taken prisoners 60,000 Russians. We have taken from the enemy's army all its magazines, its hospitals, its ambulances, the fortress of Königsberg, the 300 vessels which were in that port, laden with all kinds of military stores, and 160,000 muskets, which England was sending to arm our enemies. From the banks of the Vistula we have come, with the speed of the eagle, to those of the Niemen. At Austerlitz you celebrated the anniversary of the coronation. At Friedland you have worthily celebrated the battle of Marengo, where we put an end to the war of the second coalition.

"Frenchmen! You have been worthy of yourselves and of me. You will return to France covered with laurels, having obtained a glorious peace, which carries with it the guarantee of its duration. It is time for our country to live in repose, sheltered from the malignant influences of England. My bounties shall prove to you my gratitude, and the full extent of the love which I feel for you."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE PEACE OF TILSIT.

Proposals for peace—Raft at Tilsit—Intimacy of Napoleon and Alexander—The king of Prussia—Chagrin of the Queen—Treaty of Tilsit—Unfair representations of English historians—Return to Paris—General rejoicing.

UPON the banks of the Niemen, which separates the rest of Europe from the boundless wastes of the Russian empire, Napoleon arrested the march of his triumphant columns. But twenty months had now elapsed since he left the camp of Boulogne. In that time he had traversed the Continent and conquered all the armies of combined Europe. The storms of winter had passed away. The beauty of summer was blooming around him. His soldiers, flushed with victory, and adoring their chieftain, were ready to follow wherever he should lead. But his enemies were incapable of any further resistance. Alexander and Frederick William, in the extreme of dejection, were on the northern bank of the river, with about 70,000 men, the broken bands of their armies. These troops, having lost most of their artillery and munitions of war, were utterly dispirited. On the other bank the eagles of Napoleon fluttered proudly over 170,000 victors.

Upon the left bank of the Niemen there is the little town of Tilsit. It contains about ten thousand inhabitants. Napoleon had just arrived in this place when a letter was placed in his hands from Alexander, proposing an armistice. Napoleon had now been absent from the capital of his empire nearly a year, enduring inconceivable toils and hardships. With the utmost cordiality he accepted the proffered advances. Marshal Kalreuth appeared, in behalf of the Prussians, to

MEETING OF THE TWO EMPERORS AT TILSIT.

implore the clemency of the conqueror. Napoleon received him with great courtesy, and said, "You alone, of the Prussian officers, have treated the French prisoners humanely. On this account, and as a mark of my esteem and gratitude, I consent to a suspension of arms, without requiring the delivery of the remaining Prussian fortresses."

The Niemen alone now separated the belligerent armies. But Napoleon, with characteristic caution, concentrated his forces, reared an intrenched camp, collected immense stores, and posted the divisions of his army just as if the war had not been interrupted. The two vanquished sovereigns were now in great haste to open negotiations. The first interview was appointed for the 25th of June.

It is not often that the mathematical and the poetical elements combine in the same mind. They did so, in the most extraordinary degree, in the mind of Napoleon. No one ever had a richer appreciation than he of beauty and of sublimity. He felt the impress of moral grandeur, and he well knew how to place that impress upon other hearts. The two most powerful sovereigns in the world were to meet, in friendly converse, to decide whether war should still desolate Europe. For a year their armies had been engaged in one of the most sanguinary conflicts earth had ever witnessed. These hosts, consisting in the aggregate of more than two hundred thousand men, were now facing each other, separated but by a narrow stream. The eyes of all Europe were riveted upon the astonishing scene. Napoleon fully realised the grandeur of the occasion. With his accustomed tact, he seized upon it to produce an impression never to be forgotten.

He ordered a large and magnificent raft to be moored in the middle of the Niemen, equidistant from both banks of the river. The raft was carpeted, and ornamented with the richest decorations. Upon one part a gorgeous pavilion was erected. No expense was spared to invest the construction with the most imposing magnificence. The two armies were drawn up upon each shore. Thousands of people from the neighbouring country had thronged to the spot to witness the extraordinary spectacle. God seemed to smile upon this scene of reconciliation. The sun rose brilliantly into the cloudless sky, and the balmy atmosphere of one of the most lovely of June mornings invigorated all hearts.

At one o'clock precisely the thunders of artillery rose sublimely from either shore as each Emperor, accompanied by a few of his principal officers, stepped into a boat on his own side of the river. The numerous and gorgeously-apparelled suite of the respective monarchs followed in a boat immediately after their sovereigns. The main raft was intended solely for Napoleon and Alexander. Two smaller rafts, also of beautiful construction, were anchored at a short distance from the imperial retinue. Napoleon reached the raft first, and immediately crossed it to receive Alexander. The two Emperors cordially embraced each other. Every

man in both armies was gazing upon them. Instantly a shout arose from two hundred thousand voices, which filled the air like a peal of sublimest thunder. Even the roar of nearly a thousand pieces of artillery was drowned in that exultant acclaim.

The two Emperors entered the pavilion together. The first words which Alexander uttered were—

"I hate the English as much as you do. I am ready to second you in all your enterprises against them."

"In that case," Napoleon replied, "everything will be easily arranged, and peace is already made."

The interview lasted two hours. Napoleon, with his brilliant genius, possessed powers of fascination which few could resist. Alexander was perfectly entranced. "Never," said he afterwards, "did I love any man as I loved that man." "You and I," said Napoleon "shall understand each other better if we treat directly than by employing our ministers. We shall advance business more in an hour than our negotiators in several days. Between you and me there must be no third person."

Alexander was but thirty years of age. He was extremely ambitious. To be thus addressed by one whose renown filled the world was in the highest degree gratifying to the vanquished monarch. Napoleon proposed that they should both establish themselves in the little town of Tilsit, which should be neutralized to receive Alexander. There they could at any hour, in person, engage in business. The proposal was eagerly accepted. It was agreed that the very next day, Alexander, with his guard, should occupy one part of Tilsit, and Napoleon the other. Napoleon immediately ordered the most sumptuous arrangements to be made for the accommodation of the Russian Emperor. Furniture of the richest construction was sent to his apartments, and he was provided with every luxury.

On the morning of the next day the two Emperors met again upon the raft. The unfortunate King of Prussia accompanied Alexander. Frederick William was a dull, uninteresting, awkward man, with no graces of person or of mind. He had unjustly provoked the war. His kingdom was in the hands of the conqueror. He could receive nothing but what Napoleon, in compassion, might condescend to restore. Alexander could treat on terms of equality. His kingdom was not yet invaded. All its resources were still under his control. The interview was short, lasting but half an hour. It was extremely embarrassing upon the part of the King of Prussia. He tried to frame some apologies for drawing the sword against France. Napoleon was too generous to wound his humbled foe by reproaches. He merely said that it was a great calamity that the Court of Berlin should have allowed itself, by the intrigues of England, to embroil the Continent in war. It was decided that the King of Prussia

also come to Tilsit, to reside with his ally, Alexander. Both parties then returned to their respective sides of the water.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, Alexander again crossed the Niemen to take up his residence in Tilsit. Napoleon went to the water's edge to receive him. They met like friends of long standing. Napoleon was especially courteous and cordial. Alexander was greeted with all the honour which the French army could confer. He was conducted to his quarters amid the discharges of artillery and the acclamations of a countless host. Alexander dined with Napoleon. The highest honours and the most delicate attentions were lavished upon him. It was immediately settled that the Russian Emperor should take all his meals with Napoleon. Alexander was a gentleman of highly polished address, exhibiting all that grace and elegance which gave such a peculiar charm to the *salons* of Paris. He was entirely dazzled by the grandeur and the fascinations of Napoleon, and was willingly led captive by one who could conquer hearts even more easily than he could vanquish armies.

The two Emperors took long rides every day, side by side, upon the banks of the Niemen, conversing with the utmost frankness. Their intimacy became so extraordinary, that not only did they dine together, but nearly every hour they were with each other, arranging the complicated conditions of the treaty into which they were about to enter. The officers and soldiers of the two armies, witnessing the perfect cordiality between the two Emperors, vied also with each other in testimonials of esteem and friendship. *Fêtes* and entertainments succeeded each other in rapid order, and the two encampments were united in the kindest ties of brotherhood. The Emperors, as they rode in company along the ranks of both armies, were received with the liveliest acclamations. Shouts of "Vive Alexander!" "Vive Napoleon!" were harmoniously blended. "My soldiers," said Napoleon to the Czar, "are as brave as it is possible to be, but they are too much addicted to reasoning on their position. If they had the impassible firmness and docility of the Russians, the world would be too small for their exploits."

One morning Napoleon and Alexander were walking out together, when they passed a French sentinel, who respectfully presented arms. The grenadier had a hideous scar upon his face, caused by a long and deep sabre gash, extending from his forehead to his chin. Napoleon looked at the man kindly for a moment, and then said to Alexander—

"Sire, my brother, what think you of soldiers who can survive such wounds as that?"

Alexander fixed his eyes upon the wound, and replied, "And you, sire, my brother, what think you of soldiers who can give such wounds?"

The grenadier murmured, in a grave voice, without changing a feature of his cast-iron face, "They are all dead—they are."

For a moment Alexander was embarrassed,

and then turning to Napoleon, very courteously replied—"Here, my brother, as elsewhere, the victory remains with you."

"Here, as elsewhere," Napoleon most aptly rejoined, "it is to my soldiers that I am indebted for victory."

The Emperors often spent hours together with the map of the world spread out before them. Alexander became quite entranced with the new and brilliant thoughts which Napoleon suggested to his mind. It was Napoleon's great object to withdraw Alexander from the alliance with England, and to secure his cordial co-operation with France.

"What," said he, one day, "are the objects at which England aims? She wishes to rule the seas, which are the property of all nations; to oppress neutral flags, to monopolize commerce, to compel other nations to pay for colonial produce whatever price she demands, to plant her foot upon the Continent wherever she can—in Portugal, in Denmark, in Sweden; to take possession of the dominant points of the globe, the Cape of Good Hope, Gibraltar, Malta, and the entrance to the Baltic, that she may impose her laws upon the whole trading world. She is now endeavouring to conquer Egypt. And recently, if she had obtained possession of the Dardanelles, what would she have done with them?"

"I am accused of being fond of war. It is not so. I am ready instantly to prove it. Be you my mediator with the cabinet of London. That character befits your position as the former ally of England and the future ally of France. I am willing to give up Malta. Great Britain may keep that island in compensation for what I have acquired since the rupture of the peace of Amiens. But let her, in her turn, give up the colonies which she has wrested from my allies, Spain and Holland. I will then restore Hanover to her. Are not these conditions just, perfectly equitable? Can I accept others? Can I desert my allies? And when I am willing to sacrifice my conquests on the Continent to recover for my allies their lost possessions, is it possible to dispute my probity and moderation?"

"If England refuse these terms, she ought to be forced to submit. It is not right that she should keep the world continually harassed by war. We have the means of compelling her to peace. If England refuse these just terms, proclaim yourself the ally of France. Declare that you will join your forces with hers to secure a maritime peace. Let England know that, besides war with France, she will have a war with the whole Continent, with Russia, with Prussia, with Denmark, with Sweden, and with Portugal, all which Powers must obey when we signify our will to them. Austria must speak in the same spirit when she finds that she must have war with England or with us. England, then exposed to a universal war—if she will not conclude an equitable peace—England will lay down her arms."

"You are to act as a mediator with England for me. I will act the same part with the Porte

for you. If the Porte refuse to treat on equitable terms, I will unite with you against the Turks. Then we will make a suitable partition of the Ottoman Empire."

Alexander was thrown, by these magnificent conceptions, into almost a delirium of enthusiasm. He yielded himself, without resistance, to the fascinations of the master-mind which had now obtained an entire ascendancy over him. He was never weary of expressing his unbounded admiration of Napoleon. To those who approached he incessantly exclaimed, "What a great man! what a genius! What extensive views! What a captain! what a statesman! Had I known him sooner, from how many errors he might have saved me! What great things we might have accomplished together!"

The unfortunate King of Prussia was truly an object of great commiseration. With neither an empire nor an army, he was but a suppliant for such alms as the generosity of Napoleon might confer upon him. He was lonely and dejected, and was quite an incumbrance in the way of his crowned companions. Napoleon treated him with great delicacy and respect. Said Napoleon at St. Helena,

"Almost every day at Tilsit the two Emperors and the King of Prussia rode out together on horseback. Napoleon rode in the middle between the two sovereigns. Frederick William could hardly keep pace with the two Emperors, or, deeming himself an intruder on their *ête-à-ête*, generally fell behind. Alexander was sometimes fatigued with his companion, whose chagrin was so evident that it damped our satisfaction. We broke up, in consequence, our dinner parties at an early hour, under pretence of business at home. Alexander and I remained behind to take tea together, and generally prolonged the conversation till past midnight."

In these long interviews the fate of Turkey was a continual topic of conversation. The Moslem empire was rapidly crumbling to decay. Alexander was exceedingly desirous to drive the Turks out of Europe, and take possession of Constantinople. Napoleon was irreconcilably opposed to this plan. He felt that it was giving the dreaded Colossus of the North altogether too much power. He was willing that Russia should take the provinces on the Danube, but could not be persuaded to allow Alexander to pass the range of the Balkan Mountains, and annex to his realms the proud city of Constantinople.

One day, having returned from a ride, the two Emperors shut themselves up in the writing cabinet, where numerous maps were spread out. Napoleon requested his secretary, M. Meneval, to bring him a map of Turkey. Clapping his finger upon Constantinople, he exclaimed with great earnestness, as if repeating a conversation, "Constantinople! Constantinople! never! 'tis the empire of the world!"

"All the Emperor Alexander's thoughts," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "are directed to the fate of Turkey. We have had many dis-

cussions about it. At first I was pleased with his proposals, because I thought it would enlighten the world to drive these brutes, the Turks, out of Europe. But when I reflected upon its consequences, and saw what a tremendous weight of power it would give to Russia, on account of the number of Greeks in the Turkish dominions who would naturally join the Russians, I refused to consent to it, especially as Alexander wanted to get Constantinople, which I would not allow, as it would destroy the equilibrium of power in Europe."

"A dispensation of Providence," said Napoleon to Alexander at Tilsit, "has set me at liberty in regard to the Porte. My ally and friend, Sultan Selim, has been hurled from the throne into confinement. I did think that one might make something of these Turks; restore to them some energy; teach them to make use of their natural courage. 'Tis an illusion. It is time to put an end to an empire which can no longer hold together, and to prevent its spoils from contributing to increase the power of England."

The Queen of Prussia came to Tilsit with her husband, hoping, by her extraordinary charms of person and of manner, to secure more favourable terms from the conqueror. She was one of the most brilliant of women, retaining, at the age of thirty-two, that surpassing loveliness which had made her the admiration of Europe.

"The Queen of Prussia," said Napoleon, "unquestionably possessed talents, great information, and singular acquaintance with affairs. She was the real sovereign for fifteen years. In truth, in spite of my address and utmost efforts, she constantly led the conversation, returned at pleasure to her subject, and directed it as she chose, but still with so much tact and delicacy that it was impossible to take offence."

"Had the Queen of Prussia arrived earlier at our conferences, it might have had much influence upon the result of our negotiations. But, happily, she did not make her appearance till all was settled. As soon as she arrived I went to pay her a visit. She was very beautiful, but somewhat past the first flower of youth. After all, a fine woman and gallantry are not to be weighed against affairs of state."

He wrote to Josephine: "The Queen of Prussia is really a charming woman. She is fond of coquetting with me; but do not be jealous. I am like a cerecloth, along which everything of this sort slides without penetrating. It would cost me too dear to play the gallant."

The unhappy Queen was violently agitated when she found that her efforts had been of no avail, and that all was concluded. As Napoleon conducted her down stairs at the close of their final dinner, she stopped, gazed earnestly into his eyes, pressed his hand, and said,

"Is it possible that, after having had the good fortune to be so near the hero of the age, he has not left me the satisfaction of being able to assure him that he has attached me to him for ever?"

"Madame," Napoleon replied, "I lament that it is so. It is my evil destiny."

When she reached her carriage, she threw herself into it, buried her face in her hands, and departed sobbing most bitterly. The grief of the unhappy Queen wore so heavily upon her spirits that she soon sank into the grave. Her persuasions had roused Prussia to the war, and her lott spirit could not brook the ruin she had thus drawn upon her country and her house.

The treaty concluded upon this occasion has become famous in history as the "Treaty of Tilsit." The King of Prussia had about one-half of his empire restored to him. The portion wrested from Poland, in the infamous partition of that empire, was organized into a Polish state, called the Duchy of Warsaw, and was placed under the protection of the King of Saxony. Napoleon liberated all the serfs, entirely abolished slavery, established perfect liberty of conscience in matters of religion, and rescued the Jews from all oppression. The inhabitants of the duchy were overjoyed in being thus emancipated from Prussian rule and restored to comparative independence.

Napoleon earnestly desired the complete re-establishment of Poland; but he could not induce Alexander to consent to the plan. The pro-

l into the kingdom of Westphalia, and assigned to Jerome Bonaparte. The kingdom of Prussia was reduced from nine millions of inhabitants to five millions; her revenue of one hundred and twenty millions of francs was diminished to seventy millions. Alexander recognised the Confederation of the Rhine, and also acknowledged the Kings of Naples, Holland, and Westphalia. Russia agreed to mediate with England, and France engaged to mediate with the Porte, for the restoration of peace throughout the world. Alexander and Napoleon also entered into a mutual alliance, offensive and defensive. Such

Thus Napoleon endeavoured to strengthen his own position, and to protect himself from any farther attacks from the north.

Some accused Napoleon of weakness and folly in leaving Prussia so powerful when she was entirely at his mercy. Others accused him of ambition and arrogance in despoiling her of so large a portion of her resources. Impartial history will decide that, considering the circumstances in which he was placed, he acted not only with much wisdom and moderation, but also with great magnanimity. He manifested no spirit of revenge for the wrongs which he had received. He endeavoured only to shield himself from future attacks.

Immediately after the conclusion of this treaty, in which Napoleon manifested so little disposition to aggrandize France as to excite the wonder even of his most hostile historians, he sent for Savary, and said to him, "I have concluded peace. I am told that I have done wrong, and that I shall find myself deceived. But truly we have had war enough. It is time that the world should enjoy

I wish to send you to St. Petersburg

until I make choice of an ambassador. I will give you a letter to Alexander which will serve as your credentials. You will manage the business for me. Recollect that I do not wish to go to war with any Power whatever. Let this principle be the guide of your conduct. I shall be much displeased if you do not avoid drawing me into fresh difficulties. In your conversation, carefully avoid anything that may be offensive. For instance, never speak of war. Do not condemn any custom or comment upon any absurdity. Every nation has its peculiarities. It is too much the habit of the French to compare all customs with their own, and to set themselves up as models. You know how I have been deceived by the Austrians and Prussians. I place confidence in the Emperor of Russia."

Napoleon had now been absent from France nearly a year. Upon the banks of the Niemen he was fifteen hundred miles from his capital. The Continent was now at peace. At this moment Napoleon was in the zenith of his power. Europe, dazzled by his genius and vanquished by his armies, was compelled to recognise his crown. England alone, protected by her invincible fleet, and triumphantly sweeping all seas, refused to sheathe the sword. She still exerted all her

coalitions against the foe she so relentlessly pursued. Notwithstanding England's sovereignty of the seas, the genius of Napoleon had placed her in an unenviable position. The haughty bearing of that government had rendered England universally unpopular. Says Hazlitt, "As to the complaints urged by the French ruler against the encroachments, the insolence, and the rapacity of England, as a maritime Power, nothing could be more just." Europe was now ready to combine to compel England to recognise the rights of other nations, and to sheathe her dripping sword. But proudly this majestic Power, in her inaccessible domain, gathered her fleets around her, and bade defiance to the combined world.

On Napoleon's return journey, when he had arrived at Dresden, the capital of the kingdom of Saxony, he wrote to Josephine:—

"I reached this city last evening, at five o'clock, very well, though I had been in my carriage, without leaving it, one hundred hours. I am with the King of Saxony. I like him much. I have now traversed half the distance which has separated us. It will happen, one of these beautiful nights, I shall burst into St. Cloud like a jealous husband. I forewarn you of it. It will give me the most intense pleasure again to see you. Entirely thine
"NAPOLEON."

At six o'clock in the morning of the 27th of July, the cannon of the Invalides, reverberating through the metropolis, announced to the overjoyed Parisians the return of their Emperor. With his accustomed disregard of all personal comfort, and his characteristic avoidance of all empty pomp, he had travelled through the night, and entered his capital, unannounced, at that early hour of the morning. The tidings

passed through the city like an electric flash. Spontaneous rejoicings filled all the streets. Napoleon had rescued France from the abyss of anarchy and want, and placed her upon the very pinnacle of prosperity and glory. Bourbonist and democrat, friend and enemy, alike admitted this. As the day passed away and the evening twilight faded, every window, by popular concert, blazed with illuminations. But Napoleon tarried not in the city to receive these congratulations. Without the delay of an hour he repaired to St. Cloud, where he assembled the ministers before him, and immediately entered upon business, as if he had just returned from a short tour for recreation.

The confidence of the public in the stability of Napoleon's power may be inferred from the rate of the public funds. The government five per cent. stock Napoleon found, when he ascended the consulship, worth but sixty francs on the five hundred. At his return from Friedland the same stocks were selling at four hundred and sixty-five francs on the five hundred. As it was easy then to obtain, with good security, an interest of six or seven per cent., this high appreciation of the public funds proves the firmest confidence in the established government.

Before Napoleon left Paris to enter upon these campaigns, into which he was so reluctantly dragged, he addressed his ministers in the following solemn and pathetic appeal:—

"I am innocent of this war. I have done nothing to provoke it. It did not enter into my calculations. Let me be defeated if it be of my own seeking. One of the principal reasons of the assurance I feel that my enemies will be destroyed is, that I view in their conduct the finger of Providence, who, willing that the guilty should be punished, has set wisdom so far aside in their councils that, when they intended to attack me in a moment of weakness, they selected the very instant when I was stronger than ever."

Before the battle of Jena, when Napoleon had so effectually outmanœuvred his enemies as to feel sure of victory, wishing to save the effusion of blood, he wrote to the King of Prussia:—

"The success of my arms is not doubtful. Your troops will be beaten. But it will cost me the blood of my children. If that can be spared by any arrangement consistent with the dignity of my crown, I will do all that may depend upon myself. Excepting honour, nothing is so precious in my eyes as the blood of my soldiers."

After the utter and unparalleled overthrow of the Prussians upon the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, he concluded a bulletin with the following words:—"It appears as if it were a decree of Providence that all those who have fomented this war should be cut off by the first blows which were struck."

Napoleon had now returned to Paris after a series of victories unparalleled in history. As has been stated, he immediately repaired to St. Cloud and convened a council of his ministers.

He had before seemed
beamed from his countenance.

Joy

"We are now," said he, "sure of Continental peace. And as for maritime peace, we shall soon obtain that by the voluntary or the forced concurrence of all the Continental Powers. Let us enjoy our greatness, and now turn traders and manufacturers. I have had enough of the trade of general. I shall now resume with you that of First Minister, and recommence my great reviews of affairs, which it is time to substitute for my great reviews of armies." The Emperor, accompanied by the Empress and by all the high dignitaries of state, repaired to the church of Notre Dame, where a *Te Deum* was chanted in solemn thanksgiving to God for the Peace of Tilsit.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

POLITICAL VIEWS.

Letter to Louis Bonaparte—Jerome Bonaparte—Abolition of the Tribunate—Napoleon in Council—Care of the children of deceased officers and soldiers—Far-sighted policy—Report of the Minister of the Interior.

WITHOUT devoting a day to rest or to triumph, Napoleon immediately plunged, with all the energy of his ardent and incessantly active mind, into boundless plans for the promotion of the great interests of France. Carefully-selected agents were despatched to all the cabinets of Europe. Minute directions were given to each to secure the efficient co-operation of all those Powers in the attempt to coerce England to peace, if she should refuse to accept the terms which Russia was commissioned to offer her. In this warfare it was not possible that there should be any neutrality. Those Continental Powers which continued to open their ports for the reception of English goods were most efficiently aiding the belligerent and indomitable islanders. Those, on the contrary, who closed their ports against the manufactures of England, co-operated with the Allies in their great measure to disarm that hostile Power. The Allies! But yesterday, guided by the genius of English diplomacy, they were combined against Napoleon. To-day, the genius of Napoleon has turned all their energies against his formidable rival. The rights of neutrals were by both parties entirely disregarded. England first assailed the rights of neutrals by prohibiting all commerce with France or with the allies of France. Napoleon, immediately meeting wrong with wrong, prohibited all neutrals as well as his subjects from buying any goods of the English.

Holland was almost exclusively a commercial country. Louis Bonaparte, a humane, kind-hearted, conscientious man, was more interested in the welfare of his own subjects than in the general welfare of Europe, consequently he was quite lax in enforcing the Continental system. Smuggling was very extensively practised in the kingdom. Napoleon, in the following able and earnest terms, remonstrated with his brother —

"It is not to the present alone that sovereigns must accommodate their policy. The future must also be the object of their consideration. What is at this moment the situation of Europe? On one side, England, who possesses, by her sole exertions, a dominion to which the whole world has hitherto been compelled to submit. On the other side, the French empire and the Continental states, which, strengthened by the union of their powers, cannot acquiesce in this supremacy exercised by England. Those states had also their colonies and a maritime trade. They possess an extent of coast much greater than England; but they have become disunited, and England has attacked the naval power of each separately. England has triumphed on every sea, and all navies have been destroyed. Russia, Sweden, France, and Spain, which possess such ample means for having ships and sailors, dare not venture to send a squadron out of their ports.

"I wish for peace. I wish to obtain it by every means compatible with the dignity of the power of France—at the expense of every sacrifice which our national honour can allow. Every day I feel more and more that peace is necessary. The sovereigns of the Continent are as anxious for peace as I am. I feel no passionate prejudice against England. I bear no insurmountable hatred. She has followed against me a system of repulsion. I have adopted against her the Continental system, not so much from a jealousy of ambition, as my enemies suppose, but in order to reduce England to the necessity of adjusting our differences. Let England be rich and prosperous. It is no concern of mine, provided France and her allies enjoy the same advantages.

"The Continental system has, therefore, no other object than to advance the moment when the public rights of Europe and of the French empire will be definitely established. The sovereigns of the North observe and enforce strictly the system of prohibition, and their trade has been greatly benefited by it. The manufactures of Prussia may now compete with ours. You are aware that France, and the whole extent of coast which now forms part of the empire, from the Gulf of Lyons to the extremity of the Adriatic, are strictly closed against the produce of foreign industry. I am about to adopt a measure with respect to the affairs of Spain, the result of which will be to wrest Portugal from England, and subject all the coasts of Spain, on both seas, to the influence of the policy of France. The coasts of the whole of Europe will then be closed against England, with the exception of those of Turkey, which I do not care about, as the Turks do not trade with Europe.

"Do you not perceive from this statement the fatal consequences that would result from the facilities given by Holland to the English for the introduction of their goods on the Continent? They would enable England to levy upon us the subsidies which she would afterwards offer to

other Powers to fight against us. Your Majesty is as much interested as I am to guard against the crafty policy of the English cabinet. A few years more, and England will wish for peace as much as we do. Observe the situation of your kingdom, and you will see that the system I allude to is more useful to yourself than it is to me. Holland is a maritime and commercial Power. She possesses fine sea-ports, fleets, sailors, skilful commanders, and colonies which do not cost anything to the mother country. Her inhabitants understand trade as well as the English. Has not Holland, therefore, an interest in defending all these advantages? May not peace restore her to the position she formerly held? Granted that her situation may be painful for a few years; but is not this preferable to making the King of Holland a mere governor for England, and Holland and her colonies a vassal of Great Britain? Yet the protection which you would afford to English commerce would lead to that result. The examples of Sicily and Portugal are still before your eyes.

"Await the result of the progress of time. You want to sell your guns, and England wants to buy them. Point out the place where the English smugglers may come and fetch them; but let them pay for them in money, and never in goods—*positively never!* Peace must at last be made. You will then make a treaty of commerce with England. I may, perhaps, also make one with her, but in which our mutual interests shall be reciprocally guaranteed. If we must allow England to exercise a kind of supremacy on the sea—a supremacy which she will have purchased at the expense of her treasures and of her blood, and which is the natural consequence of her geographical position—of her possessions in the three other quarters of the globe—at least our flags will be at liberty to appear on the ocean without being exposed to insult, and our maritime trade will cease to be ruinous. For the present, we must direct our efforts towards preventing England from interfering in the affairs of the Continent."

It will be remembered that Napoleon had placed two Spanish princes over the kingdom of Etruria. The King, an idle, dissolute, weak-minded man, soon died. The Queen of Etruria, daughter of the King of Spain, now reigned as regent for her son. She was a feeble and a careless woman. She could neither appreciate nor comprehend the Continental system which Napoleon was determined to have enforced. The English traded as freely at Leghorn as in the ports of their own country. Their goods, thus entered, were scattered widely over the Continent. Napoleon ordered Eugene to draft an army of 4,000 men, and, rapidly crossing the Apennines, to fall upon Leghorn and capture all property belonging to the enemy. He was then to fortify Leghorn against any attack from the English, and to enforce the Berlin decree. This was an act of despotism. Napoleon asserted, in defence, that the world demanded peace; that England, mistress of all seas, could not be con-

quered by force of arms; that the only influence which could be brought to bear upon England to induce her to consent to peace was to strike at her trade. To accomplish this, Europe was ready to combine. It seemed to him preposterous that a frivolous and foolish woman, nominally governing the petty kingdom of Etruria, should be a fatal obstacle to the success of a plan of such grandeur.

Napoleon's youngest brother, Jerome, was at that time a wild, thoughtless, kind-hearted young man, about twenty-one years of age. His extravagance and his frivolous dissipation greatly displeased his imperial brother. He had been appointed to the command of a small sloop of war. Napoleon was in the habit of calling him *that little miscreant*. At one time, when Jerome wrote for more money, Napoleon replied,

"I have seen your letter, Mr. Naval Ensign, and am impatient to hear that you are on board your frigate, studying a profession intended to be the scene of your glory. Die young, and I shall have some consolation; but if you live to sixty without having served your country, and without leaving behind you an honourable memory, you had better never have been born."

Jerome, in one of his cruises, landed in New York. He there met and married Miss Elizabeth Patterson, a very beautiful young lady, daughter of a rich merchant in Baltimore. Napoleon was founding a new dynasty. By the laws of France, this marriage, without the consent of the government, of a French prince, to whose heirs the imperial crown might descend, was null. It was deemed essential to the interests of France that those princes who might inherit the imperial throne should form alliances which would strengthen their power. Napoleon, consequently, refused to recognize this marriage, or to allow the youthful bride of his brother to land in France. Madame Bonaparte, in sorrow, returned to Baltimore with her youthful son. Jerome accepted the hand of the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg, and was appointed by Napoleon King of Westphalia. His son, Prince Napoleon, is now heir to the empire of France, should Louis Napoleon's son not survive.

It will be remembered that the French government was composed of three houses, the Senate, the Tribunal, and the Legislative Body. Napoleon resolved to simplify the cumbrous machinery, by blending into one body the functions and the persons of the Tribunal and the Legislature.

"It is certain," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "that the Tribunal was absolutely useless, while it cost nearly half a million. I therefore suppressed it. I was well aware that an outcry would be raised against the violation of the law; but I was strong. I possessed the full confidence of the people, and I considered myself a reformer. This, at least, is certain, that I did all for the best. I should, on the contrary, have created the Tribunal, had I been hypocritical or evil-disposed; for who can doubt that it would have adopted and sanctioned, when necessary,

my views and intentions? But that is what I never sought after in the whole course of my administration. I never purchased any vote or decision by promises, money, or places."

The Council of State, or cabinet, Napoleon formed with the greatest care. In this body he collected for his assistance the most able men in every department of government, wherever he could find them. The council was divided into sections to report upon literature, science, legislation, civil, military, naval, and ecclesiastical affairs. The moment a new province was added to the empire, Napoleon sought from it the most distinguished men with whom to enrich his council. Genoa, Florence, Turin, Holland, furnished men so brilliant for talents that they survived the downfall of their master, and, upon their return to their own countries, were appointed to high stations by their respective sovereigns.

The meetings of the council were usually held in the palace of the Tuileries, or, if Napoleon happened to be at St. Cloud, the members were summoned there. The Emperor generally presided in person. His seat was a common mahogany chair, raised one foot above the floor, at the head of several long tables, where the councillors of state were seated. At times Napoleon would drop his head upon his bosom and sink into a profound reverie, apparently unconscious of the languishing discussion. At other times the whole body was electrified by the brilliancy and the intense activity of his mind. Sometimes he gave notice of his intention to be present. Again he appeared unexpectedly. The roll of the drum on the stairs of the Tuileries gave the first intimation of his approach. The Emperor's seat always remained in its place. When he was absent, the High Chancellor presided, occupying a chair by the side of the vacant seat. The moment business commenced the key was turned, and no loiterer could then obtain admittance.

No matter how long the sittings, the mind of the Emperor never seemed fatigued. He often kept the council at St. Cloud in session from nine o'clock in the morning until five in the evening, with an intermission of but a quarter of an hour for refreshments. He sometimes presided at a meeting of the sections in the Tuileries from ten o'clock in the evening till five in the morning. He then took a bath, and was ready to commence work as vigorous as ever. "One hour," said Napoleon, "in the bath is worth, to me, four hours of sleep." He expected from others mental activity in some degree corresponding with his own. If a report was to be drawn up, it was ordered for the next morning. If one of the council was charged with proposing a law to the Legislature, he often had not two hours to arrange the matter and to prepare his speech. The Emperor dictated with such rapidity that there generally remained several pages to be written after he had done speaking. And yet his amanuenses were so skilful that seldom any alteration was required.

There was no opportunity in the council for the pomp of eloquence. The style of speech was laconic and simple. A new member, who had acquired celebrity as an orator, was laughed at for his rhetorical display. He found it necessary immediately to adopt simply the language of earnest conversation. Not only was every description of knowledge represented in the council, but all shades of political opinion. It was a prominent endeavour of Napoleon to fuse into one mass of patriotic love all the different parties of the state.

The most perfect freedom of discussion prevailed in the council. The Emperor often urged those persons to speak whose opinions he desired to learn. One day the Emperor entered the council in a state of intense agitation. News had arrived of the surrender to the Spaniards of the French army under General Dupont. It was the first time that the eagles of France had been humiliated. Napoleon's voice trembled with emotion as he recounted the disaster. He was extremely displeased with General Dupont. As he dwelt upon the resources which the General, even under the most desperate circumstances, might have called to his aid, he exclaimed—

"Yes! the elder Horace, in Corneille's play, is right, when, being asked what his flying son could have done, he says, 'He might have died; or he might have called in a noble despair to his rescue.' Little," continued Napoleon, "do they know of human nature who find fault with Corneille, and pretend that he has weakened the effect of the first exclamation by that which follows."

On one occasion, General Gassendi, an old artillery comrade of the Emperor, was advocating some rather visionary views of political economy.

"Where, my dear General," said Napoleon ironically, "did you gain all this knowledge?"

The blunt soldier, a little irritated, exclaimed, "From you, sire, I have borrowed my principles."

"What do you say?" replied the Emperor, with warmth; "from me! I have always thought that if there existed a monarchy of granite, the chimeras of political economists would grind it to powder. No, General! you must have fallen asleep in your office and dreamed all this."

"Fall asleep in our offices!" exclaimed the privileged soldier. "No, sire, I defy any one to do that. Your Majesty torments us too much with hard work to allow of any repose."

A general burst of laughter followed this retort, in which the Emperor heartily joined.

A woman had three times been tried for a capital offence, and each time acquitted. Through some informality in the proceedings, a fourth trial was still demanded. Napoleon claimed for the poor woman the immunity which in justice she ought to have obtained. Alone he contended against the whole Council of State. It was declared that the Emperor possessed the sword, but that the law was inflexible.

and must take its course. "Gentlemen," Napoleon replied, "the decision here goes by the majority. I remain alone, and must yield. But I declare in my conscience that I yield only to forms. You have reduced me to silence, but by no means convinced me."

On another day, in the ardour of giving his opinion, the Emperor was three times interrupted by the individual who had thus transgressed, he exclaimed, in a severe tone, "I have not yet done, sir. I beg that you will allow me to continue. I believe that every one here has a right to express his sentiments." This reply struck the whole body so comically as to produce a general laugh, in which the Emperor himself very good-naturedly joined.

Napoleon manifested the most unrequited attention to the wants of his wounded soldiers, and provided, with truly paternal affection, for the children of those who had fallen on the field of battle. He was continually revolving in his grateful mind what he could do for those who, through toils and sufferings incredible, had been so true to him. At one time he presented to the Council of State that, in future, all vacant situations in the customs, and in the collection of the revenue and the excise, should be given to wounded soldiers, or to officers of filling those offices, from the private up to the highest rank in the army. The plan was very coldly received. Napoleon

of opinion.

"Sire," answered M. Maluet, "I fear that the other classes of the nation will feel aggrieved in seeing the army preferred."

"Sir," the Emperor replied, "you make a distinction where none exists. The army no longer forms a separate class in the nation. In the situation in which we are now placed, no member of the state is exempt from being a soldier. To follow a military career is no longer a matter of choice—it is one of necessity. The greatest number of those who are engaged in that career have been compelled to abandon their own professions. It is therefore just that they should receive some compensation."

"But will it not be inferred," said M. Maluet, "that your Majesty intends that, in future, almost all vacant situations shall be given to military men?"

"And such, indeed, is my intention," the Emperor replied. "The only question is whether I have the right to do so. The constitution gives me the nomination to all places. I think it a principle of strict equity that those who have suffered most have the strictest claims to be indemnified." Then, raising his voice, he added, "Gentlemen, war is not a profession of ease and comfort. Quietly seated on your benches here, you know it only by reading bulletins, or by hearing of our triumphs. You know nothing of our nightly watches, our forced marches, the sufferings and privations of every kind to which we are exposed. But I do know them, for I have lived through them, and

them." Though the Emperor was deeply interested in the passing of this decree, and defended it in its most minute details, he yielded to the opposition and abandoned the plan.

Napoleon had adopted all the children of the soldiers and officers who fell at Austerlitz. In consequence of this adoption they were all authorised to add *Napoleon* to their names. One of these young men happened, on a certain occasion, to attract the especial attention of the Emperor. Napoleon asked him what profession he would choose, and, without waiting for an answer, pointed out one himself. The young man observed that his father's fortune was not sufficient to allow him to follow it. "What has that to do with the question?" replied the Emperor. "Am not I also your father?" The pulsations of Napoleon's generous heart were as gigantic as were the energies of his imperial mind.

The Emperor wished to establish a military classification of the whole empire, as a measure of national defence. The first class, which was to consist of young men, was to march as far as the frontiers. The second, which was to be composed of middle-aged and married men, was not to quit the department to which it belonged. The third, consisting of men advanced in years, was to be kept solely for the defence of the town in which it had been raised. During a discussion of the above subject, the Emperor spoke in very emphatic terms, urging the importance of the measure. His piercing eye seemed to penetrate futurity, and to anticipate the hour of national peril which soon arrived. One of the members of the cabinet, in a very circumlocutory style, expressed his disapproval of this plan of organization. The Emperor immediately exclaimed, "Speak boldly, sir. Do not mutilate your ideas. Say what you have to say freely. We are here by ourselves."

The speaker then declared "that the measure was calculated to inspire general alarm. That every individual trembled to find himself classed in the divisions of the national guard, being persuaded that, under the pretext of internal defence, the object was to remove the guards from the country."

"Very good," said the Emperor; "I now understand you. But, gentlemen," continued he, addressing himself to the members of the council, "you are all fathers of families, possessing ample fortunes, and filling important posts. You must necessarily have numerous dependants; and you must either be very maladroit or very indifferent if, with all these advantages, you do not exercise a great influence on public opinion. Now how happens it that you, who know me so well, should suffer me to be so little known by others? When did you ever know me to employ deception and fraud in my system of government? I am not timid. I therefore am not accustomed to resort to indirect measures. My fault is, perhaps, to express myself too abruptly, too laconically. I merely pronounce the word, I order; and with regard to

forms and details, I trust to the intermediate agents who execute my intentions; and heaven knows whether on this point I have any great reason to congratulate myself. If, therefore, I wanted troops, I should boldly demand them of the Senate, who would levy them for me; or, if I could not obtain them from the Senate, I should address myself to the people, and you would see them eagerly march to join my ranks. Whatever may be alleged to the contrary, the whole of the French people love and respect me. Their good sense is superior to the malignant reports of my enemies. The French people know no benefactor but me. Through me they fearlessly enjoy all that they have acquired. Through me they behold their brothers and sons indiscriminately promoted, honoured, and enriched. Through me they find their hands constantly employed, and their labour accompanied by its due reward. They have never had occasion to accuse me of injustice or prepossession. Now the people see, feel, and comprehend all this. Be assured, then, that the people of France will always conform to the plans which we propose for their welfare.

"Do not allow yourselves to be deceived by the supposed opposition which has just been alluded to. It exists only in the saloons of Paris, and by no means in the great body of the nation. In this plan, I solemnly declare I have no ulterior view of sending the national guard abroad. My thoughts, at this moment, are solely occupied in adopting measures at home for the safety, repose, and stability of France. Proceed, then, to embody the national guard, that each citizen may know his post in the hour of need; that even M. Cambacères yonder may shoulder a musket, should our danger require him to do so. We shall thus have a nation built of stone and mortar,

The great works of public utility to which Napoleon now turned his energies are too numerous to be mentioned. Over forty thousand miles of high roads was formed a vast network reticulating the empire. The monumental routes of the Simplon, Mont Cenis, and Mont Genève were urged to their completion. Fourteen bridges were built, some of which are still regarded as among the grandest monuments in Europe. Two majestic canals were dug, opening all France to artificial navigation. The amazing works constructed at Antwerp still attract the admiration of the world. All the fortresses of the empire were carefully examined and repaired. Thirty fountains, flowing day and night, embellished Paris. Thousands of labourers reared, as if by magic, the triumphal arches of the Carrousel and the Étoile. The column in the Place Vendôme, the exquisite temple of the Madeleine, the façade of the Legislative Hall, the Palace of the New Exchange, are all from the hand of Napoleon.

France was never before in such a state of activity and prosperity. Perfect tranquillity pervaded the empire. The popularity of Napoleon was boundless. England prohibited all

saecres upon the seas. The genius of the Emperor opened a new world of commerce upon the land. The roads were crowded with waggons, and the canals were covered with boats laden with the richest merchandise.

The following candid admissions of Sir Archibald Alison, as he quotes the Report of the Minister of the Interior, will show that the above statements are not exaggerated.

"And these works, undertaken under the imperial government, were really such as to justify the enthusiastic admiration of a people even less passionately devoted than the French to public splendour. They were thus noticed in the Report of the Minister of the Interior in August, 1807, when Napoleon met the Chambers after his return from Tilsit, and, after making every allowance for the exaggerated style of such state papers, much remains to attract the admiration of succeeding ages, and demonstrate the great objects to which, in domestic administration, the ambition of the Emperor was directed.

"Thirteen thousand leagues of public roads," says the report of the Minister, 'have been kept in order or repaired; the two greatest works undertaken for centuries, the roads of Mont Cenis and of the Simplon, have, after six years of labour, been completed. The road from Spain to Italy is in progress; the Apennines are the theatre of a series of works which will unite Piedmont to the shores of the Mediterranean, and complete the union of Liguria to France; eighteen rivers have seen their navigation improved, or prolonged beyond hitherto impassable barriers, by means of locks, dikes, or towing paths; four bridges have been erected during the last campaign; ten others are in full progress; ten canals, almost all commenced during the present reign, are in full activity. Nor do the maritime harbours offer fewer prodigies. Antwerp, so recently insignificant, has become the centre of our great maritime preparations; for the first time, that part of the Scheldt sees vessels of seventy-four and eighty guns floating on its bosom; fourteen ships of the line are on the stocks within its walls; many are finished, and have descended to Flushing; that harbour has seen its docks deepened, its entrance improved, and is already capable of containing a squadron. At Dunkirk and Calais piers have been constructed. At Cherbourg two vast breakwaters are erected. At Rochefort and Marseilles equally important maritime improvements are in progress. The existence of our cotton manufactures being secured, investigations are in progress for the discovery of places suited to the culture of that important article. The improvement of the linen fabrics has been the object of constant solicitude. Veterinary schools have been established, and have filled the army and the fields with skilful practitioners. A code is preparing for the regulation of commerce. The school of arts and mechanics at Compiègne flourishes, and has been transferred to Châlons; others, on a similar plan, are in the course of formation. Italy opens an

mart for our industry. The war,

changed into a contest for commercial independence, has become the greatest stimulant to French industry. Every one of our conquests, while it is a market closed to England, is a new encouragement afforded to French enterprise. Nor has the capital of this great empire been neglected. It is the Emperor's wish that that illustrious city, become the first in the universe, should befit by its splendour so glorious a destiny. At one extremity of Paris a bridge has been completed, to which victory has given the name of Austerlitz. At another, a second is commencing, to which Jena will afford a more glorious appellation. The Louvre advances to its completion, marking, in its matured progress through centuries, the successive ages of Francis I., of Henry IV., of Louis XIV., restored to life by the voice of Napoleon. Fountains without number flow night and day in all parts of the city, testifying, even to the humblest classes, the care which the Emperor bestows on their most trifling accommodation. Two triumphal arches are already erected or founded, one in the centre of the palace inhabited by the genius of Victory, the other at the extremity of the most beautiful avenue of the finest city in the world. The tomb of

has been erected on the summit of the Alps, whose rugged precipices are not less startled at the monument of our perfection in the arts than they were by the passage of the artillery drawn by the arms of valour. The fine arts in France are occupied almost entirely in tracing on marble and canvass the glorious exploits of our armies, while the mind of the Emperor, ever meditating fresh triumphs, has selected for his antagonist the Demon of Ignorance, and by the establishment of twelve colleges for the study of law, and gratuitous schools for the study of medicine in all the principal cities of the empire, has laid the foundation for the extension of general knowledge in the most essential subjects of general

tion."

"When the French people," says Alison, "saw this magnificent announcement of internal improvement, contemporaneous with the official promulgation of the treaty of Tilsit, the conquest of Prussia, the restoration of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and the erection of the Kingdom of Westphalia, it is not surprising that they were dazzled by the brilliancy of the spectacle, and yielded to the pleasing illusion that the Revolution, nursed in violence and baptized in blood, was to set amid a blaze of unprecedented glory."

Where is there another monarch to be found who has shown such total disregard for personal luxury, and such entire devotion to the prosperity of his country? The French, who knew Napoleon, loved him; and as his true character becomes known throughout the world, he will be loved by every generous heart in every land.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NAPOLEON IN COUNCIL.

Uniting industry of Napoleon—Letter to the Minister of the Interior—The Secretary—Meeting of the Institute—Expenditures for the improvement of the city of Paris—The Code Napoleon—The writings of the Emperor—The painting by David—Plans for establishing a democratic aristocracy—Calumniations of Napoleon—Goldsmit's Life of the Emperor.

THE amount of intellectual labour which Napoleon performed seem actually superhuman. No other man has ever approached him in this respect. His correspondence, preserved in the archives of Paris, would amount to many hundred volumes. His genius illumines every subject upon which he treats. The whole expanse of human knowledge seemed familiar to him. He treats of war, government, legislation, education, finance, political economy, theology, philosophy, engineering—every subject which can interest the human mind, and he is alike great in all. Notwithstanding the constant and terrible wars through which his bandied foes compelled him to struggle, and all the cares of an empire which at times seemed to embrace the whole of Europe, during the twenty years of his reign he wrote or dictated more than the united works of Lope da Vega, Voltaire, and Sir Walter Scott, three of the most voluminous writers of Spain, France, and England. His confidential correspondence with the Directory, during the two years from 1796 to 1798, which was published in Paris in 1819, amounts to seven large, closely-printed volumes. The following letter will be read with interest, as a specimen of his correspondence with his ministers. It strikingly shows his lofty spirit, his noble ambition, his expanded views, his practical wisdom, and the blended familiarity and elevation of tone with which he addressed his ministers:—

“Fontainebleau, November 14, 1807.

“Monsieur Cretet, Minister of the Interior,—You have received the imperial decree by which I have authorized the sinking fund to lend 8,000,000 francs to the city of Paris. I suppose that you are employed in taking measures which may bring these works to a speedy conclusion, and may augment the revenues of the city. In these works there are some which will not be very productive, but are merely for ornament. There are others, such as galleries over the markets, the slaughter-houses, &c., which will be very productive; but to make them so will require activity. The shops for which I have granted you funds are not yet commenced. I suppose you have taken up the funds destined for the fountains, and that you have employed them provisionally for the machine at Marly. Carry on the whole with spirit. This system of advancing money to the city of Paris to augment its branches of revenue is also intended to contribute to its embellishment. My intention is to extend it to other departments.

“I have many canals to make—that from Dijon to Paris; that from the Rhine to the

Saône; and that from the Rhine to the Scheldt. These three canals can be carried on as vigorously as could be wished. My intention is, independently of the funds which are granted from the revenues of the state, to seek extraordinary funds for the three canals. For this purpose I should like to sell the canals of St. Quentin, the produce of which might be employed to expedite the works of the canal of Burgundy. In fact, I would sell even the canal of Languedoc, and apply the proceeds to the construction of the canal from the Rhine to the Saône. I suppose that the canal of St. Quentin might be sold for 8,000,000 francs; that of Loing for as much; and the canal of Languedoc for more. There would then be 30,000,000 francs procured immediately, which I should employ in carrying on the three great canals with all possible rapidity. I have the money. The state will lose nothing; on the contrary, it will gain; since, if it loses the revenues of the canals of Loing, St. Quentin, and that of the south, it will gain the product of the canals of the Scheldt, Napoleon, and Burgundy.

“When these works are completed, if circumstances permit, I shall sell these in order to make others. Thus my object is to pursue a directly opposite course to that of England. In England, a charter would have been granted for constructing the canal of Quentin, and the work would have been left to capitalists. I have, on the contrary, begun by constructing the canal of St. Quentin. It has cost, I believe, 8,000,000 francs; it will produce 500,000 francs annually. I shall then lose nothing by selling it to a company for what it has cost me, since with this money I shall construct other canals. Make me, I beg of you, a report upon this subject, otherwise we shall die without seeing these canals navigated. In fact, it is six years since the canal of St. Quentin was begun, and it is not yet finished. Now these canals are of much importance. The expense of that of Burgundy is estimated at thirty millions. What can be expended from the general funds of the state does not exceed 1,200,000 francs yearly. The departments do not furnish more than 500,000 francs. It would, then, require twenty years to finish this canal. What may not happen in this time? Wars and inefficient men will come, and the canals will remain unfinished.

“The canal from the Rhine to the Scheldt will also cost a large sum. The general funds of the state are not sufficient to carry them on as quickly as we could wish. The canal of Napoleon is in the same situation. Let me know how much it will be possible to expend yearly on each of these three canals. I suppose that, without injuring other works, we might allow to each yearly fifteen or twenty millions, and that thus, in five or six years, we might see them all navigated. You will inform me how much the existing imposts will furnish for these three canals; how much I have granted for 1808; and the supplementary funds which I granted in 1806, for carrying on these works with the

greatest activity. You will propose to me to sell the three canals already finished, and at what price it would be best to sell them. I take upon myself the charge of finding purchasers; then we shall have money in abundance. You must tell me, in your report, how much the three which I wish speedily to finish are estimated to cost, and compare it with the sums which the three old canals have cost that I wish to sell.

"You understand what I wish. My intention is to go beyond your report. Perhaps it will lead to opening a fund for public works, into which the proceeds of the navigation of the canals would be immediately thrown. We might thus grant to this the proceeds of the sale of the three canals, and of others besides, if there are any which can be sold. With this institution we should change the face of the country.

"I have made the glory of my reign to consist in changing the surface of the territory of my empire. The execution of these great works is as necessary to the interests of my people as to my own satisfaction. I attach equal importance and great glory to the suppression of mendicity. Funds are not wanting. But it seems to me that the work proceeds slowly, and meantime years are passing away. We must not pass through this world without leaving traces which may commend our memory to posterity.

"I am going to be absent for a month. Be ready on the 15th of December to answer all these questions, which you will have examined in detail, that I may be able, by a general decree, to put the finishing blow to mendicity. You must find, before the 15th of December, in the reserved funds and the funds of the communes, the necessary means for the support of sixty or one hundred houses for the extirpation of beggary. The places where they shall be erected must be designated, and the regulations completed. Do not ask me for three or four months to obtain further instructions. You have young auditors, intelligent prefects, skilful engineers. Bring all into action, and do not sleep in the ordinary labours of the bureau. It is necessary, likewise, that, at the same time, all that relates to the administration of the public works should be completed, so that, at the commencement of the fine season, France may present the spectacle of a country without a single beggar, and where all the population may be in action to embellish and render productive our immense territory.

"You must also prepare for me all that is necessary respecting the measures to be taken for obtaining, from the draining of the marshes of Cottentin and Rochefort, money for supporting the fund for public works, and for finishing the drainings or preparing others.

"The winter evenings are long; fill your portfolios, that we may be able, during the evenings of these three months, to discuss the means for attaining great results.

"NAPOLEON."

At a meeting of the *Institut*, Napoleon appeared much increased in stature of his generals. He attacked him with great severity, asserting that his principles and opinions tended to the entire subversion of the state. A member of the council, who was a personal friend of the absent general, undertook his defence, stating that he lived quietly on his estate, without obtruding his opinions upon others, and that, consequently, they were productive of no ill effects. The Emperor vehemently commenced a reply, when suddenly he stopped short, and, turning to the defender of the absent, said, "But he is your friend, sir. You do right to defend him. I had forgotten it. Let us speak of something else."

M. Daru was at one time Secretary of State. He was distinguished for his indefatigable application to business. Napoleon said of him that "he laboured like an ox, while he displayed the courage of a lion." On one occasion only were his energies ever known to fail. The Emperor called him at midnight to write from his dictation. M. Daru was so completely overcome by fatigue that he could scarcely hold his pen. At last nature triumphed, and he fell asleep over his paper. After enjoying a sound nap, he awoke, and, to his amazement, perceived the Emperor by his side, quietly engaged in writing. As he sat for a moment overwhelmed with confusion, his eyes met those of the Emperor.

"Well, sir," said Napoleon, with rather an ironical smile, "you see that I have been doing your work, since you would not do it yourself. I suppose that you have eaten a hearty supper and passed a pleasant evening. But business must not be neglected."

"I pass a pleasant evening, sire!" exclaimed M. Daru; "I have been for several nights closely engaged in work, without any sleep. Of this your Majesty now sees the consequence. I am exceedingly sorry for it."

"Why did you not inform me of this?" said Napoleon. "I do not wish to kill you. Good-night, M. Daru."

Napoleon, conscious of the influence wielded by literary and scientific men, ever kept a watchful eye upon the meetings of the *Institute*. It was an invariable rule of this body that a newly-elected member was to deliver a speech eulogistic of the member whom he was succeeding. M. Chateaubriand, a friend of the Bourbons, was succeeding M. Chenier, one of the judges of Louis XVI. Chateaubriand, trampling upon established courtesy, stigmatized the political principles of his predecessor, and proscribed him as a regicide. A scene of uproar immediately ensued, and a stormy and angry debate in the assembly. From the *Institute* the disputes spread rapidly through Paris. Old feuds were revived, and the most bitter animosities rekindled. Napoleon ordered the speech to be shown to him, pronounced it extravagant in the extreme, and forbade its publication. One of the members of the *Institute*, who was also a prominent officer in the Emperor's household, h

THE BRILLIANT PARIS PASSAGES.

taken a lively part in the discussion, sustaining the views of M. Chateaubriand.

At the next levee, when a group of the most distinguished men of France was assembled around the Emperor, the offending officer made his appearance. Napoleon thus addressed him—

"How long is it, sir," said he, with the utmost severity, "since the Institute has presumed to assume the character of a political assembly? The province of the Institute is to produce poetry and to censure faults of language. Let it beware how it forsakes the domain of literature, or I shall take measures to bring it back within its limits. And is it possible that *you*, sir, have sanctioned such an intemperate harangue by your approbation? If M. de Chateaubriand is insane, or disposed to malevolence, a madhouse may cure him, or a punishment correct him. Yet it may be that the opinions he has advanced are conscientiously his own, and he is not obliged to surrender them to my policy, which is unknown to him. But with you the case is totally different. You are constantly near my person. You are acquainted with all my acts. You know my will. There *may* be an excuse in M. de Chateaubriand's favour. There *can* be none in *yours*."

"Sir, I hold you guilty. I consider your conduct as criminal. It tends to bring us back to the days of disorder and confusion, anarchy and bloodshed. Are we, then, banditti? And am I but a usurper? Sir, I did not ascend the throne by hurling another from it. I found the crown. It had fallen. I snatched it up, and the nation placed it on my head. Respect the nation's act. To submit facts that have recently occurred to public discussion in the present circumstances, is to court fresh convulsions, and to become an enemy to the public tranquillity. The restoration of monarchy is veiled in mystery, and must remain so. Wherefore then, I pray, this new proposed proscription of members of the Convention and of regicides? Why are subjects of so delicate a nature again brought to light? To God alone it must belong to pronounce upon what is no longer within the reach of the judgment of men! Have I then lost the fruit of all my care? Have all my efforts been of so little avail, that as soon as my presence no longer restrains you, you are quite ready once more to bathe in each other's blood?"

"Alas! poor France!" he exclaimed, after a moment's pause, "long yet wilt thou need the guardian's care. I have done all in my power to quell your dissensions. To unite all parties has been the constant object of my solicitude. I have made all meet under the same roof, sit at the same board, and drink of the same cup. I have a right to expect that you will second my endeavours. Since I have taken the reins of government, have I ever inquired into the lives, actions, opinions, or writings of any one? Imitate my forbearance. I have ever had but one aim. I have ever asked but this one question, 'Will you sincerely assist me in promoting the true interest of France?' All those who have

answered affirmatively have been placed by me in a straight road, cased in a rock, and without issue on either side. Through this, I have urged them on to the other extremity, where my finger pointed to the honour, the glory, and the splendour of France."

This reprimand was so severe, that the person to whom it was addressed, a man of honour and delicate feelings, determined to ask an audience the next day, in order to tender his resignation. He was admitted to the presence of the Emperor, who immediately said to him,

"My dear sir, you are come on account of the conversation of yesterday. You felt hurt on the occasion, and I have felt no less so. But it was a piece of advice which I thought it right to give to more than one person. If it has the desired effect of producing some public good, we must not either of us regret the circumstance. Think no more about it."

Napoleon introduced this year into the financial department the most rigid system of accounts by double entry. The decree requiring this is in force to the present day. It has rendered the French system of accounts the most sure, the most accurate, and the most clear of any in Europe.

In one of the meetings of the council, Napoleon proposed that long galleries, or rather streets, covered with glass, for pedestrians only, should be constructed, to shelter buyers and sellers from the vicissitudes of the weather. This was the origin of those brilliant Passages, where every visitor to Paris loiters away so many pleasant hours. Forty slaughter-houses deformed Paris, filling the air with pestilential odours, and paining the eye with the revolting necessities of the shambles. At the suggestion of Napoleon they were all removed. Four large and peculiarly appropriate houses were constructed for these purposes outside of the city, and near the four principal entrances of the metropolis.

The generals and the soldiers who had endured such wasting fatigue, and who had achieved such herculean enterprises for France, were most magnificently rewarded. Besides their regular pay nearly twenty millions of francs were expended in gifts, as an expression of gratitude. A handsome annuity was settled upon every wounded soldier. Napoleon seemed never weary in lavishing favours upon those who, in the fields of blood, had defended and established the independence of France.

He was magnificent in his provision for others. He was simple, frugal, economical in the highest degree, in everything which related to himself. With an eagle eye, he guarded against the slightest misapplication of the public funds.

The adopted mother of Josephine having died at Martinique, he directed that the negroes and negroesses who had served her should be made free, and placed in a condition of comfort for the rest of their lives. He ordered the number of Christian chapels to be increased to 30,000, that the benefits of divine service might be extended to every village in the empire. He endowed

several theological seminaries to encourage suitable persons to enter the priesthood.

The nation insisted that the civic code, which had become the crowning glory of France, should be called the Code Napoleon.

"Assuredly," says Thiers, "if ever title was merited, it was this; for that code was as much the work of Napoleon as were the victories of Austerlitz and of Jena. He had soldiers who lent him their arms. He had lawyers who lent him their knowledge. But to the force of his will, to the soundness of his judgment, was owing the completion of that great work."

It will remain through all time a memorial, which never can be sullied, of Napoleon's genius and philanthropy. The Emperor wrote to all the princes under his influence, urging them to introduce into their respective states this code of justice and of civil equality. It was thus established in large portions of Europe, conveying, wherever it went, perfect equality of rights, and putting an end to feudal tyranny.

In his intense desire to promote the grandeur of France, Napoleon appreciated, perhaps more highly than any other sovereign, the glory of intellectual achievements. Science, literature, arts, he encouraged in every possible way. He was the first general the world has ever known who united with his army a literary and scientific corps, to extend the bounds of human knowledge. Under his fostering care, Lagrange gave a new power to abstract calculation. La Place, striding beyond the limits attained by Galilæi, Kepler, and Newton, rendered his name immortal as those celestial bodies whose movements he had calculated with such sublime precision. Cuvier, exploring the mausoleums of past creations, revealed the wondrous history of our planet, when "the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

The world is destined to be as much astonished by the writings of Napoleon as it has been by his deeds. Neither Bourbon nor Orleanist has been willing to do justice to his fame. His letters, his proclamations, his bulletins, his instructions to his ministers, glow with the noblest eloquence of genius. They will soon be given to the world; and they will disperse much of that mist of calumny and detraction which have so long sullied his renown. No one can peruse the papers of this extraordinary man without admiring the majesty of his all-comprehensive mind. The clearness, the precision, the fervour, the imperious demonstration, and the noble simplicity which are impressed upon all of his utterances, give him a place in the foremost ranks of science, of literature, and of eloquence.

"Singular destiny," exclaims Thiers, after perusing volumes of manuscripts from his pen, "of that prodigious man, to be the greatest writer of his time, while he was its greatest captain, its greatest legislator, its greatest administrator."

Every man of refined genius admires the classical productions of the scholars of Greece and Rome. Napoleon, from a natural appreciation of the beautiful, strove to create an enthusiasm for

classical studies in the University. There is an element of melancholy which pervades every noble mind. Amid the mausoleums of dead empires such spirits love to linger. The utilitarianism of Napoleon was beautifully blended with the highest poetic sensibility. The sun, which ripens the corn and fills the succulent herb with nutriment, also pencils with beauty the violet and the rose.

To encourage exertion, and to rescue merit from hostile or unjust detraction, Napoleon had classes of the Institute organized to give an impartial report upon the progress of literature, the arts, and the sciences. These reports were read to the Emperor in the presence of the Council of State, and munificent rewards were conferred upon the deserving. When the reading of the first report was finished, Napoleon said to the deputies of the Institute—

"Gentlemen, if the French language is become a universal language, it is to the men of genius who have sat, or who still sit among you, that we are indebted for this. I attach a value to the success of your labours. They tend to enlighten my people. They are essential to the glory of my crown. I have heard with satisfaction the report you have just made to me. You may rely on my protection."

The approbation of the Emperor was the highest reward which genius could receive. Desirous of giving an impulse to the arts of design, he visited, with Josephine and a brilliant assemblage of his court, the studio of the painter David. This distinguished artist had just completed the picture of the Coronation. He selected the moment when the Emperor was placing the crown upon the brow of the Empress. The painting had been criticised as rather representing the coronation of Josephine than that of Napoleon. The Emperor contemplated for a few moments in silence the impressive scene which the pencil of the artist had so vividly delineated; then turning to the painter, he said,

"Monsieur David, this is well—very well indeed. The Empress, my mother, the Emperor, all are most appropriately placed. You have made me a French knight. I am gratified that you have thus transmitted to future ages the proofs of affection I was desirous of testifying towards the Empress." Then advancing two steps, and turning towards the painter, he uncovered his head, and, bowing profoundly, said "Monsieur David, I salute you."

"Sire," replied the painter, with admirable tact, "I receive the compliment of the Emperor in the name of all the artists in the empire. I am happy in being the individual one you deign to make the channel of such an honour."

This painting was afterwards suspended in the grand museum of the Louvre. Napoleon, in a second visit, met by appointment M. David and all his pupils. He conferred upon those young artists who had distinguished themselves, the decoration of the Legion of Honour. He also conferred upon M. David the dignity of an officer in that honorary corps.

The Revolution had destroyed the feudal throne of the Bourbons but to construct a democratic throne of vastly surpassing splendour. It seems to be essential to a monarchy that it should be surrounded by an aristocracy. Napoleon was a democratic Emperor. He was the choice of the people, and was ever studying their interests. He now displayed his mighty genius in the attempt to create a democratic aristocracy. This, perhaps, might have been possible, by avoiding the incorporation of the hereditary element. Napoleon wished to surround his throne with great families, who should contribute to the splendour of French society without doing violence to the principles of republican equality. He thought that this could be accomplished by allowing the members of the new nobility no exclusive privileges, and by presenting these honourable distinctions as a reward to all who could earn them by their services. He had at his disposal immortal names to confer upon those who had performed immortal exploits. The new nobility, proud of titles won upon the fields of Rivoli, Castiglione, Montebello, Austerstadt, and Eylau, were regarded with contempt by the ancient aristocracy, who could trace a proud ancestral line through the dimness of departed centuries.

Stable-boys, tailors' apprentices, and merchants' clerks, soaring upon the pinions of genius from uncongenial employments into the regions of mighty enterprise and renown, though decorated with the loftiest titles and burdened with wealth, were still regarded with contempt by the impoverished and undistinguished descendants of the Condés, the Guises, and the Montmorencies. Napoleon was fully conscious of this difficulty. In speaking of the subject at St. Helena, he said—

"An aristocracy is the true, the only support of a monarchy. Without it, the state is a vessel without a rudder—a balloon in the air. A true aristocracy, however, must be ancient. Therein consists its real force, its talismanic charm. That was the only thing which I could not create. Reasonable democracy will never aspire to anything more than obtaining an equal power of elevation to all. The true policy in these times was to employ the remains of the aristocracy with the forms and the spirit of democracy. Above all, it was necessary to take advantage of the ancient historic names. It was the only way to throw the halo of antiquity over our modern institutions.

"My designs on this were quite formed, but I had no time to bring them to maturity. It was this:—That every lineal descendant of an old marshal or minister should be entitled at any time to get himself declared a duke by the government upon proving that he had the requisite fortune; every descendant of a general or governor of a province to obtain the title of a count upon obtaining a similar endowment. This system would have advanced some, excited the hopes of others, awakened the emulation of all, without injuring any one. Pretty toys, it is

true, but such as are indispensable for the government of men. Old and corrupted nations cannot be governed on the same principles with those which are simple and virtuous. For on these times who would sacrifice all to the public good, there are thousands and millions who are governed only by their interests, their vanity, or their enjoyment.

"To attempt to regulate such a people in a day would be an act of madness. The true genius of the workman consists in making a right use of the materials which he has at his disposal, to extract good even from the elements which appear at first sight most adverse to his designs. There is the real secret of the revival of titles, ribbons, and crosses. And, after all, these toys are attended with few inconveniences, and are not without some advantages. In the state of civilization in which we are placed, they are proper to awaken the respect of the multitude, and not without influence in producing a feeling of self-respect in their owners. They satisfy the vanity of the weak, without giving any just cause of offence to the strong."

The attempt to unite republican equality with imperial splendour is vain. But Napoleon was now involved in a labyrinth of events from which no finite wisdom could extricate him. That France was incapable of sustaining a true republic, ten years of anarchy had conclusively proved. But Napoleon was now gathering all power into his own hands, and surrounding himself with a proud hereditary aristocracy. Though he was disposed to consecrate all his energies for the welfare of the people, he was laying the foundation of a perfect despotism. He seems to have had some misgivings himself respecting the expediency of appointing an hereditary aristocracy.

O'Meara remarked to Napoleon at St. Helena that it had excited some surprise that he never gave a *dukedom* in France to any person, although he had created many dukes elsewhere.

He replied, "It would have created great discontent among the people. If, for example, I had made one of my marshals Duke of Bourgoigne, it would have excited great alarm in Bourgoigne. They would have conceived that some feudal rights and territory were attached to the title. The nation hated the old nobility so much, that the creation of any rank resembling them would have given universal discontent, which I, powerful as I was, dared not venture upon. I instituted the new nobility to destroy the old. The greater part of those I created had sprung from the people. Every private soldier had a right to look up to the title of duke. I believe that I acted wrong in doing even this. It lessened that system of equality which pleased the people so much. But if I had created dukes with a French title, it would have been considered as a revival of the old feudal privileges with which the nation had been cursed so long."

The power of Napoleon was absolute. Circumstances which he could not control rendered it necessary that it should be so. It was essential that he should be invested with dictatorial au-

shock to repel the foe banded against the independence of France. Every intelligent man in France recognized this necessity. That Napoleon devoted this absolute power to the glory of France, and not to his own selfish indulgence, no one can deny. He says, with his accustomed glow of eloquence,

"I had established a government the most compact, carrying on its operations with the utmost rapidity, and capable of the most nervous efforts; and, truly, nothing less was required to triumph over the immense difficulties with which we were surrounded, and to produce the marvels which we accomplished. The organization of the prefectures, their action and results were alike admirable. The same impulse was given at the same instant to more than forty millions of

By the aid of these centres of local activity, the movement was as rapid at the extremities as at the heart of the empire. Strangers who visited us were astounded at this system. They never failed to attribute the immense results which were attained to that uniformity of action pervading so great a space. Each prefect, with the authority and local patronage with which he was invested, was in himself a little emperor. Nevertheless, as he enjoyed no force but from the central authority, owed all his lustre to official employment, and had no natural or hereditary connexion with the territory over which his dominion extended, the system had all the advantages of the feudal government without any of its inconveniences. It was indispensable to clothe them with all that authority. I found myself made dictator by the force of circumstances. It was necessary, therefore, that all the minor springs should be entirely depended on, and in complete harmony with, the grand central moving power."

The efficiency of this government no one questions. That France was driven to its adoption by the incessant attacks of its foes cannot be denied. That this alone enabled Napoleon for twenty years to triumph over the combined despots of Europe in arms against him is equally beyond a doubt. France, in her peril, surrendered herself to a dictator in whom she reposed confidence, and invested him with absolute power. Nobly did Napoleon requite the trust. He concentrated every energy of his body and every thought of his soul to the promotion of the welfare of France. Wherever he erred, it was in the path of a lofty and a generous ambition.

His power was as absolute as that of Alexander; but the Czar was the monarch of the nobles, Napoleon the chosen sovereign of the people. The centralization of power was, however, appalling. The Emperor selected the members of the Council of State, the Senate, and the Legislative Bodies. He appointed all the officers in the army and the navy. The whole police of France, all the magistrates, the judges of all the courts; all persons connected with the customs, the revenue, and the excise; all the ministers of religion, the teachers in

schools, academies, and universities, the postmasters, and all persons concerned in the administration of roads, public buildings, canals, fortresses, &c., were either directly or indirectly subjected to the appointment of the Emperor.

One day Napoleon at St. Helena was reading the infamous memoir of his life by Goltzsmith. He found himself there accused of every crime which a demon could perpetrate. Calmly laying down the book, he said,

"After all, let them absolve, suppress, and mutilate as much as they please, they will find it very difficult to throw me entirely into the shade. The historian of France cannot pass over the empire. If he has any honesty, he will not fail to render me my share of justice. The facts speak of themselves. They shine like the sun.

"I closed the gulf of anarchy and cleared the chaos. I purified the Revolution, dignified nations, and established kings. I excited every kind of emulation, rewarded every kind of merit, and extended the limits of glory. This is at least something. And on what point can I be assailed on which an historian could not defend me? Can it be for my intentions? But even here I can find absolution. Can it be for my despotism? It may be demonstrated that the dictatorship was absolutely necessary. Will it be said that I restrained liberty? It can be proved that licentiousness, anarchy, and the greatest irregularities still haunted the threshold of freedom. Shall I be accused of having been too fond of war? It can be shown that I always received the first attack. Will it be said that I aimed at universal monarchy? It can be proved that this was merely the result of fortuitous circumstances, and that our enemies led me, step by step, to this determination. Lastly, shall I be blamed for my ambition? This passion I must, doubtless, be allowed to possess, and that in no small degree. But, at the same time, my ambition was of the highest and noblest kind that perhaps ever existed—that of establishing and consecrating the empire of reason, and the full exercise and complete enjoyment of all the human faculties. And here the historian will probably feel compelled to regret that such ambition should not have been fulfilled and gratified. This is my whole history in a few words."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SCENES IN PARIS.

at the Tuilleries—The little boy—Address to the Council of State—Speech of the President—Visit of the Emperor to the Female School—Heroism of a young lady—Advice to Jerome, King of Westphalia—Napoleon's remarks at St. Helena—Testimony of Lockhart—Mr. Richard Cobb

THE 15th of August, 1807, Napoleon was eight years of age. A brilliant party assembled at the Tuilleries. It was an evening of surpassing loveliness. All Paris, intoxicated with enthusiasm, thronged the spacious garden

THE SCHOOL GIRLS ADORE HIM.

of the palace. With loud acclamations they cheered for their Sovereign. He repeatedly appeared in the balcony, holding the Empress by the hand, and surrounded by a brilliant group. Spontaneous bursts of applause from one hundred thousand voices greeted him whenever he appeared. Taking the arm of his faithful friend, Duroc, Napoleon, in disguise, left the palace, and mingled with the groups crowding the garden. Everywhere he heard his name pronounced with gratitude and love. A little boy was shouting with transport, "Vive l'Empereur!" Napoleon caught the child in his arms. "Why do you shout in that manner?" said he. "My father and mother," replied the child, "taught me to love and bless the Emperor." Napoleon conversed with the parents. He found that they had fled from the horrors of civil war in Brittany, and had found employment and competence in Paris. With glowing hearts they testified to the blessings which Napoleon had conferred upon France. The next day a present from the Emperor informed them to whom they had unbosomed their gratitude.

On the ensuing day, Napoleon, accompanied by his marshals, and followed by an immense concourse of people, met the Council of State, the Senate, and the Legislative Body. He thus addressed them:—

"Gentlemen,—Since your last session, new wars, new triumphs, new treaties of peace have changed the political state of Europe. All nations rejoice with one accord to see the influence which England exercised over the Continent destroyed for ever. In all that I have done, I have had in view solely the prosperity of my people, more dear in my eyes than my own glory. I am desirous for maritime peace. No resentment shall be allowed to interfere with this desire. But, whatever be the issue which the decrees of Providence have allotted to the maritime war, my people shall find me ever the same, and I shall ever find my people worthy of me. Your conduct, when your Emperor was more than fifteen hundred miles away, has heightened my esteem. The proofs of attachment which you have given me have excited my warmest emotions.

"I have contemplated various plans for simplifying and improving our institutions. I have created several imperial titles, to give new lustre to distinguished subjects, to honour eminent services by eminent rewards, and to prevent the revival of any feudal title incompatible with our Constitution. My Minister of the Interior will inform you of the public works which have been commenced or finished. But what remains to be done is of far greater importance. I intend that in all parts of my empire, even in the smallest hamlet, the prosperity of the citizen and the value of land shall be augmented by the effect of the general system of improvement which I have conceived. Gentlemen, your assistance will be necessary for me to arrive at this great result. I have a right to rely firmly upon it."

This speech was heard with deep emotion and applauded with transport. After Napoleon had retired, the President of the Legislative Body gave utterance to the almost unanimous sentiment of France in the following words:—

"The picture set before our eyes seems to present the image of one of those pacific kings exclusively engaged in the internal administration of his dominions. And yet all these useful labours, all these wise projects, were ordered and conceived amidst the din of arms, on the furthest confines of conquered Prussia, and on the frontiers of threatened Russia. If it be true that, at the distance of five hundred leagues from the capital, amid the cares and fatigues of war, a hero prepared so many benefits, how is he about to increase them by returning among us! The public welfare will wholly engage him, and his glory will be the more touching for it.

"He displaces, he contracts, he extends the boundaries of empires. All are borne away by his ascendancy. Well! this man, covered with so much glory, promises us still greater. Peaceable and disarmed, he will prove that this invincible force, which, as it runs, overturns thrones and empires, is, beneath, that truly royal wisdom which preserves states by peace, which enriches them by agriculture and industry, adorns them with masterpieces of art, and founds them everlastingly on the twofold support of morality and the laws."

Napoleon took great interest in the female school which he had established at Ecouen. He often made presents to the young ladies who distinguished themselves.

One day, on a visit, he found all the young ladies engaged in needlework. After having addressed a few pleasant words to each of the classes, he playfully asked a bright-looking girl,

"How many needlesfull of thread does it take to make a shirt?"

She archly replied, "Sire, I should need but one if I could have that sufficiently long."

Napoleon was so pleased with the readiness of the reply, that he immediately gave a gold chain to the young lady. It became, of course, to her a priceless treasure. All the pupils of the school most enthusiastically loved the Emperor.

After the restoration of the Bourbons, an order was issued that everything should be removed from the institution which could call to mind the *Usurper*. The gifts which the pupils had received from the Emperor were taken from them. But Miss Brouard kept her chain in her bosom. She had declared that she would part with it only with her life. One day a servant perceived it. The fact was reported to the principal. The chain was demanded. It was refused. She was reported to the higher authorities. The chain was again demanded. She replied, "It was the gift of the Emperor, and I will keep it, be the consequences what they may, till I die." She was imprisoned in the Hall of Correction, where she remained in solitude several days. Still she would not yield. The whole school was :

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

bied together, and Miss Brouard, though a universal favourite, was expelled.

A short time after, one of the ladies of the Bourbon family, the Duchess of Angoulême, made a visit to the school. All the young ladies were ordered, as soon as she should enter, to shout, "*Vive le Roi!*" in honour of the Bourbon king. The duchess entered, and, to her utter consternation, was greeted with the unanimous acclaim, "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

The Count de Lille, afterwards Louis XVIII., then residing in Russia, made some movement indicative of a new conspiracy to recover the Bourbon throne. Alexander, that his good faith might not be suspected, communicated the fact, through General Savary, to Napoleon. The Emperor replied, "Thank the Emperor Alexander for the communication which he directed you to make to me. He is mistaken if he supposes that I attach the least importance to anything that the Count de Lille can do. If he is tired of his residence in Russia, he may come to Versailles. I will make every necessary provision for him."

Napoleon was minutely informed of everything that was passing in the court of St. Petersburg. Alexander, often the victim of wayward passions, had become so captivated by a beautiful woman, that all his time was absorbed in devotion to her. At the close of a letter of diplomatic instructions, Napoleon wrote to his minister—

"It is not a matter of indifference to me to observe the character of that man who was born a sovereign. A woman turns the head of the autocrat of All the Russias! All the women in the world would not make me lose an hour. Continue to acquaint me of everything. Let me know the most minute details. The private life of a man is a mirror in which we may see many useful lessons reflected."

After the marriage of Jerome with the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg, as the young couple left Paris for their kingdom of Westphalia, Napoleon gave the following instructions to his brother:—

"My brother, I think you ought to go to Stuttgart, as you have been invited thither by the King of Wurtemberg. You will proceed thence to Cassel with all the pomp with which the hopes of your people will induce them to surround you. You will convoke the deputies of the towns, the ministers of all religions, the deputies of the states now existing, taking care that there shall be half not noble, half noble. Before that assembly, so composed, you will receive the Constitution and swear to maintain it.

"Appoint at first only half of your councillors of state. That number will be sufficient for commencing business. Take care that the majority be composed of non nobles, but without letting any one perceive this habitual caution to keep up a majority of the third estate in all offices. I except from this some places at court, to which, upon the same principles, the highest names must be called. But in your ministries, in your councils, if possible, in your courts of appeal in your

administrations, the greater part of the persons you employ should not be nobles. This conduct will go to the heart of Germany, and, perhaps, mortify the nobler class. It is sufficient not to use any affection in this conduct. Take care never to enter into discussions, nor to let it be understood that you attach such importance to the advancement of the third estate. The avowed principle is to select talents wherever they are to be found.

"What is of particular consequence to me is, that you delay not in the least the introduction of the Code Napoleon. The happiness of your people is of importance to me, not only for the influence which it may have upon your glory and mine, but also under the point of view of the general system of Europe. Listen not to those who tell you that your people, accustomed to servitude, will receive your benefits unthankfully. They are more enlightened in the kingdom of Westphalia than some persons would fain persuade you. Your throne will never be firmly founded but on the confidence and the love of the population. What the people of Germany desire with impatience is, that individuals who are not noble, and possess talents, should have an equal right to your consideration and to office; that every species of bondage, and all intermediate restrictions between the sovereign and the lowest class, should be entirely abolished.

"The benefits of the Code Napoleon, the publicity of law proceedings, the institution of juries, will be so many distinguished characteristics of your monarchy: And, if I must tell you my whole mind, I reckon more upon their effects for the extension and consolidation of that monarchy than upon the results of the greatest victories. Your people must enjoy a liberty, an equality, a prosperity unknown to the other people of Germany. This liberal government will produce, in one way or another, changes the most salutary to the system of the Confederation and to the power of your monarchy. This mode of governing will be a stronger barrier to separate you from Prussia than the Elbe, than fortresses, than the protection of France. What people would be willing to return under the arbitrary Prussian government after it has tasted the benefits of a wise and liberal administration? The people of Germany, those of France, Italy, Spain, desire equality, and require liberal ideas. It is now several years that I have directed the affairs of Europe, and I have had occasion to convince myself that the grumbling of the privileged classes was contrary to the general opinion. Be a constitutional king. If the reason and the intelligence of your times were not sufficient in your position, good policy would join it."

"It was the subject of my perpetual dreams," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "to render Paris the real capital of Europe. I sometimes wished it, for instance, to become a city with a population of two, three, or four millions—in a word, something fabulous, colossal, unexampled until our days, and with public establishments suitable to its population.

"Had Heaven but granted me twenty years and a little more leisure, ancient Paris would have been sought for in vain. Not a trace of it would have been left. I should have changed the fate of France. Archimedes promised everything provided he was supplied with a resting-place for his lever. I should have done as much, wherever I could have found a point of support for my energy, my perseverance, and my budgets. A world might be created with budgets. I should have displayed the difference between a constitutional Emperor and a King of France. The Kings of France have never possessed any administrative or municipal institution. They have merely shown themselves great lords, who ruined their men of business.

"The nation itself has nothing in its character but what is transitory and perishable. Everything is done for the gratification of the moment and of caprice—*nothing for duration*. That is our motto; and it is exemplified by our manners in France. Every one passes his life in doing and undoing. Nothing is ever left behind. Is it not unbecoming that Paris should not possess a French theatre, or an Opera-house, in any respect worthy of its high claims?

"I have often set myself against the feasts which the city of Paris wished to give me. They consisted of dinners, balls, artificial fireworks, at an expense of ten or eleven hundred thousand francs, the preparations for which obstructed the public for several days, and which afterwards cost as much to take away as they had cost in their construction. I proved that with these idle expenses they might have erected lasting and magnificent monuments.

"One must have gone through as much as I have in order to be acquainted with all the difficulties of doing good. If the business related to chimneys, partitions, and furniture for some individuals in the imperial palaces, the work was quick and effectual. But if it were necessary to lengthen the garden of the Tuileries, to render some quarters wholesome, to clean some sewers, and to accomplish a task beneficial to the public, in which some particular person had no direct interest, I found it requisite to exert all the energy of my character, to write six, ten letters a day, and to get into a downright passion. It was in this way that I paid out as much as thirty millions of francs in sewers, for which nobody was ever to thank me. I pulled down a property of thirty millions in houses in front of the Tuileries for the purpose of forming the Carrousel and throwing open the Louvre. What I did is immense. What I had resolved to do, and what I projected, were still much more so."

SOME may suppose that the above account of Napoleon's administrative labours is the glowing eulogy of a friend. Read, then, the testimony of an English historian. Every page of Lockhart's Life of Napoleon bears the impress of his hostility to the mighty Emperor against whom England waged such unrelenting warfare; and yet Lockhart is constrained to witness the following facts:—

"Wherever the Emperor was, in the midst of his hottest campaigns, he examined the details of administration at home more closely, perhaps, than other sovereigns of not half so great an empire did during years of profoundest peace. His dearest amusement, when he had nothing else to do, was to solve problems in geometry or algebra. He carried this passion into every department of affairs. Having with his own eye detected some errors of importance in the public accounts shortly after his administration began, there prevailed henceforth, in all the financial records of the state, such clearness and accuracy as are not often exemplified in those of a large private fortune. Nothing was below his attention, and he found time for everything. The humblest functionary discharged his duty under a lively sense of the Emperor's personal superintendence. The omnipresence of his police came in lieu, whenever politics were not touched upon, of the guarding powers of a free press, a free senate, and public opinion. Except in political cases, the trial by jury was the right of every citizen.

"The Code Napoleon, that elaborate system of jurisprudence, in the formation of which the Emperor laboured personally, along with the most eminent lawyers and enlightened men of the time, was a boon of inestimable value to France. 'I shall go down to posterity,' said he, with just pride, 'with the Code in my hand.' It was the first uniform system of laws which the French monarchy had ever possessed, being drawn up with consummate skill and wisdom. It at this day forms the code, not only of France, but of a great portion of Europe besides. Justice, as between man and man, was administered on sound and fixed principles, and by unimpeached tribunals.

"In the splendour of his victories, in the magnificence of his roads, bridges, aqueducts, and other monuments, in the general predominance to which the nation seemed to be raised through the genius of its chief, compensation was found for all financial burdens, consolation for all domestic calamities, and an equivalent for that liberty in whose name the tyrant had achieved his first glories. But it must not be omitted that Napoleon, in every department of his government, made it his first rule to employ the men best fitted, in his mind, to do honour to his service by their talents and diligence.

"He gratified the French nation by adorning the capital, and by displaying in the Tuileries a court as elaborately magnificent as that of Louis XIV. himself. The old nobility, returning from their exile, mingled in those proud halls with the heroes of the revolutionary campaigns, and over all the ceremonies of these stately festivities Josephine presided with the grace and elegance of one born to be a queen. In the midst of the pomp and splendour of a court, in the antechambers where kings jostled each other, Napoleon himself preserved the plain and unadorned simplicity of his original dress and manners. The great Emperor continued throughout to

labour more diligently than any subaltern in office; Napoleon, as Emperor, had little time for social pleasures. His personal friends were few. His days were given to labour, and his nights to study. If he was not with his army in the field, he traversed the provinces, examining with his own eyes the minutest details of arrangement, and even from the centre of his camp he was continually issuing edicts which showed the accuracy of his observation during those journeys, and his anxiety to promote, by any means consistent with his great purpose, the welfare of every French district, town, or even village."

Such was Napoleon as delineated by the pen of his enemies. Napoleon left no means untried to promote peace with England. He exhausted the arts of diplomacy and of conciliation to secure that end. There never was a greater historic error than to suppose Napoleon accountable for those long wars which succeeded the French Revolution. Mr. Richard Cobden, with a candour highly honourable to his stern sense of justice, says—

"There is a prevalent and active belief among us that war arose from an unprovoked and unjust attack made upon us; that we were desirous of peace, but were forced into hostilities; that, in spite of our pacific intentions, our shores were menaced with a French invasion.

"Now, so far is this from being a true statement of the case, it is, I regret to say, the very opposite of the truth. I do not hesitate to affirm that nothing was ever more conclusively proved by evidence in a court of law than the fact, resting upon historical documents and official acts, that England was the aggressor in the last French war. It is not enough to say that France did not provoke hostilities. She all but went down on her knees (if I may apply such a phrase to a nation) to avert a rupture with this country.

"But, in truth, the originators of the war never pretended that they were fighting for the liberties of the people anywhere. Their avowed object was to sustain the old governments of Europe. The advocates of the war were not the friends of popular freedom even at home. The liberal party were ranged on the side of peace—Lansdowne, Bedford, and Lauderdale in the Lords, and Fox, Sheridan, and Grey in the Commons, were the strenuous opponents of the war. They were sustained out of doors by a small minority of intelligent men, who saw through the arts by which the war was rendered popular. But—and it is a mournful fact—the advocates of peace were clamoured down, their persons and property left insecure, and even their families exposed to outrage at the hands of the populace. Yes, the whole truth must be told, for we require it to be known as some safeguard against a repetition of the same scenes. The mass of the people, then wholly uneducated, were instigated to join in the cry for war against France. It is equally true, and must be remembered, that when the war had been carried on for two years,

only, and when its effects had been felt in the high price of food, diminished employment, and the consequent sufferings of the working classes, crowds of people surrounded the King's carriage as he proceeded to the Houses of Parliament, shouting 'Bread! bread!—Peace! peace!'

"But to revert to the question of the merits of the last French war. The assumption put forth that we were engaged in a strictly defensive war is, I regret to say, historically untrue. If you will examine the proofs as they exist in the unchangeable public records, you will be satisfied of this. And let us not forget that our history will ultimately be submitted to the judgment of a tribunal over which Englishmen will exercise no influence beyond that which is derived from the truth and justice of their cause, and from whose decision there will be no appeal. I allude, of course, to the collective wisdom and moral sense of future generations of men. In the case before us, however, not only are we constrained by the evidence of facts to confess that we were engaged in an aggressive war, but the multiplied avowals and confessions of its authors and partisans themselves leave no room to doubt that they entered upon it to put down opinions by physical force—one of the worst, if not the very worst, of motives with which a people can embark in war."

CHAPTER XL.

NEGOTIATIONS WITH ALEXANDER.

England still rejects peace—Bombardment of Copenhagen—Hopes of peace blasted—Desires of Alexander—Communications with Caulaincourt—Proposed conference—Decision of Napoleon respecting Turkey—Perplexity of Austria.

MUCH has been said respecting certain articles in the treaty of Tilsit. Napoleon and Alexander privately agreed to unite their forces against England, if she, refusing the mediation of Russia, should persist, as she had now done for years, in embroiling the Continent in war. They also agreed to combine against Turkey, should the Porte repel the mediation of France. The two Powers also engaged, should England refuse peace, unitedly to summon Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, and Austria to close their ports against English merchandise. Such were the terms of the occult treaty.

Napoleon, concentrating all his energies to the promotion of the prosperity of France, patiently awaited the result of the negotiations commenced by Russia with England. He sent a special ambassador to Turkey to endeavour to secure peace between that Power and Russia. He was successful. The Turk accepted his mediation, and the sword was sheathed. England, finding herself abandoned by all her former allies, immediately sought a coalition with Turkey. She strove to counteract the peaceful influence of France by justly representing that Alexander was hungering for the provinces of the Turkish

Empire. By these means she, ere long, roused Turkey again to war. The mediation of Russia with England was entirely unsuccessful. The cabinet of St. James at first evaded the application, and then proudly, contemptuously, and with an energy which amazed the world, rejected all overtures.

Briefly we must record this new act of English aggression, which roused the indignation of all Europe. The kingdom of Denmark had most studiously maintained neutrality. Jealous of the increasing power of France, she had stationed the Danish army upon her frontiers. Apprehending nothing from England, her seaboard was entirely unprotected. Napoleon, with delicacy but with firmness, had informed Denmark that, should England refuse the mediation of Russia, all the Powers of Europe must choose, in the desperate conflict, the one side or the other. The most perfectly friendly relations then existed between England and Denmark. The cabinet of St. James, apprehensive that Napoleon would succeed in attaching Denmark to the Continental alliance against the sovereignty of the seas, resolved by stealth to take possession of the Danish fleet. This fleet, unprotected and unconscious of peril, was anchored in the harbour of Copenhagen. Denmark, at peace with all the world, had but 5,000 troops in the fortresses which surrounded her metropolis.

Secretly the English government fitted out an expedition. It consisted of twenty-five sail of the line, forty frigates, 377 transports. About 30,000 men were conveyed in the fleet. Suddenly this powerful armament appeared in the waters of the Sound, and landing 20,000 men, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, invested the doomed city by land and by sea. An agent was immediately despatched to the Prince Royal of Denmark, then regent of the kingdom, to summon the surrender of the fortresses and of the fleet. Mr. Jackson, a man of insolent manners and of envenomed spirit, was worthy of the mission. He assigned to the Prince, as a reason for the act, that the British cabinet deemed it necessary to secure the passage of the Sound and to take the Danish fleet, lest both should fall into the power of the French. He therefore demanded, under peril of a bombardment, that the fortress, the port of Copenhagen, and the fleet should be immediately surrendered to the English army. He promised that the whole, when the danger was over, should be returned again to Denmark, and that, in the meantime, the English would act as friends, and pay for all they should consume.

"And with what," exclaimed the indignant Prince, "would you pay for our lost honour, if we were to accede to this infamous proposal?"

Mr. Jackson replied, "War is war. One must submit to its necessities. The weaker party must yield to the stronger."

The interview was short and bitter. The parties separated. The Prince, unable to present any resistance, heroically enveloped himself in despair.

The English envoy returned to the fleet, and the signal was given for the fearful execution of the threatened doom. The English had taken with them an immense quantity of heavy artillery. They were also accompanied by Colonel Congreve, who was to make a trial, for the first time, of his destructive rockets. As there were a few thousand regular troops behind the ramparts of the city, it was not deemed prudent to attempt to carry the place by assault.

The English, having established themselves beyond the reach of danger, reared their batteries and constructed their furnaces for red-hot shot. Calmly, energetically, mercilessly, all their arrangements were consummated. They refrained from firing a single gun until their furnaces were completed and their batteries were in perfect readiness to rain down an overwhelming storm of destruction upon the helpless capital of Denmark.

Nothing can be imagined more awful, more barbarous, than the bombardment of a crowded city. Shots and shells have no mercy. They are heedless of the cry of mothers and maidens. They turn not from the bed of sickness nor from the cradle of infancy. Copenhagen contained 100,000 inhabitants. It was reposing in all the quietude of peace and prosperity. On the evening of the 2nd of September, the appalling storm of war and woe commenced. A tremendous fire of howitzers, bombs, and rockets burst upon the city. The very earth trembled beneath the terrific thunders of the cannonade. During all the long hours of this dreadful night, and until the noon of the ensuing day, the destruction and the carnage continued. The city was now on fire in various quarters. Hundreds of dwellings were blown to pieces. The streets were red with the blood of women and children. Vast columns of smoke rose from the burning capital. The English waited a few hours, hoping that the chastisement had been sufficiently severe to induce the surrender. General Peymann, intrusted with the defence of the metropolis, gazed upon the spectacle of woe around him, his heart almost bursting with grief and indignation. He still maintained a firm and gloomy silence. The conflict in his bosom between the dictates of humanity and the pleadings of a high and honourable pride was terrific.

In the evening the English recommenced their fire. They kept it up all night, the whole of the next day, and the ensuing night. Two thousand of the citizens had now perished. Three hundred houses were burned to the ground. Two thousand dwellings had been blown to pieces by the shells. Half of the city was in flames. Several beautiful churches were in ruins. The arsenal was on fire. For three days and three nights those demoniac engines of death, exploding in the thronged streets, in churches, chambers, parlours, nurseries, had filled the city with carnage, frightful beyond all conception. There was no place of safety for helpless infancy or for decrepit age. The terrific shells, crushing through the roofs of the houses, descended to the cellars;

bursting with thunder peal, they buried the mangled forms of the family in the ruins of their dwellings. Happy were they who were instantaneously killed. The wounded, struggling hopelessly beneath the ruins, were slowly burned alive in the smouldering flames.

The fragments of shells, flying in every direction, produced ghastly mutilation. The mother, distracted with terror, saw the limbs of her infant torn from its body. The father, clasping the form of his daughter to his bosom, witnessed with a delirium of agony that fair form lacerated and mangled hideously in his arms. The thunders of the cannonade, the explosion of the shells, the crash of falling dwellings, the wide, wasting conflagration, the dense volumes of suffocating smoke, the shrieks of women and children, the pools of gore in parlours and on pavements, the mutilated forms of the dying and of the dead, presented a spectacle which no imagination can compass. General Peymann could endure this horrible massacre of women and children no longer. Copenhagen was surrendered to England.

The victors rushed into the city. Almost every house was more or less shattered. One-eighth part of the city was in ashes. It required the utmost exertions of both friend and foe to arrest the conflagration. They found about fifty vessels, ships, brigs, and frigates, of which they immediately took possession. Two ships of the line upon the stocks were burned; three frigates were also destroyed. All the timber in the ship-yards, the tools of the workmen, and an immense quantity of naval stores, were conveyed on board the English squadron. From the ramparts and the floating batteries they took 3,500 pieces of artillery. The prize money divided among the crew amounted, as estimated by Admiral Lord Gambier, to upwards of a million sterling. One-half of the English crews were then put on board the Danish ships. The entire expedition, leaving the hapless metropolis of the Danes drenched with blood and smouldering with fire, made sail for the coast of England. With triumphant salutes and streaming banners of victory, the squadron, rich with the booty of this buccaneering expedition, entered the Thames. Such was the emphatic response which the cabinet of St. James gave to Napoleon's earnest appeal for peace through the mediation of Russia.

The Duke of Wellington had just returned from boundless conquests in India. At Copenhagen he commenced that European career which he afterwards terminated so brilliantly at Waterloo. When the expedition returned to London, the *Iron Duke* received the thanks of Parliament for the skill and efficiency with which he had conducted the bombardment. Copenhagen and Waterloo! The day is not far distant when England will be willing to forget them both.

In reference to this deed, there was but one sentiment throughout all Europe. Nowhere was it more severely condemned than in England. Distinguished members of both Houses of Parliament, and the masses of the people, raised a loud cry of indignation. Lord Grenville, Addington,

Sheridan, Grey, and others, most vehemently expressed their abhorrence. All idea of peace was now abandoned. England on the one hand, and Napoleon on the other, prepared for the most desperate renewal of the strife.

Russia was extremely anxious to wrest from the Turks the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia upon the Danube. She would thus make a long stride towards Constantinople. The Turks, unaided by other Powers, could not prevent this conquest. Napoleon was reluctant to allow Russia to make such an advance towards the empire of the East. With great hesitancy, he was at times half disposed, for the sake of securing the friendship of Alexander, to consent to this encroachment.

The British cabinet immediately despatched a messenger to Alexander to endeavour to secure his favour by offering to aid him in obtaining these provinces. An envoy extraordinary was sent to Austria to dispose her to see with calmness Moldavia and Wallachia become the property of the Russians. The English ambassador at St. Petersburg endeavoured to apologise for the affair of Copenhagen. He said that the British ministers had merely endeavoured to deprive the common enemy of Europe of the means of doing mischief; that Russia ought to rejoice over the event instead of being irritated by it; that England relied upon Russia to bring back Denmark to a more just appreciation of the occurrence, and that the fleet should be returned to the Danes if Denmark would join against Napoleon. Alexander was indignant, and returned a haughty reply. Diplomatic intercourse between the two countries soon ceased.

Alexander immediately sent for General Savary, the envoy of Napoleon, and thus addressed him: "You know that our efforts for peace have ended in war. I expected it; but I confess I did not expect either the Copenhagen expedition or the arrogance of the British cabinet. My resolution is taken, and I am ready to fulfil my engagements. I am entirely disposed to follow that conduct which shall best suit your master. I have seen Napoleon. I flatter myself that I have inspired him with a part of the sentiment with which he has inspired me. I am certain that he is sincere. O that I could see him as at Tilsit—every day, every hour! What talent for conversation! What an understanding! What a genius! How much should I gain by living frequently near him! How many things he has taught me in a few days! But we are so far distant! However, I hope to visit him soon."

Alexander requested permission to purchase muskets from the French manufactories. "I desire," said he, "that the two armies, now destined to serve the same cause, may use the same weapons." He also solicited permission to send the cadets who were to serve in the Russian navy to France for their education. These friendly expressions were accompanied by a magnificent present of furs for the Emperor Napoleon. "I wish to be his *favorier*," said

Napoleon was greatly embarrassed. The cordial friendship of Alexander gratified him. He perceived the intensity of desire with which this ambitious monarch was contemplating Constantinople and a mighty empire in the East. The growth of Russia threatened to overshadow Europe, and to subjugate the world. "Leaning upon the north pole," with her right hand grasping the Baltic and her left the Dardanelles, she might claim universal sovereignty. Nothing would satisfy Alexander but permission to march towards the East. Napoleon earnestly desired his friendship, but also feared to make concessions too dangerous for the repose of Europe.

He sent Caulaincourt to St. Petersburg as his confidential ambassador, informed him fully of his embarrassments, and urged him to do everything in his power to maintain the alliance, without encouraging the designs of Alexander upon the Turkish Empire. That Caulaincourt might worthily represent the Great Nation, Napoleon allowed him the sum of 800,000 francs a-year, and placed in his suite several of the most distinguished young men of France. He also wrote a letter to Alexander, thanking him for his presents, and returning still more magnificent gifts of Sevres porcelain. Denmark promptly threw herself into the arms of Napoleon. A strong division of French troops, at the solicitation of the Danish court, immediately entered Denmark for its protection.

Alexander himself, having been brought under the fascinations of Napoleon's mind at Tilsit, was very enthusiastic in his admiration of his new ally. But the Russian nobles, having never seen the great enchanter, trembled at the advance of democratic freedom. The republican equality of France would elevate the serf and depress the noble. The Czar was willing that his haughty lords should lose a little of their power, and that his degraded serfs should become a little more manly. Hence there arose two parties in Russia—one, headed by the haughty Queen-mother, and embraced by most of the nobles, was for war with France; the Emperor was at the head of the less numerous and the less influential peace party.

Caulaincourt, conscious of the hostility still existing in the bosoms of the Russian nobles towards Napoleon, sent an employé into the circles of the old aristocracy at Moscow to report to him what was said there. Freely the nobles censured the sudden change at Tilsit, by which the young Czar had espoused the policy of France. War with England struck the commerce of Russia a deadly blow. Nothing, they said, could compensate for such sacrifices but obtaining possession of Moldavia and Wallachia. Napoleon, however, they affirmed, will never allow Russia to take those fine provinces.

Caulaincourt immediately transmitted these particulars to Napoleon. He assured the Emperor that, notwithstanding the sincerity of Alexander, the court of Russia, deeply mortified, could not be rallied upon. Napoleon pondered the question long and anxiously. The alliance

of Russia was of vital importance. The aggressive power of Russia, overshadowing Europe with its gloom of despotism, was greatly to be dreaded. The Turks, having deposed, imprisoned, and finally put to death Sultan Selim, the friend of Napoleon, were now cutting off the heads of all who were in favor of an alliance with France. The agents of England were busy in rousing the barbarian Turks. They did not hold themselves accountable for the excesses which ensued.

Napoleon was not much troubled with conscientious scruples about transferring the sovereignty of Turkish provinces to Russia. He only claims the Turks had to those provinces were claims obtained by fire and sword—by outrages, the recital of which causes the ear to tingle. The right of proud despots to rob a people of liberty and of happiness is not a very sacred right. Bad as was the government of Russia, the government of Turkey was still worse. Napoleon consequently did not hesitate to consent to the transfer of these provinces because he thought it would be wrong, but simply because he thought it would be impolitic. The Turkish government, waging now a savage war against him, and in alliance with England, his ever relentless foe, could claim from his hand no special protection. Napoleon could not, however, merely step aside, and let Turkey and Russia settle their difficulties between themselves. Turkey and England were now united as one power against France. The Turks, in defiance of Napoleon's mediation, had renewed the war against Alexander. France was consequently pledged by the treaty of Tilsit to unite her armies with those of Russia.

Under these circumstances, Napoleon proposed a conference with Alexander and with Francis of Austria, to consider the whole Turkish question. He also suggested a grand, gigantic enterprise of the three united Powers, to cross the continent of Asia and attack the English in the territories which they had invaded in India. Austria was deeply interested in this matter. Already she was overshadowed by the colossal Empire of the North. To have the mouths of the Danube, the Mississippi of Austria, in the hands of the Turks, indolent as they were, was bad enough. The transfer of the portals of that majestic stream to the custody of her great rival, Russia, was to be resisted at all hazards. Alexander received the proposal of a conference with transports of joy. The acquisition of the coveted provinces would add to the glory of his reign, would immeasurably increase the prospective greatness of Russia, and would compel the nobles to a cordial approval of his alliance with France. So deeply was Alexander excited, that he read the letter of Napoleon with trembling eagerness. Caulaincourt, who had delivered to him the letter, was present.

"Ah!" exclaimed Alexander, again and again, as he read the welcome lines, "the great man! the great man! Tell him that I am devoted to him for my life. My empire, my armies, are all at

his disposal. When I ask him to grant something to satisfy the pride of the Russian nation, it is not from ambition that I speak. I wish to give him that nation whole and entire, and as devoted to his great projects as I am myself. Your master purposes to interest Austria in the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. He is in the right. It is a wise conception. I cordially join in it.

"He designs an expedition to India. I consent to that, too. I have already made him acquainted, in our long conversations at Tilsit, with the difficulties attending it. He is accustomed to take no account of obstacles. Nevertheless, the climate and distances here present such as surpass all that he can imagine. But let him be easy. The preparations on my part shall be proportioned to the difficulties. We must come to an understanding about the territories which we are going to wrest from Turkish barbarism. This subject, however, can be usefully discussed only in an interview between me and Napoleon. As soon as our ideas have arrived at a commencement of maturity, I shall leave St. Petersburg, and go to meet your Emperor at whatever distance he pleases. I should like to go as far as Paris. But I cannot. Besides, it is a meeting upon business which we want, not a meeting for parade and pleasure. We might choose Weimar, where we would be among our own family. But even there we should be annoyed by a thousand things. At Erfurt we should be more free, more to ourselves. Propose that place to your sovereign. When his answer arrives, I will set out immediately. I shall travel like a courier."

Here originated the idea of the celebrated conference which was soon held at Erfurt. After many long interviews between the Russian minister and the French ambassador, two plans were addressed to Napoleon for his consideration. The one proposed but a partial division of the Turkish Empire. The Turks were to be left in possession of the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, and all their Asiatic possessions. Russia was to have the coveted provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, upon the left bank of the Danube, and Bulgaria upon the right. Austria, as a consolation for seeing the Colossus of the North take so long a step towards universal power, was to receive Servia and Bosnia. Greece was to be emancipated from its Turkish oppressors, and placed under the protection of France. The second plan was bold and gigantic in the extreme. All of Europe and all of Asia Minor were to be rescued from Turkish sway.

Russia was to gratify her long and intensely-cherished ambition in taking possession of Constantinople and all the adjoining provinces on each side of the Bosphorus. Austria was to receive a rich accession to her territory in the partition. All of Greece, all the islands of the Archipelago, the Straits of the Dardanelles, Cyprus, Syria, and Egypt, were to be transferred to France. Such were the plans proposed by the Russian cabinet to Napoleon. It was not deemed pru-

affix any signature to a paper containing propositions of such startling magnitude. As the documents were placed in the hands of the French ambassador to be conveyed to Napoleon, Alexander, whose ambition was excited to its highest pulsations, said to him, "Tell Napoleon that this note meets my full approbation. It is an authentic expression of the ideas of the Russian cabinet."

This extraordinary document, so characteristic of the times, and of the illustrious personages then, by their position and energies, controlling the fate of Europe, we give in full, unaltered and unabridged.

"Since his Majesty, the Emperor of the French and the King of Italy, &c., has recently adjudged that, in order to attain a general peace, and to secure the tranquillity of Europe, it would be expedient to weaken the Ottoman Empire by the dismemberment of its provinces, the Emperor Alexander, faithful to his engagements and to his friendship, is ready to concur in it.

"The first idea, which could not fail to present itself to the Emperor of All the Russias, who is fond of calling to mind the occurrences at Tilsit, when this overture was made to him, was, that the Emperor, his ally, purposed to proceed immediately to the execution of what the two monarchs had agreed upon in the treaty of alliance relative to the Turks; and that he added to it the proposal of an expedition to India.

"It had been settled at Tilsit that the Ottoman Power was to be driven back into Asia, retaining in Europe nothing but the city of Constantinople and Roumelia.

"There was drawn at the same time this consequence, that the Emperor of the French should acquire Albania, and Morea, and the island of Candia.

"Wallachia and Moldavia were next allotted to Russia, giving that empire the Danube for its boundary, comprehending Bessarabia, which is, in fact, a strip of sea-coast, and which is commonly considered as forming part of Moldavia. If to this portion be added Bulgaria, the Emperor is ready to concur in the expedition to India, of which there had been then no question, provided that this expedition to India, as the Emperor Napoleon himself has just traced its route, shall proceed through Asia Minor.

"The Emperor Alexander applauded himself for the idea of gaining the concurrence of a corps of Austrian troops in the expedition to India, and as the Emperor, his ally, seemed to wish that it should not be numerous, he conceives that this concurrence would be adequately compensated by awarding to Austria, Turkish Croatia and Bosnia, unless the Emperor of the French should find it convenient to retain a portion of them. There might, moreover, be offered to Austria a less direct but very considerable interest, by settling the future condition of Servia, incontestably one of the finest provinces of the Ottoman Empire, in the following manner.

"The Servians are a warlike people, and that

quality, which always continually returns must excite a wish to regulate their lot judiciously.

"The Servians, fraught with a feeling of just vengeance against the Turks, have boldly shaken off the yoke of their oppressors, and are, it is said, resolved never to wear it again. In order to consolidate peace, it seems necessary, therefore, to make them independent of the Turks.

"The peace of Tilsit determines nothing in regard to them. Their own wish, expressed strongly and more than once, has led them to implore the Emperor Alexander to admit them into the number of his subjects. This attachment to his person makes him desirous that they should live happy and content, without insisting upon extending his sway. His Majesty seeks no acquisition that could obstruct peace. He makes with pleasure this sacrifice, and all those which can contribute to render it speedy and solid. He proposes, in consequence, to erect Servia into an independent kingdom, to give its crown to one of the archdukes who is not the head of any sovereign branch, and who is sufficiently remote from the succession to the throne of Austria; and in this case it should be stipulated that this kingdom should never be incorporated with the mass of the dominions of that house.

"This whole supposition of the dismemberment of the Turkish provinces, as explained above, being founded upon the engagements at Tilsit, has not appeared to offer any difficulty to the two persons commissioned by the two Emperors to discuss together the means of attaining the ends proposed by their imperial majesties.

"The Emperor of Russia is ready to take part in a treaty between the three emperors which should fix the conditions above expressed; but, on the other hand, having conceived that the letter which he recently received from the Emperor of the French seemed to indicate the resolution of a much more extended dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire than that which had been projected between them at Tilsit, that monarch, in order to meet the interests of the three imperial courts, and particularly in order to give the Emperor, his ally, all the proofs of friendship and deference that are in his power, has declared that, without wanting a further diminution of the strength of the Ottoman Porte, he would cheerfully concur in it.

"He has laid down as a principle of his interest in this great partition, that his share of the increased acquisition should be moderate in extent or magnitude, and that he would consent that the share of his ally, in particular, should be marked out of much larger proportion. His majesty has added that, besides this principle of moderation he placed one of wisdom, which consisted in not finding himself, by this new plan of partition, worse placed than he is at the present in regard to boundaries and commercial relations.

"Setting out with these two principles, the Emperor Alexander would see, not only without jealousy, but with pleasure, the Emperor Napoleon acquire and incorporate with his dominion,

in addition to what has been mentioned above all the islands of the Archipelago Cyprus, Rhodes, and even whatever is left of the seaports of the Levant, Syria, and Egypt.

"In case of this more extensive partition, the Emperor Alexander would change his preceding opinion respecting the state of Servia. Studying to form an honourable and highly advantageous share for the house of Austria, he should wish that Servia should be incorporated with the mass of the Austrian dominions, and that there should be added to it Macedonia, with the exception of that part of Macedonia which France might desire in order to fortify her Albanian frontier, so as that France might obtain Salonichi. This line of the Austrian frontier might be drawn from Scopia to Orphane, and would make the power of the house of Austria extend to the sea.

"Croatia might belong to France or to Austria, as the Emperor Napoleon pleases.

"The Emperor Alexander cannot disguise from his ally that, finding a particular satisfaction in all that has been said at Tilsit, he places, according to the advice of the Emperor, his friend, those possessions of the house of Austria between theirs, in order to avoid the point of contact, always so liable to cool friendship.

"The share of Russia in this new and extensive partition would have added to that which was awarded to her in the preceding plan, the possession of the city of Constantinople, with a radius of a few leagues in Asia; and in Europe, part of Roumelia, so as that the frontier of Russia, on the side of the new possessions of Austria, setting out from Bulgaria, should follow the frontier of Servia to a little beyond Solismick, and the chain of mountains which runs from Solismick to Trayanpol inclusive, and then the river Moriza to the sea.

"In the conversation which has taken place respecting this second plan of partition, there has been this difference of opinion, that one of the two persons conceived that, if Russia were to possess Constantinople, France ought to possess the Dardanelles, or at least to appropriate to herself that which was on the Asiatic side. This assertion was contested, on the other part, upon the ground of the immense disproportion proposed to be made in the shares of this new and greater partition, and that even the occupation of the fort would utterly destroy this principle of the Emperor of Russia not to be worse placed than he now is in regard to his geographical and commercial relations.

"The Emperor Alexander, moved by the feeling of his extreme friendship for the Emperor Napoleon, has declared, with a view to remove the difficulty—

"1stly. That he would agree to a military road for France running through the new possessions of Austria and Russia, opening to her a military route to the ports of Syria.

"2ndly. That if the Emperor Napoleon wished to possess Smyrna, or any other port on the coast of Natolia, from the point of that coast which is opposite to Mytilene to that which is situated

opposite to Rhodes, and should send troops thither to conquer them, the Emperor Alexander is ready to assist in this enterprise, by joining, for this purpose, a corps of his troops to the French troops.

"3dly. That if Smyrna, or any other possession on the coast of Natolia, such as has just been pointed out, having come under the dominion of France, should afterwards be attacked, not merely by the Turks, but even by the English, in hatred of that treaty, his majesty the Emperor of Russia will, in that case, proceed to the aid of his ally whenever he shall be required to do so.

"4thly. His majesty thinks that the house of Austria might, on the same footing, assist France in taking possession of Salonichi, and proceed to the aid of that port whenever it shall be required of her.

"5thly. The Emperor of Russia declares that he has no wish to acquire the south coast of the Black Sea, which is in Asia, though, in the discussion, it was thought that it might be desirable for him.

"6thly. The Emperor of Russia has declared that, whatever might be the success of his troops in India, he should not desire to possess anything there, and that he would cheerfully consent that France should make for herself all the territorial acquisitions in India which she might think fit; and that it should be likewise at her option to cede any portion of the conquests which she might make there to her allies.

"If the two allies agree together in a precise manner that they adopt one or the other of these two plans of partition, his majesty the Emperor Alexander will have extreme pleasure in repairing to the personal interview which has been proposed to him, and which could, perhaps, take place at Erfurt. He conceives that it would be advantageous if the basis of the engagements that are to be made there were previously fixed with a sort of precision, that the two Emperors may have nothing to add to the extreme satisfaction of seeing one another but that of being enabled to sign without delay the fate of this part of the globe, and thereby, as they purpose to themselves, to force England to desire that peace from which she now keeps aloof wilfully and with such boasting."

Upon receiving this communication, Napoleon peremptorily refused his assent to the latter plan. No consideration could induce him to permit Russia to take possession of Constantinople. He was ready to break the alliance, and to see that immense Power again arrayed against him, rather than thus betray the liberties of Europe.

"Constantinople," said Alexander, "is the key of my house."

"Constantinople!" exclaimed Napoleon; "it is the dominion of the world."

Austria was in great perplexity. She dreaded the liberal opinions which France was everywhere diffusing. She was inconsolable for the loss of Italy. She was intensely mortified by

the defeats of Ulm and Austerlitz. She was much alarmed by the encroachments of Alexander, her great rival. On the other hand, she was unable to contend against France, even with Russia as an ally. How, then, could she resist France and Russia combined? Through England alone could Austria hope to regain Italy, and to retard the appalling growth of Russia. Napoleon was perfectly frank in his communications with the court of Vienna. There was no occasion for intrigue. He sincerely wished to unite Austria and Russia with France, that, upon perfectly equitable terms, peace might be forced upon England. He desired nothing so much as leisure to develop the resources of France, and to make his majestic empire the garden of the world. Weary of contending, with all Europe against him, he was willing to make almost any concessions for the sake of peace.

"England," said he, "is the great enemy of peace. The world demands repose. England cannot hold out against the strongly-expressed unanimity of the Continent."

The Austrian court, never frank and honourable, with much hesitancy joined the Continental alliance. An envoy was despatched to the court of St. James with two messages. The one was public, and for the ear of Europe. It declared that France, through the mediation of Russia, had proposed equitable terms for peace; and that, if England now refused peace, all nations must combine against her. The other message was secret and deceitful. It stated that Austria, left alone upon the Continent, could not resist France and Russia. There was a little blending of magnanimity in the addition that England ought to think of peace; that if she still persisted in war, her best friends would be compelled to abandon her. The Austrian ambassador was also commissioned boldly to declare that the act perpetrated at Copenhagen was an outrage which was deeply felt by every neutral state.

CHAPTER XII.

ITALY AND SPAIN.

Tour of the Emperor and Empress through Italy—Reception in Venice—Interview with Lucien—The Milan Decree—Magnificent plans—Testimony of Burke—Affairs of Portugal—Flight of the Court—The Spanish Bourbons—Arrest of Ferdinand—Appeal of Charles and Ferdinand to Napoleon—Conversation with Savary—Letter to the King of Holland—Letter to Murat—Reply to Ferdinand—Interview with the Spanish Bourbons—Proclamation to the Spaniards—Entrance of Joseph Bonaparte into Spain—Inquiries—Remarks to O'Meara.

ABOUT this time Napoleon left Paris for a tour through Italy. He passed from city to city with his accustomed celerity, allowing himself no time for repose. With a glance of the eye he decided, and decided wisely, upon the most important public works. He left Paris on the 16th of November, 1807. Josephine accompanied him. At midnight of the 15th, at the close of a brilliant assembly in the Tuilleries, Napoleon

on retiring, to an attendant, "Carriages at six, for Italy." This was the only announcement of his journey. Even Josephine had received no previous notice. On the morning of the 21st his chariot wheels were rattling over the pavements of Milan. Eugène was taken by surprise. Immediately on the morning of his arrival, Napoleon visited the Cathedral of Milan, where a *Te Deum* was chanted. His pensive and impassioned spirit ever enjoyed the tolling of bells, the peal of the organ, the swell of the anthem, the dim religious light struggling through aisles and groined arches, and amid the pillars and gorgeous adornings of the most imposing temples of worship. His serious and earnest nature was never attuned to mirthfulness. In no scene of midnight wassail or bacchanalian revelry was he ever found. Napoleon seldom smiled. A gentle melancholy overshadowed him. Intense earnestness pervaded his being. In the afternoon he visited the vice-queen, the young and noble bride of Eugène. In the evening he went to the theatre to show himself to the Italians. For comedy he had no relish. The soul-stirring incidents of the most exalted tragedy he richly enjoyed. The Legislative Assembly was immediately called together. Napoleon thus addressed them:—

"Gentlemen! It is with pleasure that I see you around my throne. After an absence of three years, I am much gratified to observe the progress which has been made by my people. But there are still many things to be done ere the errors of our fathers can be effaced and Italy rendered worthy of the high destiny reserved for her. The intestine divisions of our ancestors, occasioned by their miserable egotism and love of individual localities, led to the gradual loss of all their rights. The country was disinherited of its rank and dignity, bequeathed by those who, in remote ages, had spread afar the renown of their arms and the fame of their manly virtues. To restore that renown and those virtues will be the object and the glory of my reign."

The Italians had not listened to such noble words for ages.

The three next days were devoted to business. Innumerable orders were despatched. In crossing Mont Cenis by the new road which he had constructed, he was impressed with the deficiency of accommodation for travellers on those bleak and snow-drifted heights. He gave orders for the creation of three hamlets. One upon the summit of the mountain, and one at the commencement of the ascent on each side. On the summit he ordered the erection of a church, an inn, a hospital, and a barrack. He granted exemption from taxes for all the peasants who would settle in these hamlets. A population was commenced by establishing bands of soldiers at each of these points, charged to keep the road over the difficult mountain pass in repair, and to assemble, in case of accident, wherever their assistance might be needed. Having in a few days accomplished works which would have occupied most minds for months, on the 10th of December he set off for Venice, taking the road by Brescia, Verona,

and Padua. He was greeted, wherever he appeared, by the most enthusiastic acclamations of the people.

On the road he met the King and Queen of Bavaria, whose daughter Eugène had married his sister Eliza, and his brother Joseph, whom he most fondly loved. The three royal bands united. In one meteor of splendour they swept gorgeously along over the hills and through the valleys of rejoicing and regenerated Italy. Arriving at Venice, the authorities and a vast population awaited him in gondolas decorated with silken hangings and with streaming banners. He was floated along the crystal streets of the proud Queen of the Adriatic enveloped in the most exultant strains of music and in shouts of welcome. The barges were indeed freighted with a magnificent company. The Emperor was attended by the Viceroy of Italy and his noble bride, by the King and Queen of Bavaria, the King of Naples, Eliza, the Princess of Lucca, Murat, the Grand Duke of Berg, and by Berthier, the Grand Duke of Neufchâtel. Venice, exulting in her escape from tyrannical laws, earnestly hoped Napoleon would annex her to the highly-favoured Kingdom of Italy.

In the midst of these scenes of festivity, Napoleon's energies were all engrossed in devising works of great public utility. He visited the dockyards, the canals, the arsenal, accompanied by efficient engineers. An enterprise was immediately commenced for rendering the waters of Venice navigable for ships of any burden. He organised an administration for keeping the canals in good condition, and for deepening the lagoons. He decreed a basin for seventy-four gun ships, a grand canal, hydraulic works of immense importance. He instituted a free port into which commerce might bring merchandise before the payment of duties. The public health was provided for by transferring burials from churches to an island cemetery. The pleasures of the people were not forgotten. The beautiful place of St. Mark, rich in historical associations, and the pride of Venice, was repaired, embellished, and brilliantly lighted. Hospitals were established.

Such were the benefits which Napoleon conferred on Venice. In that flying visit of a few days he accomplished more for the welfare of the state than Austria had attempted during ages of misrule. It was for the glory which such achievements would secure that his soul hungered. He received, in return, the heartfelt acclamations of a grateful people. But Venice and other large portions of Italy had been wrested from the domination of Austria. The cabinet of Vienna was watching, with an eagle eye, to fall upon this sovereign of the people, and to regain her lost possessions.

Leaving Venice, he inspected the principal fortifications of the Kingdom of Italy. At Mantua he had appointed a meeting with his brother Lucien. For some time they had been partially estranged. Napoleon earnestly desired a reconciliation. Lucien had secretly married, for a second wife, the widow of a Parisian

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

banker. He was a high-spirited man, of commanding talents and decided character, and was not at all disposed to place himself under the guidance of his brother's mind. Napoleon, conscious of his own power, and seldom distrusting the wisdom of his own decisions, wished for agents who would execute his plans. The private interview was protracted till long after midnight. Lucien left in tears. The brothers could not agree in their views, though they entertained a cordial esteem for each other. But little can be known respecting this interview, except what is related by Baron Meneval, Napoleon's secretary. He says—

"After having received the orders of the Emperor, I went, about nine o'clock in the evening, to seek Lucien Bonaparte at the inn where he had alighted. I conducted him to the cabinet of the Emperor. The interview was protracted till long after midnight. Lucien, upon leaving, was extremely agitated. His eyes were flooded with tears. I reconducted him to the inn. There I learned that the Emperor had made the most pressing solicitations to induce Lucien to return to France and to accept a throne, but that the conditions imposed wounded his domestic affections and his political independence. He charged me to make his adieu to the Emperor, 'perhaps,' he added, 'for ever.' The Emperor, finding his brother inflexible, gave him time to consider his propositions. He charged his brothers and his ministers, Talleyrand and Fouché, to urge his acceptance. They could accomplish nothing. Napoleon regretted to be deprived of the co-operation of a man whose noble character and exalted talents he highly esteemed. The eagerness with which Lucien hastened to place himself by his brother's side in the hour of adversity is his best eulogy."

It is a noble testimonial of the private virtues of both of these men, that when Napoleon was imprisoned upon the rock of St. Helena, Lucien applied to the British government for permission to share his captivity. He offered to go, with or without his wife and children, for two years. He engaged not to occasion any augmentation of expense, and promised to submit to every restriction imposed upon himself, either before his departure or after his return.

Napoleon immediately left Mantua for Milan. Upon his arrival at the capital of the Kingdom of Italy, he found innumerable letters awaiting him from all parts of Europe. England began now to suffer very severely from the operation of the Berlin decrees. She could not sell her goods. Her capitalists were failing. Her manufactures were crumbling to ruin. Her workmen were starving. The Continent, on the contrary, was by no means proportionately afflicted. Napoleon had opened new channels of traffic. The arts and manufactures were generally in a state of prosperity.

Under the influence of this exasperation, England issued some new orders in council. They were more rigorous and severe than the

first. By these decrees England the blockade of France, and of all the continental ports in alliance with France. She also declared all vessels, of whatever nation, lawful prize, which were bound to France or to any of her allies, unless such vessels had cleared from, or touched at, some English port. These neutral ships were ordered to pay in England a duty of twenty-five per cent. for all goods which they conveyed from their own country, or from any other nation except Great Britain, to France or to any of her allies. Thus England endeavoured to remunerate herself by a tax upon the commerce of the world for Napoleon's refusal to purchase her goods.

Napoleon, upon receiving at Milan these orders of the British cabinet, immediately issued, in retaliation, his famous Milan decrees. In his Berlin decrees he excluded from the ports of France and of her allies every English vessel, or every vessel which had touched at an English port, and which might thus be supposed to have on board English goods. He refused to have any commercial intercourse whatever with his belligerent neighbour until England should manifest a more pacific spirit. As England confiscated all French property which could be found upon the ocean, Napoleon confiscated all English property he could find upon the land.

But in the Milan decrees, imitating the violence of England, and as regardless of the rights of neutrals as was his powerful foe, he declared every vessel denationalized, and therefore lawful prize, which should recognise the authority of these British orders by paying the duty demanded. "These rigorous measures," said he, "shall cease in regard to any nations which shall have caused the English government to respect the rights of their flags. They shall continue with regard to all others, and never to be released till Great Britain shows a disposition to return to the laws of nations, as well as to those of justice and honour." Thus England declared all ships, of whatever nation, lawful prize, which should fail to touch at her ports and pay duty. Napoleon declared all lawful prize which should consent to touch at English ports and pay duty. Beneath the gigantic tread of these hostile Powers, weaker nations were trampled in the dust.

Napoleon, in his Milan decree, remarked, "All the sovereigns in Europe have in trust the sovereignty and independence of their flags. If, by an unpardonable weakness, such a tyranny is allowed to be established into a principle, and consecrated by usage, the English will avail themselves of it in order to assert the same as a right, as they have availed themselves of the tolerance of governments to establish the infamous principle that the flag of a nation does not cover goods, and to give to their right of blockade an arbitrary extension which infringes on the sovereignty of every state." He, however, immediately communicated to the American government that his decrees were not intended to apply to the United States. "The

States of America," he afterwards said to Legislative Body, "have rather chosen to abandon commerce and the sea than acknowledge their slavery to England."

Napoleon also learned at Milan that England had ordered the troops returning triumphantly from Copenhagen to proceed to Portugal. In the harbours of that feeble Power, which was, in reality, but a colony of Great Britain, and at the impregnable fortress of Gibraltar, which she had wrested from Spain, England was assembling the most formidable forces. Napoleon immediately informed Spain, his unreliable ally, of her danger, and sent troops to her assistance. As Napoleon left Milan, the grateful Italians voted the erection of a monument to perpetuate the memory of the benefits which their illustrious benefactor had conferred upon them.

Napoleon then hastened to Piedmont, and examined the magnificent fortress which he was rearing at Alessandria. Thence he went to Turin, rousing, wherever he appeared, the energies of the people, and scattering benefits with a liberal hand. He ordered the channel of the Po to be deepened, that it might be navigable to Alessandria. He marked out the route, with his own consummate engineering skill, for a canal to unite the waters of the Po and of the Mediterranean. He opened a high road over Mount Genève, thus constructing a new route between France and Piedmont. Seven bridges, at his imperial command, with graceful arches, sprang over as many streams. For all these useful expenses his foresight provided the financial means. It is not strange that voluptuous kings, dallying with beauty and luxuriating in all sensual indulgence, should have dreaded the influence of this energetic monarch, who, entirely regardless of all personal ease and comfort, was consecrating his whole being to the elevation of the masses of mankind. It is but just to Napoleon to contrast the benefits which he conferred upon Italy, and upon every country where he gained an influence, with the course which England pursued in the vast territories which she had conquered in India.

"England," says Burke, "has erected no churches, no hospitals, no palaces, no schools. England has built no bridges, made no high roads, cut no navigations, dug out no reservoirs. Were we to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed during the inglorious period of our dominion by anything better than the ourang-outang or the tiger."

Napoleon left Turin cheered by the acclamations which he so richly merited. Josephine, in whose bosom bliss and agony were struggling for the supremacy, sat at his side. She loved her magnificent husband with a fervour which has, perhaps, never been surpassed. His smile, his gentle caresses, his most extraordinary and unremitting attentions, his burning words of love, attested the sincerity with which he reciprocated the affection and the homage of his wife. She well knew that this strange, fascinating man, intensely as he loved her, would tear from his

heart every quivering fibre of affection if he deemed it essential for the accomplishment of his plans.

On the evening of the 1st of January, 1806, he returned to Paris. The court and the city authorities immediately thronged the Tuileries with the offerings of their heartfelt homage. The rejoicing Parisians filled the garden; bells rang; illuminations blazed. The acclamations of hundreds of thousands, filling the air with the sublime roar of human voices, proclaimed to Napoleon, in terms not to be misunderstood, that he was enthroned in the hearts of his people.

Napoleon immediately turned his whole attention to the affairs of Portugal and of Spain. A more perplexing question was never presented to the human mind.

The kingdom of Portugal consists of a narrow strip of land spread along the western shores of the Spanish peninsula. An ignorant and inefficient population of about three millions, debased by ages of oppression, loitered over its fields. Portugal was so entirely under the influence of the British cabinet, that it was virtually a colony of Great Britain. English ships filled her harbours. The warehouses of English merchants crowded the streets of her cities.

Napoleon transmitted a note to the Portuguese government, requiring Portugal openly to espouse the one side or the other in the great conflict. If Portugal was willing to cast in her lot with the Continental alliance, she was required, like the other Powers, to close her ports against England, and to confiscate all the English goods in her territory. A diplomatic correspondence immediately ensued. All the communications of Napoleon were sent by the Portuguese government to the British ministers. Mr. Canning admitted in Parliament that the cabinet of St. James dictated the replies. The evasive answers which were returned Napoleon perfectly understood. He immediately sent an army, in conjunction with Spain, to rescue Portugal from the dominion of the English. Resistance was in vain. None was attempted; not a gun was fired; not a drop of blood was shed. A small army under General Junot crossed the Pyrenees, and advanced with rapid steps towards Lisbon. The people, sunk in the lethargy of debasement, gazed upon the march of these French columns with unconcern. They were too much oppressed to love their wretched rulers. They were too deeply debased to cherish any noble aspirations for liberty.

The council at Lisbon was divided. Some were in favour of adhering to the English alliance, and, with the aid of the English army and navy, to oppose Napoleon. Others were for joining the Continental alliance, and for abandoning England altogether. Others recommended that the whole court, with all the treasure which could be suddenly accumulated, should forsake Portugal, and retire across the Atlantic to their far more extensive possessions in Brazil. This majestic Portuguese province in South America, with an Atlantic coast four thousand miles in length, was

fifty times as large as the little kingdom of Portugal.

The latter plan was suddenly adopted when it was announced to the imbecile court that Junot was within two days' march of Lisbon.

The Queen of Portugal was insane. The Prince Regent governed in her stead. A fleet of thirty-six ships of war and merchants were in the harbour of Lisbon ready to receive the royal retinue. It was the 27th of November, 1807. A cold storm of wind and rain swept the streets, but not an hour was to be lost. The Queen-mother, her eyes rolling in the wild frenzy of the maniac, the princes, the princesses, nearly all the members of the court, and most of the noble families, crowded through the flooded streets on board the squadron. Innumerable carts thronged the great thoroughfares, laden with plate, and the priceless paintings and the sumptuous furniture of the royal palaces.

All the money which could by any possibility be accumulated by the energy of the government and by the efforts of the nobles was conveyed on board the ships in chests. The quays were covered with treasures of every kind, drenched with rain and spattered with mud. Carriages were rattling to and fro, conveying families to the hurried embarkation. Men, women, children, and servants, to the number of eight thousand, rushed in a tumultuous mass on board the squadron. The precipitation was such, that in several of the ships the most necessary articles of food were forgotten. In the confusion of the embarkation, husbands were separated from wives, and parents from children, as the mass was swept along by diverse currents into the different ships. They remained in the most anxious suspense respecting each other's safety until the termination of the voyage. An English fleet was cruising at the mouth of the Tagus to protect the court in its inglorious flight. In a gale of wind the fleet pressed out of the harbour. The British squadron received it with a royal salute. Sir Sydney Smith, who had command of the squadron, despatched a powerful convoy to accompany the fugitive court to its new home in Rio Janeiro. Scarcely had the receding sails vanished in the distant horizon ere Junot made his appearance. He entered Lisbon with but fifteen hundred grenadiers. A population of three hundred thousand souls raised not a hand in resistance. Thus Portugal strangely passed like a dream of enchantment away from the control of England into the hands of Napoleon.

A branch of the family of Bourbon occupied the throne of Spain. King Charles IV. was a gluttonous old man, imbecile in mind, impotent in action, dissolute in life. He was utterly despised. His wife, Louisa Maria, a Neapolitan princess, was as shameless a profligate as could be found in any dwelling of infamy in Spain. Manuel Godoy, a tall, graceful, handsome young soldier, was one of the body-guard of the King. Entirely destitute of moral principle, without any high intellectual endowments, he still possessed many attractions of person and of mind.

He sang beautifully. He touched the lute with skill. He had romantic tastes. He loved the moonlight, and wandered beneath the shadows of the dark towers of the Escorial, and sang passionately the plaintive and burning songs of Spain. The Queen, from the sunny clime of Italy, and from the voluptuous court of Naples, was the child of untamed passions. She heard the warbling voice of the young soldier; sent for him to the palace; lavished upon him wealth and honours, and surrendered her husband, the government, and her own person, without reserve, into his hands. The imbecile old King, happy to be relieved from the cares of state, cordially acquiesced in this arrangement. He also, in the inconceivable depths of degradation which revolted not from dishonour, loved Godoy, leaned upon his shoulder, and called him his protector and friend. In consequence of the treaty of Bale, which Godoy effected, he received the title of the Prince of Peace.

"Every day," said Charles IV. to Napoleon, winter as well as summer, I go out to shoot from morning till noon. I then dine, and return to the chase, which I continue till sunset. Manuel Godoy then gives me a brief account of what is going on, and I go to bed to recommence the same life on the morrow." Such was the employment of the King of Spain during the years in which Europe was trembling, as by an earthquake, beneath the martial thunders of Marengo and Austerlitz, of Jena and Auerstaedt, of Eylau and Friedland.

Charles IV. had three sons, Ferdinand, Carlos, and Francisco. Ferdinand, the heir-apparent to the throne, was at this time twenty-five years of age. He was as imbecile as his father, and as profligate as his mother. "Our son Ferdinand," said Louisa, "has a mule's head and a tiger's heart." The young Prince was anxious to ascend the throne. The great majority of the nation were with him. The people, disgusted with the debauchery of the court, thought that any change must be for the better. The once mighty empire of Charles V. was descending with rapid strides into the gulf of anarchy, poverty, and ruin. Godoy, the upstart favourite, was detested. Plots and counterplots filled the realm. Spain was the disgrace of Europe. Neither the King nor the Queen had political foresight enough to care for the movements of Napoleon. Godoy hated and feared that mighty mind, that majestic intellect, which was overthrowing feudal thrones, and bringing up into the light of day the energies and the rights of the masses.

Ferdinand was accused by Godoy, and perhaps justly, of an attempt to poison father, mother, and minister. The heir-apparent was arrested and thrown into prison. The populace, from hatred to Godoy, espoused the cause of the imprisoned Prince. Ferdinand aided in arousing them. An enormous mob of countless thousands, with knives and bludgeons, surrounded the palace of Godoy. The King's troops dared not attack them. The terrified favourite fled to the garret, and rolled himself up in a pile of old mats among

the cobwebs behind the chimney. The mob burst in his doors, rushed in an inundation through his magnificent parlours, swarmed up the stairs and through the chambers. Sofas, mirrors, paintings, were hurled from the windows, and dashed in pieces upon the pavements. Two young ladies, the guilty favourites of Godoy, were carefully conducted to a carriage and conducted to a place of safety. The tramp of the mob was heard upon the floor of the garret. Godoy trembled in anticipation of a bloody death. The dusty mats concealed him.

Night came and went. Day dawned, and its long, long hours lingered slowly away. Still the wretched man, tortured with hunger and thirst, dared not leave his retreat. Another night darkened over the insurgent city. The clamour of the triumphant mob filled all hearts with dismay. The trembling minister survived its protracted agony. For thirty-six hours he had remained cramped and motionless in his retreat. In the dawn of the third morning intolerable thirst drove him from his hiding-place. As he was creeping stealthily down stairs a watchful eye detected him and shouted the alarm. The cry resounded from street to street. In confluent waves the masses rushed towards the palace. The wretched victim—his garments soiled and torn, his hat gone, his hair dishevelled, his features haggard with terror and suffering—was thrust into the streets. A few mounted troops of the King, with gleaming sabres, cut their way through the throng. They seized him by his arms, and upon the full gallop dragged him, suspended from their saddles, over the rough pavements. The mob, like ravening wolves, rushed and roared after him. Half dead with fright and bruises, Godoy was thrown for protection into the nearest prison, and the gates were closed against his pursuers.

The exasperated populace, with loud imprecations and vows of vengeance, turned their fury upon the dwellings of the hated favourite. House after house was sacked. And now the portentous cry was heard, "To the Palace!" The scenes of the French Revolution were recommenced in Madrid.

Charles and Louisa were frantic with terror. Visions of dungeons and guillotines appalled their weak and guilty spirits. The King, to appease the mob, issued a proclamation dismissing Godoy, and abdicating the throne in favour of his "well-beloved son, Ferdinand." It was a perfidious abdication, instigated by force, and which the King had no intention to respect. He accordingly appealed to Napoleon for help. Impudently he wrote as follows:—

"I have resigned in favour of my son. The din of arms and the clamour of my insurgent people left me no alternative but resignation or death. I have been forced to abdicate. I have no longer any hope but in the aid and support of my magnanimous ally, the Emperor Napoleon."

Ferdinand also wrote to secure the support of the great Emperor. He spared no expressions of

adulation and no efforts of sycophancy to secure that end. He wrote:—

"The world daily more and more admires the greatness and goodness of Napoleon. Rest assured the Emperor shall ever find in Ferdinand the most faithful and devoted son. Ferdinand implores, therefore, the paternal protection of the Emperor. He also solicits the honour of an alliance with his family."

It will be remembered that, when Napoleon was upon the cold summit of the Landgrafenberg, the evening before the battle of Jena, he received information that Spain, nominally his ally, was perfidiously entering into an alliance with England, and was rising in arms against him. Napoleon was far away in the heart of Prussia, struggling against the combined hosts of Russia, Prussia, and England. The Bourbons of Spain treacherously seized upon that moment to rouse the Peninsula to fall with daggers upon the back of that friendly monarch who had neither done nor meditated aught to injure them.⁴⁰ Had Napoleon lost the battle of Jena, the fanatic peasantry of Spain, headed by the troops and the officers of England, would have rolled like an inundation down the passes of the Pyrenees upon the plains of defenceless France, and the terrific struggle would have been at an end. Napoleon, in an hour, would have been hurled from his throne. The rejected Bourbons would have been forced upon France.

It was midnight, dark and gloomy, when Napoleon, by the fire of his bivouac, read the despatches announcing this act of perfidy. His majestic spirit was too deep and tranquil in its flow to admit of peevishness or irritability. Calmly he smiled as he folded up his despatches. "The Bourbons of Spain," said he, "shall be replaced by Princes of my own family." The next day, upon the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, the Prussian monarchy was ground to powder. The Spanish Bourbons, terrified at the unexpected result, hastily sheathed the sword which they had drawn. Upon sycophantic knees they bowed before the conqueror. But Napoleon well knew, and Europe well knew, that the treacherous court was but waiting and watching its opportunity to strike a deadly blow. It was under these circumstances that the Spanish Bourbons were compelled, by the pressure of their family corruptions, to appeal to Napoleon for protection. Napoleon was exceedingly embarrassed. In no other period of his life did any vacillation ever seem to mark his course. Here he appeared to take one step after another with no settled plan. These

⁴⁰ "A convention," says Alison, "was secretly concluded at Madrid between the Spanish government and the Russian ambassador, to which the court of Lisbon was also a party, by which it was agreed that, as soon as the favourable opportunity was arrived by the French armies being far advanced on their road to Berlin, the Spanish government should commence hostilities in the Pyrenees, and invite the English to co-operate." It is impossible to rouse in our hearts any very vehement emotions of indignation against Napoleon for adopting such measures to secure himself from the repetition of such perfidy.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

were but two things which he could do, each of which seemed to be equally portentous of danger. He could, by his almost miraculous powers, overthrow the Bourbons, and place some one upon the throne of Spain who would regenerate that noble country, by throwing into it the energies and sympathies of popularized France. Thus he would secure a cordial alliance, and be protected in his rear, should the great Northern Powers, who were still in heart hostile, again combine against him. But there was an aspect of unfairness in this transaction against which his spirit revolted. It would arouse anew the angry clamour of Europe. The feudal monarchs would justly regard it as a new triumph of popular right against the claims of legitimacy—as a terrific exhibition of the encroachments of revolutionized France. It would thus add new venom to the bitterness with which the republican empire was regarded by all the feudal monarchies.

On the other hand, Napoleon could sustain Ferdinand upon the throne, for Godoy and Charles were not to be thought of. He could endeavour to give Ferdinand a wife of exalted character, imbued with Napoleonic principles, who would control his weak mind, and lead perfidy in the path of fidelity and truth.

After long and anxious reflection, now inclining one way and now the other, he at last decided upon the latter plan. In his reply to Ferdinand, he wrote that it would be necessary to investigate the charges brought against the Spanish Prince, for he could not think of forming an alliance with a *dishonoured son*. He immediately began to look around for a wife for Ferdinand. But young ladies of commanding intellect, of exalted character, and who can appreciate the grandeur of a noble action, are rare. The saloons of the Tuileries and of St. Cloud were full of pretty girls, but Napoleon searched in vain for the one he wanted.

His brother Lucien, residing in Italy, a repining yet voluntary exile, had a daughter by a first marriage—a brilliant girl, who had been living in comparative neglect with her father. Napoleon fixed upon her, and called her to Paris. He, however, deemed it necessary, before making her Queen of Spain, thoroughly to understand her character. He consequently gave orders that her correspondence should be closely watched at the post-office. Unfortunately, this young lady, brought up in exile with the impetuous, estranged, yet noble-hearted Lucien, had been accustomed to look with an envious eye upon her uncles and aunts who were filling the thrones of Europe. Her lofty spirit was not disposed to conciliation. Proudly she made no effort to win the love of her enemies. With much sarcastic talent she wrote about Napoleon and all the rest of the family. When the letters were placed in the hands of the Emperor, he good-naturedly smiled as he perused them, and rather maliciously summoned his mother, brothers, and sisters to a family meeting at the Tuileries. The witty letters were read to the assembled group. Napoleon, accustomed to every conceivable kind of

veniveness of his relatives. He, however, promptly decided that Charlotte did not possess the proper requisites to infuse his spirit into the monarchy of Spain. The following day she was on the road for Italy. It was for her a fortunate escape. History may be searched in vain for a more brutal, inhuman, utterly worthless creature than this Ferdinand; subsequently proved himself to be. Had she, however, married Ferdinand, it is not impossible that the destinies of the world might have been changed.

Napoleon regretted this disappointment. He still shrank from the odium of dethroning the Spanish Bourbons. All circumstances, however, seemed peculiarly to combine for the promotion of that end. A French army, under Murat, had entered Spain, partly to be ready to quell any rising in Portugal, and partly to assist Spain to resist an anticipated attack from the English. Madrid was now occupied by French troops. The monarch was entirely in Napoleon's power. Still he was greatly perplexed. What secret thoughts were revolving in his mind, no one can tell. He divulged them to no one. Even those who were most entirely in his confidence, and upon whose co-operation he most fully relied, in vain attempted to penetrate his designs. Indeed, it is not probable that at this time he had formed any definite plans.

Napoleon was at St. Cloud when he received intelligence of the abdication of Charles IV. It was Saturday evening. The next morning he attended public worship. All observed his absent and abstracted air. Immediately after the service he called General Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, to walk with him under the trees of the park. During an earnest conversation of two hours he thus addressed him:—

"Charles IV. has abdicated. His son has succeeded him. This change has been the result of a revolution in which the Prince of Peace has fallen. It looks as if the abdication were not altogether voluntary. I was prepared for changes in Spain. They are taking a turn altogether different from what I had expected. I wish you to go to Madrid. See our ambassador. Inquire why he could not have prevented a revolution in which I shall be forced to intervene, and in which I shall be considered as implicated. Before I can recognise the son, I must ascertain the sentiments of the father. He is my ally. It is with him that I have contracted engagements. If he appeals for my support, he shall have it. Nothing will induce me to recognise Ferdinand till I see the abdication duly legalized. Otherwise a troop of traitors may be introduced into my palace during the night, who may force me to abdicate, and to overturn the state. When I made peace on the Niemen, I stipulated that if England did not accept the mediation of Alexander, Russia should unite her arms with ours, and compel that Power to peace. I should be indeed weak if, having obtained that single advantage from those whom I have vanquished, I should permit the Spaniards to embroil me again on my weak side.

Should I permit Spain to form an alliance with England, it would give that hostile Power greater advantages than it has lost by the rupture with Russia. I fear everything from a revolution of which I know neither the causes nor the object.

"I wish, above all things, to avoid a war with Spain. Such a contest would be a species of sacrilege. But I shall not hesitate to incur its hazards if the Prince who governs Spain embraces such a policy. Had Charles IV. reigned, and the Prince of Peace not been overturned, we might have remained at peace. Now all is changed; for that country, ruled by a warlike monarch disposed to direct against us all the resources of his nation, might, perhaps, succeed in displacing by his own dynasty my family on the throne of France. You see what might happen if I do not prevent it. It is my duty to foresee the danger, and to take measures to deprive the enemy of the resources they may otherwise derive from it. If I cannot arrange with either the father or the son, I will make a clean sweep of them both. I will reassemble the Cortes and resume the designs of Louis XIV. I should thus be in the same situation with that monarch when he engaged, in support of his grandson, in the war of the succession. The same political necessity governs both cases. I am fully prepared for all that. I am about to set out for Bayonne. I will go on to Madrid, but only if it is unavoidable."

The same day the Duke of Rovigo, with these instructions, set out for Madrid. The next morning Napoleon wrote as follows to his brother Louis, the King of Holland:—

"The King of Spain has just abdicated. The Prince of Peace has been imprisoned. Insurrectionary movements have shown themselves at Madrid. The people demand me, with loud cries, to fix their destinies. Being convinced that I shall never be able to conclude a solid peace with England till I have given a great movement on the Continent, I have resolved to put a French Prince on the throne of Spain. In this state of affairs, I have turned my eyes to you for the throne of Spain. Say at once what is your opinion on that subject. You must be aware that this plan is yet in embryo. Though I have 100,000 men in Spain, yet, according to circumstances, I may either advance directly to my object, in which case everything will be concluded in a fortnight, or be more circumspect in my advances, and the final result appear after several months' operations."

Two days after the writing of this letter Napoleon again appears to be in a state of great uncertainty. He wrote the following letter to Murat, who was then in Madrid:—

"Monsieur the Grand Duke of Berg,—I am afraid lest you should deceive me with respect to the situation of Spain, and lest you should also deceive yourself. Events have been singularly complicated by the transaction of the 20th of March. I find myself very much perplexed. Do not believe that you are about to attack a

disarmed people, or that you can, by merely showing your troops, subjugate Spain. The Revolution of the 20th of March proves that the Spaniards still possess energy. You will have to do with a new people. It has all the courage, and will display all the enthusiasm, shown by men who are not worn out by political passions. The aristocracy and the clergy are the masters of Spain. If they are alarmed for their privileges and existence, they will bring into the field against us levies *en masse*, which might eternize the war. I am not without partisans. If I present myself as a conqueror, I shall have them no longer. The Prince of Peace is detested because he is accused of having betrayed Spain to France. This is the grievance which has assisted Ferdinand's usurpation. The popular is the weakest party. The Prince of the Asturias does not possess a single quality requisite for the head of a nation. That will not prevent his being ranked as a hero in order that he may be opposed to us. I will have no violence employed against the personages of this family.

"I lay before you all the obstacles which must inevitably arise. There are others of which you must be aware. England will not let the opportunity escape her of multiplying our embarrassments. She daily sends advice to the forces which she maintains on the coast of Portugal and in the Mediterranean, and enlists into her service numbers of Sicilians and Portuguese. The royal family not having left Spain to establish itself in the Indies, the state of the country can only be changed by a revolution. It is, perhaps, of all others in Europe, that which is the least prepared for one. Those who perceive the monstrous vices in the government, and the anarchy which has taken place of the lawful authority, are the fewest in number. The greater number profit by those vices and that anarchy. I can, consistently with the interests of my empire, do a great deal of good to Spain. What are the best means to be adopted? Shall I go to Madrid? Shall I take upon myself the office of Grand Protector in pronouncing between the father and son? It seems to me a matter of difficulty to support Charles IV. on the throne. His government and his favourite are so very unpopular that they could not stand their ground for three months.

"Ferdinand is the enemy of France. It is for this he has been made King. To place him on the throne would be to serve the factions which for twenty years have longed for the destruction of France. A family alliance would be but a feeble tie. My opinion is, that nothing should be hurried forward, and that we should take counsel of events as they occur. It will be necessary to strengthen the bodies of troops which are to be stationed on the frontiers of Portugal and wait. I do not approve of the step which your imperial highness has taken in so precipitately making yourself master of Madrid. The army ought to have been kept ten leagues from the capital.

"I shall hereafter decide on what is

necessary to be done. In the meantime, the following is the line of conduct I judge fit to prescribe to you. You will not pledge me to an interview in Spain with Ferdinand unless you consider the state of things to be such that I ought to acknowledge him as King of Spain. You will behave with attention and respect to the King, the Queen, and the Prince Godoy. You will exact for them, and yourself pay them, the same honours as formerly. You will manage so that the Spaniards shall have no suspicion which part I mean to take. You will find the less difficulty in this as I do not know myself. You will make the nobility and clergy understand that, if the interference of France be requisite in the affairs of Spain, their privileges and immunities will be respected. You will assure them that the Emperor wishes for the improvement of the political institutions of Spain, in order to put her on a footing with the advanced state of civilization in Europe, and to free her from the yoke of favourites. You will tell the magistrates, and the inhabitants of towns, and the well-informed classes, that Spain stands in need of having the machine of her government reorganized, and that she requires a system of laws to protect the people against the tyranny and encroachments of feudality, with institutions that may revive industry, agriculture, and the arts. You will describe to them the state of tranquillity and plenty enjoyed in France, notwithstanding the wars in which she has been constantly engaged. You will speak of the splendour of religion, which owes its establishment to the Concordat which I have signed with the Pope. You will explain to them the advantages they may derive from political regeneration—order and peace at home, respect and influence abroad. Such should be the spirit of your conversation and your writings. Do not hazard anything hastily. I can wait at Bayonne. I can cross the Pyrenees, and strengthen myself towards Portugal. I can go and carry on the war in that quarter.

"I enjoin the strictest maintenance of discipline. The slightest faults must not go unpunished. The inhabitants must be treated with the greatest attention. Above all, churches and convents must be respected. The army must avoid all misunderstanding with the bodies and detachments of the Spanish army. A single flash in the pan must not be permitted on either side. Do you yourself trace out the routes of my army, that it may always be kept at a distance of several leagues from the Spanish corps. If war is once kindled, all would be lost."

Four days after writing this letter, on the 2nd of April, Napoleon set out for the frontier. He was induced to take this journey by the conflicting reports which were continually reaching him from Spain. Having spent a week at Bordeaux, intensely occupied in forwarding some important national works, he proceeded to Bayonne, an unimportant town at the foot of the Pyrenees. Josephine accompanied him. They arrived at

Bayonne on the 15th of April. The next day Napoleon wrote to Ferdinand. In this letter he says:—

"You will permit me, under present circumstances, to speak to you with truth and frankness. I pass no decision upon the conduct of the Prince of Peace. But I know well that it is dangerous for kings to accustom their people to shed blood. The people willingly avenge themselves for the homage which they pay us. How can the process be drawn up against the Prince of Peace without involving in it the Queen and the King, your father? Your royal highness has no other claim to the crown than that which you derive from your mother. If this process degrades her, your royal highness degrades your own title. The criminality of Godoy, if it can be proved against him, goes to annihilate your right to the crown. I say to your royal highness, to the Spaniards, and to the world, that if the abdication of Charles IV. is unconstrained, I will not hesitate to acknowledge it, and to recognise your royal highness as King of Spain.

Ferdinand was endeavouring to blazon abroad his mother's shame, and to bring Godoy to trial as his mother's paramour. Napoleon thus delicately suggested to him that, in dishonouring his mother, he did but invalidate the legitimacy of his own birth, and thus prove that he had no right to the throne of Spain. But the wretched creature was too debased to feel the sense of such dishonour. The still more wretched mother retaliated, as perhaps no mother ever retaliated before. She told her son to his face, and in the presence of others, that he was of ignoble birth—that her husband was not his father.

Ferdinand hoped, by a personal interview with Napoleon, to secure his favour. He therefore left Madrid, and, crossing the Pyrenees, hastened to Bayonne to meet the Emperor. A magnificent escort accompanied him. He took with him as a friend and adviser his celebrated tutor, Escoiquiz. As soon as Charles, the Queen, and Godoy heard of this movement on the part of Ferdinand, they were greatly alarmed. Fearing the influence of Ferdinand's personal presence and uncontradicted representations, they resolved also to hasten to Bayonne, there to plead their cause before that commanding genius who had now their destiny under his control.

Napoleon received Ferdinand, immediately upon his arrival, with the most studied politeness. He treated him with magnificent hospitality. But he threw around the Prince a golden chain of courtesy and of etiquette from which there was no escape. Sumptuous feasts regaled him. A splendid retinue surrounded him. The degraded parents and the guilty favourite also soon arrived, bringing with them the two younger brothers of Ferdinand. They were received with every mark of attention. Napoleon, however, studiously refrained from recognising the right of either party to the throne. He thus unexpectedly found the royal family in his power.

Whatever hesitation he may previously have felt in reference to the course to be pursued, he hesitated no longer. He had an interview with Charles IV. The old King, conscious of his utter inability to retain the throne, greatly preferred to place it in the hands of Napoleon rather than in the hands of his hated son. He therefore expressed a perfect readiness to abdicate in favour of any Prince whom Napoleon might appoint. Napoleon then sent for Escoiquiz, the tutor and minister of Ferdinand, and thus addressed him:—

"I cannot refuse to interest myself in the fate of the unhappy King who has thrown himself on my protection. The abdication of Charles IV. was clearly a compulsory act. My troops were then in Spain. Some of them were stationed near the court. Appearances authorised the belief that I had some share in that act of violence. My honour requires that I should take immediate steps to dissipate such a suspicion.

"I would say further, that the interests of my empire require that the house of Bourbon, the implacable enemy of mine, should relinquish the throne of Spain. The interests of your nation equally call for the same change. The new dynasty which I shall introduce will give it a good constitution, and, by its strict alliance with France, preserve Spain from any danger on the side of that Power which is alone in a situation seriously to menace its independence. Charles IV. is willing to cede me his rights and those of his family, persuaded that his sons are incapable of governing the kingdom in the difficult times which are evidently approaching.

"These are the reasons which have decided me to prevent the dynasty of the Bourbons from reigning any longer in Spain. But I esteem Ferdinand. I am anxious to give him some indemnity for the sacrifices which he will be required to make. Propose to him, therefore, to renounce the crown of Spain for himself and his descendants. I will give him, in exchange, Etruria, with the title of King, as well as my niece in marriage. If he refuses these conditions, I will come to an understanding with his father, and neither he nor his brother shall receive any indemnity. If, on the other hand, he does what I desire, Spain shall receive its independence, its laws, usages, and religion. I do not desire a village of Spain for myself."

Charles IV., Louisa, and Godoy, enervated by years of vicious indulgence, loved royalty only for the luxurious dissipation in which it permitted them to revel. Most cheerfully they surrendered the uneasy crown of Spain to Napoleon in exchange for a handsome castle, ample grounds for hunting, and money enough for the gratification of their voluptuous desires. Ferdinand and his brothers were more reluctant to surrender their right of inheritance. By previous arrangement, Napoleon met the whole family together. The King and Queen, who thoroughly detested their son, were determined to compel him to abdicate. It was an extra-

ordinary interview. The imbecile old King, brandishing over the head of Ferdinand, a long, gold-headed cane, upon which he usually leaned, loaded him with reproaches and imprecations. Suddenly the mother, with her more voluble woman's tongue, fell upon the culprit. A flood of most uncourtly epithets she poured upon the victim. Napoleon was amazed and even confused at the strange scene. For a few moments he remained in mute astonishment. He then retired, having first coldly informed Ferdinand that, if he did not resign the crown that evening to his father, he should be arraigned as a rebellious son, the author of a conspiracy against the throne and the life of his parents. As Napoleon left the room, he exclaimed to those around him—

"What a mother! what a son! The Prince of Peace is certainly a very inferior person; but, after all, he is perhaps the least incompetent of this degenerate court." He then added, "What I am doing now, in a certain point of view, is not good. I know that well enough. But policy demands that I should not leave in my rear, and that, too, so near Paris, a dynasty inimical to mine."

Ferdinand, fully conscious of guilt, trembled in view of a trial for treason, enforced by the inflexible justice of Napoleon. Rather than incur the hazard, for he knew that neither his father nor his mother would show him the least mercy, he preferred to accept the abundant rewards which Napoleon offered. He, however, declined the crown of Etruria, and accepted the chateau of Navarre, with an annual income of 1,000,000 francs for himself and 400,000 francs for each of his brothers. Charles, with Louisa and Manuel, their revenge being gratified by the dethronement of Ferdinand, were well satisfied with the exchange of a thorny crown for an opulent retreat, fine hunting-grounds, and ample revenues. They slumbered away their remaining years in idleness and sensual excess.

Napoleon assigned to the young Princes the chateau of Valençay as a residence until Navarre could be made ready for them. He wrote to the Prince de Talleyrand, the high-bred, courtly, pleasure-loving proprietor of the magnificent chateau, to receive the Princes with all alluring attentions.

"I desire," he wrote, "that the Princes be received without external pomp, but heartily and with sympathy, and that you do everything in your power to amuse them. If you have a theatre at Valençay, and can engage some comedians to come, it will not be a bad plan. You had better take Madame de Talleyrand thither, with four or five other ladies. If the Prince of the Asturias (Ferdinand) should fall in love with some pretty woman, it would not be amiss, especially if we were sure of her. It is a matter of great importance to me that the Prince of the Asturias should not take any false step. I desire, therefore, that he be amused and occupied. Stern policy would demand that I should shut him up in some fortress. But, as he has thrown

himself into my arms, and has promised to do nothing without my orders, and that everything shall go on in Spain as I desire, I have adopted the plan of sending him to a country seat, and surrounding him with pleasure and surveillance. This will probably last throughout the month of May and a part of June, when the affairs of Spain may have taken a turn, and I shall then know what part to act. With regard to yourself, your mission is an extremely honourable one. To receive under your roof three illustrious personages, in order to amuse them, is quite in keeping with the character of the nation and also with your rank."

Ferdinand and his brothers were well contented with their inglorious yet voluptuous lot. Incredible as it may appear, Napoleon, while thus dethroning them, gained such an ascendancy over their minds that they became his warm admirers and friends. They exulted in his successive victories, and celebrated them with illuminations and bonfires. Nothing in Napoleon's whole career, more strikingly than this, exhibits his extraordinary powers. Fiction has never conceived anything more marvellous. Without firing a gun, he overturned the monarchy of Spain. A proud and powerful dynasty he removed from the throne of their ancestors. He sent them into exile. He placed his own brother upon their throne. And yet these exiled Princes thanked him for the deed, and were never weary of proclaiming his praises.

Napoleon issued the following proclamation to the Spanish people:—

"Spaniards! After a long agony, your nation was on the point of perishing. I saw your miseries, and hastened to apply a remedy. Your grandeur, your power, form an integral part of my own. Your Princes have ceded to me their rights to the crown of Spain. I have no wish to reign over your provinces, but I am desirous of acquiring eternal titles to the love and gratitude of your posterity. Your monarchy is old. My mission is to pour into its veins the blood of youth. I will ameliorate all your institutions, and make you enjoy, if you second my efforts, the blessings of reform, without its collisions, its disorders, its convulsions. I have convoked a general assembly of the deputations of your provinces and cities. I am desirous of ascertaining your wants by personal intercourse. I will then lay aside all the titles I have acquired, and place your glorious crown on the head of my second self, after having secured for you a constitution which may establish the sacred and salutary authority of the sovereign, with the liberties and privileges of the people. Spaniards! Reflect on what your fathers were, on what you now are. The fault does not lie in you, but in the constitution by which you have been governed. Conceive the most ardent hopes and confidence in the results of your present situation, for I wish that your latest posterity should preserve the recollection of me, and say, *He was the regenerator of my country.*"

Louis Bonaparte, the King of Holland, depressed by sickness and domestic troubles, declined the more onerous burden of the crown of Spain. Napoleon wrote accordingly the following note to Joseph, the King of Naples:—

"Charles IV. has ceded to me all his right to the crown of Spain. This crown I have destined for you. The kingdom of Naples cannot be compared with Spain. Spain has eleven millions of inhabitants. It has a revenue of one hundred and fifty millions of francs, besides the colonies in America. It is the crown which will place you at Madrid, three days' journey from France. At Madrid you are actually in France. Naples is at the other end of the world. I desire, therefore, that, immediately upon the receipt of this letter, you will commit the regency to whomsoever you please, and the command of the troops to Marshal Jourdan, and that you set out for Bayonne by the shortest route possible. Keep the secret from everybody. As it is, it will only be suspected too soon."

In Spain there were no popular institutions. The monarchy was an absolute despotism. The priesthood, by the gloomy terrors of the Inquisition, repressed all political and religious inquiry. The masses of the people were in the lowest state of ignorance and debasement. A government more utterly corrupt and worthless probably never existed in civilized lands. The attempt to rescue the Spaniards from such a government, and to confer upon them ennobling laws and equal rights, is not a deed which can excite very deep abhorrence. Had Napoleon succeeded according to his wishes, Spain would have been filled with monuments reared to his memory by an enfranchised and grateful people. It is the greatest curse of slavery that the oppressed know not the worth of liberty. No slaves hug their fetters more tenaciously than the victims of spiritual fanaticism.

Joseph Bonaparte was, by universal acclaim, a high-minded, intelligent, conscientious man. In purity of morals he was above reproach. The earnestness of his philanthropy has never been questioned. Under his mild, just, yet energetic sway, the Kingdom of Naples had suddenly emerged into a glorious existence.

Before the arrival of Joseph, efficient agents were despatched into Spain to report concerning the condition of the army, of the navy, of the finances, and of the public works. "I shall want," said Napoleon, "those documents, in the first place, for the measures which I shall order. I shall want them afterwards, that posterity may learn in what state I find the Spanish monarchy." He formed the noblest projects for the welfare of Spain. The designs he conceived and set on foot have elicited the admiration of his bitterest foes. A Parliament or Congress was immediately assembled at Bayonne, consisting of one hundred and fifty of the most illustrious men of the kingdom. These enlightened patriots exulted in the bright prospects which were opened before their country. A free constit

well adapted to the manners of Spain, and to the advancing light and liberty of the age.

Joseph arrived at Bayonne on the 7th of June, 1808. The Spanish Congress waited upon the new King to tender him the homage of the Spanish nation. They then, in a body, visited Napoleon. With heartfelt gratitude they returned thanks to their powerful benefactor, who seemed to be securing for Spain a prosperous and a glorious future. On the 9th of July, Joseph, accompanied by a magnificent display of veteran troops, and preceded and followed by more than a hundred carriages, filled with the members of the Congress, departed for Madrid, to take his seat upon the throne of Spain.

The notice of Joseph's accession to the Spanish throne was immediately communicated to all the foreign Powers. He was promptly recognised by nearly all the Continental Powers. The Emperor of Russia added felicitation to his acknowledgment, founded upon the well-known, exalted character of Joseph. Even Ferdinand, from the palace of Valençay, wrote Joseph letters of congratulation, and intreated him to induce Napoleon to give him one of his nieces in marriage.

There is something in this whole affair which the ingenious mind contemplates with perplexity and pain. It would be a relief to be able with severity to condemn. Napoleon has performed so many noble deeds that he can afford to bear the burden of his faults. But the calmly-weighing judgment is embarrassed, and hesitates to pass sentence of condemnation. No one can contemplate all the difficulties of Napoleon's position without admitting that, in its labyrinth of perplexities, he has an unusual claim to charity.

Who, at that time, had a right to the throne of Spain? Charles IV. had been nominally king. Godoy, the paramour of the queen, was the real sovereign. Charles had abdicated in favour of Ferdinand. He solemnly declared to the nation, "I never performed an action in my life with more pleasure." The same day in which he made this affirmation, he wrote his secret protest, in which he says, "I declare that my decree, by which I abdicated the crown in favour of my son, is an act which I was compelled to adopt to prevent the effusion of blood. It should, therefore, be regarded as null." Did the throne belong to Charles and Godoy? Ferdinand had grasped the throne. He had treasonably excited a rebellion, and had forced his father to abdicate. Had Ferdinand a right to the crown? Napoleon had convinced father, favourite, and son, that, with wine and bounds, they could pass their time more pleasantly than in governing an empire. They abdicated in his favour. Had Napoleon a right to the throne?

If Napoleon had decided to sustain the iniquitous claims of Ferdinand, who, by treachery and violence, had forced his father to abdicate, the world would have still more severely condemned him. He would foolishly have strengthened the party hostile to himself. He would have been most grossly recreant to his own principles, in

upholding, by his armies, one of the most degraded, unrelenting, and liberty-crushing despotisms earth has ever known. Standing before the world as the advocate of freedom in France and of slavery in Spain, he would have left a stigma upon his name which never could have been effaced.

The combined kings of Europe, by conspiracies, by treachery, by the most rancorous violence, were striving to hurl Napoleon from his throne. Earth never before witnessed such gigantic endeavours. Not a monarch in the Old World had a higher and a holier claim to his crown than had Napoleon. The unanimous voice of the people had made him their king. In self-defence he took from the Bourbons of Spain that power which they were striving to use for his destruction. With characteristic generosity he did everything in his power to mitigate the sorrows of their fall. By the course he pursued he even won the love of their selfish hearts. But at last the combined kings succeeded. They dethroned Napoleon. They assigned to him no palace of leisure and of luxury. They sent him to years of protracted agony upon the storm-drenched rocks of St. Helena. Valençay and Longwood! Who was the magnanimous victor?

In reference to this affair, Napoleon remarked to O'Meara—

"If the government I established had remained, it would have been the best thing that ever happened for Spain. I would have regenerated the Spaniards. I would have made them a great nation. In the place of a feeble, inebriate, superstitious race of Bourbons, I would have given them a new dynasty, which would have no claim upon the nation except by the good it would have rendered unto it. I would have destroyed superstition and priestcraft, and abolished the Inquisition, and monasteries, and those lazy beasts of friars."

In several conversations with Las Casas, he remarked—

"The impolicy of my conduct in reference to Spain is irrevocably decided by the results. I ought to have given a liberal constitution to the Spanish nation, and charged Ferdinand with its execution. If he acted with good faith, Spain must have prospered and harmonized with our new manners. The great object would have been obtained, and France would have acquired an intimate ally and an addition of power truly formidable. Had Ferdinand, on the contrary, proved faithless to his engagements, the Spaniards themselves would not have failed to dismiss him, and would have applied to me for a ruler in his place. At all events, that unfortunate war of Spain was a real affliction. It was the first cause of the calamities of France.

"I was assailed with imputations for which, however, I had given no cause. History will do me justice. I was charged in that affair with perfidy, with laying snares, and with bad faith, and yet I was completely innocent. Never, whatever may have been said to the contrary, have I broken any engagement or violated my

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

promise, either with regard to Spain or any other Power.

"The world will one day be convinced that, in the principal transactions relative to Spain, I was completely a stranger to all the domestic intrigues of its court; that I violated no engagement with the father or the son; that I made use of no falsehoods to entice them both to Bayonne, but that they both strove who should be the first to show himself there. When I saw them at my feet, and was enabled to form a correct opinion of their total incapacity, I beheld with compassion the fate of a great people. I eagerly seized the singular opportunity held out to me by fortune for regenerating Spain, rescuing her from the yoke of England, and intimately uniting her with our system. It was, in my conception, laying the fundamental basis of the tranquillity and security of Europe. But I was far from employing for that purpose, as it has been reported, any base and paltry stratagems. If I erred, it was, on the contrary, by daring openness and extraordinary energy. Bayonne was not the scene of a premeditated ambush, but of a vast master-stroke of state policy. I could have preserved myself from these imputations by a little hypocrisy, or by giving up the Prince of Peace to the fury of the people. But the idea appeared horrible to me, and struck me as if I was to receive the price of blood. Besides, it must also be acknowledged that Murat did me a great deal of mischief in the whole affair.

"Be that as it may, I declined having recourse to crooked and common-place expedients. I found myself so powerful, I dared to strike from a situation too exalted. I wished to act like Providence, which, of its own accord, applies remedies to the wretchedness of mankind by means occasionally violent, but for which it is unaccountable to human judgment.

"Such, in a few words," says Napoleon, "is the whole history of the affair of Spain. Let the world write and say what it thinks fit, the result must be what I have stated. You will perceive that there was no occasion whatever for my pursuing indirect means, falsehoods, breach of promises, and violation of my faith. In order to render myself culpable, it would have been absolutely necessary that I should have gratuitously dishonoured myself. I never yet betrayed any wish of such a nature."

"Perhaps in the whole annals of the world," says Alison, "blackened as they are by deeds of wickedness, there is not to be found a more atrocious system of perfidy, fraud, and dissimulation than that by which Napoleon won the kingdoms of the Spanish Peninsula."

On the contrary, says Sir Walter Scott, "To do Napoleon justice, he at no time, through this extraordinary discussion, made the least attempt to colour his selfish policy."

Sir Walter is undeniably right. It is a plain story. The Spanish Bourbons were involved in the most desperate family quarrel. Father and son hated each other implacably. Both, of their own accord, hastened to Napoleon to secure his

co-operation. Napoleon, who had previously, in consequence of their party, contemplated their overthrow, availed himself of this unexpected opportunity. He told them frankly that it was not safe for him to leave either of them upon the throne. He promised that, if they would abdicate, he would give them all they wanted—wealth and splendour. The hostility between the parent and the son was so malignant, that each party preferred to see Napoleon in possession of the throne rather than the other. They both accepted. Napoleon conferred upon them, with princely magnificence, palaces and hunting grounds, and placed one of the noblest of men upon the throne of Spain. The regeneration of the degraded Peninsula was commenced. Napoleon hoped that he was now secure from a stab in the back.

While these scenes were transpiring at Bayonne, Napoleon was hourly animating, by his tireless energies, the most distant provinces in his empire. He had commenced a series of most herculean efforts to develop the maritime resources of France. Harbours and docks were formed. The coasts were fortified. Vessels of every description were built. Great care was devoted to the training of naval officers. Every available resource was called into action to protect the French flag from insult, and to secure for France the benefits of commerce. In his intervals of leisure, he mounted his horse and rode along the shore, visiting the seaports, and gaining much information relative to naval affairs. During one of these excursions he had seen numbers of fine oaks and firs lying on the ground, and rotting for want of means of transport.

"My heart bleeds," he wrote to his minister, "to see all this valuable wood perishing uselessly."

CHAPTER XLII.

ACCUMULATING PERILS.

Thiers's testimony to the universal popularity of the Emperor.—His unsullied morality.—His vigilance at the canal of Languedoc.—Renewed threatenings of Austria.—Interview with Metternich.—Influence of the monks in Spain.—Insurrection in Spain and Portugal.—Frying pan of Joseph Bonaparte.—The Bulls and Beasts.

FROM Bayonne Napoleon returned to Paris. He visited, by the way, many of the southern departments of France. In every place he was received with transports of enthusiasm. France was in the highest state of prosperity. This prosperity was justly and universally attributed to the genius of Napoleon. With his own subjects he was by far the most popular sovereign in Europe. No monarch was ever surrounded with homage more sincere and universal.

"He was everywhere," says Thiers, "greeted with every demonstration of respect by immense multitudes. The prodigious man who had reasoned those provinces from civil war, and had given them back quiet, safety, prosperity, and

the exercise of their religion, was in their eyes more than a man—he was almost a god."

Testimony like this falls strangely upon the ears of those who are familiar with only such representations as conquering England and the Bourbons of France have hitherto allowed to reach the public mind. Let the intelligent reader reflect for one moment upon the fact that, as soon as Napoleon had been crushed by his allied foes, it became a matter of the utmost importance to the reigning family in France, to England, and to every despotic government of Europe, to misrepresent the character of their illustrious antagonist. The stability of their thrones depended upon convincing the people that Napoleon was an execrable tyrant. Consequently, the wealth and the almost boundless patronage of all the monarchies of Europe were concentrated in securing the vituperation of the one lone exile of St. Helena. The trumpet peals of these assaults still reverberate through Europe. Never before was mortal man exposed to such an ordeal. Yet Napoleon, vanquished at Waterloo, became the victor at St. Helena. Alone upon his barren rock, prohibited from uttering one word in self-defence, he silently breasted the clamour which filled the world, and triumphed over it all.

England affirmed that she was fighting for the liberties of Europe. She conquered. She attained the end for which she fought. And where now are those boasted liberties? Did the perfidious Ferdinand confer them upon Spain? Are they to be found beneath the iron rule of the Bourbons of Naples? Did that Hungarian wail, which recently tingled upon the ears of the world, sound like the shout of an enfranchised people? Are those dirges, blending with the gales which sweep the snows of Siberia, the psalms of popular freedom? The liberties of Europe! They fell, by the onslaught of all the banded despots of Christendom, in the carnage of Waterloo. They were entombed beneath the weeping willow of St. Helena. England now dreads the despotism of Russia as much as she once feared the democracy of France. When Napoleon fell, popular rights fell with him, and feudal aristocracy regained its sway. "Europe," said Napoleon, "must soon become Republican or Cossack." The gloom of Russian despotism, like the black pall of midnight, is now settling down over all the Continent.

It is not always easy to ascertain the facts in reference to the private morals of one who occupies a conspicuous position in the eyes of the world. There was a time when Napoleon was accused of every crime of which a mortal can be guilty. All the members of the Bonaparte family were likewise represented as utterly infamous. Even his bitterest enemies now admit that, in this respect, he has been grievously wronged.

"At one time," says the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "any scandalous or infamous story derogatory to Napoleon readily gained credit in England. Indeed, the more slanderous or

infamous the tale the greater became the certainty that it would be believed. The credulity of national hatred was not shocked by ordinary improbabilities. For instance, it was commonly said, and, we may add, universally believed, that Josephine was a woman of infamous character, or worse. The common belief is, however, altogether unsupported by evidence. Is it probable that he who so fully recognised the necessity of discountenancing immorality, and who afterwards drove from his presence and his service all women of questionable reputation, would have done so had he been conscious that he had married a person of doubtful or of indifferent character?"

"In the autumn of 1802," says Ingersoll, "I saw Bonaparte. Monstrous ambition and tremendous downfall have given colour to the vast denaaction to which Napoleon was subjected. It will be some time before the truth can be gradually established, but it has been in continual progress of emancipation since his fall. Posterity will recognise him not only as great, but likewise, in many respects, a good man, excelling in private and domestic virtues. Napoleon's morals were not only exemplary, but singular, compared with contemporary monarchs—Napoleon, apart from rabid ambition, was a model of domestic, particularly matrimonial, virtues."

Louis Bonaparte, a man of unsullied character, thus speaks of his brother Napoleon:—

"He was temperate, and had only noble passions. That which is incontestable is, that, the husband of a first wife much older than himself, he lived matrimonially with her in the most perfect harmony, even to the last day of their union, without giving her any subject of complaint. It is undeniable that no one can reproach him with keeping any titled mistress, nor with any scandal; and when married a second time, at the age of forty-two years, he treated his second spouse with courtesy, amiability, and with a delicacy of attention which was never intermitted."

Among the innumerable gross charges which were brought against Napoleon, he was accused of improper intimacy with Hortense, the daughter of Josephine. Bourrienne was the private secretary of Napoleon. He was charged with peculation, and was dismissed from office. Upon the restoration of the Bourbons, he was taken into their service, and, while drinking of their cup, he wrote a bitter work against his former master. And yet he says, "This calumny must be classed among those which malice delights to take with the character of men who become celebrated. Let not this reproach be made a charge against him by the impartial historian. His principles were rigid in an extreme degree. Any fault of the nature charged neither entered his mind, nor was it in accordance with his morals or his taste."

The Duchess d'Abrantes says of Hortense:—"In the year 1800 she was a charming girl. She afterwards became one of the most amiable princesses of Europe. I have seen many, both

in their own courts and in Paris, but I never knew one who had any pretensions to equal talent. The First Consul looked upon her as his child. It was only in that country, so fertile in the inventions of scandal, that so foolish an accusation could have been imagined as that any feeling less pure than paternal affection actuated his conduct towards her. The vile calumny met with the contempt it merited. It is now only remembered to be confuted. The fact is, that Bonaparte had but one real passion. In that all his other feelings were absorbed." "Josephine," she says, "was insufferably vain of the fidelity of her husband."

In reference to this charge, Josephine thus wrote to Hortense:—"They who, in the affection which my husband manifests for you, have pretended to discover other sentiments than those of a parent and a friend, know not his soul. His mind is too elevated above that of the vulgar to be ever accessible to unworthy passions."

His habits in this respect were so peculiar in those times of universal corruption, that while one party accused him of the most revolting debauchery, another party affirmed that he was a monster, whom God had deprived of the ordinary energies and passions of a man. In confirmation of this view, they referred to the fact that he was childless.

The Duchess d'Aiguillon, a former friend and benefactress of Josephine during the tumult of those times, had not preserved a perfectly spotless character. She wished to be received at court. Josephine, grateful for past kindnesses, made application in her behalf. Napoleon peremptorily refused. Josephine thus wrote to the duchess:—"I am deeply afflicted. My former friends, supposing that I can obtain the fulfilment of all my wishes, must think that I have forgotten the past. The Emperor, indignant at the total disregard of morality, and alarmed at the progress it might still make, is resolved that the example of a life of regularity and of religion shall be presented in the palace where he reigns."

"Few individuals," says Ingersoll, "probably no one, had more influence in undermining and rediting the empire of Napoleon than a man who made love to him, and then took vengeance because he treated her courtship not only repulsively, but contemptuously. When he returned from Egypt there were but two females who had any power over the young conqueror of thirty. They were his wife and his mother. General Bonaparte was a chaste, faithful, fond husband and son, on whom all the feminine attractions and temptations of Paris were thrown away; dressed simply, lived domestically and unostentatiously, avoiding all female connexions beyond his own family."

At St. Helena Napoleon was one day reading the "Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte," by Goldsmith. The character of the Emperor was painted in the darkest hues of infamy. As Napoleon read page after page, he sometimes brushed his shoulders, and at times even laughed. At last he mildly said, without betray-

ing the least sign of anger, "They are in the wrong to attack me on the score of morals. All the world knows that I have singularly improved them. They cannot be ignorant that I was not at all inclined by nature to debauchery. Moreover, the multiplicity of my affairs would never have allowed me time to indulge in it." When he came to the pages where his mother was described as guilty of most infamous conduct, he repeated several times, in tones of blended grief and indignation, "Ah, madame! poor madame with her lofty character! if she were to read this! Great God!"

These facts sufficiently prove that Napoleon is not to be catalogued with the dissolute and licentious kings who have so often disgraced the thrones of Europe. History cannot record his name with such profligates as Henry VIII., Charles II., and George IV. From the companionship of such men he would have recoiled with disgust.

As Napoleon was visiting the southern departments of his empire, an incident occurred peculiarly illustrative of his watchfulness and of his discrimination. He had ordered some very difficult and important works to be executed on a bridge of the canal of Languedoc. The engineer had admirably accomplished the arduous achievement. Napoleon wished to inspect the works, and to reward the author of them on the theatre of his glory. He sent orders to the prefect of the department and the chief engineer to repair to the spot. Napoleon, ever punctual, arrived before the prefect, and found only the chief engineer at the place. He immediately entered into conversation with him, and asked many questions upon every point of difficulty which must have been encountered in the execution of an enterprise so arduous. The engineer seemed embarrassed, and replied with hesitation and confusion. Soon the prefect appeared promptly said to him -

"I am not correctly informed. The bridge was not made by that man. Such a work is far beyond his capacity."

The prefect then confessed that the chief engineer was neither the originator of the plan nor the author of the works, but that they both belonged to a modest, subordinate man, unknown to fame.

The Emperor immediately sent for this sub-engineer, and questioned him closely upon every point upon which he was desirous of receiving information. He was perfectly satisfied with the answers.

"I am quite pleased," said he, "not having come in person to inspect these splendid works, otherwise I should never have known that you were the author of them, and you would have been deprived of the reward to which you are so justly entitled." He appointed the young man, whose genius he had thus discovered, chief engineer, and took him to Paris.

In the month of August, 1808, he returned to the metropolis. Austria, hostile at heart, and intensely humiliated by her defeats,

HIS INTERVIEW WITH METTERNICH.

had long been watching for an opportunity to fall again upon the cherished lot of aristocratic privilege, the repression, deprivation of popular rights. Encouraged by the hostile attitude of Spain, and believing that Napoleon would be compelled to direct his main energies to that point, she began to assume a menacing attitude. She affected to believe that Napoleon intended to overthrow all the ancient reigning families of Europe. Pointing to the dethronement of the Bourbons of Spain, she exclaimed, "This is the fate which awaits all the old royalties of the Continent." "We will die," exclaimed the Archduke Charles, "if it must be so, with arms in our hands. But the crown of Austria shall not be disposed of as easily as that of Spain has been."

Military preparations immediately resounded throughout the whole kingdom. Seven hundred thousand men were armed and exercised every day. Fourteen thousand artillery horses were purchased, and a million of muskets. Twenty thousand workmen were employed upon the fortifications of Hungary, that the Austrians, in case of defeat, might retire to those distant retreats for a prolonged and a desperate resistance. Powerful divisions of the army began to defile towards the frontiers of France. National enthusiasm was aroused to the highest pitch. The French, wherever they were found, at Vienna, at Trieste, at the watering-places of Germany, were wantonly insulted.

Napoleon dreaded another war. He had nothing to gain by it. It thwarted his magnificent plans for enriching and embellishing his majestic empire. Peace was the most intense desire of his heart. Under these circumstances, he had an interview with M. Metternich, the Austrian minister. Napoleon was particularly gracious and mild, but very decided. Many of the ministers of other courts were present. In a low and gentle tone of voice, but sufficiently loud to be overheard by many who were present, he said—

"You wish, M. Metternich, either to make war on us or to frighten us."

"We wish, sire," M. Metternich replied, "to do neither the one nor the other."

"Why, then," replied Napoleon, "your armaments? They agitate yourselves and Europe. They put peace in jeopardy, and ruin your finances."

"These arrangements are only defensive," said M. Metternich.

Napoleon mildly, but firmly, replied—

"Were your armaments only defensive, they would not be so hurried. When new organizations are to be created, one takes time, does nothing abruptly. Things are done best that are done slowly. One does not, under such circumstances, erect magazines, order assemblages of troops, and buy horses, particularly artillery horses. Your army amounts to nearly four hundred thousand men. Your militia will nearly equal the same number. Were I to imitate you, I should add four hundred thousand men to my

effective force. That would be an armament out of all reason. I will not follow your example. It would soon be necessary to arm women and children, and we should relapse into a state of barbarism. Wherefore all these military preparations? Have I demanded anything of you? Have I advanced claims to any of your provinces? The treaty of Presburg has settled all claims between the two empires. Your master's word ought to have settled everything between the two sovereigns. I demand nothing of you—I want nothing of you except mutual quiet and security. Is there any difficulty—any one difficulty—between us? Let it be known, that we may settle it on the spot."

M. Metternich replied, "The Austrian government, sire, has no thought of attacking France. It has not ordered any movement of troops."

"You are mistaken," Napoleon, with quiet decision, rejoined. "Assemblages of troops have taken place in Galicia and Bohemia, in front of the quarters of the French army. The fact is incontestable. The immediate result must be the assemblage of equal forces on the French side. I must consequently, instead of demolishing the fortresses of Silesia, repair, arm, and provision them, and put everything again on a war footing. You are well aware I shall not be taken by surprise. I shall be always prepared. You rely, perhaps, upon aid from the Emperor of Russia. You deceive yourself. I am certain of his adhesion, of the disapprobation he has manifested respecting your armaments, and of the course he will adopt on the occasion. Do not imagine, then, that the opportunity is a favourable one for attacking France. It would be a grievous mistake on your part. You do not desire war. I believe it of you, M. Metternich, of your Emperor, and of the enlightened men of your country. But the German nobility, dissatisfied with the changes which have occurred, fill Germany with their rancour. You allow yourselves to be influenced. You communicate your emotions to the masses in urging them to arm. By-and-bye, you will be brought to that point at which one longs for a crisis, as a means of escaping out of an insupportable situation. That crisis will be war. Moral and physical nature alike, when they are come to that troubled state which precedes the storm, have need to explode, in order to purify the air and bring back serenity. This is what I fear from your present conduct. I repeat to you I want nothing of you. I demand nothing but peace. But if you make preparations, I shall make such, that the superiority of my arms will not be more doubtful than in the preceding campaigns. Thus, in order to preserve peace, we shall have brought on war."

This conversation was immediately committed to paper by the Austrian minister and sent to Vienna. The next day, effectually to sound the disposition of Austria, the French ambassador was instructed to repeat to the Austrian cabinet that these extraordinary armaments must be stopped, or that war must openly be declared.

also called upon Austria for the recognition of Joseph as King of Spain. At the same time, Napoleon addressed a circular to the Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine, in which he called upon them "to make ready their contingents, to prevent a war, without a pretext as without an object, by showing to Austria that they were prepared for it." An article also appeared in the *Moniteur*, which was said to be from the pen of Napoleon, in which he accused Austria of attempting to rouse the populace of Europe again to arms.

"Austria has adopted the revolutionary system. She has now no right to complain of the conduct of the Convention in proclaiming war to the palace and peace to the cottage. A plan has been organized at Vienna for a general insurrection all over Europe, the execution of which is confided to the ardent zeal of the Princes of the house of Austria, propagated by the proclamations of its generals, and diffused by its detachments at the distance of six hundred miles from its armies."

But, in the meantime, affairs in Spain had assumed a most disastrous aspect. The monks, whose influence was almost boundless over the ignorant and fanatical populace, were exasperated. All over the land they suddenly kindled a blaze of insurrection. The pride of the nation was wounded. The French and the friends of the French were massacred with every conceivable act of barbarity. Chateaux were pillaged and burned. All the tumultuous and sanguinary horrors of the French Revolution were renewed. The Spanish people defended the throne and the altar with the same ferocity with which the French had assailed them both.

While Austria was assuming such a threatening attitude, Napoleon did not dare to withdraw from the vicinity of the Rhine the veteran troops assembled there. He had, consequently, been compelled to send only young recruits into Spain. Of the 80,000 inexperienced and youthful conscripts whom Napoleon had ordered to the Peninsula, 17,000 were in the hospitals, leaving an efficient force of but 63,000 men. The Spanish authorities friendly to Joseph could place but little reliance upon the army under their command. The Spanish soldiers fraternized with the people. Bells rang the alarm. Beacon-fires blazed on every hill the signal for revolt. The pauper peasantry, weary of the monotony of a merely vegetable life, were glad of any pretext for excitement, and for the chance of plunder. Napoleon had conferred upon Spain a good prince and good institutions. The Spaniards hurled that prince from his throne, and riveted again upon their own limbs the fetters of the most unrelenting despotism. Napoleon smiled when the Abbé de Pradt said to him—

"Sire, you are in the condition of a benevolent man who has rescued a termagant wife from the brutality of her husband. She falls upon her benefactor and scratches out his eyes."

The British navy, swarming in the waters

which washed the Spanish coast, without waiting for orders from home, immediately and ardently espoused the cause of the insurgents. The English government received the tidings with enthusiasm. The King exclaimed to his Parliament, "The Spanish nation, thus nobly struggling against the usurpation and tyranny of France, can no longer be considered by me as the enemy of Great Britain, but is recognised by me as a natural friend and ally." All the Spanish prisoners of war were immediately released, clothed, armed, and sent to Spain to swell the number of the insurgent host. The vast energies of the British navy were called into requisition to land upon the Peninsula money and all kinds of military supplies. This was done with such profusion as to amaze the Spaniards. An army of 30,000 men was also sent to co-operate with the Spanish forces. These English troops were placed under the command of the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur

Wellington. The iron decision he had shown in the bombardment of Cadiz rendered him worthy of the trust reposed in him. He, mild, humane, and a lover of peace, was appalled by the enormities of war which had suddenly burst upon him. In his alarm he wrote to Napoleon, "I have nobody for me. We want fifty thousand veteran troops and fifty millions of francs. If you delay, we shall want one hundred thousand troops and one hundred and twenty-five millions of francs." He was loving his own subjects, he could not be so bitterly of the outrages with which they were assailed.

Napoleon replied, "Have patience and good courage. I will not let you want any. You shall have troops in such a quantity. Do not set yourself up as the avenger of my soldiers; to their devotedness you and I owe what we are. They have to do with brigands who murder them, and whom they must repress by terror. Strive to gain the affection of the Spaniards; but do not discourage the army—that would be an irreparable fault."

With Austria raising such formidable armaments in the North, it was not for Napoleon to withdraw any of the veteran troops who were still lingering beyond the Rhine. He could only send to Joseph young conscripts, and an abundant supply of all military stores. Matters grew worse every day. All Spain and Portugal were in a blaze of insurrection. A division of the French army, consisting of nearly 20,000 men, under General Dupont, was surrounded at Baylen by vastly superior forces of the Spaniards. The French, wasted by sickness and suffering, emaciated with starvation, were compelled to surrender. It was the first disgrace which had befallen the French eagles. When Napoleon heard the news he trembled with emotion. He had reposed the utmost confidence in General Dupont, and felt that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, he should have died rather than have capitulated. Napoleon was at Bordeaux when the first tidings of the catastrophe reached him.

him. He read the despatches in silent anguish. The minister for foreign affairs, who was present, was alarmed at the deep dejection manifested by the Emperor.

"Is your Majesty unwell?" he inquired.

"No!"

"Has Austria declared war?"

"Would that were all!" exclaimed the Emperor.

"What, then, has happened?"

Napoleon, in bitterness of soul, recounted the humiliating details of the capitulation, and added,

"That an army should be beaten is nothing; it is the daily fate of war, and is easily repaired; but that an army should submit to a dishonourable capitulation is a stain on the glory of our arms which can never be effaced. Wounds inflicted on honour are incurable. The moral effect of this catastrophe will be terrible. What! they have had the infamy to consent that the haversacks of our soldiers should be searched like those of robbers! Could I have expected that of General Dupont—a man whom I loved, and was rearing to become a marshal? They say he had no other way to prevent the destruction of the army, to save the lives of the soldiers. Better, far better, to have perished with arms in their hands—that not one should have escaped. Their death would have been glorious. We would have avenged them. You can always supply the place of soldiers. Honour alone, when once lost, can never be regained."

In the first outburst of his anguish he exclaimed, in reference to those who had signed the capitulation,

"They have sullied our uniform. It shall be washed in their blood." Soon, however, more generous feelings regained the ascendancy. Sincerely he pitied his unfortunate friend. "Unhappy man!" he exclaimed again and again; "unhappy man! What a fall, after Albeck, Illalé, Friedland! What a thing war is! One day, one single day, is enough to tarnish the lustre of a lifetime."

General Savary now advised Joseph to retire from Madrid and fortify himself upon the Ebro.

"But what will Napoleon say?" asked Joseph.

"The Emperor will scold," quietly remarked Savary. "His fits of anger are boisterous, but they do not kill. He, no doubt, would stay here. But what is possible for him is not so for others."

Joseph retreated from Madrid, and from his intrenched camp upon the Ebro wrote to his imperial brother:—

"I have not a single Spaniard left who is attached to my cause. As a *general*, my part would be endurable—nay, easy; for, with a detachment of your veteran troops, I could conquer the Spaniards; but as a *King* my part is insupportable, for I must slaughter one portion of my subjects to make the other submit. I decline, therefore, to reign over a people who will not have me. Still, I desire not to retire as conquered. Send me, therefore, one of your old armies. I will return at its head to Madrid, and treat with the Spaniards. I shall demand back

from you the throne of Naples. I will then go and continue, amid the quiet which suits my tastes, the happiness of a people that consents to be prosperous under my care."

Napoleon was keenly wounded under the covert harshness of judgment which this letter contained. He ever loved Joseph, and prized his judgment and his co-operation above that of any other of his brothers. By the energies of his own mind he strove to reanimate the waning courage of Joseph.

"Be worthy of your brother," he wrote. "Try to bear yourself as becomes your position. What care I for a parcel of insurgents, whom I shall settle with my dragoons, and who are not likely to defeat armies that neither Austria, Russia, nor Prussia could withstand? I shall find the Pillars of Hercules in Spain. I shall not find there the limits of my power."

Napoleon promised him immediate and effectual reinforcements, and gave the most minute and sagacious counsel in reference to the prosecution of the war. The most exaggerated reports were sent to him of the forces of the insurgents.

"In war," Napoleon replied, "it is at all times and in all places *difficult* to know the truth. But it is always *possible* to collect it, if one will be at the pains. You have a numerous cavalry and the brave Lasalle. Send out your dragoons to sweep the country over a range of thirty or forty miles. Seize the alcaldes, the curés, the notable inhabitants. Keep them until they speak. Interrogate them judiciously, and you will learn the truth, which you will never learn by going to sleep within your lines."

Joseph had no heart to fire upon the Spaniards. The war was conducted with but little vigour. Napoleon at first smiled at the continued display of weakness. He then wrote to Joseph to remain quietly behind his intrenchments upon the Ebro until the Emperor should arrive to help him. Matters had now assumed so threatening an aspect, that Napoleon, notwithstanding the hostile attitude of Austria, ventured to withdraw about one hundred thousand troops from the Rhine. He sent them, by forced marches, across the vast territory of France, to climb the Pyrenees, and to await his arrival. One hundred thousand young conscripts, gathered from the fields of France, were ordered to the vacancies caused by the departure of the veteran battalions. All the great thoroughfares of France were thronged by these vast masses of men passing in opposite directions.

The well-trained soldier cares little for his life. He becomes a mere animal. The soul is brutalized. The conscience is dead. He seeks to enjoy, by every indulgence, the brief existence which is left for him. Napoleon was consummately skilful in touching all the secret springs of human action. For these immense bands of men traversing France, his foresight provided, in all the important towns through which they should pass, the most brilliant entertainments.

illuminations and banquets greeted them. Martial songs were composed to be sung at these *fêtes*, celebrating the heroic exploits of the army, and stimulating the passion for military glory. At the same time, vast magazines of the munitions of war were established at the foot of the Pyrenees.

When Alexander heard of the disasters in Spain, he said to M. Caulaincourt, Napoleon's ambassador—

"You must make the best of a bad job, and go through this matter without flinching. Your master sent to Spain young soldiers, and not enough of them. Besides, *he* was not there, and blunders have been committed. He will, however, soon repair all that. Your Emperor cannot suffer any Bourbon so near him. This is, on his part, a consistent policy, which I entirely admit. I am not jealous of his aggrandizement, especially when it is prompted by the same motive as the last. Let him not be jealous of those which are in like manner necessary to my empire, and quite as easy to justify. For my part, I shall be invariable. I am about to address Austria in language which will induce her to reflect seriously on her imprudent conduct. I will prove to your master that I am faithful in bad and good fortune. Tell him, however, that we must see each other as soon as possible."

"In 1807," writes Caulaincourt, "when I was sent as ambassador to Russia, the Emperor Napoleon had attained the zenith of his political fortune. The Emperor always entertained a just idea of the noble and the grand. He was economical in his own personal expenses, and a decided foe to extravagance and wastefulness, yet he was munificent in all that related to the dignity of the crown. No sovereign had a nicer perception of what was due to his exalted position. He was desirous that the ambassador of the greatest nation in the world should maintain with regal splendour the rank of the country he had the honour to represent. 'I give you a *carte blanche* for the expenses of the embassy. We must appear like citizens grown rich. The court of France must not show itself mean and petty. Our brother of Russia loves pleasure and luxury. Give magnificent *fêtes*.'"

"You wish that I should introduce you to the brilliant court of Russia, where I found realized all the traditions of the youthful days of Louis XIV. Indeed, the glories of the Grand Monarque seemed, at that time, a fond dream at the court of St. Petersburg. No court ever presented within itself so many elements of pleasure and excitement. Youth, beauty, gaiety, and splendour, were ever grouped around the throne."

"On reception days, the scene which presented itself in the saloons of the palace exceeded all that imagination can picture. It was a realization of the wonders of the 'Arabian Nights.' Women of the most captivating beauty, grace, and elegance, were sparkling in diamonds, and arrayed in a gorgeousness truly Asiatic. Some

were intelligent and well educated, and devotedly fond of music and dancing. The young men, by the grace of their manners and language, and the elegance and luxury of their dress, completely eclipsed our most approved Parisian models, our Richelieus, Narbonne, &c.

"Every day brought new *fêtes*, new parties of pleasure. I confess that I found it no easy matter to maintain my establishment in a style corresponding with the Russian notions of munificence. Balls, concerts, plays, and suppers occupied the evenings, and sledge parties were a favourite day amusement. I will mention one instance out of a thousand to give you an idea of the profuse expenditure of money in Russia. At a supper given after a ball at the embassy, a plate of five pears cost two thousand seven hundred and fifty francs. On another occasion, cherries which had been purchased at the price of four francs each were served as abundantly as though they had cost no more than one franc the pound. You must not imagine that this was an exception worthy of remark or calculated to excite surprise. On the contrary, any attempt to spare this *expenditure* would have appeared shabby and absurd."

"I must repeat to you a remark made by the Emperor on this subject. In my private correspondence with him, I frequently entered into the most minute details of all that was going on. He had desired me to write him gossiping letters. They amused him. When I informed him of the pears at five hundred francs a-piece, he answered, 'When I was a sub-lieutenant, I should have thought myself very fortunate if my yearly income had been as much as the price of your plate of Russian pears. Such extravagances are only to be expected in madmen certain that the Emperor really angry at this silly profusion.'"

The state of the empire was now such that the public funds began to decline. England, Spain, and Portugal had combined their arms in the south. Austria, in the north, was arming seven hundred thousand men. Prussia, in the depths of her humiliation, was longing for an opportunity to retrieve her fallen fortunes. It was well-known that the nobility of Russia, headed by the Queen-Mother, were bitterly hostile to Napoleon. It was doubtful how long Alexander would be able to withstand their opposition. Speculators in the public funds endeavoured to excite a panic. The price fell from ninety-four to as low as seventy. Napoleon immediately roused himself to encounter this financial warfare with the same vigour with which he was accustomed to meet his foes upon the field. "I mean," said he, "to make a campaign against the bears." By means of judi-

"*Bears and Bulls*—terms applied to persons engaged in the gambling transactions of the Stock Exchange. A *Bear* is one who contracts to deliver, at a specified future time, stocks which he does not own; a *Bull* is one who contracts to take them. Hence, in the intervening time, it is the interest of the former to de-

cious purchases, steadily executed for one or two months, the speculators for a fall were beaten. The public funds rose again to the price which Napoleon deemed it a point of honour for the government to maintain. He was extremely gratified at this success. "We have beaten the bears," he said; "they will not try the game again. We have preserved for the creditors of state the capital to which they have a right; we have also effected good investments for the army funds." Many of the speculators in this financial warfare were ruined. Napoleon, with his accustomed generosity, conferred upon them some private recompense.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE EMPERORS AT ERFURTH.

Meeting of the Emperors at Erfurth—Homage of Napoleon to men of science and genius—Character of Alexander—Letter to the Emperor of Austria—The divorce alluded to—Minute and accurate information of Napoleon—His prodigious application—His affection for Alexander—Letter to the King of England—Chilling repulse of England—Napoleon's remarks to O'Meara—Napier's admission.

THE 27th of September, 1808, the day appointed for the meeting at Erfurth, was drawing near. The attention of all Europe was directed to this celebrated interview. The destinies of the world seemed to depend upon its issues. Kings, princes, courtiers, from all parts of Europe, were crowding to witness the extraordinary spectacle. The Emperor of France was the hospitable host who was to receive them all as his guests. Napoleon left Paris surrounded by the most brilliant retinue which ever accompanied an earthly monarch. The people were proud to have their king, on this occasion, tower in splendour above all the kings of the nobles. Napoleon had previously despatched thither all the appliances of gorgeous pleasure for those who live for pleasure only.

He arrived at Erfurth at ten o'clock in the forenoon. The streets were already thronged with kings, dukes, princes, and high dignitaries of the church, the army, and the state. After having received the homage and the congratulations of this illustrious throng, he rode at noon on horseback, accompanied by the King of Saxony, and attended by an immense and magnificent staff, to meet the Emperor Alexander, who was approaching in an open carriage. Napoleon met his friend and ally at the end of about six miles. On perceiving the carriage in which Alexander rode, he galloped towards it with the utmost eagerness. The two Emperors alighted, and embraced each other with every expression of cordial friendship. Horses had been provided

for Alexander and his suite. The two Emperors rode into Erfurth side by side, conversing with most friendly animation.

At Erfurth, Napoleon presented to the Emperor Alexander all the illustrious personages admitted to the interview. He then escorted him to the palace prepared for his reception. It was arranged that Alexander should dine every day at Napoleon's table. In the evening there was a splendid banquet, crowded by the most illustrious personages Europe could furnish. The town was illuminated. A tragedy, developing the noblest traits of human nature, was performed by the most accomplished actors of France. Alexander sat by the side of Napoleon. As the sentiment was expressed from the

"The friendship of a great man is a gift from the gods!"

Alexander gracefully rose, took the hand of Napoleon, and, bowing, said, "I experience the truth of that sentiment every day." An instinctive burst of applause from a pit full of princes, nobles, and kings, shook the walls of the theatre.

Napoleon had no relish for pleasure. Business is his only joy. Arrangements were immediately made for uninterrupted hours of conference. Alexander could hardly restrain his impatience to obtain possession of Constantinople. Napoleon was decided that, at all hazards, Russia, already too formidable in her gigantic power, must be prevented from making that acquisition. He was, however, extremely desirous to gratify Alexander. The conference continued for nearly twenty days. The Emperor of Austria, in consequence of his hostile attitude, had not been invited to the interview. Francis, however, sent an ambassador, ostensibly to present his congratulations to the two sovereigns who had met so near to his empire, but in reality to penetrate, if possible, the secret of the interview. Napoleon received the Austrian envoy with courtesy, but with reserve. With his accustomed frankness, he said, "Your master has not been invited to this imperial meeting. We could not invite him while he is raising such threatening armies. If Austria desires the friendship of Russia and of France, she must manifest a friendly disposition. If she prefer the alliance of England, to England she must go for her intimacies." That the secrets of the interview might be safe, they were confided to but four persons—the two Emperors and their two ministers.

All the splendour and the beauty of Germany had flocked to the little town of Erfurth. Napoleon, as the host of these illustrious guests, had made the most magnificent preparations for their enjoyment. While he kept them incessantly occupied with festivals, banquets, *fêtes*, and balls, all the energies of his mind were engrossed during the morning and afternoon, and deep into the hours of the night, by the majestic interests which were at his disposal.

There was a very distinguished lady whom the occasion had called to Erfurth, the Princess

green stocks, as the bear pulls down with his strong paws; and of the latter to raise the stocks, as the bull throws upwards with his horns. The stock is, in fact, never delivered, and was never meant to be. When the time for delivery arrives, the losing party pays the difference between the price of the stock then and at the time the contract was made."—WARTON.

of Tour, sister of the Queen of Prussia. Her rank, her beauty, her intellectual fascination, attracted to her drawing-rooms all the refinement, loveliness, and genius of Germany. The highest names in literature and in science, allured by the patronage of Napoleon, mingled with the throng of princes and kings. Wieland and Goethe were there. Napoleon turned aside from the brilliance of birth and of rank to pay his homage to the splendours of genius.

Wieland thus describes an interview with the Emperor in the saloon of the Princess of Tour:—"I had been but a few minutes in the room when Napoleon crossed it to come to us. I was presented by the Duchess of Weimar. He paid me some compliments in an affable tone, fixing his eye piercingly upon me. Few men have appeared to me to possess, in the same degree, the power of penetrating at a glance the thoughts of others. I have never beheld any one more calm, more simple, more mild, or less ostentations in appearance. Nothing about him indicated the feeling of power in a great monarch. He spoke to me as an old acquaintance would speak to an equal. What was more extraordinary on his part, he conversed with me exclusively for an hour and a half, to the great surprise of the assembly. He appeared to have no relish for anything gay. In spite of the prepossessing amenity of his manners, he seemed to me to be of bronze. Towards midnight I began to feel that it was improper to detain him so long, and I took the liberty to demand permission to retire. 'Go, then,' said he, in a friendly tone. 'Good night!'"

Müller, the celebrated Swiss historian, had an interview with Napoleon about the same time. He thus records the effect which the conversation produced upon his mind.

"Quite impartially and truly, as before God, I must say, that the variety of his knowledge, the acuteness of his observation, the solidity of his understanding, filled me with astonishment. His manner of speaking to me inspired me with love for him. It was one of the most remarkable days of my life. By his genius and his disinterested goodness, he has conquered me also."

Alexander, with all his ambition, was a lover of pleasure, graceful and amiable. One evening, at a ball, while Alexander was dancing with the Queen of Westphalia, Napoleon was conversing with Goethe, the author of "Werter." At the close of the evening, Napoleon wrote to Josephine, "I have attended a ball in Weimar. The Emperor Alexander danced. But I? no! Forty years are forty years."

Alexander was a man of gallantry. There was a distinguished actress at Erfurth, alike celebrated for her genius and her beauty. She attracted the attention of the imperial gallant. He inquired of Napoleon if there would be any inconvenience in his forming her personal acquaintance. "None whatever," Napoleon coolly replied, "excepting it would be a certain mode of making you known to all Paris. At the next

post-house, the most minute particulars of your visit to her will be despatched." The Czar was very sensitive to such notoriety, and this hint cooled his rising passion. It was at Erfurth that Napoleon made the memorable observation to Talma on his erroneous view of Nero in the "Britannicus" of Racine. "The poet," said he, "has not represented Nero as a merciless despot at the commencement of his career. It was not till love, his ruling passion at the moment, was thwarted, that he became violent, cruel, and tyrannical."

A *fête* was arranged on the field of the battle of Jena, where Napoleon had annihilated the Prussian army. It was given to Napoleon by those who were willing to forget their defeat in their desire to honour him. A magnificent tent was pitched on the summit of the *Laufsbühlberg*, where Napoleon had bivouacked on the 19th of October, two years before. Napoleon, with a gorgeous retinue, rode over the field of battle. A vast multitude, from leagues around, thronged the field, and, dazzled by the splendour of the mighty conqueror, surrounded him with their acclamations. The little town of Jena had been seriously injured in the conflict of that dreadful day. Napoleon sent a gift of 300,000 francs for the benefit of those inhabitants who had suffered from the calamity.

At last the two Emperors had resolved all their difficulties, and signed the following convention. France and Russia solemnly renewed their alliance, and engaged to make peace or war in common. The two Emperors agreed to make a formal proposal for peace to England, and to do this on terms so manifestly just, that the people of England should demand peace of the English cabinet. Russia consented that the crown of Spain should remain on the head of Joseph. France consented that Alexander should take possession of Finland, Moldavia, and Wallachia. Napoleon, with his own hand, drew up the letter, which was addressed directly to the King of England, proposing peace. It was signed by both of the Emperors.

Austria was deeply irritated at not being admitted to this interview. Napoleon granted the ambassador of Francis an audience of leave. He took occasion again to remonstrate against the unfriendly attitude Austria was assuming. "The court of Vienna," said he, "must expect to be excluded from the affairs of Europe so long as she manifests a disposition again to disturb the repose of Europe." Napoleon presented the ambassador with a letter for the Emperor Francis. It was conceived in a frank, generous, and noble spirit. It was expressed as follows:—

"Sire and Brother,—I have never doubted your Majesty's upright intentions. I have, notwithstanding, had fears for a while of seeing hostilities renewed between us. There is a faction in Vienna which affects alarm, in order to hurry your cabinet into violent measures. I have had it in my power to dismember your Majesty's monarchy, or at least to leave it less

powerful. I did not choose to do so. What it is, it is by my consent. This is the most convincing proof that I desire nothing of your Majesty. I am always ready to guarantee the integrity of your Majesty's monarchy. I will never do anything contrary to the substantial interests of your dominions. But your Majesty must not open questions which fifteen years of war have settled. Your Majesty must prohibit every proclamation or proceeding provocative of war. By pursuing a straightforward and frank line of conduct, your Majesty will render your people happy; you will enjoy yourself the repose which you must earnestly desire after so many troubles. Let your Majesty's proceedings display confidence, and they will inspire it. The best policy in these days is simplicity and truth. Let your Majesty make known to me your apprehensions. I will instantly disperse them."

During these private interviews, the question of the divorce of Josephine, and of a nuptial alliance with the Russian monarchy, was introduced. It is with deep pain that we approach that subject. It is the great and the ineffaceable stain which rests upon the character of Napoleon. Josephine, the gentle, the loving, the magnanimous, forgave him. The world never can. She had stood by his side during all the conflicts of their tumultuous life. She had aided in achieving his renown. She had loved him with a fervour and a faithfulness which never have been surpassed. No earthly motives ought to have had sufficient power to sever the sacred ties which bound them. God seems to have frowned upon the deed. Napoleon himself was constrained to confess that it was the greatest calamity of his life. It is no excuse for Napoleon to admit that the temptation was stronger than was ever before presented to mortal man; that there were blended with the motives which instigated to the deed, sentiments as lofty and sublime as ever mingled with towering ambition.

But while we thus in sorrow condemn, let us still be just to Napoleon, and listen to the plea which he presents to mitigate the verdict of the world's censure. Josephine also, her face all bathed in tears, her heart all glowing with love, presents herself before that same severe tribunal to implore the forgiveness of that adored husband, who loved her as he loved no other mortal, and yet discarded her. The divorce of Josephine! it is one of the most extraordinary, the most sublime, the most touching of the tragedies which time has enacted. Listen to the plea of Napoleon. He says to Josephine, "I love you, and you only. To your affection I am indebted for the only few moments of happiness I have ever enjoyed on earth. Monarchical Europe is in arms against me, a plebeian monarch. All feudal thrones are in heart still hostile. There is no prospect of any termination to wars and woes, desolating ten thousand homes, and deluging all lands with blood. If I form an alliance with some imperial house like that of Russia or Austria, it introduces me into the

family of kings. My child is recognised by other monarchs as of royal lineage. I secure an ally whose dignity is involved in sustaining my rights. Peace is restored to Europe. Thousands of dwellings are rescued from the ravages of war. We can still love each other. We can still be, in heart, the nearest and dearest friends. We can still correspond and meet in the most confiding friendship. Ought we not to be willing to sever the *one tie* which makes us husband and wife, to accomplish purposes so infinitely vast? United as our hearts are, it is the greatest sacrifice that mortals ever made, but it is to accomplish the greatest benefits which were ever presented to mortal choice. ☉

"Should I die, Josephine, who is to succeed me upon the throne of France? A hundred ambitious claimants, grasping the sword, will rouse the nation to anarchy. Fire, blood, ruin, will be the legacy we shall bequeath to France. Should God bless me with an heir, all these woes will be arrested. The nation will go on in prosperity and peace. Is it not, then, a noble offering for us to place upon the altar of our country—the sacrifice of our hearts? France will appreciate the offering. The blessing of unborn generations will rest upon us."

No one can be insensible to the grandeur of these sentiments. Napoleon had not been educated in the school of strict religious principle. He could not contemplate the subject as it is regarded by the well-instructed Christian. He heard no voice uttering the solemn words, "Thus saith the Lord." He was influenced only by considerations of worldly justice and expediency. In that view it was, apparently, a noble sacrifice, promising most beneficial results. But there is a divine justice which sustains divine law, even when mortal vision is blind to its requisitions. Napoleon sinned against the law of God. High upon a pinnacle of glory, his sin was witnessed by the world. The world has seen the penalty.

Alexander, with the most flattering expressions of regard, replied to the overture which M. Talleyrand suggested upon this delicate subject. He immediately signified to Napoleon how ardently he anticipated the day when they should be not only friends, but brothers. His countenance beamed with satisfaction as he alluded to the period when, in visiting Paris, he might embrace his sister as the Empress of France. He, however, spoke freely of the strong prejudices cherished by his mother, and by the majority of the nobles. They were violently opposed to that popular monarch who was shaking everywhere in Europe the foundations of feudal power. The subject was but briefly alluded to in this interview. Napoleon had often pondered the matter deeply. He had, however, often been arrested in that design by the sincere affection which bound him to the wife of his youth. A thousand busy tongues had often whispered the dreadful rumour to Josephine, but Napoleon had not yet ventured to allude to the subject in her presence.

Alexander was never weary of expressing his admiration of the French Emperor, not only as regarded his genius, but his grace, his fascinating vivacity, and his kindness of heart. "He is not only," said he, "the greatest man living, but he is also the best man. People think him ambitious and fond of war. He is no such thing. He only makes war from political necessity, from the compulsion of circumstances."

All were amazed at the extent and the accuracy of Napoleon's information upon every subject which was introduced. He conversed with divines, philosophers, historians, dramatists, and his intellectual superiority was universally recognised. His acute criticisms upon Tacitus, as picturing his own times in hues too sombre; his powerful contrast between Christianity and Mahometanism; his rapid glance at the defects in the literature of modern times, impressed all scholars with the consciousness of the universality of his genius. Speaking of the German drama, imitated from Shakspeare, in which tragedy and comedy, the terrible and ludicrous, are strangely blended, he said to Goethe, "I am astonished that a great intellect like yours does not prefer the more distinctly defined forms!" "A profound saying," remarks Thiers, "which few critics of our day are capable of com-

At one of the dinner-parties, a question arose concerning a certain Papal decree known as the "Golden Bull." Some one, in quoting this document, assigned its date to the year 1409. "You are wrong," said Napoleon; "the Bull was published in 1356, in the reign of the Emperor Charles IV." A curiosity was immediately expressed to learn how Napoleon could be acquainted with such minute matters of learning. "When I was a lieutenant in the army," said Napoleon, smiling at the surprise of his princely auditors, "I was three years in the garrison at Valence. Not being addicted to society, I lived very retired. I happened to lodge at the house of a bookseller, to whose library I had ready access. I read through the books it contained more than once, and have forgotten little of their contents, whether relating to military or other affairs."

Indeed, his powers of application and memory seemed almost supernatural. There was scarcely a man in France of any note with whose private history, character, and qualifications he was not acquainted. He had tables drawn up with great accuracy by his ministers, which he called "the moral statistics of his empire." These he carefully corrected by ministerial reports and private correspondence. He received all letters himself, read them, and never forgot their contents. He slept but little, and improved every moment of time when awake. So retentive was his memory, that sums over which he glanced his eye were never effaced from his mind. He recollected the respective produce of all taxes through every year of his administration. His detection of errors in accounts appeared so marvellous as to create a general persuasion that his

vigilance was almost supernatural. In running over an account of expenditure, he perceived the rations of a particular battalion charged on a certain day at Besançon. "But the battalion was not there," said Napoleon; "it is an error." The minister, remembering that at that time Napoleon was absent from France, insisted that the account was correct. It proved to be a fraud. The dishonest accountant was dismissed. The anecdote circulated through the empire, a warning to every unfaithful clerk.

The Swiss deputies in 1801, were astonished at his familiar acquaintance with the history, laws, and usages of their country. The envoys of the obscure republic of San Marino were bewildered on finding that Napoleon was perfectly acquainted with the families, the feuds, and the local politics of their society.

When Napoleon was passing to the island of Elba in the *Undaunted*, he conversed much upon naval affairs. One day, at the dinner-table, he alluded to a plan which he had once conceived of building a vast number of ships of the line. It was suggested that he would find much difficulty in forming thorough seamen, as the English fleet had command of all seas. Napoleon replied that he had organized exercises for the seamen not only in harbour, but in smaller vessels near the coast, that they might be trained in rough weather to the most arduous manoeuvres of seamanship. Among other difficulties which he enumerated, he mentioned that of keeping a ship clear of her anchors in a heavy sea. One gentleman at the table asked him the meaning of the term, the nature of the difficulty, and the method of surmounting it. "The Emperor," says Captain Usher, "took up two forks, and explained the problem in seamanship, which is not an easy one, in so short, scientific, and practical a way, that I know of none but professional men who could, off-hand, have given so perspicuous, seamanlike, and satisfactory a solution of the question. Any board of officers would have inferred that the person making it had received a naval education."

On the same voyage, the question arose as to putting into the harbour of Bastia, on the island of Corsica. Napoleon immediately described the depth of water, shoals, anchorage, and bearings, with as much minuteness as if he had passed his life in piloting ships into that port. Captain Usher, on reference to the charts, found that the information which Napoleon had given was scrupulously accurate.

The commander of the transports incidentally mentioned that he had thought of putting into a creek near Genoa. "It is well that you did not," said Napoleon; "it is the worst place in the Mediterranean. You would not have got to sea again for a month or six weeks." He then proceeded to a minute description of the peculiarities of the little bay. When this circumstance was mentioned to Captain Dundas, who had recently returned from a cruise in the Gulf of Genoa, he confirmed the report of Napoleon in all its particu-

PEACE PROPOSED TO ENGLAND.

lars, and expressed astonishment at its correctness. "I thought it," said he, "a discovery of my own, having ascertained all you have just told me about that creak by observation and experience."

Napoleon possessed a power of intense and protracted application which has probably never been surpassed. In the deliberations on the civil code, he was often employed twelve or fifteen hours without any abatement of energy. He established an office with twelve clerks, and Mounier at their head, whose sole duty it was to extract and classify the contents of the English newspapers. He charged Mounier to omit no abuse of him, however coarse or malignant. Mounier ventured to soften, and sometimes to suppress, the virulent abuse which was occasionally thrown upon Josephine. Napoleon questioned others upon the contents of the English journals. He thus detected Mounier in his kindly-intentioned mutilations. He forbade him to withhold any intelligence or any censure. He found time for private and varied reading, garnering, at a glance, the contents of a volume. Every morning his librarian was employed for some time in replacing books and maps which the Emperor's insatiable and unwearied curiosity had examined before breakfast.

On one occasion, at Erfurth, the Czar, on entering Napoleon's dining-room, was about to lay aside his sword, but found that he had forgotten it. Napoleon immediately presented him with his own weapon. Alexander accepted it with the most evident gratification. "I accept your Majesty's gift," he exclaimed, "as a pledge of your friendship. You may be assured that I shall never draw it against you." "We exchanged," said Napoleon, "the most striking testimonies of affection, and passed some days together, enjoying the delights of perfect intimacy, and the most familiar intercourse of private life. We were like two young men of fortune, who, in our common pleasures, had no secrets from each other." Napoleon wrote to Josephine, "I am content with Alexander. He ought to be so with me. If he were a woman, I think I should fall in love with him."

On the morning of the 14th of October Napoleon and Alexander rode out of Erfurth on horseback, side by side. The troops were under arms. A vast multitude from all the adjoining country thronged the streets to witness their departure. They rode a few miles together, and then dismounted. While grooms led their horses, they walked for a short time, deeply engaged in confidential communings. They then embraced with cordial affection. The ties of sincere friendship, as well as those of policy and ambition, united them. Alexander entered his carriage. Napoleon mounted his horse. They then clasped hands in a final adieu. The rumbling of wheels and the clatter of hoofs were heard as the two Emperors, surrounded by their brilliant suites, separated. Alexander departed for St. Petersburg. Napoleon returned, silent and thoughtful, to Erfurth. They never met again. But their respective armies soon rushed to the conflict

against each other, amid the flames of Moscow and the ensanguined snows of the North.

Napoleon, upon returning to Erfurth took leave of the princes and other illustrious personages who still remained. In the afternoon of the same day he took his carriage for Paris. The little town, which had thus suddenly become the theatre of the most gorgeous display of earthly grandeur, was left to its accustomed silence and solitude. Napoleon, with his ordinary disregard of sleep or of rest, pressed forward with the utmost velocity by day and by night. On the morning of the 18th he arrived at St. Cloud.

An embassy, consisting of two couriers—one from France, the other from Russia—was immediately despatched, to convey to the King of England the united letter of the Emperors imploring peace. The following is a copy of this remarkable document, which was signed by Napoleon and Alexander:—

"Sire! The present situation of Europe has brought us together at Erfurth. Our first wish is to fulfil the desire of all nations, and, by a speedy pacification with your Majesty, to take the most effectual means for relieving the sufferings of Europe. The long and bloody war which has convulsed the Continent is at an end, and cannot be renewed. Many changes have taken place in Europe; many governments have been destroyed. The cause is to be found in the uneasiness and the sufferings occasioned by the stagnation of maritime commerce. Greater changes still may take place, and all will be unfavourable to the politics of England. Peace, therefore, is, at the same time, the common cause of the nations of the Continent and of Great Britain. We unite in requesting your Majesty to lend an ear to the voice of humanity, to suppress that of the passions, to reconcile contending interests, and to secure the welfare of Europe and of the generations over which Providence has placed us."

This important despatch was directed to Mr. Canning, the prime minister, inclosed in an envelope, the superscription of which signified that it was addressed by their Majesties the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Russia to his Majesty the King of Great Britain. The couriers were requested to say everywhere that they came with proposals of peace. Napoleon wished the English people to understand that the responsibility of the war, if hostilities were to continue, rested not with him, but with the cabinet at London. The couriers despatched from Boulogne found no little difficulty in reaching England. The British ministers were so opposed to peace, that the most stringent orders had been issued to the British cruisers not to allow a flag of truce to pass. The very able French officer who commanded the French brig succeeded in eluding the cruisers, and anchored in the Downs. It was some time before the couriers were permitted to land. At last the Russian courier was sent on to London, while the French envoy was detained at the seaboard.

An order, however, soon arrived from Mr. Canning, and the French courier was permitted to repair to London. They were both treated with civility, but were placed under the surveillance of a British officer, who never left them for a moment.

After a lapse of forty-eight hours, they were sent back with notes, not to the Emperors, but to the Russian and French ministers, acknowledging the receipt of the despatch, and promising a subsequent answer. This cold response indicated too clearly the unrelenting spirit of the English cabinet. In the course of a few days an evasive and recriminative answer was returned by the British minister. The message stated that, though England often received proposals for peace, she did not believe them to be sincere. She insisted that all the allies of England, including the Spanish insurgents, should take part in the negotiations. This despatch, which was also directed to the French and Russian ministers, was accompanied by the exceedingly insulting declaration, "that the English ministers could not reply to the two sovereigns, since one of them was not recognised by England." Notwithstanding this chilling repulse and this unpardonable insult, Napoleon had so much respect for his own glory, and was so intensely anxious for peace, that he returned a friendly reply. He promptly consented to admit all the allies of England to participate in the negotiations, excepting only the Spanish insurgents. Upon the receipt of this note, England peremptorily declared, in most offensive terms, to both France and Russia, that no peace was possible with two courts, one of which dethroned and imprisoned the most legitimate kings, and the other of which, from interested motives, countenanced such atrocities.

Colonel Napier admits "the insulting tone of Mr. Canning's communication," and says, what Napoleon's "real views in proposing to treat were it is difficult to determine. He could not expect that Great Britain would have relinquished the cause of Spain. He must, therefore, have been prepared to make some arrangement upon that head, unless the whole proceeding was an artifice to sow distrust among his enemies. The English ministers asserted that it was so. But what enemies were they among whom he could create this uneasy feeling? Sweden, Sicily, Portugal! The notion as applied to them was absurd. It is more probable that he was sincere. He said so at St. Helena, and the peculiar circumstances of the period at which the conferences of Erfurth took place warrant a belief in that assertion."

Thus the English minister broke off the negotiation, and all hopes of peace vanished. The gold and the diplomacy of the cabinet of St. James now infused new vigour into the warlike spirit of Austria, and roused anew the fanatical peasantry of Spain. The storms of war again swept, in flame and blood, over ill-fated Europe, and new changes were rung upon "the insatiable ambition of Bonaparte."

Colonel Napier censures the British government severely for refusing to negotiate. He justifies Napoleon in his refusal to admit the Spaniards as a party to the conference. "To have done that," he says, "would have been to resign the weapon in his hands before he entered the lists. That England could not abandon the Spaniards is unquestionable, but that was not a necessary consequence of continuing the negotiations. There was a bar put to the admission of a Spanish diplomatist, but no bar was thereby put to the discussion of Spanish interests. The correspondence of the English minister would not of necessity have compromised Spanish independence; it need not have relaxed, in the slightest degree, the measures of hostility, nor retarded the succours preparing for the patriots.

"But such an enlarged mode of proceeding was not in accordance with the shifts and subterfuges that characterized the policy of the day, when it was thought wise to degrade the dignity of such a correspondence by a ridiculous denial of Napoleon's titles, and praiseworthy to render a state paper, in which such serious interests were discussed, offensive and mean, by miserable sarcasms, evincing the pride of an author rather than the gravity of a statesman. There is sound ground, also, for believing that hope, derived from a silly intrigue carried on through the Princess of Tarente and Talleyrand and some others, who were even then ready to betray Napoleon, was the real cause of the negotiation having been broken off by Mr. Canning."

"Let your ministers say what they like," said Napoleon to O'Meara at St. Helena, "I was always ready to make peace. At the time that Fox died, there was every prospect of effecting one. If Lord Landerdale had been sincere at first, it would also have been concluded. Before the campaign in Prussia, I caused it to be signified to him that, he had better persuade his countrymen to make peace, as I should be master of Prussia in two months; for this reason, that although Russia and Prussia united might be able to oppose me, yet that Prussia alone could not. The Russians were three months' march distant. As I had intelligence that the Prussians intended to defend Berlin instead of retiring to obtain the support of the Russians, I could destroy their army and take Berlin before the Russians came up. The Russians alone I could easily defeat afterwards. I therefore advised him to take advantage of my offer of peace before Prussia, who was your best friend on the Continent, was destroyed. After this communication, I believe that Lord Landerdale was sincere, and that he wrote to your ministers recommending peace. But they would not agree to it, thinking that the King of Prussia was at the head of a hundred thousand men; that I might be defeated, and that a defeat would be my ruin. This was possible. A battle sometimes decides everything; and sometimes the most trifling event decides the fate of a battle. The event, however, proved that I was right. After Jena, Prussia was mine. After

Tilsit and at Erfurth, a letter, containing proposals of peace to England, and signed by the Emperor Alexander and myself, was sent to your ministers, but they would not accept of them."

"The real principle," says Napier, "of his (Napoleon's) government and secret of his popularity made him the people's monarch, not the sovereign of the aristocracy. Hence Mr. Pitt called him 'the child and the champion of democracy;' a truth as evident as that Mr. Pitt and his successors were the children and the champions of aristocracy. Hence, also, the privileged classes of Europe consistently transferred their natural and implacable hatred of the French Revolution to his person; for they saw that in him innovation had found a protector; that he alone, having given pre-eminence to a system so hateful to them, was really what he called himself, 'The State.' The treaty of Tilsit, therefore, though it placed Napoleon in a commanding situation with regard to the potentates of Europe, unmasked the real nature of the war, and brought him and England, the respective champions of Equality and Privilege, into more direct contact. Peace could not be between them while they were both strong, and all that the French Emperor had hitherto gained only enabled him to choose his future field of battle."

CHAPTER XLIV.

A MARCH INTO SPAIN.

England renews assistance to Spain—Address of Napoleon to the French Legislature—Proclamation to the army—Untiring efforts of the Emperor—The French at Vittoria, Burgos, Espinosa—Storming the Pass of Somosierra—Napoleon's clemency to the people of Madrid—Interview with General Morla—Surrender of the city—Testimony of Lamartine—Wild passes of the Guadarrama—Conduct of the English soldiery—Reception of despatches at Astorga.

O, encouraged by the insurrection in Spain and by the threatening aspect of Austria, now redoubled her exertions. She encouraged, by every means in her power, the rising of the fanatical peasants of the Spanish Peninsula. He invincible fleet swept the coasts of Spain and Portugal, and landed at every available point money, arms, and the munitions of war. Napoleon, unsuccessful in his renewed endeavours for the attainment of peace, was prepared for the arbitrations of battle.

Before leaving Paris for the Spanish campaign, he assembled the Legislative Body, and thus addressed them:—

"I have travelled this year more than three thousand miles in the interior of my empire. The spectacle of this great French family—recently distracted by intestine divisions, now united and happy—has profoundly moved me. I have learned that I cannot be happy myself unless I first see that France is happy. A part of my army is marching to meet the troops which England has landed in Spain. It is an *eternal blessing* of that Providence which has

constantly protected our arms, that passion has so blinded the English counsels as to induce them to renounce the possession of the seas, and to exhibit their army on the Continent. I depart in a few days to place myself at the head of my troops, and, with the aid of God, to crown in Madrid the King of Spain, and to plant our eagles upon the forts of Lisbon. The Emperor of Russia and I have met at Erfurth. Our most earnest endeavour has been for peace. We have even resolved to make many sacrifices, to confer, if possible, the blessings of maritime commerce upon the hundred millions of men whom we represent. We are of one mind, and we are indissolubly united for peace as for war."

An army of two hundred thousand men, accustomed to battle, was now assembled in the gloomy fastnesses of the Pyrenees. Napoleon had stimulated their march by the following nervous proclamation:—

"Soldiers! After triumphing on the banks of the Vistula and the Danube, with rapid steps you have passed through Germany. This day, without a moment of repose, I command you to traverse France. Soldiers! I have need of you. The hideous presence of the leopard contaminates the Peninsula of Spain and Portugal. In terror he must fly before you. Let us bear our triumphant eagles to the Pillars of Hercules. There also we have injuries to avenge. Soldiers! You have surpassed the renown of modern armies, but you have not yet equalled the glory of those Romans who, in one and the same campaign, were victorious upon the Rhine and the Euphrates, in Illyria and upon the Tagus. A long peace, a lasting prosperity, shall be the reward of your labours. But a real Frenchman could not, ought not, to rest until the seas are free and open to all. Soldiers! All that you have done, all that you will do for the happiness of the French people and for my glory, shall be eternal in my heart."

On the 29th of October, Napoleon took his carriage for Bayonne, "traversing the earth," says Sir Walter Scott, "as a comet does the sky, working changes wherever he came." Madrid was distant from Paris about seven hundred miles. The cold rains of approaching winter had deluged the earth. The roads were miry and often perilous. Regardless of fatigue and danger, Napoleon pressed on through darkness and storms. His carriage was dragged through ruts cut axle deep by the wheels of military waggons and of ponderous artillery. At length, in his impatience for greater speed, he abandoned his carriage and mounted his horse. Apparently insensible to physical exhaustion or suffering, with his small *cortège*, like the rush of the tornado, he swept through the valleys and over the hills. At two o'clock in the morning of the third of November he arrived at Bayonne.

Immediately he sent for General Berthier, to question him respecting the state of affairs. He had given particular directions that the French should do nothing to circumvent the

plans of the insurgents. He wished to place his veteran troops in the very midst of the Spanish armies, that he might strike blows heavy and fast in all directions. He had therefore ordered his general to permit the Spaniards to advance as far as they pleased upon his wings.

"I sent them lambs," said he, in reference to the young and inexperienced soldiers who were first ordered to Spain, "and they devoured them. I will now send them wolves."

Napoleon found, much to his disappointment, that his orders had been but imperfectly executed. A sufficient amount of clothing had not been obtained for the soldiers. Mules and horses were wanting. There was but a scanty supply of provisions. Joseph, instead of concentrating the troops that they might be enveloped in the masses of the enemy, incapable of appreciating so bold a manœuvre, had timidly dispersed them to guard his flanks and rear. Napoleon expressed his regrets, but wasted no time in recriminations. The incredible activity of his mind may be inferred from the labours of a single day succeeding his exhausting journey from Paris to Bayonne. He ordered all contracts which had not yet been executed to be thrown up. Agents were despatched to purchase with ready money all the cloths of the south which could be obtained. Immense workshops were established, and hundreds of hands were busy making clothes. All the orders for corn and cattle were countermanded, that the funds might be appropriated to the purchase of clothing. Barracks were ordered to be immediately constructed at Bayonne for the shelter of the troops arriving there. Agents were despatched to spur on the march of the conscripts to the designated points. The troops which had arrived at Bayonne were carefully reviewed by the eagle eye of the Emperor. Many letters were dictated to administrators of posts, bridges, and roads, filled with most important directions. As rest from the toil of such a day, when the sun had gone down he leaped into his saddle and galloped sixty miles over the mountains to Tolosa. He here passed the night of the 4th, busy in making preparations for a speedy and a decisive conflict. The next day he proceeded thirty miles farther to Vittoria. Napoleon encamped, with the Imperial Guard who accompanied him, at a little distance outside of the city. He wished to appear in Spain but as a general, leaving Joseph, as the King, to occupy the first place in the eyes of the Spaniards. If there were any unpopular acts to be performed, he assumed the responsibility of them himself, that he might shield his brother from odium.

It was late in the night when Napoleon arrived at Vittoria. He leaped from his horse, entered the first inn, called for his maps, and in two hours decided the plan for this whole campaign. Orders were immediately despatched for the simultaneous movement of 200,000 men. In the morning he had a hurried interview with Joseph, and immediately entered upon a series which have ever been considered

as among the most remarkable of his military career.

The Spaniards, in alliance with the English, had met with some astonishing triumphs. They were perfectly intoxicated with success. Their boasting was unparalleled. They had conquered the armies of the Great Napoleon. They were surrounding, and in a few days would utterly devour, those hosts whom Russia, Austria, and Prussia had found invincible. Five hundred thousand peasants, headed by priests and monks, were to cross the Pyrenees and march triumphantly upon Paris. The French generals, unable to endure the audacious movements of the boasting Spaniards, had occasionally attacked and repulsed them. Had Napoleon's orders been faithfully executed, he would have found his troops strongly concentrated and almost entirely surrounded by the swarming Spanish armies. Then, leaving a veteran band to check the movements of the right wing of the enemy, and another to check the movements of the left, he intended, with 80,000 men, to cut the Spanish armies in two at the centre. He would then have fallen successively upon the two wings, and have enveloped and destroyed them. Bold as was this design, there could have been no question of its triumphant success when undertaken by veteran French soldiers headed by Napoleon. This plan could not now be so safely executed, for the various corps of the French army were widely dispersed, and the Spanish generals had been prevented from thoroughly entangling themselves. Napoleon, however, decided still to adopt essentially the same plan. He made his disposition to cut the Spanish line into two parts, in order to fall first upon the one and then upon the other.

The moment Napoleon arrived at Vittoria, the whole army seemed inspired with new energy. Orders were despatched in every direction. Hospitals were reared, magazines established, and an intrenchment thrown up as a precaution against any possible reverse; for, while Napoleon was one of the most bold, he was ever one of the most cautious of generals. Having stationed two strong forces to guard his flanks, he took fifty thousand men, the *élite* of his army, and rushed upon the centre of his Spanish foes. The onset was resistless. The carnage was, however, comparatively small. The peasant soldiers, accustomed to the mountains, threw down their arms and fled with the agility of goats from crag to crag. Colours, cannon, baggage—all were abandoned. In the night of the 11th of November, Napoleon arrived at the head of his troops at Burgos. Upon the intrenched heights which surround the city, the Spaniards had collected in great force. The French, regardless of shot and shell, which mowed down their front ranks and strewed the ground with the dead, advanced with fixed bayonets, and swept everything before them. The Spaniards fled with incredible alacrity, not merely defeated, but disbanded.

The conqueror strode sternly on, picking up

by the way markets, cannon, and munitions of war which the enemy had abandoned, until he arrived at the little town of Espinosa. Thirty thousand men were here strongly entrenched. Six thousand men marched up to the bristling ramparts. They fought all day. They did not conquer. Night separated the exhausting and bleeding combatants. The Spaniards were overjoyed at their successful defence. They built bonfires, and filled the air with their defiant shouts. Another division of the French army arrived in the evening. There were now eighteen thousand Frenchmen on the plain. There were thirty thousand Spaniards upon the entrenched heights. At the dawn of day the sanguinary conflict was renewed. One of the most awful scenes of war ensued. The rush of the assailants was resistless. Thirty thousand men, in frightful confusion, plunged down the precipitous rocks into the narrow street of Espinosa. Eighteen thousand men, in wild pursuit, rushed after them, intoxicated with the delirious passions of war.

Death, in its most revolting forms, held high carnival. Swords and bayonets were clotted with blood. Bullets and shells pierced the dense masses of the affrighted and breathless fugitives. The unearthly clamour of the tumultuous and terrified host, the frenzied shouts of the assailants, the clangour of trumpets and drums, the roar of cannon and musketry, the shrieks of the wounded and the moans of the dying, created a scene of horror which no imagination can compass. The River Trueba, rushing from the mountains, traversed the town. One narrow bridge crossed it. The bridge was immediately choked with the miserable throng. An accumulated mass, in one wild maelstrom of affrighted men, struggling in frantic eddies, crowded the entrance. A storm of bullets swept pitilessly through the flying multitude. Great numbers threw themselves into the torrent, swollen by the rains of winter, and were swept away to an unknown burial. After this awful discomfiture, General Blake with difficulty rallied six thousand men to continue a precipitate retreat. The rest were either slain or dispersed far and wide through the ravines of the mountains.

The Spaniards made one more effort to resist the conqueror. It was at the apparently impregnable Pass of the Somosierra.

The storming of this defile was one of the most astounding achievements of war. At day-break the advance of Napoleon's columns was arrested. There was a narrow pass over the mountains, long and steep. Rugged and craggy cliffs of granite rose almost perpendicularly on either side to the clouds. A battery of sixteen guns swept the pass. An army of twelve thousand men, stationed behind field-works at every available point, were prepared to pour a storm of bullets into the bosoms of the French, crowded together in the narrow gorge. As soon as the advancing columns appeared, a murderous fire was opened upon them. The stern battalions, inured as they were to the horrors of war, stag-

gered and recoiled before a torrent of destruction which no mortal men could withstand.

Napoleon immediately rode into the mouth of the defile, and attentively examined the scene before him. He despatched two regiments of sharpshooters to clamber along the brink of the chasm among the rocks on either side, from height to height. An active skirmishing fire immediately commenced, which was as actively returned. A dense fog, mingled with the smoke, settled down upon the defile, enveloping the dreary gorge in the gloom of night. Suddenly Napoleon ordered a squadron of Polish lancers, on their light and fleet horses, to charge. In the obscurity of the unnatural darkness, they spurred their horses to the utmost speed. A terrific discharge from the battery swept the whole head of the column, horses and riders, into one mangled and hideous mass of death. Those behind, galloping impetuously forward over those mutilated limbs and quivering nerves, dashed upon the artillerymen before they had time to load, and sabred them at their guns. The French army poured resistlessly through the defile. The Spaniards threw down their arms, and, scattering in all directions, fled over the mountains. The battery and muskets, ammunition and baggage in large quantities, fell into the hands of the victor.

"It is, indeed, almost incredible," says Napier, "even to those who are acquainted with Spanish armies, that a position, in itself nearly impregnable, and defended by twelve thousand, should, without any panic, but merely from a deliberate sense of danger, be abandoned at the wild charge of a few squadrons, which two companies of good infantry would have effectually stopped. The charge itself, viewed as a simple military operation, was extravagantly rash. But, taken as the result of Napoleon's sagacious estimate of the real value of Spanish troops, and his promptitude in seizing the advantage offered by the smoke and fog that clung to the sides of the mountains, it was a most felicitous example of intuitive genius."

An English army, under Sir John Moore, was hurrying across the north of Portugal to the aid of the Spaniards. Napoleon could not ascertain their numbers. He resolved, however, first to disembarass himself of the Spanish forces, and then to turn upon the English. With resistless steps he now pressed on towards Madrid. There was no further opposition to be encountered. The insurgents had been scattered like autumnal leaves before the gale. On the morning of the 2nd of December he arrived before the walls of the metropolis. It was the anniversary of the coronation and also of the battle of Austerlitz. In the minds of the soldiers a superstition was attached to that memorable day. The weather was superb. All Nature smiled serenely beneath the rays of an unclouded sun. As Napoleon rode upon the field, one unanimous shout of acclamation burst from his adoring hosts. A still louder shout of defiance and rage was echoed back from the multitudinous throng crowding the ramparts of the city. Napoleon was now

standing before the walls of Madrid at the head of 30,000 victorious troops. The city was in the power of the insurgents. An army of 600,000 men had collected within its walls. It was composed mainly of peasants, roused by the priests to the highest pitch of fanatical enthusiasm. The population of the city—men, women, and children—amounted to 180,000. Napoleon was extremely perplexed. He recoiled from the idea of throwing his terrible bomb-shells and red-hot balls into the midst of the mothers, the maidens, and the children cowering helplessly by their firesides. On the other hand, he could not think of retiring as if discomfited, and of yielding Madrid and Spain to the dominion of the English. "His genius," says M. Chauvet, "inspired him with a plan which conciliated at the same time the claims of his own glory and the exigencies of humanity. Happily, fortune had not yet abandoned him, and gave him still another proof of her partiality."

Napoleon sat upon his horse, and for a few moments gazed earnestly upon the capital of Spain. The soldiers, flushed with victory, and deeming everything possible under their extraordinary chieftain, were impatient for the assault. He made a reconnaissance himself, on horseback, around the city, while the balls from the enemy's cannon ploughed up the ground beneath his horse's feet. He stationed his forces, and planted his batteries and his mortars in such a position as to reduce the city, if possible, by intimidation, and thus to save the effusion of blood. The sun had now gone down, and a brilliant moon diffused almost mid-day splendour over the martial scene. "The night," says Napier, "was calm and bright. The French camp was silent and watchful. But the noise of tumult was heard from every quarter of the city, as if some mighty beast was struggling and howling in the toils." The tocsin from two hundred convent bells came pealing through the air.

At midnight Napoleon sent a summons for the surrender. He assured the governor that the city could not possibly hold out against the French army, and intreated him to reflect upon the fearful destruction of property and of life which must inevitably attend a bombardment. A negative answer was returned. An attack was immediately made upon the outposts. They were speedily taken. A formidable battery was then reared to effect a breach in the wall. Another letter was now sent, mild and firm, again demanding the instant surrender. It was noon of the second day. The authorities still refused a capitulation; they solicited, however, a few hours' delay, that an opportunity might be afforded for consulting the people. With difficulty Napoleon restrained the impetuosity of his troops, and waited patiently until the next morning. In the meantime, the scene in the city was awful beyond description. Fanatical peasants, dressed like brigands, patrolled the streets, assassinating all who were suspected of favouring the French. The bells of the churches and convents tolled incessantly. The monks, heading the peasants, guided them in tearing up the pavements, and in

raising barricades at every corner. The stone houses were secured and loopholed for musketry. The inhabitants, who had property to lose and families to suffer, were anxious for the surrender. The peasants were eager for the strife. The monks had promised the reward of heaven without purgatory to every Spaniard who should shoot three Frenchmen.

As soon as the sun had dispelled the morning fog, Napoleon himself gave orders for a battery of thirty cannon to open its fire upon the walls. He still refused to throw his cruel shells into the thronged homes of the city. A breach was soon opened. The French soldiers, with wild hurrahs, rushed over the ruins into the barricaded streets. Again Napoleon curbed his restive army. At his imperious command the action was promptly suspended. His troops were now in the city.

His batteries were upon the neighbouring heights, and could speedily reduce the metropolis to ashes. A third time he sent the summons to surrender. "Though I am ready," said he, "to give a terrible example to the cities of Spain which persist in closing their gates against me, I choose rather to owe the surrender of Madrid to the reason and humanity of those who have made themselves its rulers." Even the populace were now satisfied that resistance was unavailing. The Junta, consequently, sent two negotiators to the head-quarters of Napoleon; one of these men was Thomas de Morla, governor of Andalusia. He had made himself notorious by violating the capitulation of Baylen; he had also treated the French prisoners with horrible inhumanity. Napoleon received the deputation at the head of his staff with a cold and stern countenance. He fixed his piercing eyes upon Morla. The culprit quailed before his indignant glance. With downcast looks he said to Napoleon, "Every sensible man in Madrid is convinced of the necessity of surrendering. It is, however, necessary that the French troops should retire, to allow the Junta time to pacify the people, and to induce them to lay down their arms." In the following indignant strain, which echoed through all Europe, Napoleon addressed him. We quote the literal translation of his words, as recorded in the *Moniteur* of that day:—

"In vain you employ the name of the people. If you cannot find means to pacify them, it is because you yourselves have excited them, and misled them by falsehood. Assemble the clergy, the heads of the convents, the alcaldes, and if between this and six in the morning the city has not surrendered, it shall cease to exist. I neither will nor ought to withdraw my troops. You have slaughtered the unfortunate French who have fallen into your hands. Only a few days ago you suffered two servants of the Russian ambassador to be dragged away and put to death in the streets, because they were Frenchmen. The incapacity and weakness of a general had put into your hands troops which had capitulated on the field of battle of Baylen, and the

capitulation was violated. You, M. de Morla, what sort of a letter did you write to that general? Well did it become you to talk of pillage—you, who, having entered Roussillon in 1795, carried off all the women, and divided them as booty among your soldiers. What right had you, moreover, to hold such language? The capitulation of Baylen forbade it. Look what was the conduct of the English, who are far from priding themselves upon being strict observers of the law of nations: they complained of the convention of Cintra, but they fulfilled it. To violate military treaties is to renounce all civilization—to put ourselves on a level with the Bedouins of the desert. How, then, dare you demand a capitulation—you, who violated that of Baylen? See how injustice and bad faith ever recoil upon those who are guilty of them. I had a fleet at Cadiz. It had come there as to the harbour of an ally. You directed against it the mortars of the city which you commanded. I had a Spanish army in my ranks. I preferred to see it escape in English ships, and to fling itself from the rocks of Espinosa, than to disarm it. I preferred having nine thousand more enemies to fight to violating good faith and honour. Return to Madrid. I give till six o'clock to-morrow evening. You have nothing to say to me about the people but to tell me that they have submitted. If not, you and your troops shall be put to the sword."

These severe and deserved reproaches caused Morla to shudder with terror. Upon returning to head-quarters, his agitation was so great that he was quite unable to make a report. His colleague was obliged to give an account for him. Morla was sent again to inform Napoleon of the consent to surrender. Thus, through the generosity and firmness of the conqueror, Madrid was taken with but very slight expenditure of blood and suffering. The French army took possession of the city. Perfect security of property and of life was, as by enchantment, restored to the inhabitants. The shops were kept open; the streets were thronged; the floods of business and of pleasure flowed on unobstructed.

Napoleon immediately proclaimed a general pardon for all political offences. He abolished the execrable tribunal of the Inquisition. He reduced one-third the number of the convents, which were filled with lazy monks. One-half of the proceeds of these convents was appropriated to the increase of the salary of the labouring clergy, the other half was set apart for the payment of the public debt. The vexatious line of custom-houses between the several provinces, embarrassing intercourse and injuring trade, he abolished entirely, and established collectors of imposts only at the frontiers. All feudal rights were annulled. General courts of appeal were organized, where justice could be obtained from the decisions of corrupt local authorities. Before the insurrection, Napoleon had refrained from these important measures, to avoid exasperating the clergy and the nobility. It was no longer necessary to show them any

indulgence. These were vast benefits. They promised boundless good to Spain. It is humiliating to reflect that England could deluge the Peninsula in blood to arrest the progress of such reforms, and to plunge enfranchised Spain back into the darkness and the tyranny of the

Peninsular War affords demonstrative evidence that the conflict in Spain was a conflict between the friends of popular rights and the advocates of despotism. It was so understood and so declared by all parties. The despatches of Wellington are filled with assertions of the necessity of crushing the spirit of democracy in Portugal and Spain. Joseph Bonaparte was the noble advocate of popular reform and of equal laws. The infamy of Ferdinand has as yet found no apologist; and the Princess Carotta of Portugal was, according to the declaration of the Duke of Wellington, "the worst woman in existence." Yet these were the rulers whom England fastened upon Spain.

Joseph returned, not to Madrid, but to the royal mansion of the Prado, about six miles from the capital. To the various deputations which called upon Napoleon, he declared that he would not restore King Joseph to the Spaniards till he deemed them worthy to possess a ruler so enlightened and liberal; that he would not replace him in the palace of the kings of Spain to see him again expelled; that he had no intention to impose upon Spain a monarch whom she wished to reject; but that, having conquered the country, he would extend over it the rights of conquest, and treat it as he should think proper. In a proclamation which he then issued, he said to the Spanish nation:—

"I have declared, in a proclamation of the 2nd of June, that I wished to be the regenerator of Spain. To the rights which the princes of the ancient dynasty have ceded to me, you have wished that I should add the rights of conquest. That, however, should not change my inclination to serve you. I wish to encourage everything that is noble in your own exertions. All that is opposed to your prosperity and your grandeur I wish to destroy. The shackles which have enslaved the people I have broken. I have given you a liberal Constitution, and, in the place of an absolute monarchy, a monarchy mild and limited. It depends upon yourselves whether that Constitution shall still be your law."

Thus, in less than five weeks, Napoleon had become master of half of Spain. The Spanish armies had everywhere been scattered like dust before him. This whirlwind march of the conqueror had astonished the English, who were hastening to the aid of their allies. In their embarrassment, they hardly knew which way to turn. Advance was inevitable ruin. Retreat, without the firing of a gun, was the most humiliating disgrace. Sir John Moore, with an army of about 30,000 men, was marching rapidly from Portugal, to form a junction with

Sir David Baird, who was approaching from Corunna with 10,000 men. With this army of highly-disciplined British troops, to form the nucleus of uncounted thousands of Spaniards, the English entertained little doubt of immediate and triumphant success. The tidings of disaster which they encountered left for them, however, no alternative but a precipitate retreat. Napoleon had done nothing to arrest the march of the English. He earnestly desired to draw them as far as possible from their ships, that he might meet them on an open field.

Establishing his head-quarters at a country seat about four miles from Madrid, he devoted the most unremitting attention to the welfare of the army. An intrenched camp was constructed, bristling with cannon, which commanded the city, where his sick and wounded would be safe, and where his military supplies could be deposited without fear of capture.

A deputation of 1,200 of the notables of Spain called upon him. He recounted to them the services which he had rendered Spain, and closed by saying, "The present generation will differ in opinion respecting me. Too many passions have been called into exercise. But your posterity will be grateful to me as their regenerator. They will place in the number of memorable days those in which I have appeared among you. From those days will be dated the prosperity of Spain. These are my sentiments. Go, consult your fellow-citizens. Choose your part, but do it frankly, and only exhibit true colours."

Every speech which Napoleon made bears the impress of his genius. Every line which he wrote is stamped with his majestic power. Lamartine, who assails Napoleon in terms of measureless animosity, and with a glow of eloquence rarely equalled, thus testifies to the Emperor's energy with the pen:—

"He was, perhaps, the greatest writer of human events since Machiavel. He is much superior to Cæsar in the account of his campaigns. His style is not the written exposition alone—it is the action. Every sentence in his pages is, so to speak, the counterpart and the counter-impression of the fact. There is neither a letter, a sound, nor a colour wasted between the fact and the word, and the word is himself. His phrases, concise and without ornament, recall those times when Bajazet and Charlemagne, not knowing how to write their names at the bottom of their imperial edicts, dipped their hands in ink or blood, and applied them, with all their articulations impressed upon the parchment."

While here, two events occurred peculiarly characteristic of Napoleon. He had issued an order of the day enjoining the strictest discipline, and threatening the most severe military rigour against any person who should be guilty of acts

Two of his soldiers had been arrested for a shameful assault upon a female. By a council of war they were condemned to death. Earnest petitions were presented for their pardon. They were firmly refused, and were shot.

Their execution produced a very salutary effect upon the army, and restrained the outbreak of depraved passion.

The Marquis of St. Simon, a French Royalist emigrant, had taken at Bayonne the oath of fidelity to King Joseph. He was captured, at the head of a band of Spanish insurgents, fighting against his country. A military commission condemned him to death. The daughter of the guilty man, aided by some of Napoleon's kind-hearted officers, obtained access to the Emperor. He was on horseback at the head of his staff. She sprang from her carriage, rushed through a file of soldiers, and threw herself upon her knees before the horse of the Emperor. "Pardon, sire, pardon!" she exclaimed, with suppliant hands and flooded eyes. Napoleon, surprised at the sudden apparition of the graceful and fragile maiden, reined in his horse, and, fixing his eye earnestly upon her, said—

"Who is this young girl? What does she wish?"

"Sire," she replied, "I am the daughter of St. Simon, who is condemned to die this night." Suddenly a deathly pallor spread over her countenance, and she fell insensible upon the pavement.

Napoleon gazed for a moment upon her prostrate form with a look expressive of the deepest commiseration. Then, in hurried accents, he exclaimed, "Let the very best care be taken of Mademoiselle St. Simon. Tell her that her father is pardoned." With a slight movement of the reins he urged on his horse, evidently struggling to conceal his emotion, and at the same time looking back to see if his orders were executed. Offences, ever so weighty, committed against himself, he could with magnanimity forgive. Wrongs inflicted upon helpless females were unpardonable.

General Moore was now directing his retreating steps towards Corunna. He had ordered a fleet of English transports to repair to that port to receive his troops. On the morning of the 22nd of December, Napoleon left Madrid, with an army of 40,000 men, to overtake and overwhelm the English. He well knew that the British soldiers would present a very different front from that which the Spaniards had opposed to him. He consequently took the whole of the Imperial Guard, foot and horse, and a large reserve of artillery. The Spaniards had all fled. The English, exasperated by the cowardice of their allies, were left alone. Napoleon was sweeping down upon them with a power which they could not resist. Their salvation depended upon the rapidity of their flight.

Napoleon urged his troops impetuously on till they arrived in the savage defiles of the mountains of Guadarrama. It was necessary to make forced marches to overtake the retreating foe. Suddenly the weather, which had been till then superb, changed into a series of the most violent storms. The wind blew with hurricane fury. The snow, in blinding, smothering sheets, blocked up the mountain paths, clogged the ponderous wheels of the artillery carriages and

baggage waggons, and effectually prevented the advance of the army. The mighty host of horsemen and footmen, with all the appliances and machinery of war, became entangled in inextricable confusion. Napoleon forced his way through the thronged gorge to the head of the column, which he found held at bay by the fury of the hurricane. The peasant guides declared that it was impossible to effect the wild passes of the Guadarrama in such a tempest. But he who had set at defiance the storm-spirit of the Alps was not to be thus intimidated. Napoleon ordered the chasseurs of his guard to dismount and form into a close column, occupying the whole width of the road. Every cavalier led his horse. Thus each platoon was composed of eight or ten men, followed by an equal number of horses. These veteran warriors, with iron sinews, trampled down the snow, and made a path for those who followed.

Napoleon, in the midst of these toiling bands, climbed the mountains on foot. He placed himself behind the first platoon, and, leaning upon the arm of Savary, shared the fatigues of his grenadiers in breasting the storm, and in struggling along the drifted and tempest-swept defile. Such an example could not be resisted. The army with enthusiasm followed its leader. The Emperor was greatly exhausted by the march. The main body of the army, encumbered by heavy guns and waggons, had not been able to keep pace with the advancing column. The Emperor stopped for the night at a miserable post-house in the midst of the mountains. Those engaged in his service were untiring in their endeavours to anticipate all his wants. Napoleon seemed ever to forget himself in thinking only of others. The single mule which carried his baggage was brought to this wretched house. "He was therefore provided," says Savary, "with a good fire, a tolerable supper, and a bed. On those occasions the Emperor was not selfish. He was quite unmindful of the next day's wants when he alone was concerned. He shared his fire and his supper with all who had been able to keep up with him, and even compelled those to eat whose reserve kept them back." As he gathered his friends around the glowing fire, he conversed with unusual cheerfulness and frankness upon the extraordinary incidents of his extraordinary life, commencing at Brienne, "to end," he said, "I know not where."

Having crossed the mountains, the snow was succeeded by rain. The troops, drenched and exhausted, waded knee-deep through the inundated roads, while the artillery waggons sank to the axle in the miry ruts. The anxiety of the Emperor was intense to throw a part of his forces in advance of the English, and to cut off their retreat. His measures had been so skillfully formed, that, but for the unusual severity of the weather and badness of the roads, the whole army would have been taken. "If the English retreat," he wrote to Marshal Soult, "pursue them with the sword at their loins. If they attack you, beat a retreat; for the farther

they venture, the better it will be. If they remain one day longer in their present position, they are undone, for I shall be upon their flank." General Moore was now at Sahagun, and Napoleon, with his advance guard, was within one day's march of him. The British general had not a moment to lose to escape from the net in which he was nearly enveloped. With the utmost precipitation he urged his flight, blowing up the bridges behind him. The rain still continued to fall in torrents; the streams were swollen, and the roads, cut up by the passage of the retreating army, were almost impracticable.

No pen can describe the scene which now ensued. Notwithstanding the most firm and honourable endeavours of General Moore to restrain his troops, they plunged into every conceivable excess. Becoming furiously intoxicated with the wine which they found everywhere in abundance, they plundered without mercy, and wantonly burned the houses of the peasants. Often, in helpless drunkenness, they perished in the midst of the flames which their own hands had kindled. The most bitter hostility sprang up between the English soldiers and the Spaniards. The English called the Spaniards ungrateful wretches. "We ungrateful!" exclaimed the Spaniards; "you come here to serve your own interests, and now you are running away without even defending us." The enmity became so inveterate, and the brutality of the drunken English soldiers so insupportable, that the Spaniards almost regarded the French troops, who were under far better discipline, as their deliverers.

The road, league after league, was strewn with the wrecks of the British army. Baggage-waggons were abandoned; artillery carriages were broken down and overturned; the sick, the wounded, the dying, and multitudes of stragglers, in every grade of intoxication, strewed the wayside. Napoleon pressed on vigorously, by day and by night, that he might overtake his fugitive foes. On the 2nd of January he arrived, with his advance guard, at Astorga. In ten days he had marched an army of fifty thousand men two hundred miles. It was the dead of winter. Desolating storms clogged the passes of the mountains with snow, and deluged the plains. The rivers, swollen into rapid torrents, obstructed his path. Horses and men, knee-deep in the mire, painfully dragged the heavy guns along, as they sank to the axles in the ruts.

It was a stormy morning when Napoleon left Astorga. Gloomy clouds floated heavily in the sky. The snow-flakes, melting as they fell, were swept in blinding sheets over the drenched and shivering host. Napoleon, sharing all the exposure and fatigue of his devoted army, had proceeded but a few miles in the storm when he was overtaken by a courier from France, bearing despatches of the utmost importance. There was no house near. Napoleon immediately dismounted, and ordered a fire to be kindled by the roadside. His officers gathered respectfully

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

around him, watching his countenance with intensest interest. Standing by the fire in the cold wintry air, with the snow-flakes falling thickly upon him, and his unfaltering battalions crowding by, as they breasted the storm, he read these documents.

They informed him that Austria, taking advantage of his absence in Spain, and of the withdrawal of 100,000 troops from the army of the Rhine, was entering into an alliance with England to attack him in the North; that the Turks, exasperated with his alliance with Alexander, were assuming a threatening aspect in the East; that the Queen-Mother of Russia and the great majority of the nobles were increasingly bitter in their hostility, since Napoleon would not consent to the annexation of Constantinople to the Russian empire; and that Alexander, though still firm in his friendship, was struggling against an opposition daily increasing in strength.

The whole frightful vision of another Continental war at once flashed upon his mind. For a moment his herculean energies seemed paralysed by the appalling prospect. He now bitterly regretted that he was involved in the Spanish war. But he could not abandon the struggle, for the combined English and Spanish armies would immediately throng the defiles of the Pyrenees in the invasion of France. He could do nothing to avert the rising conflict in the North, for he was the illustrious representative of those popular principles which banded Europe was determined to crush. It was a desperate enterprise to carry on war with England and Austria on the banks of the Danube, and with England, Spain, and Portugal south of the Pyrenees, while the other half of Europe were watching for an opportunity to spring upon their foe in the very first hour of his reverse. France was weary of war. Napoleon was weary of war. There was but one alternative before him: either to abandon the interminable conflict in despair, and surrender France to the tender mercies of the Allies, or to struggle to the last.

Napoleon, from the cheerless fire, whose flames were fanned by the storm, turned his horse, and slowly and sadly rode back to Astorga. Not a word was spoken. All about him were impressed with the entire absorption of his mind. But in an hour his dejection passed away; his customary equanimity reappeared; his plans were formed. Firmly and calmly he girded his strength to encounter the new accumulation of perils which thronged his path. It became necessary for him immediately to direct his energies towards the Rhine. He, consequently, relinquished the further pursuit, in person, of the English, and commissioned Marshal Soult to press them, in their flight, as vehemently as was possible.

He then returned to Valladolid, where he remained for a few days, giving very minute directions respecting affairs in Spain, and despatching innumerable orders for the organization of his armies in France, Italy, and Germany.

CHAPTER

A NEW COALITION.

Retreat of Sir John Moore—Dreadful condition of Spain.—Siege of Saragossa—Perilous position of the Emperor—Austrian alliance with England—Views of Alexander—Vigorous preparations of the French—The Emperor and the Empress leave Paris.

MARSHAL SOULT pursued the enemy in one of the most disastrous retreats recorded in the annals of modern warfare. The wrecks of the fugitive host, in melancholy fragments, everywhere met the eye. Such was the precipitation and dismay of the flight, that the treasure-casks of the English army, containing a large amount of money in specie, were rolled over the precipices, and the glittering coin was scattered among the rocks. The French soldiers, as they rushed along, filled their pockets with English gold. The sick and the wounded, in wan and haggard groups, threw themselves down by the wayside, and struggled, in the agonies of death, upon the storm-drenched soils. Almost every conceivable atrocity was perpetrated by the drunken soldiers upon the wretched inhabitants of the villages through which they passed. Women and children were driven from their plundered and burning dwellings to perish in the freezing air. The dying and the dead, upon the bleak hill-sides, everywhere presented a scene most revolting to humanity.

"There was never," says Napier, "so complete an example of a disastrous retreat. The weather was frightful. The rigours of a Polish winter seemed to have been transported to Spain. Incessant storms of sleet and rain swept the frozen hills. The English dragoons, as fast as their horses gave out, shot them, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy."

During this retreat, which was conducted with consummate skill by Sir John Moore, the advance-guard of the pursuers had many conflicts with the rear-guard of the pursued. The English, whenever they stood at bay, fought with the most determined valour. Having arrived at Corunna, the retreating army, taking a position upon the circuit of hills which almost inclosed the city, threw the gauntlet of defiance to their foes. They had gathered in a magazine, about three miles from the dwellings of the inhabitants, four thousand barrels of powder. To prevent these stores from falling into the hands of the enemy, the torch was applied. An explosion of inconceivable sublimity was the result.

"When the train reached the great store," says Colonel Napier, who was an eye-witness of the scene, "there ensued a crash like the bursting forth of a volcano. The earth trembled for miles; the rocks were torn from their bases, and the agitated waters rolled the vessels as in a storm. A vast column of smoke and dust, shooting out fiery sparks from its sides, arose perpendicularly and slowly to a great height, and then a shower of stones and fragments of all kinds, bursting out of it with a roaring sound

BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

killed many persons who remained near the spot. Stillness, slightly interrupted by the lashing of the waves, succeeded, and the business of the war went on."

A sanguinary battle ensued. Sir John Moore, the heroic leader of this awful retreat, fell fearfully mutilated by a cannon-ball. Night and utter exhaustion separated the combatants. The mangled body of the unfortunate general, wrapped in his bloody cloak, was hastily and silently interred on the ramparts of Corunna. It was one of the most melancholy of earthly scenes. A gloomy winter's night brooded over the exhausted and bleeding armies. Not a word was spoken, as, by torchlight, a shallow grave was dug, and a few sods were thrown over upon his remains. The genius of the poet has recorded his burial in lines which will never perish:—

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought on the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
And we far away on the billow. [head,

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

The French officers, admiring the heroism of their fallen foe, erected a monument to his memory.

In the night, leaving their camp-fires blazing to conceal their movements, the English commenced the embarkation. This was accomplished with no very heavy addition to their disasters. The Spaniards manned the ramparts, and beat off the approaches of the French. In this calamitous retreat the English lost nearly six thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Three thousand horses were shot by their riders. An immense quantity of the munitions of war were either destroyed or fell into the hands of the victors.⁴²

⁴² Major Napier, a brother of Colonel Napier, the historian, was wounded and taken prisoner in this battle. "Being hurt in the leg," says Colonel Napier, "he endeavoured to retire, but was overtaken and thrown to the ground with five wounds. A French drummer sed him; and when a soldier, with whom he had

Alison thus describes the effect produced in England by the return of the emaciated, war-worn, and bleeding columns:—"The inhabitants of the towns along the Channel had seen the successive expeditions which composed Sir John Moore's army embark, in all the pride of military display, with drums beating and colours flying, amid the cheers and tears of a countless host of spectators. When, therefore, they beheld the same regiments return, now reduced to half their number, with haggard countenances, ragged accoutrements, and worn-out clothing, they were struck with astonishment and horror, which was soon greatly increased by a malignant fever which the troops brought back with them—the result of fatigue, confinement on shipboard, and mental depression—joined to the dismal and often exaggerated accounts which were spread by the survivors of the hardships and miseries they had undergone."

Spain was filled with robberies and assassinations. The fanatical populace, under pretence of attachment to their ancient kings, committed the most revolting acts of violence. There was no protection for property or life except in those portions of Spain occupied by the French armies. Some Spanish soldiers, enraged against one of their most brave and illustrious generals, Don Juan Benito, seized him in his bed, dragged him to a tree, hung him by the neck, and amused themselves for hours in riddling his body with balls. With a firm hand Napoleon repressed these disorders wherever he had sway. At Valladolid he arrested a dozen well-known assassins, and promptly shot them.

He wrote to Joseph:—"You must make your-

been struggling, made a second attempt to kill him, the drummer once more interfered. The morning after the battle, Marshal Soult sent his own surgeon to Major Napier, and, with a kindness and consideration very uncommon, wrote to Napoleon desiring that his prisoner might not be sent to France, which, from the system of refusing exchanges, would have ruined his professional prospects; the drummer also received the Cross of the Legion of Honour. When the second corps quitted Corunna, Marshal Soult recommended his prisoner to the attention of Marshal Ney, and the latter treated him rather with the kindness of a friend than the civility of an enemy. He lodged him with the French consul, supplied him with money, gave him a general invitation to his house, and not only refrained from sending him to France, but when, by a flag of truce, he knew that Major Napier's mother was mourning for him as dead, he permitted him, and with him the few soldiers taken in the action, to go at once to England, merely exacting a promise that none should serve until exchanged. I would not have touched at all upon these private adventures, were it not that gratitude demands a public acknowledgment of such generosity; and that demand is rendered more imperative by the after-misfortunes of Marshal Ney. That brave and noble-minded man's fate is but too well known. He who had fought five hundred battles for France, and not one against her, was shot as a traitor! Could the bitterest enemy of the Bourbons have more strongly marked the difference between their interests and those of the nation?"—Napier's Peninsular War, vol. i., p. 269.

According to "Hart's Army List," Sir Charles had his leg broken by a musket shot, a bayonet stab in his back, a sabre cut on his head, several of his ribs broken by a spent ball, and severe contusions on his head from the butt end of a musket. Sir Charles died August 30th, 1808.

self forced first, and loved afterwards. They have been soliciting me here for the pardon of some bandits who have committed murder and robbery. But they have been delighted not to obtain it; and, subsequently, everything has returned to its proper course. Be, at the same time, just and strong, and as much the one as the other, if you wish to govern."

He ordered a hundred assassins in Madrid to be executed. These men had broken into the hospitals, and, with slow tortures, had murdered the wounded French soldiers in their beds. They had also burned the houses and taken the lives of many Spaniards, under the pretext that they, as friends of the French, were traitors to their country. Napoleon resolved to inspire the guilty with terror. With his accustomed magnanimity, he wished to draw upon himself the odium which these necessary acts of severity might excite. The popularity of all acts of clemency he endeavoured to pass over to the credit of his brother.

In a complimentary letter on the occasion of the new year, Joseph wrote to Napoleon—"I pray your Majesty to accept my wishes that, in the course of this year, Europe, pacified by your efforts, may render justice to your intentions."

Napoleon replied—"I thank you for what you say relatively to the new year. I do not hope that Europe can this year be pacified. So little do I hope it, that I have just issued a decree for levying 100,000 men. The rancour of England, the events of Constantinople—everything, in short, indicates that the hour of rest and quiet is not yet arrived."

The Spaniards were everywhere vanquished in the open field. Numerous bands had, however, thrown themselves behind the walls of fortified cities. Here they prolonged the conflict with the most prodigious and desperate valour. But, ere long, the strongest posts were reduced by the skill of the French engineers and the valour of the French armies. The siege of Saragossa was one of the most memorable and one of the most awful recorded in ancient or modern annals. The English had filled the city with military supplies. Forty thousand Spanish soldiers, headed by monks and inspired with fanaticism, had intrenched themselves in stone houses behind its massive walls. One hundred thousand individuals thronged the streets of the city. With but 18,000 men the French invested the place. For two months the cruel conflict raged without cessation and without mercy. The walls were battered down and convents blown into the air. Still the infuriated bands fought from street to street, from house to house. At length the disciplined valour of the French triumphed over the fanatical enthusiasm of the Spaniards. When Marshal Lannes, with but eleven thousand men, took possession of the ruins of the smouldering city, a spectacle was presented such as has rarely been witnessed in this lost world of sin and woe. The city was filled with devastated dwellings and putrefying

masses. Fifty-four thousand of the inhabitants had perished. The cries of the mangled—men, women, and children—with their wounds inflamed and festering, ascended piteously from every dwelling. One-third part of the city was entirely demolished. The other two-thirds, shattered and bloodstained, were reeking with deadly miasmata. Of the forty thousand Spanish soldiers who had fought with such desperation from window to window, and from roof to roof, but ten thousand infantry and two thousand horse, pale, gaunt, and haggard, as prisoners, defiled before their captors. Even the French veterans, injured as they were to the horrors of war, were deeply moved by the spectacle.

Joseph now returned to Madrid, amid the pealing of bells and the firing of cannon. He was received coldly by the populace, who considered themselves deftended. The more respectable portion of the inhabitants, however, who had been living under a reign of terror, received him with satisfaction. Joseph had been presented to the Spaniards as their protector—as the one who, in their behalf, had implored the clemency of the restless conqueror. Yet there was something in the inflexibly just and heroic character of Napoleon which won universal admiration. Notwithstanding his endeavours to promote the popularity of Joseph by drawing upon himself the odium of all necessary acts of severity, the Spaniards were more attracted by the grandeur of the Emperor than by the more gentle spirit of his brother.

Napoleon stopped five days at Valladolid, writing despatches to every part of Europe. In those five days he accomplished work which would have engrossed the energies of any ordinary mind for a year. His armies in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany were spread out as a map before him, and he grasped all their possible combinations. Having finished his despatches, he mounted his horse and posted for Paris.

"In the first five hours," says J. T. Headley, "he rode the astonishing distance of eighty-five miles, or seventeen miles the hour. This wild gallop was long remembered by the inhabitants of the towns through which the smoking cavalcade of the Emperor passed. Relays of horses had been provided along the road; and no sooner did he arrive at one post than he flung himself on a fresh horse, and, sinking his spurs in his flanks, dashed away in headlong speed. Few who saw that short figure, surmounted with a plain chapeau, sweep by on that day, ever forgot it. His pale face was calm as marble, but his lips were compressed, and his brow knit like iron; while his flashing eye, as he leaned forward, still jerking impatiently at the bridle, as if to accelerate his speed, seemed to devour the distance. No one spoke, but the whole suite strained forward in the breathless race. The gallant chasseurs had never had so long and so wild a ride before."

At Bayonne, Napoleon took coach. Directing the Imperial Guard to march as rapidly as possible towards the Rhine, he departed for Paris.

On the night of the 22nd of January he arrived at the Tuileries, surprising every one by his sudden appearance. Napoleon, governing by the energies of his own mind, revealed but little to the people of the plots and counterplots which agitated Europe. Public opinion, uninformed of the secret and continued perfidy of the court of Madrid, had generally condemned the Spanish war, as involving an unnecessary expenditure of blood and treasure, and as an act of injustice towards stupid and degraded princes. Napoleon himself now deeply regretted that he was involved in this calamitous war. He had hoped to confer such benefits upon the Spanish nation that it would rejoice at the peaceful removal of its worthless and despotic princes. But for the intervention of England, Spain would thus have been regenerated. It is possible that, if Napoleon had not been engaged in this war, Austria might not have ventured to attack him. It is *certain* that the Spanish princes would have taken advantage of Napoleon's first hour of exposure to rush, in alliance with England, an invading host, upon the southern provinces of France.

Though Napoleon often subsequently expressed regret that he had attempted the overthrow of the Spanish Bourbons, there was no course which he could have pursued which was not fraught with the utmost peril. Had he left Spain to herself, a civil war would immediately have desolated the Peninsula, waged between the partisans of Don Carlos the father and Ferdinand the son. England would at once have espoused the cause of Ferdinand, and thus Spain would have become, as it were, an English colony. On the other hand, had Napoleon, the Emperor of the French Republic, the great champion of popular rights, marched his armies to rivet the chains of an intolerable despotism upon a benighted people, to strengthen the bars and deepen the dungeons of the Inquisition, he would have done the most atrocious violence to his own principles. Napoleon, in the desperate endeavour for self-preservation, sought also to confer upon Spain a humane and enlightened prince and a liberal constitution.

From all quarters Napoleon had received intelligence that Austria, with intense activity, was urging her preparations for a new war. From Vienna, Munich, Dresden, and Milan, the Emperor was furnished with precise details of those military preparations. There was no room for doubt of the imminence and magnitude of the danger. All Napoleon's efforts for the promotion of peace had proved unavailing. There could be no peace. England refused even to treat with him—even to allow his flag of truce to visit her shores. Though the Bourbons had been dethroned when he was but a boy, and though he had been elevated to the supreme command by the almost unanimous suffrages of the nation, England declared him to be a usurper, seated upon the legitimate throne of the Bourbons.

"Down with the Democratic Emperor!" was the cry which resounded through Austria, and

which was echoed from the lips of the Queen-Mother and of the powerful nobles of Russia.

"We wage no warfare against France," exclaimed banded Europe. "Our warfare is directed solely against Napoleon, who has usurped the crown of France."

Napoleon, in the hour of victory, was ever ready to make any concessions in behalf of peace. But when disasters thickened, and his enemies were exultant, his proud spirit, unimpaired, roused itself to the highest pitch of defiance. In two months he had scattered the Spanish armies to the winds, had driven the English out of the Peninsula, and had conducted back his brother in triumph to Madrid. Still the Spanish war was by no means ended. New insurrections might break out in every province. The fleets of England still crowded the shores of Spain and Portugal, striving to rouse the people, and offering them abundant supplies of men, money, and the munitions of war.

It will be remembered that Napoleon had previously explained himself most fully to the Austrian ambassador. He had assured M. Metternich of his earnest desire for peace. He had declared to him that, if Austria had any cause of complaint, if she would make that cause known, he would immediately endeavour to remove it. The immense military preparations which Austria was now making were known to all Europe, and the object of these preparations was perfectly understood. Austria, however, was not yet prepared to commence hostilities, and her minister was still in Paris. Napoleon, with the faint hope of still averting the calamities of another conflict, proposed to Russia the idea of offering to Austria the double guarantee of France and Russia for the integrity of her actual dominions. If Austria were actuated by an honest fear that Napoleon had designs upon her territory, this double guarantee would surely satisfy her and prevent a war. But Austria wished to reconquer Italy, and to arrest the progress of democratic ideas, and to remove from Europe the dangerous spectacle of an elected and plebeian monarch upon the throne of exiled legitimacy. Napoleon did not deem it consistent with self-respect to make any further advances towards winning the favour of Austria. He treated her ambassador with politeness, but with great distance and reserve. He assumed neither the aspect of defiance nor of obscurity.

To the ambassadors of other Powers he, with the most perfect frankness, explained his views. He openly avowed that it was Austria and her armaments which had brought him back to Paris, that he might respond to them by armaments no less formidable.

"It seems," he said one day to a group collected around him in the Tuileries, "that the waters of Lethe, not those of the Danube, flow past Vienna. They have forgotten the lessons of experience; they want fresh ones. They shall have them. And this time they shall be terrible. I do not desire war. I have no interest in it. All Europe is witness that all my

efforts and my whole attention were directed towards the field of battle which England has selected in Spain. Austria, which saved the English in 1805, when I was about to cross the Straits of Calais, has saved them once more, when I was about to pursue them to Corunna. Had I not been called back, not one of the English would have escaped me. She will pay dearly for this new diversion in their favour. Either she shall disarm instantly, or she shall have to sustain a war of destruction. If she disarms in such a manner as to leave no doubt on my mind as to her future intentions, I will myself sheathe the sword, for I have no wish to draw it except in Spain against the English. If she continue her military preparations, the conflict shall be immediate and decisive, and such that England shall for the future have no allies upon the Continent."

"The Emperor produced upon all who heard him," says Thiers, "the effect he intended; for he was sincere in his language, and spoke the truth in asserting that he did not desire war, but that he would wage it tremendously if forced into it again."

"There must be," said Napoleon to Savary, "some plans in preparation which I do not penetrate, for there is madness in declaring war against me. They fancy me dead, but we shall soon see how matters will turn out. It will be laid to my charge that I cannot remain quiet—that I am ambitious. But their follies alone compel me to war. It is impossible that they could think of fighting single-handed against me. I expect a courier from Russia. If matters go on there as I have reason to hope, I will give them work."

War was a fatal necessity of Napoleon. By accepting the throne of revolutionized France, he inevitably drew upon himself the blows of combined Europe. He could only choose between inglorious submission to despotic thrones and a terrific conflict for national rights.

To the Russian ambassador Napoleon said—"If your Emperor had followed my advice at Erfurt, we should now be in a different position. Instead of mere exhortations, we should have held out serious threats, and Austria would have disarmed. But we have talked instead of acting, and we are about, perhaps, to have war. In any case, I rely on your master's word. He promised that, if the cabinet of Vienna should become the aggressor, he would place an army at my disposal. As for me, I will assemble on the Danube and on the Po 300,000 French and 100,000 Germans. Probably their presence will oblige Austria to leave us at peace, which I should prefer for your sake and for my own. If those demonstrations are not sufficient—if we must employ force—then we will crush for ever the resistance made to our common projects."

He immediately wrote to his allies, the Kings of Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, and Westphalia, and to the Dukes of Baden, Hesse, and Wurtburg. He assured them that he was unwilling to expose them to premature expense, but that,

as he was seriously threatened with war, he wished them to prepare to raise their contingencies. "I am about," said he, "to assemble a force which will either prevent war or render it decisive." Distrusting Prussia, he notified her that if she increased her military force above the 42,000 authorized by the treaty into which she had entered with France, he would declare war against her.

All France was again in a tumult of commotion. The superhuman energies of Napoleon's mind pervaded every province, and inspired with enthusiastic activity ten thousand agents. Orders were despatched in every direction. He exhausted his amanuenses in keeping them at work by night and by day, writing letters innumerable to generals, ambassadors, engineers, kings, and princes. New conscriptions were levied. Vast magazines were established. Foundries glowed, and arsenals resounded, as the machinery of war was multiplied. Enormous bands of armed men were moving in every direction, apparently in inextricable confusion, yet all unerringly guided by the prescience of one mighty mind. He ordered twelve thousand fresh artillery horses to be purchased and accoutred. Anticipating every possible contingency of the war, he even laid in a store of fifty thousand pickaxes and shovels, which were to follow the army in artillery waggons. These shovels and pickaxes eventually contributed essential aid to his success. Conscious that the broad stream of the Danube would play an important part in the conflict, he joined with the Imperial Guard a battalion of 1,200 sailors from Boulogne. Carefully avoiding any act of hostility, he conspicuously displayed before the eyes of Austria his gigantic preparations, and placed his troops in such a position that it might be seen that he was abundantly prepared to meet any force she could bring against him. Napoleon had nothing to gain by the war. He hoped that these demonstrations might inspire Austria with more prudent reflections. "These very active and provident arrangements," says Thiers, "prove that Napoleon took as much pains to prevent war as to prepare for it."

Such vast preparations demanded enormous financial means. But Napoleon, in the science of finance, was as great as in the arts of war. To meet the estimated expenses of the year 1809, it became necessary to raise eight hundred and ninety millions of francs. Philanthropy must weep over such enormous sums squandered in extending ruin and woe. Europe, from the North Cape to the Mediterranean, would now have been almost a garden of Eden, had the uncounted millions which have been expended in the desolations of war been appropriated to enriching and embellishing her sunny valleys and her romantic hillsides.

Austria had now gone too far to retract. Every possible effort was made to rouse the enthusiasm of the nation. It was represented in every variety of colours, and stated in every form of expression, that Napoleon, harassed by England and Spain in the Peninsula, could not withdraw

the veteran troops sent across the Pyrenees; that his unguarded positions invited attack; that his German allies would abandon him upon the first disaster; that Prussia would rise with enthusiasm to the last man to retrieve her disgrace; that the Emperor Alexander, entangled in a policy which the Queen-Mother and the nobles condemned, would be compelled to abandon an alliance which threatened him only with danger. Napoleon, they affirmed, intends to treat Austria as he has treated Spain. It is his plan to supersede all the old dynasties by others of his own creation. In proof of this, extraordinary stress was laid upon an expression addressed by Napoleon to the Spaniards beneath the walls of Madrid—"If you do not like Joseph for your King," he said, "I do not wish to force him upon you. I have another throne to give him. And as for you, I will treat you as a conquered country." That other throne, they declared, was the throne of Austria.

Numerous agents of England were very busy in Vienna, endeavouring to excite the nation to arms. She offered to co-operate most cordially with her fleet, and to furnish abundant assistance in men and in munitions of war. Under the influence of such motives, the nation was roused to the most extraordinary pitch of enthusiasm. Regiments of artillery and infantry, with bugles and banners, daily traversed the streets of Vienna, amid the acclamations of the people. Five hundred thousand troops were daily exercised and inured to all the employments of the field of battle. Hungary had voted a levy *en masse*, which would bring into action a force whose numbers it would be difficult to estimate. An agent was immediately despatched to Turkey to represent to the Porte that France and Russia were seeking the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. Austria intreated the Porte, therefore, to forget the recent passage of the Dardanelles by an English squadron, and to join Austria and England to resist these formidable foes. The Turks were exasperated. Hardly a year ago, in high favour with France, they had chased the detested English through their Straits, pelting them with red-hot balls. Now the whole population were invoking the presence of the English, and no Frenchman could show himself in the streets of Constantinople without being exposed to insult. England immediately sent a frigate to Constantinople; and the Porte, with enthusiasm, entered into a new coalition against France.

The Emperor Alexander began to show the most unequivocal signs of coldness and alienation. He had been perfectly sincere in his relations with Napoleon. He had, however, been much disappointed in the results of the friendly alliance. Constantinople was the great object of his all-engrossing ambition. For that his soul incessantly hankered, and that conquest Napoleon would not allow him to make.

Napoleon reluctantly consented not to interfere in the annexation to the Russian empire of the provinces at the mouth of the Danube. But even those provinces Alexander had not yet

obtained, and he could only obtain them by the energies of conquest. A war with Austria would ally Austria and England with Turkey, and thus render the conquest of the Danubian Provinces still more difficult. Influenced by these motives, and annoyed by constant reproaches at home, Alexander became very lukewarm in his friendship.

The Austrian cabinet clearly foresaw the embarrassments which must crowd upon the Czar, and were encouraged to believe that they could even draw him into their alliance. An ambassador, M. Schwartzberg, was sent from Vienna, with this object, to the court at St. Petersburg. He was received with the utmost cordiality by the higher classes of society, and was very sanguine of success. He found everybody opposed to France—even the members of the imperial family. He had an interview with Alexander. The Emperor, with noble frankness, reproached Austria with dissimulation and falsehood in professing peace while making every preparation for war. He declared that he was under formal engagements to France, which he was resolved honourably to fulfil. "If Austria," said he, "is foolish enough to come to a rupture, she will be crushed by Napoleon. She will force Russia to unite her troops with those of France. She will make him whom you call an overwhelming Colossus still more overwhelming, and she will give England the power of still longer postponing that peace which the Continent so greatly needs. I shall regard as an enemy whoever renders peace more remote."

These were noble words. Unfortunately, we cannot receive them at their full apparent value when we reflect that Alexander desired peace with Austria because war with that Power would frustrate his designs upon Turkey. He was eager at any moment to draw the sword, if, by so doing, he could annex to his dominions dismembered provinces of the Turkish empire. The Austrian minister was, however, confounded, and sent discouraging despatches to his government.

Alexander then expressed himself with equal apparent frankness to M. Caulaincourt, the minister of Napoleon at St. Petersburg. He declared that it would be extremely painful for him to fight against the old allies by whose side he had stood at Austerlitz. He affirmed that even the success of the new war would cause him extreme perplexity; for he should look with alarm on the extinction of Austria, and on the vast preponderance of France, which would be the necessary consequence. He therefore expressed the desire to do everything in his power to prevent the war. He was unwilling to intrust a matter of so much importance to the two ministers of France and Russia, but decided personally to reassure Austria that no designs were entertained against her, and to warn her of the disastrous results which, by a renewal of the war, she would bring upon herself. "Our ministers," said he, "will make a medley of everything. Let me be left to act and to speak,

and if war can be avoided, I will avoid it. If it cannot, I will act, when it becomes inevitable, loyally and frankly."

The pacific views of Alexander were in perfect accordance with those of Napoleon. So anxious was the Emperor of France to avoid a rupture, that he authorised Alexander to promise not only the joint guarantee of Russia and France to the integrity of the Austrian dominions, but also the complete evacuation of the territory of the Confederation of the Rhine. Thus not a single French soldier would be left in Germany.

But the banded foes of Napoleon now felt strong. They regarded his strenuous efforts for peace but as indications of conscious weakness. With renewed alacrity they marshalled their hosts, and combined their armies, and set their majestic columns in motion. Napoleon remained in Paris calmly awaiting the onset. He knew not upon what point the storm would fall. Engaged in myriad cares by day and by night, he provided for every possible emergency. The energies of his tireless spirit swept over the broad expanse of Spain, Italy, France, and Germany. Never before did a single mind grasp and control interests of such prodigious magnitude. All hope of peace was now at an end, and Napoleon issued his orders with extraordinary ardour and with unparalleled activity.

The King of Bavaria wished to place the Bavarian troops under the command of his son, a young man of energy, but inexperienced. Napoleon would not give his consent. "Your army," he wrote, "must fight in earnest in this campaign. It concerns the conservation and the extension of the aggrandizements which Bavaria has received. Your son may be able to command when he shall have made six or seven campaigns with us. Meanwhile, let him come to my head-quarters. He will be received there with all the consideration due to him, and he will learn *our trade*."

Napoleon gave the young Prince command of one of the Bavarian divisions. The King of Wurtemberg furnished a quota of 12,000 men. They were placed under the command of General Vandamme. The King objected to the appointment. Napoleon wrote, "I know General Vandamme's defects, but he is a true soldier. In this difficult calling, much must be forgiven in consideration of great qualities."

Napoleon concentrated divisions of his army, amounting to over 100,000 men, in the vicinity of Ratisbon. A line of telegraphs was established from the extreme frontiers of Bavaria to the Tuileries. Special relays of post-horses were kept, that Napoleon might pass, with the utmost rapidity, from the Seine to the Danube. Thus prepared, Napoleon awaited the movements of the Austrians. He wished to remain as long as possible in Paris, to attend to the innumerable interests of his vast empire.

The river Inn forms the eastern boundary between Austria and Bavaria. The Austrians had assembled an army of 200,000 men on the

banks of that stream. The passage of the river, and the consequent violation of the territory of Bavaria, would be decisive of the war. Napoleon had been taught by past experience not to expect any declaration of hostilities. On the morning of the 10th of April, 1809, the Archduke Charles, with his formidable force crossed the Inn, and marched resolutely upon Munich, the capital of Bavaria. He sent a letter at the same time to the King of Bavaria, stating that he had orders to advance and liberate Germany from its oppressor, and that he should treat as enemies whatever troops should oppose him. This letter was the only declaration of war addressed to France and her allies.

Many noble Austrians were opposed to this perfidious attack upon Napoleon. Count Louis Von Cobentzel was then lying upon his death-bed. He addressed the Emperor Francis in a vigorous letter as follows: "Your Majesty ought to consider yourself as fortunate with respect to the situation in which the peace of Presburg has placed you. You stand in the second rank among the Powers of Europe, which is the same your ancestors occupied. Avoid a war for which no provocation is given, and which will be the ruin of your house. Napoleon will conquer, and will then have the right to be inexorable."

Manfredini obtained an audience of the Emperor, and ventured to express the opinion that the war would bring down ruin upon Austria. "Nonsense!" exclaimed Francis; "Napoleon can do nothing now. His troops are all in Spain." When Count Wallis saw the Emperor Francis set out to join the army, he said, "There is Darius running to meet an Alexander. He will experience the same fate."

The Inn is distant some six hundred miles from Paris. At ten o'clock at night, the telegraphic despatch, announcing the commencement of hostilities, was placed in the hands of Napoleon. As he read the eventful communication, he calmly said, "Very well. Behold us once more at Vienna. But what do they wish now? Has the Emperor of Austria been bitten by a tarantula? Well! since they force me to it, they shall have war to their hearts' content." At midnight he entered his carriage, taking Josephine with him, and set out for Strasburg. England sent her fleet and her troops to co-operate with the Austrians. The Allies pressed vigorously on in their march of invasion, clamouring more vociferously than ever against "the insatiable ambition of Bonaparte."

To this clamour Napoleon uttered no response. Sublimely leaving his reputation to be vindicated by history, he girded himself anew for the strife. He knew full well that no powers of despotism could obliterate that record of facts which would guide the verdict of posterity.

CHAPTER XLVI.

ECKMÜHL.

Napoleon and Washington compared.—The Archduke crosses the Inn—Error of Berthier—Spirited despatches—The Emperor's bivouac—Battle of Eckmühl—General Cervoni—Retreat of the Austrians—Napoleon wounded—Extraordinary achievements.

THERE are some, even in republican America, who still defend the cause of those banded kings by whom Napoleon was finally crushed. But their number is daily diminishing. The time is not far distant when the generous sympathies of an intelligent, unprejudiced people will with unanimity respond to the great advocate of republican equality. America taught France to hunger for liberty. Washington in the New World, and Napoleon in the Old, were struggling alike against aristocratic usurpation. Napoleon, overpowered by numbers, fell, contending heroically to the last.

Austria had now on the march an army of 500,000 men to crush "the child and champion of democratic rights." With nearly 200,000 highly-disciplined troops the Archduke Charles crossed the Inn. Napoleon, embarrassed by the war in Spain, could not oppose these forces with equal numbers. He trusted, however, to his superior skill in combinations, to be able successfully to meet his foes. Napoleon was at St. Cloud when the tidings arrived that the territory of his ally was invaded. It was late at night. In an hour he was in his carriage. His faithful Josephine sat by his side. He travelled night and day until he reached Strasburg. Here he left Josephine. He then crossed the Rhine, and pressed on with the utmost speed towards the head-quarters of his army. In his rapid passage he supped one night at the house of a ranger of the King of Wurtemberg. It was one of the very interesting traits in the character of the Emperor that he invariably made it a point to converse with the owner of every house at which he had to alight. He asked this worthy man a variety of questions concerning his family, and learned that he had only one daughter, who was of age to marry, but that he had no fortune to give her. The Emperor conferred upon this young lady a handsome dowry. Again he mounted his horse and pressed on his way, having, as usual, left a blessing beneath the roof which had sheltered him.

It was late in the hours of the night when Napoleon, without guards, aides-de-camp, or staff, arrived at Dillingen. The King of Bavaria, who had fled before the invaders from Munich, his capital, was sojourning in this his rural palace. Not expecting the Emperor, he had retired to rest. He immediately rose to meet Napoleon. For an hour they conversed very earnestly together. "In fifteen days," said Napoleon, "I will free your country from the invaders, and restore you to your capital." It was a bold promise. He could by no possibility assemble more than 200,000 men to encounter the 500,000

arrayed against him.³ After a hurried interview of but an hour, the King of Bavaria returned to his pillow. Napoleon again mounted his horse and galloped forty miles farther to Donauwerth. He immediately assembled his officers around him, and by hasty interrogations soon ascertained the condition of the two armies. He was astounded at the perilous position in which his troops were placed.

Napoleon was perfectly aware of the vast numerical superiority of his foes. He knew that his army, if divided, could be easily overwhelmed by resistless numbers. He accordingly enjoined it upon Berthier, upon the first hostile movement of the enemy, to concentrate all his forces either at Ratisbon or Donauwerth. To his utter consternation, he found that Berthier, seized with the insane idea of stopping the advancing Austrians at all points had widely dispersed his battalions. Had the Archduke Charles possessed a tithe of the activity of Napoleon he would have crushed the French at a blow. Napoleon was utterly amazed. In breathless haste, he despatched officers in every direction, on their fleetest horses, countermanding all the orders of Berthier, and directing every corps to make immediate and the most desperate efforts for concentration. Davoust and Massena were separated more than a hundred miles from each other.

He wrote to Berthier, "What you have done appears so strange that, if I were not aware of your friendship, I should think you were betraying me. Davoust is at this moment more completely at the disposal of the Archduke than of myself."

"You cannot imagine," said Napoleon afterwards, "in what a condition I found the army on my arrival, and to what dreadful reverses it was exposed if we had had to deal with an enterprising enemy."

To Massena, at Angsburg, he wrote, "Leave all the sick and fatigued, with two German regiments to protect them. Descend towards the Danube in all haste. Never have I had more need of your devoted zeal, activity, and speed!"

To Davoust he wrote, "Quit Ratisbon imme-

³ The forces which Napoleon had raised for this widely-extended conflict are thus given by M. Chauvet:—In Poland, 18,000, commanded by Bernadotte; in Saxony, 12,000, under Gratien; in Westphalia, 16,000, under King Jerome. The main army consisted of the division of Lannes, 25,000; that of Davoust, 45,000; that of Massena, 30,000; that of Lefebvre, 30,000; that of Vandamme, 30,000. The Confederation of the Rhine furnished him with 12,000. Eugene, the King of Italy, had 45,000 men under his command. Marmont was in Dalmatia, at the head of 15,000. Dispersed through these various corps there were 560 pieces of artillery. This makes a total of 287,000 men. It is, however, impossible to state with precision the forces engaged in these vast campaigns. No two historians give the same numbers. Alison enumerates the French army of Germany at 326,000. Of these, he says, "At least 100,000 had not yet arrived. Still 140,000 French troops and 60,000 of the Confederation might be relied on for active operations in the valley of the Danube." Napoleon had, at the same time, an army of 200,000 in Spain. The mind which could grasp such interests and guide such enormous combinations must have been one of extraordinary mould.

diately. Leave there a regiment to defend the town. Ascend the Danube with your division of the army. Break down the bridge at Ratisbon so effectually as to prevent its being repaired. Move cautiously, but resolutely, between the river and the mass of the Austrians. Beware of running any risk of permitting your troops to come to any engagements previously to joining me in the environs of Abensberg."

The whole French army was instantly in motion. A series of sanguinary conflicts ensued. Napoleon seemed to be everywhere present. His troops were everywhere victorious. These varied movements, by which Napoleon concentrated his army, in the midst of enemies so numerous and so advantageously posted, have ever been considered as among the most remarkable in the annals of war. In three days he had ninety thousand men drawn up before him. During these three days, in desperate battles which had transpired, the Austrians had lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, nearly twenty thousand men. The Archduke Charles, not a little disheartened by these reverses, had concentrated at Eekmuhl an army one hundred thousand strong. A decisive action was now inevitable.

Napoleon then addressed his troops:—

"Soldiers! The territory of the Confederation of the Rhine has been violated. The Austrian general supposes that we are to fly at the sight of his eagles, and abandon our allies to his mercy. I arrive with the rapidity of lightning in the midst of you. Soldiers! I was surrounded by your bayonets when the Emperor of Austria arrived at my bivouac in Moravia. You heard him implore my clemency, and swear an eternal friendship. Conquerors in three wars, Austria has owed everything to our generosity. Three times she has perjured herself! Our former successes are our guarantee for our future triumphs. Let us march, then, and at our aspect let the enemy recognise his conquerors."

On the night of the 19th of April Savary announced to Napoleon the safe arrival of Davoust. He found the Emperor in a rude room, stretched upon a wooden bench, his feet close to a heated stove, and his head resting on a soldier's knapsack. He was carefully studying a map of the country. Delighted with the intelligence, he leaped upon his horse, and galloped along the whole extent of the bivouacs of the troops. The Prince Royal of Bavaria and a few of his generals accompanied the Emperor. Napoleon, gratified with the zeal and energy which the Prince Royal displayed, tapped him gently on the shoulder and said—

"Well, Prince Royal, if you uphold, in this manner, the dignity of the King of Bavaria, when your turn comes to reign, these gentlemen will never desert you. If, on the contrary, you should remain at home, they will all follow your example. From that moment you may bid farewell to your kingdom and to glory."

Napoleon slept a few hours in his chair. Before the dawn of the morning he was

his hosts for the battle. A dense fog enveloped the rural scene which was soon to be drenched with blood. Upon the fertile plain of Eekmuhl a hundred thousand men were quietly sleeping, unaware of their impending peril. The military science of Napoleon was guiding from various points upon them ninety thousand troops flushed with victory. The mild, warm sun of a pleasant April day rose over the hills and dispelled the vapour. The green valley reposed before the eye in surpassing loveliness. Verdant meadows, winding streams, gardens, villages, and rural mansions embowered in trees, presented an aspect of extraordinary beauty. Banners were silently fluttering in the breeze. The white tents of the Austrians profusely sprinkled the plain. The gleam of polished armour flashed through the osiers and willows which, fringing the stream, were just bursting into leaf. Innumerable steeds were quietly cropping the fresh herbage. To the eye it was a perfect scene of peace and beauty. But the demon of war was there to transform it into the most revolting aspect of misery and blood.

As the various divisions of the French arrived upon the heights which commanded the plain, they involuntarily paused and gazed with admiration upon the varied and beautiful spectacle. The clangour of approaching battle now filled the air. Trumpets sounded. Martial bands poured forth their soul-stirring peals. Artillery, cavalry, infantry, all were in movement to take position for the fight. Squadrons of horse swept the field. Not a cannon or a musket was fired before noon. Both parties were as peacefully employed in taking their positions as if engaged in a holiday review. The sun was in the meridian when the first shot was fired. It was the signal for the burst of such a roar of battle as even this war-desolated globe has seldom witnessed. The awful sublimities of the scene deeply impressed even those who were most familiar with the horrors of war. The military genius of Napoleon was never more conspicuous than on this day. The various divisions of his army, guided by the highest teachings of military science, appeared upon the field with all the unembarrassed precision of the movements of a game of chess. For five hours the carnage continued.

The sun was now declining. The enemy began to falter. The cavalry of the Imperial Guard had been held in reserve, impatiently waiting the order for its resistless charge. Encased in helmets and breastplates of glittering steel, and mounted on steeds of enormous power, these squadrons, which had never yet moved but with the sweep of victory, rose majestically over the hills and poured down upon the plain. Their advance was at first slow and dignified, as their proud chargers, in a gentle trot, emerged into the view of both armies. The French regarded the Imperial Guard as Napoleon's right arm. They felt sure that a blow was now to be struck which would terminate the conflict. A wild shout of enthusiasm burst from their lips,

which rose above the thunders of the battle. The Austrian cuirassiers, equally numerous, as heavily armed, and inspired with as determined courage, were on the alert, ready to repel the anticipated onset. Their swords and helmets glittered in the rays of the setting sun, and they also came sweeping down into the vast arena.

The opposing squadrons, now spurring their steeds into a headlong gallop, came rushing onward with the frantic energy of fiends. Innumerable trumpets in clarion tones pealed forth the charge. The plain seemed to tremble beneath the tread of the advancing hosts. With plumes and banners floating in the breeze, and helmets and sabres gleaming in the sun, and each party rending the skies with their unearthly shrieks, the two bodies, in full career, rushed upon each other. The spectacle was so sublime, so awful, so sure to be followed by decisive results, that each army, as by common consent, suspended its fire to await the issue of this extraordinary duel. The roar of musketry and the heavy booming of artillery ceased. The soldiers rested upon their muskets, and the exhausted cannoniers leaned upon their guns, as in intense absorption they gazed upon the appalling grandeur of the scene.

The concussion was terrific. Hundreds of horses and riders were instantly overthrown and trampled in the dust. Over their mangled bodies the rushing squadrons plunged and fought. It was a new spectacle, even to those most inured to all the aspects of war. The fresh breeze speedily swept the smoke from the plain. The unclouded sun shone down brilliantly upon the vast arena. The two armies, in breathless silence, intrusted the issue of the conflict to the Imperial Guards of Austria and of France. Nothing was heard but the blast of the trumpets and the clear ringing of steel, as sabre clashed against sabre, and cuirass and helmet resounded beneath the blows of these men of iron sinews. The sun went down, and the struggle still continued. Twilight darkened over the plain, but a blaze of intensest light from clashing steel gleamed over the contending hosts. One by one the stars came out calmly in the sky, and the moon, in silent beauty, rose serenely in the East, and looked down with her mild reproof upon the hideous carnage, and still the struggling squadrons, with unintermitted fury, dashed against each other. Beneath such blows men and horses rapidly fell; the clangour of the strife grew fainter and fainter. Still in the gloom of the night, as the eyes gazed upon the tumultuous mass swaying to and fro, it was impossible to judge who were gaining the victory.

At length the Austrian horsemen, having lost two-thirds of their number, were no longer able to withstand their foes. They wavered, recoiled, and then the tramp of rushing steeds was heard as they broke and fled. A wild shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" burst from the lips of the victorious cuirassiers. Spurring their steeds in the mad pursuit, they trampled down horses and riders, piled together on the ensanguined plain. The

dispirited Austrians gazed in silent dismay upon

commenced a retreat. The whole French army, with frantic enthusiasm, re-echoed the shout of their conquering comrades.

Instantaneously the thunders of war again filled the plain. The lightning flashes and heavy booming of the cannon, the clamour of rushing armies, pursuers and pursued, the storm of shot, shells, and bullets, which swept mutilation and death through the retreating ranks, and the sulphurous canopy of smoke which darkened the moon and stars, presented a spectacle which neither pen nor pencil can delineate. But immediately, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of Lannes, Napoleon ordered the army to halt. The French soldiers, utterly exhausted by the herculean toils of the last five days, threw themselves upon the bloody sod of the hard-fought field and fell asleep. The Austrians, through the night, continued their retreat towards Ratisbon, hoping to escape across the Danube.

When Napoleon gave the order for this decisive attack of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, General Cervoni was holding a map of the country open before him. A heavy cannon-ball struck this brave officer, and he vanished from the Emperor's sight. Only the scattered fragments of his body could be found. Soon after, one of Napoleon's officers arrived to make known a position taken by the enemy. While in the act of communicating his errand, he pointed with his right hand. At that instant a shot, passing close to the head of the Emperor, struck the unfortunate officer's arm and tore it from his body. Napoleon manifested the most sincere sympathy for the wounded man, but made no movement to change his dangerous position. The officers who surrounded the Emperor, knowing that the salvation of the army depended upon his life, earnestly remonstrated with him for exposing himself so heedlessly. "What can I do?" he mildly replied; "I must see how matters go on."

For the first time in four days and nights, Napoleon indulged himself in a few hours of sleep; but before the dawn of another morning he was again on horseback, rousing his slumbering army to pursue the fugitives. The situation of the Archduke was now extremely critical. Napoleon, with a victorious army, was pressing upon him. The broad Danube, crossed by the single bridge of Ratisbon, was in his rear. His army was in a state of deep dejection. Whenever they met Napoleon, it was only to encounter discomfiture and ruin. Prince Charles had left six thousand dead and wounded upon the plain of Eckmühl. Nearly twenty thousand prisoners, fifteen standards, and an immense quantity of the munitions of war, fell into the hands of the victor.

Under these circumstances, the Archduke resolved to cross the Danube as speedily as possible, and to seek refuge for his army in the wilds of Bohemia. He hoped soon to be able to form a junction with powerful divisions of Austrian troops, marching to reinforce him. Keeping large watch-fires blazing all the night to con-

seen his design, he retreated rapidly to the Danube. A bridge of boats was immediately thrown across the stream. By that, and by the bridge at Ratisbon, the army defied the whole night without intermission. Early in the morning Napoleon moved forward his cavalry to attack the rear-guard of the Austrians, which was drawn up in front of Ratisbon to protect the passage of the river. After a short conflict, the Austrians retreated behind the walls of the city, closed the gates, and lined the ramparts with infantry. The batteries of Napoleon were immediately reared. A storm of shells rained down destruction upon the masses crowding through the streets and hurrying across the bridge. A breach was soon battered in the walls. The French troops rushed into the city. French and Austrians were mingled together in inextricable confusion. A hand-to-hand fight ensued, with awful carnage.

While Napoleon was guiding this assault, a musket-ball struck him upon the foot, not breaking the bone, but making a severe contusion, and causing intense pain. "Ah," said he, very coolly, "I am hit. It must have been a Tyrolean marksman to have struck me at such a distance. Those fellows fire with wonderful precision." He immediately dismounted, and his wound was dressed upon the spot. Had the ball struck a little higher up, the limb would have been shattered, and amputation would have been inevitable.

The news spread that the Emperor was wounded. The soldiers of the nearest corps, forgetting their own peril in the excitement of battle, broke from their ranks and crowded around their beloved chieftain. Regardless of the cannon-balls which swept through the dense group, fifteen thousand men, leaving muskets, guns, and horses, hastened to the spot, with the most intense expressions of anxiety and affection. Napoleon smiled kindly upon them, shook hands with all who were within his reach, and assured them that the wound was merely a trifle. To relieve their solicitude, as soon as the wound was dressed, though suffering excruciating pain, he mounted his horse and rode along the lines. An almost delirious shout of joy and enthusiasm greeted him. Such a shout no man ever won before. The pain, however, became so severe that he was compelled to retire to the hut of a peasant, where he fainted entirely away. Soon, however, recovering, he again mounted his horse, and, pale and exhausted, still guided the tremendous energies of battle.

As the French rushed through the breach into the city of Ratisbon, most of the Austrians had crossed the river. The retreating host rapidly disappeared over the wooded heights of the Bohmerwald. Napoleon, having thus driven the invaders from the territory of his ally, left the fugitives to wander among the mountains of Bohemia, and established his head-quarters at Ratisbon. Such achievements seem like the creation of fancy. But twelve days had elapsed since Napoleon left Paris. In six days he had passed over the vast space intervening between the Seine and the

Danube. In forty-eight hours he had concentrated his army from its wide dispersion, fighting in the meantime almost an incessant battle, and gaining an incessant victory. By the most extraordinary combination of manoeuvres he had assailed, at all points, an enemy superior in numbers upon the field of Eckmühl, routed him entirely, and driven him across the Rhine. Fifteen days before, 200,000 men, with the pride of resistless conquerors, had invaded the territory of Bavaria. Now, discomfited, bleeding, ejected, they were seeking refuge from the terrible blows of the victor in the wild passes of the Bohemian mountains. In these six disastrous days the Austrians had lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 60,000 men. Of this number, 40,000 had been struck down by the fire of infantry or by the sabres of the cavalry.⁴⁴ The Austrians had also lost 800 ammunition-waggons, forty standards, more than a hundred pieces of artillery, two pontoon trains, and an incalculable quantity of baggage.

The physical and intellectual activity displayed by the Emperor during this extraordinary campaign would seem incredible were it not substantiated by conclusive evidence. It was a drive of nearly six hundred miles from Paris to the encampments of the army on the banks of the Danube. During this journey he took no rest but such as he could find in his carriage. At several places he was delayed for a few hours to examine fortifications, and to dictate orders to a thousand agents in France, in Spain, in Italy, in Germany. Upon reaching the army, he spent the succeeding five days and nights in a series of herculean labours. At midnight, leaning back in his chair, without removing either his hat or his boots, he would sleep for an hour, and then, with an invigorated mind, renew his dictation, or mount his horse and gallop through darkness, storms, and mire, from post to post of the army. The letters which he wrote to his officers during these five days would fill a large volume. After the most exhausting ride on horseback of more than fifteen hours, he would impetuously, with apparently exhaustless energies, dictate despatches half the night.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE

The travelling-carriage of Napoleon—Address to the army at Ratisbon—The Syrian soldier—Napoleon repairs Ratisbon—Bridge of Ebersberg—Dierstein—Vienna summoned to surrender—Maria Louisa—Androsch, Governor of Vienna—Conversation with Savary—Letter to Eugène—The disgraced surgeon.

THE travelling-carriage of Napoleon was taken at Waterloo. It is now to be seen at a museum in London. In all its arrangements it is characteristic of the Emperor. Perfectly simple in its structure, and unostentatious in its adorn-

⁴⁴ These are the numbers given by Thiers, after the most careful examination of the statements of both parties.

ments, it was provided with all the conveniences for labour. A sliding-board supplied him with a table for writing. A neat desk, encased in the sides, combined stationery. Around the panels were a variety of boxes, filled with books, charts, despatches, and the daily journals. A lamp from behind threw sufficient light to enable him to read and write by night as well as by day. The seat was so arranged that he could attain a half-reclining attitude when travelling through the night, while cushions prevented his being too severely jostled by the rugged roads. As he dashed along, he examined the reports of military and civil engineers, of statesmen, of commanders of divisions, brigades, and battalions. As each paper was finished, it was torn into fragments and thrown from the windows. His marvellous memory retained everything. It was his custom to have a copy of every new work that was published in Paris sent to him, whether literary, scientific, or religious. If, at a glance, he deemed the book worthless, he tossed it into the road. His route might be traced by fragments of papers, journals, and volumes scattered by the wayside. He had invariably suspended in the carriage before him the best possible chart of the district through which he was passing.

Whenever he halted, the order and system of the imperial household was immediately introduced. The most convenient apartment was at once selected as his cabinet or chamber of work. On a table placed in the middle of the room were arranged maps of the countries in which his armies were operating. The positions of each corps, division, and brigade were laid down. The roads, communications, bridges, and defiles were accurately delineated. The posts of the enemy, and the forces of different nations, were distinguished by pins with heads of various colours, red, black, and green. All this was accomplished with such perfect promptness and regularity by the devotion of those who surrounded him, that, let him reach his headquarters where he might or when he might, no time was lost.

At the four corners of the room tables were set for his secretaries. To these tireless servants he was accustomed to dictate simultaneously. He possessed the rare faculty of giving judgment upon almost any number of subjects at the same time. He usually paced the floor with his hat on, and his hands clasped behind his back. In short and pithy sentences he pronounced his opinions or issued his orders. To one scribe he would dictate instructions for the manoeuvres of the army. Turning to another, he would give his decisive opinion on a difficult question of finance, or on the administrative government of the empire. To a third he would communicate answers to the letters of his ambassadors in foreign countries. A fourth was not unfrequently intrusted with his private correspondence. Having thus dictated for a few hours, he would seize the pen, dash off a few glowing and scarcely legible lines to his faithful Josephine, and then, entering

his carriage or mounting his horse, disappear like a meteor.

In the midst of these operations, he wrote thus to Josephine:—

“Dona sworth April 18th, 1809.

“I arrived here yesterday, at four o'clock in the morning. I leave immediately. Everything is in movement. Military operations are in intense activity. To this hour there is nothing new. My health is good. Entirely thine,

Napoleon shunned no fatigue which he imposed upon his soldiers. Not one of them underwent anything like the bodily labour to which he exposed himself. At Ratisbon he thus addressed his army:—

“Soldiers! You have justified my anticipations. You have supplied by bravery the want of numbers, and have shown the difference which exists between the soldiers of Cæsar and the armed rabble of Xerxes. Within the space of a few days we have triumphed in the battles of Thaur, Abensberg, and Eckmühl, and in the combats of Peissing, Landsbut, and Ratisbon. One hundred pieces of cannon, forty standards, fifty thousand prisoners, three bridge equipages, three thousand baggage-waggons with their horses, and all the money-chests of the regiments, are the fruits of the rapidity of your marches and of your courage. The enemy, seduced by a perjured cabinet, appeared to have lost all recollection of you. His wakening has been speedy; you have appeared more terrible than ever. Lately he crossed the Inn, and invaded the territory of our allies. Lately he talked of nothing less than carrying the war into the bosom of our country. Now, defeated, dispersed, he flies in consternation. Already my advance guard has passed the Inn. In one month we will be in Vienna.”

At St. Helena, Napoleon, speaking of this campaign, remarked—

“The greatest military manoeuvres I ever made, and those for which I give myself most credit, were performed at Eckmühl. They were infinitely superior to those at Marengo, or to any other of my actions.”

The next day the Emperor reviewed a part of his army at Ratisbon. The dead were all buried. The blood was washed from the streets. The mutilated and the dying, with splintered bones and festering wounds, were moaning upon beds of agony in the secluded wards of the hospitals. Nothing was seen but the glitter and the pomp of war. Plumes, and banners, and prancing steeds, and polished armour, reflected the rays of the unclouded sun. As each regiment defiled before him, Napoleon demanded of the colonel who of his soldiers had proved themselves worthy of distinction. He often conferred the reward on a common soldier which had been expected by those of a higher grade. As he was tying the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour in the button-hole of one of these veterans from

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

the ranks, the soldier inquired if the Emperor did not recognise him. "How should I?" answered Napoleon. "It was I," the soldier replied, "who, in the desert of Syria, at the moment of your utmost necessity, gave you a portion of my rations." Napoleon immediately rejoined, "Indeed! I recollect you now perfectly. I make you a knight, with an annual endowment of one thousand francs." These appeals to honour and generous feeling inspired the bosoms of the French soldiers with incredible ardour and enthusiasm.

A large portion of Ratisbon was consumed by the flames. The city belonged to Napoleon's ally, the King of Bavaria. The Austrians, as they fled from the burning streets, witnessed with pleasure the conflagration. Napoleon, with his accustomed magnanimity, repaired the damages, amounting to several millions of francs, at his own expense. "From the morning of the 19th," says Alison, "when the battle of Abensberg began, till the night of the 22nd, when that of Ratisbon terminated, he was on horseback or dictating letters at least eighteen hours a day. When all around him were ready to drop down with exhaustion, he began to read and dictate despatches, and sat up half the night receiving reports from the generals and marshals, and completing the directions for the ensuing day."

The Danube now flowed between Napoleon and the great mass of his foes. The road was open to Vienna. This city was situated on the same side of the river which was occupied by the French army. From Ratisbon to Vienna is a distance of about two hundred miles. Many rivers were to be crossed, and many defiles were to be forced, which were strongly guarded by the Austrians. Napoleon resolved, however, to march directly upon the capital, and there to settle his difficulties with that faithless cabinet which had so perfidiously assailed him. The conquering legions of France poured resistlessly down the valleys of the Danube. All opposition was swept before them. The retreating Austrians planted their batteries upon the opposite banks of every stream, having blown up the bridges and destroyed the boats. The crags which commanded every defile glittered with armed men, and were defended by the most destructive missiles of war.

Napoleon had done everything which mortal man could do to avert the conflict. He now consecrated the entireness of his tremendous energies, without any faltering, to drive the war to a decisive conclusion. Beneath the guns of the Austrians he constructed new bridges, and, reminding his veterans of Lodi and of Aroola, breasted all the engines of mutilation and death. The Austrians had so wantonly and pertinaciously provoked the war, that they were ashamed to ask for peace. The Archduke Charles had, however, from the beginning, been opposed to the hostile measures of his government. He now wrote to his brother, the Emperor Francis, giving an account of their sudden and overwhelming reverses. With the consent of the

terrified Emperor, he ventured to address the following lines of graceful flattery to Napoleon:—

"Your Majesty has announced your arrival by a salvo of artillery. I had no time to reply to it. But, though hardly informed of your presence, I speedily discovered it by the losses which I experienced. You have taken many prisoners from me. I have taken some from you in quarters where you were not present. I propose to your Majesty to exchange them, man for man, rank for rank. If this proposal proves agreeable to you, point out the place where it may be possible to put it into effect. I feel flattered, sire, in combating the greatest captain of the age; but I should esteem myself more happy if Heaven had chosen me to be the instrument of procuring for my country a durable peace. Whatever may be the events of the war, or the chances of an accommodation, I pray your Majesty to believe that my desires will always outstrip your wishes, and that I am equally honoured by meeting your Majesty, either with the sword or the olive-branch in your hand."

But, before this apologetic note reached Napoleon, he was far advanced in the valley of the Danube. Nothing now remained to arrest his triumphant march upon Vienna. He decided to send his reply from the palace of Schonbrunn. The French army was now approaching the River Traun, one of the tributaries of the Danube. Napoleon decided to cross it at several points, some miles distant from each other. Massena, with seven thousand men, advanced to the Traun, opposite Ebersberg. Here occurred one of the most extravagant acts of reckless courage and one of the most revolting scenes of human butchery recorded in military history. The river was very broad, and was crossed by a narrow bridge, 1,200 feet in length. At the farther end of the bridge was an escarped plateau. Above it rose the little town of Ebersberg, surmounted by a strong castle, which was bristling with cannon. In front of the bridge, on the escarpment of the plateau, nearly 40,000 men were drawn up in line of battle. The bridge, at its western extremity, was enfiladed by houses all filled with musketeers. A formidable array of artillery, disposed on the heights above, commanded the whole extent of the frail structure. The bridge was of wood, and, by the application of the torch, would immediately have been enveloped in flames. The Austrians, however, deemed it passage so utterly impossible, that they did not suppose that the French would even attempt it.

But the impetuous Massena delayed not a moment. He ordered an immediate charge, as he feared that an hour's delay might induce the Austrians to blow up the bridge. General Cohorn, a man of diminutive stature, but of the most intensely forceful and impetuous spirit, placed himself at the head of his brigade. At double-quick step the dense column pressed along the bridge. An unexampled scene of horror ensued. The troops were soon enveloped

in a cloud of smoke. A storm of grape-shot and canister swept mutilation and death through their ranks. Two or three ammunition-waggons blew up in the midst of the struggling throng, and scattered awful carnage around. The bridge was soon so encumbered with the wounded and the dead, that Massena deemed himself driven to the horrible necessity of commanding the fresh troops that came up to toss their mangled and struggling comrades into the swollen torrent which swept furiously below.

Those who performed this revolting service were soon struck down themselves, and were treated in the same manner by those who next came up to the attack. There was no alternative. But for this dreadful measure, the bridge would soon have become utterly impassable, and all upon it would have perished. Enveloped in smoke, deafened with the roar of battle, and with shots, shells, and bullets mowing down their ranks, these veteran soldiers, who, in becoming veterans, had almost ceased to be men, pressed sternly on, trampling upon severed limbs, wading through blood, and throwing their wounded and beseeching comrades into the surging flood. Well might the Duke of Wellington say, "A man of refined Christian sensibilities is totally unfit for the profession of soldier."

Through this frightful storm of shot, the French rushed along till they reached the gate at the farther end of the bridge. Here the whole head of the column was swept away; those in the rear, however, rushed on over their mangled comrades, dashed down the gates, and drove their foes before them. The Austrians retreated through the town, setting fire to the houses, and disputing every inch of ground. The French struggled on, trampling on the bodies of the dead and wounded of either army. In the blazing streets the conflict raged with unparalleled ferocity. Ebersberg was at last taken. It was, however, but a heap of smoking ruins. The town was so much in flames that the wounded could not be withdrawn. The blazing rafters fell on these wretched victims of war, and, shrieking in agony, their mangled limbs were slowly consumed by the fire. Their hideous cries blended with the hateful clamour of these demoniac scenes. An intolerable stench of burning corpses filled the air.

Still, through the blazing streets, and over the mangled and blackened fragments of human bodies, the French rushed on with horse, and artillery, and ammunition-waggons, crushing flesh, and bones, and cinders, and blood-mingled mire into a hideous mass of corruption. The Austrians, appalled at such incredible daring, sullenly retired, leaving six thousand of the slain behind them. Napoleon, at a distance, heard the loud cannonade. He spurred his horse to the scene of conflict. Accustomed as he had long been to the horrors of war, he was shocked at the awful spectacle. Though admiring the desperate daring of Massena, he could not refrain from testifying his displeasure at the carnage which might, perhaps, have been averted by

waiting for an attack upon the flank of the enemy by the corps of Lannes, which had passed the river a few miles above.

Napoleon, accompanied by Savary, entered the smouldering town. He found two or three of the wounded still alive, who had crawled into the square where the flames could not reach them. "Can anything," says Savary, "be more dreadful than the sight of men first burned to death, then trodden under the horses' feet, and crushed to atoms by the wheels of gun-carriages? The only outlet from the town was by walking through a heap of baked human flesh, which produced an insufferable stench. The evil was so great, that it became necessary to procure spades, such as are used to clear mud from the public roads, in order to remove and bury this fetid mass. The Emperor came to see this horrid sight, and said to us as he went over it, 'It were well if all promoters of wars could behold such an appalling picture. They would then discover how much evil humanity has to suffer from their projects.' He spoke some obliging words to General Cohorn on the feat of gallantry he had displayed, but pointed out to him that, if he had not suffered himself to be hurried along by his courage, but had waited for the troops that were coming up, previously to making the attack, this heavy loss would have

The army now pressed on with the utmost rapidity towards Vienna. There was but little more opposition to be encountered. Napoleon, with his peculiar thirst for knowledge, took with him a guide, who rode by his side, and who pointed out to him every object of interest by the way. Upon a distant eminence he descried the mouldering Gothic towers of Dierstein, the scene of the captivity of Richard the Lion-hearted. He reined in his horse, and for some moments riveted his eyes upon the pile which rose in gloomy magnificence before him; then, addressing Berthier and Lannes, who were with him, he said—

"Richard also was a warrior in Syria and Palestine. He was more fortunate than we were at St. Jean d'Acre. But the Lion-hearted was not more valiant than you, my brave Lannes. He beat the great Saladin. Yet hardly had he returned to Europe than he fell into the hands of persons who were certainly of very different calibre. He was sold by a duke of Austria to an emperor of Germany, who by that act only has been rescued from oblivion. The last of his court, Blondel, alone remained faithful to him. But the nation made no sacrifice for his deliverance."

After a moment's pause, still keeping his eyes riveted upon the towers, he continued—

"These were barbarous times, which they have the folly to represent to us as so heroic, when the father sacrificed his children, the wife her husband, the subject his sovereign, the soldier his general, and all without shame or disguise! How much are times changed now! You have seen emperors and kings in my power, as well as the

capitals of their states, and I exacted from them neither ransom nor sacrifice of honours. The world has seen how I treated the Emperor of Austria, whom I might have imprisoned; and that successor of Leopold and Henry, who is already more than half in our power, will not be worse treated on this occasion than on the preceding, notwithstanding that he has attacked us with so much perfidy."

Little did Napoleon then imagine that on the rock of St. Helena he was to experience an imprisonment more barbarous in all the refinements of cruelty than Richard had endured beneath the towers of Dierstein.

On the 10th of May, just one month from the time when the Austrian standards crossed the Inn, Napoleon with his army appeared before the walls of Vienna. The Archduke Charles, having received powerful reinforcements, was hurrying down the opposite banks of the river for the relief of the capital. The city is built on a small arm of the Danube, some two miles from the main stream. The central city is circular, and about three miles in circumference. It contains 100,000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by an ancient rampart of brick-work, flanked by strong bastions. A beautiful glacis, about one-fourth of a mile in width, planted with trees, and laid out in public walks like the parks of London, girdles the city. Beyond this esplanade are reared the immense faubourgs, which contain 300,000 inhabitants, and which are also inclosed by a line of ramparts. The suburbs are about ten miles in circumference.

Napoleon was very anxious to save Vienna from the horrors of a bombardment. He immediately sent a flag of truce into the city. The bearer was assailed and wounded; and the butcher's boy who had struck him down was placed upon the officer's horse, and borne in triumph through the streets. Without difficulty Napoleon surmounted the ramparts and entered the faubourgs; but as soon as his troops appeared upon the esplanade, which extends between the faubourgs and the ramparts of the old city, they were met by volleys of grape-shot from the walls. Napoleon immediately invested the place on all points, and summoned it to surrender. A deputation from each of the faubourgs was selected to carry the summons.

The following is a copy of the letter sent by Berthier to the Archduke Maximilian, who conducted the defence of the city:—

"Monseigneur,—The Duke of Montebello sent this morning to your Highness an officer in the character of a flag of truce, with a trumpeter. That officer has not yet returned. I request to be informed when it is intended to send him back. The unusual course adopted on this occasion compels me to avail myself of the inhabitants of this city for holding communication with your Highness. His Majesty, the Emperor and King, my master, having been brought to Vienna by the events of the war, is desirous of sparing the numerous and interesting population

of that capital from the calamities which threaten it. He directs me to represent to your Highness that, by persisting to defend the place, your Highness will cause the destruction of one of the finest cities in Europe, and expose to the miseries of war a multitude of people who ought effectually to be protected by their condition, age, and sex from the evils which war necessarily occasions. The Emperor, my master, has always manifested, in every country where he has been brought by the events of war, his anxiety to save unarmed populations from such calamities. Your Highness cannot but be persuaded that his Majesty is deeply affected at contemplating the approaching ruin of that great city, which he claims, as one of his titles to glory, to have saved on a former occasion. Nevertheless, contrary to the practice of all fortified towns, your Highness has had guns fired in the direction of the suburbs, and the shot might have killed, not an enemy of your sovereign, but the child or wife of one of his most devoted subjects. I do myself the honour to submit to your Highness that, during the whole day, the Emperor has refused to allow any troops to enter the suburbs, and merely had the gates occupied, and sent patrols round for the purpose of maintaining good order. But if your Highness persists in attempting to defend the place, his Majesty will be compelled to make his preparations for an attack, and the ruin of the capital will be accomplished in thirty-six hours by the howitzers and bombs of our batteries, at the same time that the exterior town must likewise be destroyed by the fire from your own batteries. His Majesty is persuaded that these considerations will have their influence, and induce your Highness to renounce an attempt which could only delay for a few moments the taking of the city.

"I beg to be made acquainted with your Highness's final resolution.

(Signed)

"BERTHIER."

But the fire of the ramparts redoubled at the arrival of the deputies, and many of them were slain by their fellow-citizens. Napoleon's patience was now exhausted. Still he humanely resolved to spare the unfortunate faubourgs as much as possible. There are few conquerors who, under such circumstances, would not have availed themselves of the houses of their enemies. Accompanied by Massena, he rode around the southern portion of the fortifications of the city, and selected a place for the erection of his batteries where the answering fire from the ramparts would endanger only very thinly-scattered dwellings. Upon this spot he constructed very formidable batteries; and at nine o'clock in the evening, when all the awful enginery of war was ranged to rain down a horrible tempest upon the city, he sent another summons. The only answer was a continued discharge of cannon-balls.

The terrible cannonade then commenced ten hours the storm of destruction

Three thousand

sky was

VIENNA OCCUPIED BY THE FRENCH.

filled with these terrible meteors, curving in paths of fire through the air, and, by their continuous explosion, deafening the ear with unintermitted thunders. Flames were bursting forth from all parts of the metropolis, and immense volumes of black smoke, as if ejected from a volcano, blended with the portentous glare. In the midst of this awful scene of unimaginable horror, when the heavens seemed rent by the explosions of artillery, and the crash of fallen buildings, and the shrieks of the wounded, and the wild cry of two hundred thousand combatants, and when the wasting conflagration illumined the whole arena as with the lurid blaze of infernal fires, the gates of the city were thrown open, and a flag of truce emerged upon the plain. The flag was conducted to the head-quarters of the Emperor. It informed him that in the imperial palace, directly opposite the French batteries, a young princess, daughter of the Emperor Francis, lay sick. Upon the approach of Napoleon, the royal family had fled. They were under the cruel necessity of leaving their sick child behind them.

Napoleon immediately ordered the direction of all the pieces which could endanger the helpless maiden to be changed. This young princess, thus strangely rescued from the carnage of war, became subsequently the bride of Napoleon. Eloquently has Alison said, "It was by the thunders of artillery and the flaming light of bombs across the sky that Napoleon's first addresses to the Archduchess Maria Louisa were made. While the midnight sky was incessantly streaked with burning projectiles, and conflagration was commencing in every direction around her, the future Empress of France remained secure and unharmed in the imperial palace. Strange result of those days, not less of royal than of national revolution, that a daughter of the Cæsars should be wooed and won by a soldier of fortune from Corsica; that French arms should be exerted to place an Austrian Princess on the throne of Charlemagne; that the leader of a victorious invading host should demand her for his bride; and that the first accents of tenderness should be from the deep booming of the mortars, which, but for his interposition, would have consigned her father's palace to destruction!"

The Archduke Maximilian, intimidated by the flames which were enveloping the city, and alarmed at the prospect of being made a prisoner, hastily retreated across the Danube by the great bridge of Thabor, which he blew up behind him. A subordinate was left in the city, who immediately requested a cessation of hostilities, and proposed to capitulate. Napoleon exacted no harsh terms. All the public stores, including the magnificent arsenal, containing four hundred pieces of cannon and immense military supplies, were surrendered. To all private property and to each person he guaranteed perfect security. In one month after Napoleon left the Tuileries, he entered in triumph the gates of Vienna. From the palace of the Emperor Francis he issued the following proclamation to his troops:—

"In a month after the enemy passed the Inn, on the same day, at the same hour, we entered Vienna. Their militia, their levies *en masse*, their ramparts, created by the impotent rage of the house of Lorraine, have fallen at the first sight of you. The princes of that house have abandoned their capital, not like soldiers of honour, who yield to circumstances and the reverses of war, but as perjurers haunted by the sense of their own crimes. In flying from Vienna, their adieu to its inhabitants have been murder and conflagration. Like Medea, they have, with their own hands, massacred their own offspring.

"Soldiers! The people of Vienna, according to the expression of a deputation of the suburbs, abandoned, widowed, shall be the objects of your regards. I take its good citizens under my especial protection. As to the turbulent and the wicked, they shall meet with exemplary justice. Soldiers! Be kind to the poor peasants; to those worthy people who have so many claims upon your esteem. Let us not manifest any pride at our success. Let us see in it but a proof of that Divine justice which punishes the ungrateful and the perjured."

General Andreossi was appointed governor of Vienna. He had been Napoleon's ambassador to Austria, and was highly respected by the inhabitants of the capital. Napoleon, by his appointment, wished to indicate to the Viennese his friendly feelings. He took the utmost pains to mitigate the bitterness of their humiliation. Instead of employing his own troops to maintain order in the city, he raised a burgher force of 6,000 Austrians, 1,500 of whom mounted guard every day. Provisions becoming scarce in consequence of the presence of such a vast number of men, he ordered herds of cattle and large quantities of grain to be brought from Hungary, that the citizens might be saved from paying an extravagant price for food. He furnished labour for the lower classes, paying them reasonable wages—often employing them in works to embellish the capital of his perfidious enemy, "that their bread," says Thiers, "might not be too bitter."

Napoleon, though thus victorious, was nevertheless in a situation extremely critical. The Austrian forces still outnumbered his own, three to one. All the energies of England, Austria, and Spain were combined against him. Let the reader for a moment contemplate the terrific and wide-spread conflict in the midst of which Napoleon was now struggling. He had liberated a portion of dismembered Poland from the despotism of Prussia, and placed it under the protection of the kingdom of Saxony, with Warsaw for its capital. The Archduke Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor Francis, with an army of 40,000 men, was ravaging the territory of this grateful ally of France. Alexander had tardily sent a small army into Saxony, professedly to aid Napoleon. After a signal defeat of the Saxon troops by the Austrians, an Austrian courier was taken prisoner. There was found in his possession a

letter from the commander of the Russian forces, addressed to the Archduke Ferdinand.

Intuiting him upon his victory, and expressing the hope that very soon the Russian army would be permitted to co-operate with the Austrians against the French. Napoleon immediately sent the letter to Alexander, without note or comment. The Czar, embarrassed by the known wishes of the Queen-Mother and of the nobles, received the letter in silence, and merely recalled the indiscreet officer.

Napoleon, though he lost no time in unavailing regrets, was much disappointed. He fully understood the peculiar difficulties which surrounded the Czar, and was conscious that his inefficient alliance might at any moment be turned into active hostility. Indeed, Alexander, finding all Europe rising against the republican monarch, and annoyed by the incessant reproaches of his mother and the nobles, began himself to regret the uncongenial alliance of the great champion of despotism with the great champion of popular rights. The extraordinary personal ascendancy alone of Napoleon had detached the Czar from that coalition to which he naturally belonged.

As Napoleon was one day riding along, with Savary by his side, after an interval of silence, in which he seemed to have been lost in thought, he said—

"It appears that Alexander is marching an army of 50,000 men into Poland to support me. This is something, though I certainly expected more."

Savary replied, "It is but little that Russia is doing. The Austrians will hardly suspend their operations at the approach of 50,000 men. If Alexander does not furnish a greater force, it is my opinion that his army will not act at all. I should not wonder if it turned out to be a premeditated arrangement. Such co-operation as this is truly ridiculous when we consider that Alexander, in alliance with Austria, brought 200,000 men against us."

Therefore," replied Napoleon, calmly but very seriously, "I must rely upon my own strength, and not upon their assistance."

Again he said to Savary, upon the same subject, "I was perfectly in the right not to trust to such allies. What worse could have happened if I had not made peace with the Russians? What have I gained by their alliance? It is more than probable that they would have declared openly against me if a remnant of regard to the faith of treaties had not prevented them. We must not deceive ourselves; they have all fixed a rendezvous on my tomb, but they have not courage openly to set out thither. It is plain that I can no longer reckon on an alliance in that quarter. Perhaps he thinks that he does me a great favour by not declaring war. Had I, however, entertained any doubt on that subject before engaging in the affairs of Spain, I should have cared very little for the part which he took. And yet, after all, they will probably say that I am wanting to my engagements, and cannot remain at peace."

Prussia, by the treaty of Tilsit, was solemnly bound not to draw the sword against Napoleon. But the Prussian cabinet, restless under the humiliation which had befallen their arms, were eager to renew the war. Russia, Prussia, and Austria were accomplices in the infamous dismemberment of Poland. They, consequently, were bound together by the sympathies of co-partnership in this most atrocious of political crimes. Innumerable conspiracies were formed to rouse the nation to arms. At last Col. Schill, an enthusiastic officer in the Prussian army, marched boldly from Berlin, at the head of the whole cavalry of the garrison, and raised the standard of war against France. He everywhere proclaimed that the King of Prussia, with all his forces, was about to join the Allies. The national pride was aroused, and multitudes flocked to his banners.

The Tyrol, an ancient possession of the house of Austria, had been, by the treaty of Presburg, annexed to Bavaria. In no other part of Europe did the priests and the monks hold so boundless a sway as with the superstitious peasantry of those wild mountain ravines. Napoleon had induced the King of Bavaria to avoid all invidious religious distinctions. Although the Roman Catholic was still the established religion, the Protestants were allowed the free exercise of their mode of worship, and were equally admissible with Catholics to all civil offices. In Prussia, which was a Protestant country, Napoleon exerted the same influence in behalf of the Catholics; and, notwithstanding the inveterate prejudices of the times, wherever he had power, he granted entire relief to the Jews.

He was ever true to his favourite principle of removing from the Continent of Europe all restraints on religious opinions, and of granting perfect liberty of conscience. This often armed against him all the energies of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The conspiracy in the Tyrol, fomented by emissaries from Austria, was wide-spread. At the preconcerted signal, when the Austrians were crossing the Inn, beacon-fires blazed from almost every crag in the Tyrol, and the convent bells in every valley tolled the tocsin of popular insurrection. The benighted populace, stimulated by religious fanaticism, were ready to fight against their own deliverer and against their own rights. The Bavarian government had failed to conciliate the Tyrolese, by neglecting to carry out in full the enlarged and humane policy of Napoleon.

"The Bavarians," said Napoleon, "did not know how to govern the Tyrolese. They were unworthy to rule that noble country."

The war which ensued was shocking in its barbarity. It is a remarkable fact, that, in all these wars, no troops were so ferocious as those guided by the Romish priests. In four days all the French and Bavarian troops were swept away by the torrent of a general insurrection.

At the same time England was secretly fitting out an expedition to enter the Scheldt, to attack

Antwerp, the great naval arsenal of France. Its garrison, consisting of but two thousand invalid soldiers, was quite unequal to the defence of the extensive works of this important maritime depot. Napoleon, with all his energies absorbed by the war in Spain and on the Danube, could send no considerable force for its relief. The British armament consisted of one hundred and seventy-five vessels of war, besides innumerable transports, and conveyed, in soldiers and sailors, an army of one hundred thousand combatants. It was considered the largest and best-equipped expedition which had put to sea in modern times. The effect of the conquest of Antwerp would have been immense. "It would destroy at once," says Alison, "the principal naval resources and fleets of the enemy; animate all the north of Germany by the prospect of a powerful army having gained a footing on their own shores; and intercept, by pressing dangers at home, a large portion of the reinforcements destined for the Grand Army." The expedition was intrusted to Lord Chatham, son of the illustrious statesman, and brother of William Pitt.⁴⁴

In Italy, the Archduke John, with 80,000 Austrians, was driving before him Prince Eugène, who could oppose to him but 50,000 troops. Eugene had imprudently hazarded a battle, and was signally defeated.

His discomfiture had been so entire, that he feared to announce the facts to Napoleon. He wrote to him, "My father, I need your indulgence. Fearing your censure if I retreated, I accepted the offer of battle, and have lost it." Napoleon was much embarrassed. He knew not how great the losses were, nor what danger might consequently menace him from his right flank. Displeased with Eugène, not for his defeat, but for withholding information, he wrote:—

"You have been beaten. Be it so. I ought to have known how it would be when I named as general a young man without experience. As for your losses, I will send you wherewith to repair them. The advantages gained by the enemy I shall know how to neutralize. But to do this I must be in possession of every particular; and I know nothing! I am compelled to seek in foreign bulletins for the facts of which you ought to inform me. I am doing that which I have never before done, and which must, of all things, be most repugnant to a prudent general; I am marching with my wings in the

air, unconscious of what is passing on my flanks. Fortunately, I can brave all risks, thanks to the blows I have struck, but it is miserable to be kept in such a state of ignorance. War is a serious game, in which are staked one's reputation, one's troops, and one's country. A man should reason and examine himself, in order to learn whether or not he is fitted by nature for the art.

"I know that in Italy you affect to despise Massena. If I had sent him this would not have occurred. Massena possesses military talents before which you all should bow; and if he has faults, they must be forgotten, for every man has some. In confiding to you my army of Italy, I have committed an error. I should have sent Massena, and have given you command of the cavalry under his orders. The Prince Royal of Bavaria admirably commands a division under the Duke of Dantzic. I think that, if circumstances become urgent, you should write to the King of Naples [Murat] to join the army. You will give up the command to him, and put yourself under his orders. It is a matter of course that you should have less experience in war than a man whose occupation it has been for eighteen years."

Such were the disasters which were accumulating around Napoleon even in the hour of victory; so numerous and so unrelenting were the foes against whom he was heroically struggling.

While at Vienna a little incident occurred which develops the native nobleness of character which all must recognise and admire. One of the chief surgeons of the army was lodged in the suburbs of the city, at the house of an aged canoness. The surgeon, having one day taken too much wine, wrote her an impertinent letter. She immediately appealed to General Androssi for protection, sending to him the letter. He forwarded her letter, and also the one she had received from the surgeon, to the Emperor. Napoleon immediately sent an order for the surgeon to appear on parade the following morning. At the appointed hour, Napoleon rapidly descended the steps of his palace, with a countenance expressive of deep indignation, and, without speaking to any one, advanced towards the ranks, holding the letters in his hand.

"Let M—— come forward," he exclaimed. As the surgeon approached, the Emperor extended the letter towards him, and said, in indignant tones, "Did you write this infamous letter?"

"Pardon, sire," the overwhelmed surgeon exclaimed; "I was intoxicated at the time, and did not know what I did."

"Miserable man," exclaimed Napoleon, "to outrage a canoness worthy of respect, and bowed down with the calamities of war. I do not admit your excuse. I degrade you from the Legion of Honour. You are unworthy to bear that venerated symbol. General Dersonne, see that this order is executed. Insult an aged woman!

⁴⁴ "The exertions of England at the same period," says Sir Walter Scott, "were of a nature and upon a scale to surprise the world. It seemed as if her flag literally overshadowed the whole seas on the coasts of Italy, Spain, the Ionian Islands, the Baltic Sea. Wherever there was the least show of resistance to the yoke of Bonaparte, the assistance of the English was appealed to, and was readily afforded. The general principle was indeed adopted that the expeditions of Britain should be directed where they could do the cause of Europe the most benefit, and the interests of Napoleon the greatest harm. But still there remained a lurking wish that they could be so directed as, at the same time, to acquire some peculiar and separate advantage to England, and to secure what was called a British object."

I respect an armed woman as if she were my mother."

The news of Napoleon's astonishing triumph at Eckmühl, and of his resistless march to Vienna, spread rapidly through Europe. It animated the friends of Napoleon, and sent dismay to the hearts of his enemies. Schill was pursued, and his army entirely put to the rout. The Archduke Ferdinand, who was ravaging Saxony, and who had captured Warsaw, was compelled to retreat precipitately, to lend aid to the Archduke Charles. The Austrians were unable to send any succour to the Tyrolese, and the sanguinary insurrection was soon put down. In Italy, Eugène was retreating before the forces of the triumphant Archduke John. At last, almost in despair, he resolved to try the issue of another battle. He concentrated his army near Verona. The Austrians, flushed with success, and far outnumbering the army of the Viceroy, came rushing over the hills, sure of an easy victory.

Suddenly there was heard in the distance a tremendous cannonading. Neither party knew the cause. The Austrians, however, were confident that it was a division of the Austrian army commencing the attack. The Italians feared that it was so. But soon the tidings were brought to Eugène that the cannonading they heard was the rejoicing in Verona over a great victory of Napoleon—that he had scattered the Austrian army to the winds at Eckmühl, and was marching victoriously upon Vienna. At the same moment, a courier arrived at the headquarters of the Archduke John, and informed him of the disasters which the Austrian arms had met upon the Danube. He was ordered to return with the utmost possible speed to Vienna, to protect the capital. The Austrians were in dismay. A spontaneous shout of joy burst from the lips of the Italians. Eugène and one of his officers rode to a neighbouring eminence, which commanded an extensive view of the region occupied by the hostile armies. Far off in the distant horizon they saw a long line of military waggons advancing towards the north. Eugène grasped the hand of his officer, exclaiming, "The Austrians have commenced their retreat." Immediately his own army was put in motion to pursue the retreating foe.

Thus, while the legions of Napoleon were thundering down the valley of the Danube, sweeping all resistance before them, the Archduke Charles, having recruited his forces in Bohemia, was hurrying to the capital down the left banks of the river. The Archduke Ferdinand, abandoning Poland, was rushing from the north with a victorious army for the protection of the capital. The Austrian forces in the Tyrol, and the proud army of the Archduke John in Italy, were also hastening, by forced marches, to meet that audacious foe who had dared to throw himself, with such apparent recklessness, into the midst of his multitudinous enemies. Thus Napoleon, the victor, was deemed by Europe irretrievably ruined. He was march-

ing boldly upon Vienna, while five hundred thousand armed men, from every quarter of the compass, were rushing to meet him there. It was not thought possible that he could extricate himself from the assaults of such countless hosts. Even Paris was panic-stricken in view of his peril, and the Royalists fomented new plots for the restoration of the Bourbons.⁴²

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ISLAND OF

Preparations of the Emperor—Festling and Aspern—Rising of the Danube—Loss of the bridge—Death of Lannes—The French retreat to Lobau—Lofly character of Napoleon—Council of War—New bridge, and the manner of its construction—Narrow escape of the Emperor and Oudinot.

now in Vienna nearly 90,000 men. The Archduke Charles, having recruited his forces in Bohemia, had marched down the left bank of the Danube, and was intrenched opposite the metropolis with an army 100,000 strong. From all parts of the widely-extended dominions of Austria powerful divisions were rapidly marching to join him. The Danube, opposite Vienna, is a majestic stream, one thousand yards in width. The river was swollen by the melting of the snow among the mountains. How could it be possible to transport an army across such a flood, with such formidable hosts on the opposite banks, prepared with all the tremendous enginery of war to dispute the passage? This was the great problem for Napoleon to solve.

A short distance below Vienna the Danube expanded into a bay, interspersed with many islands, where the water was more shallow, and the current less rapid. One of these islands, that of Lobau, divided the river into two branches. It was situated six miles below Vienna, and was about four and a half miles long and three miles wide. The two channels which separated Lobau from the banks of the

⁴² Napoleon was now contending against the seventh coalition which had been formed against Republican France. The first coalition against France was concluded between Austria and Prussia, to check the progress of the French Revolution, February 7th, 1792. The second coalition was that of 1793, in which Germany declared war against Republican France, and was joined by Portugal, Naples, Tuscany, and the Pope. The third coalition was formed at St. Petersburg between England, Russia, and Austria, the 28th of September, 1795. Napoleon was then just emerging into manhood. He drove the English from Toulon; repelled the invading Austrians, and shattered the coalition by the tremendous blows he struck in the first Italian campaign. England, from her inaccessible island, continued the war, and organised a fourth coalition against France with Russia, Austria, Naples, and Turkey, December 28th, 1798. The ties of this coalition Napoleon severed with his sword at Marengo. Peace soon smiled upon Europe. Napoleon was hailed as the great pacificator. Hardly had one short year passed ere England again declared war, and formed the fifth coalition, the 18th of April, 1803, between England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. At Ulm and Austerlitz, Napoleon again repulsed, and again compelled them to

river were of very unequal width. One or two small creeks, which in time of inundation were swollen into torrents, ran through the island.

To reach the island from the right bank of the river, where Napoleon's troops were encamped, it was necessary to cross an arm of water about 960 yards wide. Having arrived upon the island, and traversed it, there was another narrow channel to be crossed, but about one hundred and eighty feet in width, which separated it from the main land. Though the swollen torrent poured impetuously through these channels, it was not very difficult to throw a bridge from the right bank to the island, since the island, wide and overgrown with forest, afforded protection, not only from the balls, but also from the view, of the enemy. The bridge, however, from the island to the left bank of the river, was to be constructed while the works were exposed to the batteries of the Austrians.

For these important operations a large number of boats was needed, and many thousand planks, and powerful cables. But the Austrians had destroyed most of the boats, and, though there was an abundance of wood, ropes were very scarce. It was impossible to drive piles for fastening the boats, since it would occupy too much time, and would attract the attention of the enemy. No heavy anchors, to moor the boats, could be obtained in Vienna, as they were not used in that part of the Danube. By great efforts, Napoleon succeeded in obtaining about ninety boats, some of which he raised from the river, where the Austrians had sunk them, and others were brought from a distance. A substitute for anchors was found by sinking heavy cannon, and chests filled with cannon-balls. These were all carefully arranged, so that, at the last moment, there should be nothing to do but to throw them into the river.

At ten o'clock at night, on the 19th of May, the operation of passing to the island of Lobau commenced. With such secrecy had all the preparations been conducted, that the Austrians anticipated no danger from that quarter. Con-

cealed by the darkness, the first boat pulled off from the shore, at some distance above the contemplated spot for the bridge, and, steering around the intermediate islands, landed upon Lobau. The services of the sailors, whom Napoleon had brought from Boulogne, were now found to be of inestimable value. Seventy large boats were immediately brought into place to support the planks for a floating bridge. This was a work of great difficulty, as the impetuous torrent swept them continually down the stream. The boats, however, were finally moored, and a spacious wooden bridge extended across the channel.

Along this single pass the French army began to defile. A few Austrian troops occupied the island, but they were speedily dispersed. The divisions which first crossed the bridge promptly erected batteries to sweep the opposite shores. By means of pontoons, the well-trained engineers, in a few hours, constructed a bridge across the narrow channel which separated the island from the left bank of the river. With so much energy were these works executed, that, by noon of the next day, the bridges were completed, and a road cut across the island. During the afternoon and the whole of the succeeding night the troops defiled without intermission. The solicitude of the Emperor was so great, that he stationed himself at the point of passage, minutely examining everything, superintending all the movements, and addressing a word of encouragement to almost every individual man.

For such a host to cross so narrow a pass, with horse, artillery, ammunition, and baggage-waggons, was a long and tedious operation. The earliest dawn of the 21st found, however, twenty thousand men drawn up in battle array upon the northern banks of the Danube. Still, not one-half of the army had passed, and Napoleon's position was full of peril. The Archduke Charles, with an army 100,000 strong, was but a few miles distant. The danger was imminent that the enemy, in overwhelming numbers, might fall upon these divisions and cut them in pieces before others could come to their rescue. Recent rains were causing an appalling rise of the water. In the middle of the afternoon, several of the boats composing the great bridge were swept away by the current. A division of cavalry, which was at the time crossing, was cut in two, one part drifting to the island, and the other part being left upon the opposite bank. During the night the bridge was repaired and the passage resumed.

The troops which had crossed the Danube took possession of the villages of Aspern and Essling, situated about a mile from each other, on the edge of the great plain of Marshfeld. Napoleon, surrounded by his guard, bivouacked in front of the forest which skirted the river between the two villages. Several officers were sent out during the night to reconnoitre. The whole northern horizon was illumined by the fires of the Austrian army, which was encamped upon the heights of Bisamberg. About noon of the next day, Napoleon, from the steeples of

the scabbard before it was again drawn and fiercely brandished, as England, Russia, Prussia, Saxony, and other minor Powers formed a sixth coalition, and marched upon France. Napoleon met them at Jena and Austerlitz, at Eylau and Friedland, and disciplined them again into good behaviour. The peace of Tilsit was signed the 9th of July, 1807. Not two years had passed before England had organised a seventh coalition with the insurgents of Spain and Portugal, and with Austria. On the bloodstained field of Wagram, Napoleon detached Austria from this alliance. The peace of Vienna was signed October 14th, 1809. Then came the last great combination of nearly all the monarchs of Europe. England, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Naples, Denmark, and various minor princes, with more than a million of bayonets, rushed upon exhausted France. Napoleon, overpowered by numbers, yet struggling heroically to the last, fell, and the chains of feudal despotism were riveted anew upon Europe. The wrong which England has inflicted upon humanity by organising and heading these coalitions of despotism she never can repair. As Napoleon thus saw coalition after coalition organised against him, he one day said sadly, "We shall have to fight till we are eighty years of age."—*Encyclopædia Americana* (Article "Coalition").

Essling, discerned with his telescope a cloud of dust in the distance. At intervals the wind would sweep the dust away, and the glitter of helmets and bayonets glanced in the sun's rays. It was the army of the Archduke marching down in proud array upon the plain of Marshfield. Instead of being alarmed, Napoleon expressed his satisfaction, saying, "We shall now have once more the opportunity of beating the Austrian army, and of having done with it."

Just then the tidings came that there was a fresh rupture of the great bridge, caused by the hourly increasing flood, and that all the moorings were giving way to the force of the current. This was indeed appalling news. But twenty-three thousand men had crossed. They were but poorly supplied with artillery and ammunition. Nearly one hundred thousand men, in five heavy columns, were marching down upon them. While Napoleon was hesitating whether to retreat back to the island of Lobau, or to give battle behind the stone houses of Essling and Aspern, word was brought that the bridge was repaired, and that the ammunition-waggons were rapidly crossing. About three o'clock in the afternoon the conflict began, and three hundred pieces of Austrian artillery thundered upon the little band. Thirty-six thousand men came rushing upon Aspern. Seven thousand Frenchmen defended it. For five hours the desperate conflict raged unabated, and the Austrians and the French, alternately victors and vanquished, in horrid tumult swept up and down the long street of the village. More than half of the French were now either killed or wounded. At that moment Massena appeared at the head of a fresh division which had just crossed the bridge, and drove the Austrians again from Aspern.

While this terrific strife was going on, a similar one, with similar inequality of numbers, took place at Essling, which Lannes defended with his heroic and invincible obstinacy. Both villages were now but heaps of smouldering ruins, in the midst of which the combatants were still furiously fighting. At the same time, a desperate battle was raging between the cavalry of the two armies, in equally disproportionate force, upon the plain of Marshfield.

Napoleon was confident that, could he but sustain his position until 20,000 more men had crossed the bridge, he should have nothing to fear. Aware that the salvation of the army depended upon the issues of those dreadful hours, he was everywhere present, entirely exposed to the fire of the infantry and artillery, which was covering the ground with the dying and the dead. The waters of the Danube were still rising. The flood swept with fearful velocity against the frail bridges, threatening every moment to tear them away. To break down these structures, the Austrians sent adrift large boats loaded with stones, and mills, which were loosed by the unwonted flood, and which they set on fire. These large buildings, filled with combustibles and with explosive engines, were hurled by the torrent against the bridge

making frequent breaches. At times, the enormous load of men and artillery-waggons sank the boats, so that the soldiers were compelled to wade over the submerged planks. The sailors struck out in boats to tow the floating masses to the shore, fearlessly encountering in this service a storm of bullets and grape-shot which swept the water.

Darkness at length put an end to the bloody conflict. But the flashes of ten thousand bivouac fires, and of the floating masses blazing upon the river, illumined the scene, far and wide, with portentous light. The dead were left unburied. The surgeons were busy with knife and saw, sutting from the wounded their mangled limbs. The shrieks of the sufferers pierced the midnight air, but did not disturb the slumbers of the veteran soldiers, who slept soundly in the midst of smouldering ruins and upon the bloodstained sod. Napoleon sought no repose. All the night long he was urging the passage of the troops and of ammunition. The elements seemed to conspire against him. The flood rose seven additional feet during the day, making the enormous rise of fourteen feet above the usual level of the river.

Notwithstanding the herculean exertions of the sailors, who vied with each other, under the eye of their Emperor, to protect the bridges, frequent breaches were made, and the passage was as often interrupted. Yet, during the night, nearly 30,000 men had passed; and when the next morning dawned, Napoleon had about 60,000 men in order of battle. With these, and with the fresh troops continually crossing, he had no fear of the 100,000 whom the Archduke Charles could bring against him. Still but 144 pieces of artillery had crossed, while the Austrians had 300 pieces. But a small supply of ammunition had as yet been conveyed over. The first dawn of the morning renewed the battle. Both parties fought with the utmost desperation. Massena was directed to defend Aspern. To General Baudet was assigned the task of holding Essling. The impetuous Lannes, animated by the most enthusiastic love of the Emperor, placed himself at the head of 20,000 infantry and 6,000 horse, and with resistless vigour charged the centre of the enemy's line. Napoleon stood upon an eminence calmly regarding the awful spectacle. The movements he had ordered were perfectly successful. Both of his wings retained their position. The central charge swept everything before it. The Austrians were driven back in confusion. The heroic Archduke Charles, appalled at the approaching catastrophe, seized a flag, and, placing himself at the head of a column, in the midst of the fire, attempted to stem the torrent. It was all in vain. The Austrians were defeated, and were driven tumultuously back over the plain. Shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" rang like thunder above the clangour of battle.

At that critical moment the disaster was brought to Napoleon that at last the flood had swept the great bridge completely

away. A column of cuirassiers who were on it at the time were severed in two, and were carried with the boats down the stream—some to the right, others to the left. The ammunition of the army was nearly exhausted. A large number of ammunition-waggons, which were just upon the point of being passed over, were left upon the other side. More appalling tidings could hardly have been communicated to mortal ears. The resistless torrent of the Danube had split the French army in two. The Emperor, with but one-half of his troops, and without ammunition, was left on one side of the river, with an army of 100,000 Austrians before him.

Still Napoleon did not indicate, by the slightest gesture, that he felt any alarm. His wonderfully-trained spirit received the intelligence with perfect composure, as if it were merely one of the ordinary casualties of war. He immediately despatched an *aid-de-camp* to Lannes, directing him to suspend his movements, to spare his ammunition, and to fall back so gradually as not to embolden the enemy. With almost insupportable grief, Lannes found himself thus suddenly arrested in the midst of victory. The Austrians now heard of the destruction of the bridge, and in the slackened fire and the sudden hesitation of their victors they interpreted the defenceless state of the French. A shout of exultation burst from the lips of the vanquished, and the pursued became pursuers. Slowly, sullenly, and with lion-like obstinacy the division of Lannes retraced their steps across the plain of Marshfeld. Two hundred pieces of artillery ploughed their ranks. Incessant charges of cavalry broke their serried squares. The ranks, continually thinned by the missiles of death, closed up, and, reserving their fire, that every shot might tell, retired in as perfect order as if on a field of parade.

Just at that moment a fresh disaster came, by which the Emperor was for a moment entirely unmanned. Lannes was struck by a cannon-ball, which carried away both of his legs. Napoleon had but just heard this heartrending intelligence, when he saw the litter approaching bearing the heroic marshal extended in the agonies of death. Forgetting everything in that overwhelming grief, the Emperor rushed to the litter, threw himself upon his knees before it, and, with his eyes flooded with tears, clasped the hand of Lannes, and exclaimed—

"Lannes! do you know me? It is the Emperor. It is Bonaparte. It is your friend. Lannes! you will yet be preserved to us."

The dying warrior languidly raised his eyes to the Emperor, and, pressing his hand, said, "I wish to live to serve you and my country, but in an hour you will have lost your most faithful companion in arms and your best friend. May you live and save the army."

Napoleon was quite overcome with emotion. To Massena he said, "Nothing but so terrible a stroke could have withdrawn me for a moment from the care of the army." But there was no time to indulge in grief in the midst of the

thunders of the battle, the shock of rushing squadrons, and the unintermitted carnage. Napoleon silently pressed the hand of his dying friend, and turned again to the stern duties of the hour.

To Josephine he wrote: "The loss of the Duke of Montebello, who died this morning, deeply affects me. Thus all things end. Adieu, my love. If you can contribute to the consolation of the poor marchioness, do it." Subsequently, Napoleon paid the highest tribute in his power to the memory of his friend, by appointing the widowed Duchess of Montebello a lady of honour to the Empress.

After the amputation of both limbs, Lannes lingered for a few days and died. "He would hear," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "of none but me. Undoubtedly he loved his wife and children better, yet he spoke not of them. He was their protector, I his. I was to him something vague and undefined, a superior being, a providence whom he implored. He was a man on whom I could implicitly rely. Sometimes, from the impetuosity of his disposition, he suffered a hasty expression against me to escape him, but he would have blown out the brains of any one who would have ventured to repeat it. Originally, his physical courage predominated over his judgment, but the latter was every day improving; and, at the period of his death, he had reached the highest point of his profession, and was a most able commander. I found him a dwarf, but I lost him a giant. Had he lived to witness our reverses, it would have been impossible for him to have swerved from the path of duty and honour; and he was capable, by his own weight and influence, of changing the whole aspect of affairs."

Massena, in the midst of a scene of horrible slaughter, still held Aspern. The Archduke directed an overwhelming force upon Essling. The salvation of the French army depended upon retaining that post. Napoleon sent to the aid of the exhausted division struggling there, in the midst of blood, smoke, and flame, the fusiliers of his guard, as perfect a body of soldiers as military discipline could create. To their commander Napoleon said—

"Brave Mouton, make one more effort to save the army. Let it be decisive; for after these fusiliers I have nothing left but the grenadiers and chasseurs of the Old Guard, a last resource, to be expended only in case of disaster."

Five times had the Austrian columns been hurled upon Essling. Five times had they been driven back by the indomitable defenders. The French were fighting one against four, and were rapidly falling before their assailants, when General Rapp and General Mouton, heading two divisions of the fusiliers, came to their rescue. They saw the desperate state of affairs, and, grasping each other's hands in token of a death-defying support, rushed headlong, with fixed bayonets, through a tempest of balls and shells of grape and bullets, upon the Austrians, swept them from the village. A

the island of Lobau poured a raking fire of grape on the exposed army, and Essling was again

The conflict now raged, almost without interruption, for thirty hours. Fifty thousand mangled bodies, the dead and the dying, were spread over the plain. During the whole day Napoleon had been exposed to every peril, and had been deaf to all intreaties to shelter a life on which the safety of all depended. In the midst of the action, General Walther, appalled by the danger which threatened the Emperor, as bullets swept away the officers and the privates who were near him, exclaimed, "Retire, sire, or I will order my grenadiers forcibly to remove you."

The evening twilight was now approaching. Napoleon decided to retreat during the night into the island of Lobau. So long as the two posts of Aspern and Essling were secure, the retreat of the army was insured. The Austrians still kept up a tremendous cannonading, to which the French could make no reply. Napoleon sent to Massena to inquire if he could still hold Aspern. The staff-officer found the indomitable general, harassed with fatigue, blackened with smoke, and with bloodshot eyes, seated upon a heap of smoking ruins, with the mutilated bodies of the dead strewn all around him. In emphatic tones, characteristic of his iron will, he replied, "Go, tell the Emperor that I will hold out two hours—six—twenty-four—so long as it is necessary for the safety of the army."

Satisfied upon this point, Napoleon crossed the bridge to the island, to select a site for the encampment of his troops. The spectacle which the banks of the river presented was indeed heartrending. He pressed along through the wounded and the dying, painfully affected by their piteous moans which filled his ear. After exploring the island on horseback in all directions, he satisfied himself that the army could find in it an intrenched camp which would be unassailable, and where it might take shelter for a few days, until the great bridge could be repaired.

It was now night. Heavy clouds darkened the sky, and a cold and dismal rain drenched the exhausted armies. Napoleon crossed the island and looked out upon the wild and surging flood which had swept away his bridge, and which seemed hopelessly to separate him from one-half of his troops. He immediately convened his general officers in a council of war. It was not, however, his object to ask advice, but to give it, and thus to infuse his own undying energy into the spirit of the desponding. He sat down, in the darkness and the rain, under a tree, upon the banks of the black and rushing flood, and waited for Massena, Davoust, Bessières, and Berthier to join him. The flame of a camp-fire illumined the sombre scene. "Let the reader," says Savary, who was present on this occasion, "picture to himself the Emperor, sitting between Massena and Berthier, on the banks of the Danube, with the bridge in front, of which there scarcely remained a vestige. Marshal Davoust's corps on the

other side of the broad river, and behind, on the island of Lobau, the whole army, separated from the enemy by a mere arm of the Danube, and deprived of all means of extricating itself from this position, and he will admit that the lofty and powerful mind of the Emperor could alone be proof against discouragement."

The Emperor was perfectly calm and confident, displaying as much of fortitude in the endurance of disaster as he had exhibited of heroism in braving death. Some of his generals were entirely disheartened, and proposed an immediate retreat across the island of Lobau, and then, by means of boats, across the broad arm of the Danube to the opposite shore, where they could be joined by the rest of the army, and could defend themselves in Vienna. Napoleon listened patiently to all the arguments, and then said—

"The day has been a severe one, but it cannot be considered a defeat, since we remain masters of the field of battle. It is doing wonders to retire safe after such a conflict, with a large river at our back and our bridges destroyed. Our loss in killed and wounded is great, but that of the enemy must be a third greater. It may therefore be assumed that the Austrians will be quiet for a time, and leave us at leisure to wait the arrival of the army of Italy, which is approaching victoriously through Styria; to bring back to the ranks three-fourths of the wounded; to receive numerous reinforcements, which are on the march from France; to build substantial bridges over the Danube, which will make the passage of the river an ordinary operation. When the wounded shall have returned to the ranks, it will be but ten thousand men less on our side, to be set off against fifteen thousand on the adversary's. The campaign will be merely prolonged two months. When fifteen hundred miles from Paris, maintaining war in the heart of a conquered monarchy, in its very capital, there is nothing in an accident to astound men of courage. Indeed, in what has happened, we must consider ourselves very fortunate, if we take into account the difficulties of the enterprise, which were no less than crossing, in the teeth of a hostile army, the largest river in Europe, to go and give battle beyond it. We have no cause for discouragement. It is necessary to cross the small arm of the Danube into the island of Lobau, there to wait for the subsidence of the waters, and the reconstruction of the bridge over the large branch. This retreat can be performed during the night without losing a single man, a single horse, a single cannon, and, more than all without losing honour.

"But there is another retrograde movement both dishonouring and disastrous. It is to repress not only the small, but the great arm of the Danube, scrambling over the latter as we can, with boats which can carry only sound men, without one cannon one horse, one wounded man, and abandoning the island of Lobau, which is a precious conquest, and which offers the true ground for ultimately effecting the passage. If we do this, instead of retiring with 60,000

which we numbered at our departure, we shall go back with 40,000 men, without artillery or horses, leaving behind us 10,000 of the wounded, who, in a month, might be capable of service. Under such circumstances, we should do well not to show ourselves to the Viennese. They would overwhelm their vanquishers with scorn, and would soon summon the Archduke Charles to expel us from a capital where we should no longer be worthy to remain. And in that case, it is not a retreat to Vienna, but to Strasburg, for which we are to prepare. Prince Eugène, now on his march to Vienna, would find the enemy there instead of the French, and would perish in the trap. Our allies, dismayed and made treacherous by weakness, would turn against us. The fortune of the empire would be annihilated, and the grandeur of France destroyed. Massena and Davoust," said he, turning to them, "you live. You will save the army. Show yourselves worthy of what you have already done."

Every man felt his energies invigorated by these words. In the ardour of the moment, the impetuous Massena grasped the hand of the Emperor, exclaiming, "You are a man of courage, sire! You are worthy to command us. No! we will not fly like cravens who have been beaten. Fortune has not been kind to us, but we are victorious nevertheless; for the enemy, who ought to have driven us into the Danube, has bitten the dust before our positions. Let us only cross the small arm of the Danube, and I pledge myself to drown in it every enemy who shall endeavour to cross in pursuit of us." Davoust, on his part, promised to defend Vienna from any attack during the renovation of the bridges.

Massena immediately returned to Essling and Aspern. The cannonade of the Austrians was still sullenly continued, though the soldiers sank in exhaustion at their guns. Between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, Napoleon, with Savary, in a frail skiff, crossed the rushing torrent of the Danube to the right bank. It was a night of Egyptian darkness. The rain fell in floods. Enormous floating masses were continually swept down by the swollen current, and the passage was attended with imminent danger. Having safely arrived at the little town of Ebersdorf, upon the right bank of the Danube, he ordered every attainable barge to be collected and sent immediately across to Lobau, freighted with biscuit, wine, brandy, and every comfort for the wounded, and also with ammunition for the army. The boats which had composed the floating bridge were used for this purpose. The corps of sailors whom his foresight had provided were found invaluable in this trying hour.

At midnight Massena commenced the retreat, aided by the darkness, the rush of the tempest, and the utter exhaustion of the enemy. Division after division defied by the small bridge, carrying with them all the wounded and all the *matériel* of war. It was not till the lurid morning dawned that the Austrians perceived the retrograde movement of the French. They im-

mediately commenced the pursuit, and opened a brisk fire upon the crowded bridge. Massena remained upon the left bank, amid the storm of balls, resolved to be the last man to cross. Defiantly he looked about in all directions, to satisfy himself that not one wounded man, one cannon, or any object of value was left behind to fall into the hands of the enemy. All the straggling horses he caused to be driven into the river, and forced them to swim across it. At last, when every duty was performed, and the bullets of the Austrian sharpshooters were whistling around him, he stepped upon the bridge. The cables were then cut, and the floating mass was swept to the island shore, to which the other end of the bridge was attached. Thus terminated this horrid conflict of two days.

It is impossible to estimate with accuracy the numbers of the slain. As the French, behind the stone houses of Essling and Aspern, and by the configuration of the ground, fought much of the time under cover, while their foes were in the open field, the loss of the Austrians was much the most severe. It is generally stated that 26,000 Austrians and 15,000 French perished on that bloody field. Of the wounded, also, multitudes lingered through joyless years in the military hospitals of Austria and of France. "It was the height of insanity," say the critics, who write by the peaceful fireside, "for Napoleon, under such circumstances, to attempt to cross the river in the face of so powerful a foe." "And it would have been still more insane," Napoleon calmly replied, "for me to have remained in Vienna, while five hundred thousand men were rushing from all quarters to cut off my communications, and to envelop my comparatively feeble army in ruin."

Napoleon, in the meantime, threw himself upon a bundle of straw, and for a few moments soundly slept; but, before the dawn of the morning, he was again on horseback, superintending the movements of the troops. He foresaw that a month at least would be requisite to await the subsidence of the flood, and to prepare for the passage of the Danube in a manner which would bid defiance to accident. He immediately commenced works of the most gigantic description. They still remain, an enduring monument of the energy of Napoleon and of the skill of his engineers. The resources of the whole army were called into requisition. In three weeks one large bridge was constructed across the stream, upon piles which reared themselves above the highest flood-mark. The bridge was twelve hundred feet long, formed of sixty arches, and upon which three carriages could pass abreast. Upon the broad platform of this magnificent structure any quantity of artillery and cavalry could pass. About a hundred feet below this, another bridge, on piles, was reared, and intended for the passage of the infantry. Both of these bridges were protected by strong works above them, to break the force of the current. Added to this, there was a bridge of boats, so that the French could pass to the island in three columns

The whole island of Lobau was converted into an intrenched camp of impregnable strength. Batteries were reared, mounting howitzers and mortars capable of throwing projectiles to a great distance.

To deceive the Archduke, he took all possible pains to convince the enemy that he would cross where he had effected a passage before. He consequently erected here numerous and magnificent works to command the opposite shore. But the most important preparations were secretly made to cross a few miles further down the river. He had everything so admirably arranged, that in a few minutes several thousand men could cross the small branch and take the Austrian advance posts; that, in two hours, fifty thousand others could deploy on the enemy's side of the river; and that, in four or five hours, one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, forty thousand horses, and six hundred guns could pass over to decide the fate of the campaign.

In crossing a river under such circumstances, it is necessary, first, to send some resolute men to the opposite side in boats while exposed to the fire of the enemy. They disarm or kill the advance post, and sink the moorings to which the boats are to be attached which float the bridge. Planks are promptly spread upon the floats. The army then rushes along the defile as rapidly as possible. To facilitate the operation, Napoleon had large flat-bottomed boats constructed, capable of carrying three hundred each, and having a moveable gunwale of thick plank to protect the men from musketry, and which, being let down upon hinges, would greatly facilitate the landing. Each corps of the army was provided with five of these boats. Thus fifteen hundred men could be carried over almost instantaneously at each point of passage. A hawser was to be immediately attached to a tree, and the boats were to ply along it to and fro. The construction of the bridges was immediately to begin. Everything being precisely arranged, and each individual man knowing exactly what he had to do, and with formidable batteries beating off the enemy, Napoleon was satisfied that, in two hours, he could have four bridges completed, and fifty or sixty thousand men on the opposite side of the river in battle array.

To enable a column of infantry to debouch on the instant the advanced guards had crossed in the flat boats, Napoleon invented a bridge of a novel description. The common way of making a bridge is to moor a series of boats side by side, and then cover them with planks. Napoleon conceived the idea of having a bridge in one single piece, composed of boats bound together beforehand, in one long line capable of spanning the stream. One end was then to be made fast to the shore; the other, pushed out into the river, would be carried by the force of the current to the opposite bank, to which it was to be attached by men who were to run along it for the purpose. It was calculated, and rightly, as the result proved, that a few moments would

be sufficient for this beautiful operation. To guard against any possible disappointment, timber, rafts, and pontoons were arranged that four or five additional bridges might very speedily be thrown across the stream. Napoleon was incessantly employed, galloping from point to point, watching the progress of the works, and continually suggesting new ideas. His genius inspired the engineers. At the same time, he took infinite pains to guard against any revolt from the inhabitants of Vienna. Discipline was rigorously observed. Not one offensive act or expression was permitted. Every breach of good conduct on the part of his soldiers was punished upon the spot.

In the meantime, the Archduke Charles was constructing formidable works to arrest the passage of the French, and accumulating from all quarters fresh troops. Napoleon, busily employed behind the screen of woods on the island of Lobau, had packed together in that circumscribed place, but about three miles in diameter, one hundred and fifty thousand men, five hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, and forty thousand horses.

Napoleon at St. Helena said, "When I had caused my army to go over to the island of Lobau, there was, for some weeks, by common and tacit consent, on both sides, between the soldiers, not by any agreement between the generals, a cessation of firing, which, indeed, had produced no benefit, and only killed a few unfortunate sentinels. I rode out every day in different directions. No person was molested on either side. One day, however, riding along with Oudinot, I stopped for a moment on the edge of the island, which was about eighty yards distant from the opposite bank, where the enemy was. They perceived us, and, knowing me by the little hat and grey coat, they pointed a three-pounder at us. The ball passed between Oudinot and me, and was very close to both of us."

We put spurs to our horses, and speedily got out of sight. Under the actual circumstances, the attack was little better than murder; but if they had fired a dozen guns at once, they must have killed us."

Napoleon was indefatigable in his endeavours to promote the comfort of his soldiers. Walking one day with one of his marshals on the shore of the island of Lobau, he passed a company of grenadiers seated at their dinner.

"Well, my friends," said Napoleon, "I hope you find the wine good."

"It will not make us drunk," replied one of the number; "there is our cellar," pointing to the Danube.

The Emperor, who had ordered the distribution of a bottle of wine to each man, was surprised, and promised an immediate inquiry. It was found that forty thousand bottles, sent by the Emperor a few days before for the army, had been purloined and sold by the commissaries. They were immediately brought to trial and sentenced to be shot.

CHAPTER XLIX.

WAGRAM.

The Archduke unconscious of danger—Macdonald's charge—Bessières wounded—The battle-field of Wagram—Testimony of Savary—Descent of the English on the Belgian coast—The Emperor Francis seeks peace—Interview between Napoleon and M. Bubna—Fourth treaty with Austria—The young assassin—Coolness of Alexander—Defeat of the French at Talavera—Proclamation to Hungary—War in Spain—Want of discipline of the English soldiers in Spain—Letter to the Pope—Hostility of the Papal Court—Rome annexed to France—Expenditures in Italy.

THE fourth of July, 1809, was dark and gloomy. As night came on, the wind rose to a tempest. Heavy clouds blackened the sky, and the rain fell in torrents. The lightning gleamed vividly, and heavy peals of thunder shook the encampment of the hostile armies. It was a favourable hour for the gigantic enterprise. At the voice of Napoleon, the whole army was in motion. To bewilder the Austrians, simultaneous attacks were made on all points. At once, nine hundred guns of the largest bore rent the air with their detonations. The glare of bombs and shells blended with the flashes of the lightning, and the thunder of Napoleon's artillery mingled with the thunder of the heavens. Never has war exhibited a spectacle more sublime and awful. Napoleon rode up and down the bank with perfect calmness. His officers and men seemed to imbibe his spirit, and all performed their allotted task without confusion or embarrassment, regardless of the rain, the bullets, the exploding shells, the rolling of the thunder, and the terrific cannonade. All Vienna was roused from its slumber by this awful outburst of war. The enterprise was highly successful.

At the earliest dawn of the morning, a most imposing spectacle was presented to the eyes of both armies. The storm had passed away. The sky was cloudless. One of the most serene and lovely of summer mornings smiled upon the scene. The rising sun glittered on thousands of bayonets, and helmets, and plumes, and gilded banners, and gaily-caparisoned horses prancing over the plain. Seventy thousand men had already passed the river, and were in line of battle, and the bridges were still thronged with horse, infantry, and artillery, crowding over to the field of conflict. The French soldiers, admiring the genius of their commander, who had so safely transported them across the Danube, greeted him as he rode along their lines with enthusiastic shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" The Archduke Charles was by no means aware of the peril with which he was threatened. He supposed that it would take at least four-and-twenty hours for the French to cross the river, and that he should have ample time to destroy one-half of the army before the other half could come to its rescue. He stood upon the heights of Wagram, by the side of his brother Francis, the Emperor, who was questioning him as to the state of affairs.

"The French have, indeed," said the Arch-

duke Charles, "forced the Danube, and I am letting a portion of them pass over."

"Very good," rejoined the Emperor; "but do not let too many of them come across." 47

Napoleon had now seven bridges completed, and he had crossed in such a way as to take the enemy in flank, and to deprive him of all advantage from his intrenchments. During the day the two mighty armies passed through an incessant series of skirmishes, as they took their positions on the field of Wagram. Night came. A cold, dense fog settled down over the unsheltered troops. There was no wood on the plain for fires. Each man threw himself down on the wet ground, shivering with cold, and slept as he could.

Napoleon, however, did not sleep. He rode in the darkness to all points of the widely-extended field, that he might with his own eyes see the position of his troops. At midnight he sent for all the marshals, and gave them the most minute directions for the proceedings of the ensuing day. It was his principle to give his directions, not merely so that they *might* be understood, but so plainly that by no possibility could they be misunderstood. For three days and three nights he had allowed himself no repose whatever. At the earliest dawn of the next morning the battle was renewed. For twelve long hours, three hundred thousand men, extending in dense masses of infantry and cavalry along an undulating line nine miles in length, fired into each others' bosoms with bullets, grape-shot, cannon-balls, and shells. Sabre crossed sabre, and bayonet clashed against bayonet, as squadrons of horse and columns of infantry were hurled against each other. Whole battalions melted away before the discharge of eleven hundred pieces of artillery. No man in either army seemed to pay any more regard to the missiles of death than if they had been snow-flakes. Napoleon was everywhere present, encouraging his men, and sharing with them every peril. The ground was covered with the bodies of the wounded and the dead in every conceivable form of mutilation. The iron hoof of the war-horse trampled the mangled visage and the splintered bones of shrieking sufferers into the dust. Thousands in either army, who were in search of *glory* on that bloody field, found only protracted agony, a horrid death, and utter oblivion.

Massena, though very severely wounded by a recent fall from his horse, was present, giving his orders from an open carriage, in which he lay swathed in bandages. In the heat of the battle, Napoleon, upon his snow-white charger, galloped to the spot where Massena, from his chariot, was urging on his men. A perfect storm of cannon-balls ploughed the ground around him. When Napoleon saw his impetuous marshal in the midst of the conflict, his unyielding soul triumphing over excruciating bodily pain, he exclaimed, "Who ought to fear death when he

47 This remark became, word in the army.

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see how the brave are prepared to meet it!" The Emperor immediately alighted from his horse, and took a seat by the side of the marshal. He informed him of a movement then in progress which he hoped would be decisive. Pointing to the distant towers of Neusiedel, he indicated that Davoust, with his veteran division, was to fall upon the left wing of the Austrian army there, while an immense reserve of infantry, artillery, and cavalry were to pierce the enemy's centre. Just then, there came up at a gallop a hundred pieces of artillery, making the very earth to tremble beneath their ponderous wheels. Behind this battery, in solid column, followed the infantry of Macdonald, with their fixed bayonets. Then came fourteen regiments of cuirassiers of the Guard, with sabres long accustomed to be bathed in blood. The hundred guns instantly commenced a most tremendous cannonade upon the enemy's lines, and the indomitable column moved sternly on. The Austrians, slowly retreating in front, but closing in on either side, opened a cross fire upon the advancing column, while the Archduke in person hastened to meet the terrible crisis which was approaching. At every step huge chasms were made in the ranks.

"Nothing," says Headley, "could exceed the sublimity and terror of the scene. The whole interest of the armies was concentrated here, where the incessant and rapid roll of the cannon told how desperate was the conflict. Still Macdonald slowly advanced, though his numbers were diminishing, and the fierce battery at his head was gradually becoming silent. Enveloped in the fire of its antagonist, the guns had one by one been dismounted, and, at the distance of a mile and a half from where he started on his awful mission, Macdonald found himself without a protecting battery, and a centre still unbroken. Marching over the wreck of his guns, and pushing the naked head of his column into the open field and into the devouring cross-fire of the Austrian artillery, he continued to advance. The carnage then became terrible. At every discharge the head of that column disappeared as if it sank into the earth, while the outer ranks on either side melted like snow-wreaths on the river's brink. Still Macdonald towered unharmed amid his falling guard; and, with his eye fixed steadily upon the enemy's centre, moved sternly on. At the close and fierce discharge of these cross batteries at its mangled head, that column would sometimes stop and stagger back like a strong ship when smitten by a wave. The next moment the drums would beat their hurried charge, and the calm, steady voice of Macdonald would ring back through his exhausted ranks, nerving them to the same desperate valour which filled his own spirit. Never before was such a charge made, and it seemed at every moment that the torn and mangled mass must break and fly.

"The Austrian cannon are gradually wheeled around till they stretch away in parallel lines, like two walls of fire, on each side of this band of

heroes, and hurl an incessant tempest of lead against their bosoms. But the stern warriors close in and fill up the frightful gaps made at every discharge, and still press forward. Macdonald has communicated his own settled purpose to conquer or to die to his devoted followers. But now he halts, and casts his eye over his little surviving band, that stand all alone in the midst of the enemy. He looks back upon his path, and as far as the eye can reach he sees the course of his heroes by the black swarth of dead men that stretches like a huge serpent over the plain. Out of the sixteen thousand men with which he started, but fifteen hundred are left beside him. Ten out of every eleven have fallen. And here at length the tired hero pauses, and surveys with a stern and anxious eye his few remaining followers. Looking away to where his Emperor sits, he sees the dark masses of the 'Old Guard' in motion, and the shining helmets of the brave cuirassiers sweeping to his relief. 'Forward!' breaks from his iron lips. The rolling of drums and the pealing of trumpets answer the volley that smites the exhausted column, and the next moment it is seen piercing the Austrian centre. The day is won, the empire saved, and the whole Austrian army is in full retreat."

"In the height of the danger," says Savary, "Napoleon rode in front of the line upon a horse as white as snow. He proceeded from one extremity of the line to the other, and returned at a slow pace. Shots were flying about him in every direction. I kept behind, with my eyes riveted upon him, expecting every moment to see him fall from his horse. The Emperor had ordered that, as soon as the opening which he intended to make in the enemy's centre should have been effected, the whole cavalry should charge, and wheel round upon the right wing of the Austrians."

As Napoleon, with his glass, earnestly watched the advance of Macdonald through this terrific storm of grape-shot and bullets, he exclaimed several times, "What a brave man!" For three miles Macdonald forced his bloody way, piercing, like a wedge, the masses of the Austrians. Napoleon kept his eye anxiously upon the tower of Neusiedel, where Davoust, with a powerful force, was to attack in flank the wing of the Austrian army cut off by Macdonald. At length the cannon of Davoust were seen to pass the tower, and the slopes of the plateau beyond were enveloped in the smoke of his fire. "The battle is gained!" exclaimed Napoleon. Bessières was immediately ordered to charge with the cavalry of the Guard. Riding through a tempest of cannon-balls at the head of his men, he was spurring furiously forward, when a heavy shot in full sweep struck his horse, and hurled it, torn and shattered, from under him. Bessières was pitched headlong to the ground, covered with blood and dust, and apparently dead. Napoleon, in anguish, averted his eyes, and, turning his horse, said, "Let us go; I have no time to weep." A cry of grief rose from the whole battalion of the Guard.

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was still alive. Most singularly, Bessières, though stunned, was but slightly wounded. When Napoleon next saw him after the battle, he said—"The ball which struck you, marshal, drew tears from all my Guard. Return thanks to it. It ought to be very dear to you." At three o'clock in the afternoon the Archduke Charles, leaving twenty-four thousand men, wounded or dead, stretched upon the plain, and twelve thousand prisoners in the hands of the French, gave orders for a general but cautious retreat. The Emperor Francis, from the towers of the Imperial residence of Wolkersdorf, had watched the progress of this disastrous battle. In the deepest dejection he mounted his horse, and sought the protection of the retreating army.

Napoleon had performed a feat which, more than any other he ever performed, astonished the world. He had crossed the broadest river in Europe in the face of an army 150,000 strong, supplied with all the most destructive implements of war. He had accomplished this with such precision, rapidity, and security, as to meet the enemy on their own ground with equal numbers. The Austrians could no longer keep the field, and Austria was at the mercy of the conqueror.

As soon as the conflict had terminated, Napoleon, according to his custom, rode over the field of battle. The plain was covered with the wounded and the dead. Twenty-four thousand Austrians and eighteen thousand of the French army were weltering in blood. The march of Macdonald's column was specially distinguishable by the train of dead bodies which lay along its course. The multitude of the wounded was so great that, four days after the battle, the mutilated bodies of those still living were found in the ravines and beneath the trampled grain. The vast battle-field of Wagram extended over a space nearly nine miles long and three or four miles wide. The weather was intensely hot. A blazing sun glared fiercely upon them. Flies in swarms lighted upon their festering wounds. And thus these mangled victims of war lingered through hours and days of inconceivable agony.

The Emperor frequently alighted, and with his own hand administered relief to the wounded. The love of these poor men for the Emperor was so strong that tears of gratitude filled their eyes as he approached them with words of sympathy and deeds of kindness. Napoleon alighted from his horse to minister to a young officer whose skull had been fractured by a shot; he knelt beside him, felt his pulse, and with his own handkerchief wiped the blood and dust from his brow and lips. The dying man slightly revived, and recognised his Emperor kneeling as a nurse by his side. Tears gushed into his eyes; but he was too weak to weep, and soon breathed his last.

After having traversed the field, Napoleon inspected the soldiers who were to march in pursuit of the enemy. He met Macdonald. A coldness had for some time existed between them, which had been increased by malevolence and misrepresentation. Napoleon stopped and offered

his hand, saying, "Accept it, Macdonald. Let there be no more animosity between us. From this day we will be friends. I will send you, as a pledge of my sincerity, your marshal's staff, which you have so gloriously earned." Macdonald cordially grasped the proffered hand, exclaiming, as his eyes filled with tears and his voice choked with emotion, "Ah, sire, we are now united for life and for death!"⁴⁸

Napoleon recognised among the slain a colonel who had given him cause for displeasure. He stopped, and gazed for a moment sadly upon his mutilated body stretched upon the gory field, and said, with emotions which every generous heart will understand, "I regret not having been able to speak to him before the battle, in order to tell him that I had long forgotten every-

Napoleon, having taken the utmost care of the wounded, was seized with a burning fever, the effect of long-continued exposure and exhaustion. He, however, indulged himself in but a few hours of rest, and then mounted his horse to overtake and guide the columns which were pursuing the enemy. A violent storm came on, and the rain fell in torrents. Napoleon, though weak and weary, sought no shelter from the drenching flood. He soon overtook the troops, and found that Marmont had received from the Austrians proposals for an armistice. With the utmost reluctance, Napoleon had been forced into this conflict. He had nothing to gain by it, and everything to fear. Promptly he acceded to the first overtures for peace. "It has been the fashion," says Savary, "to represent Napoleon as a man who could not exist without going to war; and yet, throughout his career, he has ever been the first to make pacific overtures, and I have often and often seen indications of the deep regret he felt whenever he had to embark in a new contest."

All the marshals were assembled in the Emperor's tent, and the question of the proposed armistice was earnestly discussed. "Austria," said one party, "is the irreconcilable enemy of the popular government in France. Unless deprived of the power of again injuring us, she will never cease to violate the most solemn treaties whenever there is a prospect of advantage from any violation, however flagrant, of the public faith. It is indispensable to put an end to these coalitions perpetually springing up, by dividing Austria, which is the centre of them

⁴⁸ Macdonald was the son of a Scotch gentleman who joined the Pretender, and, after the battle of Culloden, escaped to France. On the breaking out of the French Revolution, Macdonald embraced its principles and joined the army. Upon Napoleon's return from Egypt he warmly espoused his cause. In consequence of remarks he was reported to have made in reference to the conspiracy of Moreau, the Emperor had for some time regarded him with coldness. At Wagram he won his marshal's staff. He continued the faithful friend of the Emperor until the abdication at Fontainebleau. After the fall of Napoleon, the new government made him a peer of France and Chancellor of the Legion of Honour. He died in Paris in 1840, leaving daughters, but no

all." The other party contended, "Should Prince Charles retreat to the Bohemian Mountains, there is danger of an open declaration from Prussia; and Russia may join the coalition. In anticipation of the great and final conflict evidently approaching between the South and the North, it is of the utmost importance to conciliate Austria, and to terminate the war in Spain, so as to secure the rear in France, and liberate the two hundred thousand veteran soldiers engaged in an inglorious warfare there."

Napoleon listened patiently and in silence to the arguments on both sides, and then broke up the conference with the decisive words, "Gentlemen, enough blood has been shed; I accept the armistice."

Immediately after exchanging friendly messages with the Archduke Charles, Napoleon set off for Schönbrunn, there to use all his exertions to secure peace, or to terminate the war by a decisive effort. By most extraordinary exertions, he raised his army to 300,000 men, encamped in brilliant order in the heart of Austria. He replenished the exhausted cavalry horses, and augmented his artillery to 700 guns. While thus preparing for any emergency, he did everything in his power to promote the speedy termination of the war. The French and Austrian plenipotentiaries met to arrange the treaty of peace. Austria endeavoured to prolong the negotiations, hoping that the English expedition against Antwerp would prove so successful as to compel Napoleon to withdraw a portion of his troops, and enable Austria to renew hostilities. The whole month of August thus passed away.

The English, on the 31st of July, had landed upon the island of Walcheren, at the mouth of the Scheldt. Lord Chatham was in command of the expedition. Eighty thousand of the National Guard immediately marched to expel the invaders from the soil of France. Although Napoleon entertained a deep aversion for the vanity, the ambition, and the petty jealousy of Bernadotte, he fully appreciated his military abilities, and intrusted to him the chief command of this force. Napoleon was neither surprised nor alarmed by this formidable descent upon the coasts. He wrote—

"Make no attempt to come to action with the English. *A man is not a soldier.* Your National Guards, your young conscripts, led pell-mell, almost without officers, with an artillery scarcely formed, opposed to Moore's soldiers, who have met the troops of the Grand Army, would certainly be beaten. The English must be opposed only with the fever of the marshes, with inundations, and with soldiers behind intrenchments. In a month, the English, decimated by fever, will return in confusion."

He enjoined it upon the French to defend Flushing—a fortification at the mouth of the river—to the last extremity, so as to keep the English as long as possible in the fever district; immediately to break the dikes, and thus lay the whole island of Walcheren under water; to remove the fleet

means to sink hulks of vessels in the channels of the river, as he did not wish to destroy the Scheldt by way of defending it.

In ten days fifteen thousand of the English troops were attacked by fever. They were dying by thousands. Seventeen days had been employed in forcing their vast armament of fifteen hundred vessels a few leagues up the crooked channel of the Scheldt. Lord Chatham became discouraged. Four thousand had died of the fever. Twelve thousand of the sick had been shipped for England, many of whom died by the way; and the number on the sick-list was daily increasing. A council of war was called, and it was determined to abandon the expedition. The English retired, covered with confusion.

Napoleon was exceedingly rejoiced at this result. He said that his lucky star, which for a time had seemed to be waning, was now shining with fresh lustre. He wrote—

"It is a piece of the good fortune attached to present circumstances that this same expedition, which reduces to nothing the greatest efforts of England, procures us an army of 80,000 men, which we could not otherwise have obtained."

The Austrians now saw that it was to come to terms. The perfidious monarchy was at Napoleon's disposal. He was at the head of an army which could not be resisted, and he had all the strong places of the empire under his control; and yet he treated Francis with a degree of generosity and magnanimity which should have elicited an honest acknowledgment even from the pens of his envenomed historians. Francis, finding it vain any longer to protract negotiations, resolved to send his aid-de-camp, M. Lubna, as a confidential agent to Napoleon, "who should," says Thiers, "address himself to certain qualities in Napoleon's character, his good-nature and kindly spirit—qualities which were easily awakened when he was approached in the right way." Napoleon received the emissary with cordiality, threw off all reserve, and, in the language of ingenuousness and sincerity, said—

"If you will deal honestly with me, we will bring matters to a conclusion in forty-eight hours. I desire nothing from Austria. I have no great interest in procuring a million more inhabitants for Saxony or for Bavaria. You know very well that it is for my true interest either to destroy the Austrian monarchy by separating the three crowns of Austria, Bohemia, and Hungary, or to attach Austria to me by a close alliance. To separate the three crowns will require more bloodshed. Though I ought, perhaps, to settle the matter in that way, I say you my word that I have no wish to do so."

"The second plan suits me. But how can a friendly alliance be expected of your Emperor? He has good qualities, but he is swayed by the violence and animosity of _____ about him. There would be one way of bringing about a sincere and firm alliance. It is reported that the Emperor Francis is weary of his crown. Let him abdicate in favour of his brother, the Grand

Duke of Würzburg, who likes me, and whom I like. He is an enlightened Prince, with no prejudices against France, and will not be led by his ministry or by the English. Let this be done, and I will withdraw from Austria, without demanding a province or a farthing, notwithstanding all the war has cost me. I shall consider the repose of the world as secured by that event. Perhaps I will do still more, and give back to Austria the Tyrol, which the Bavarians know not how to govern."

As Napoleon uttered these words he fixed his eyes with a penetrating gaze upon M. Bubna. The Austrian minister hesitatingly replied, "If the Emperor Francis thought this possible, he would abdicate immediately. He would rather insure the integrity of his empire for his successors than retain the crown upon his own head."

"Well," replied Napoleon, "if that be so, I authorise you to say that I will give up the whole empire on the instant, with something more, if your master, who often declares himself disgusted with the throne, will cede it to his brother. The regards mutually due between sovereigns forbid me to propose anything on this subject. But you may hold me as pledged should the supposition I make be realized. Nevertheless, I do not believe that this sacrifice will be made. In that case, not wishing to separate the three crowns at the cost of prolonged hostilities, and not being able to secure to myself the reliable alliance of Austria by the transfer of the crown to the Archduke of Würzburg, I am forced to consider what is the interest which France may preserve in this negotiation. Territories in Galicia interest me little; in Bohemia not more; in Austria rather more, for they would serve to remove your frontiers farther from ours. In Italy, France has a great interest to open a broad route towards Turkey by the coasts of the Adriatic. Influence over the Mediterranean depends upon influence with the Porte. I cannot have that influence but by becoming the neighbour of the Turkish empire. By hindering me from crushing the English as often as I have been upon the point of doing so, and obliging me to withdraw my resources from the ocean to the Continent, your master has constrained me to seek the land instead of the sea route in order to extend my influence to Constantinople. Let us meet half-way. I will consent to fresh sacrifices. I renounce the *uti possidetis*. I claimed three provinces in Bohemia; I will say no more about them. I insisted upon Upper Austria to the Enns; I give up the Enns, and even Traun, and restore Linz. In Italy I will forego a part of Carinthia. I will retain Villach, and give you back Klagenfurth. But I will keep Carniola, and the right bank of the Save as far as Bosnia. I demanded of you 2,600,000 subjects in Germany. I will not require of you more than 1,600,000. If you will come back in two days, we will settle all in a few hours; while our diplomatists, if we leave them alone, will never have done, and will set us on a game to cut each other's throats."

"After this long and amiable interview," says Thiers, "in which Napoleon treated M. Bubna

so familiarly as to pull him by the moustaches, he made the latter a superb present, and sent him away fascinated and grateful."

On the 21st of September, M. Bubna appeared again at Schonbrunn with a letter from the Emperor Francis, stating that the concessions which Napoleon had made amounted to nothing, and that greater ones must still be proposed in order to render peace possible.

On receiving this letter, Napoleon could not restrain a burst of impatience. "Your ministers," he exclaimed, "do not even understand the geography of their own country. I relinquish my claim on more than a million of subjects. I have retained only what is necessary to keep the enemy from the Passau and the Inn, and what is necessary to establish a contiguity of territory between Italy and Dalmatia. And yet the Emperor is told that I have abated none of my claims! It is thus they represent everything to the Emperor Francis. By deceiving him in this way they have led him to war. Finally, they will lead him to ruin." Under the influence of these feelings, he dictated a bitter letter to the Emperor of Austria. Upon becoming more calm, however, he abstained from sending it, remarking to M. Bubna, "It is not becoming in one Sovereign to tell another, in writing, 'You do not know what you say.'"

In all this delay and these subterfuges Napoleon saw but continued evidence of the implacable hostility of Austria, which no magnanimity on his part had been able to appease. He immediately gave orders that the army should be prepared for the resumption of hostilities. Earnestly as he desired peace, he did not fear the issues of war. Negotiations having been for a few days suspended, Napoleon sent for his ambassador, M. Champagny, and said to him, "I wish negotiations to be resumed immediately. I wish for peace. Do not hesitate about a few millions more or less in the indemnity demanded of Austria. Yield on that point. I wish to come to a conclusion. I leave it all to you." Time wore away until the middle of October, in disputes of the diplomatists over the maps. At length, on the 14th of October, the treaty was signed. This was the fourth treaty which Austria had made with France within sixteen years. She soon, however, violated this pledge as perfidiously as she had broken all the rest.

Napoleon was full of satisfaction. With the utmost cordiality and freedom he expressed his joy. By the ringing of the bells of the metropolis, and the firing of cannon in all the encampments of the army, the happy event was celebrated. In twenty-four hours he had made his arrangements for his departure from Vienna. But a few days before this, on the 12th of October, Napoleon was holding a grand review at Schonbrunn. A young man, about nineteen years of age, named Staps, presented himself, saying that he had a petition to offer to the Emperor. He was repulsed by the officers. The obstinacy with which he returned again and again excited suspicion. He was arrested and searched, and a sharp knife was found concealed in his bosom, evidently secreted for a

criminal purpose. With perfect composure, he declared that it was his intention to assassinate the Emperor. The affair was made known to Napoleon, who sent for the lad. The prisoner entered the private cabinet of the Emperor. His mild and handsome countenance, and bright eye beaming with intelligence, interested Napoleon. "Why," said he kindly, "did you wish to kill me? Have I ever harmed you?"

"No," Staps replied; "but you are the enemy of my country, and you have ruined it by war."

"But the Emperor Francis was the aggressor," Napoleon replied, "not I. There would have been less injustice in killing him."

"I admit, sire," the boy replied, "that your Majesty is not the author of the war. But if the Emperor Francis were killed, another like him would be put upon the throne. But if you were dead, it would not be easy to find such another."

The Emperor was anxious to save his life, and, "with a magnanimity," says Alison, "which formed at times a remarkable feature in his character," inquired, "If I were to pardon you, would you relinquish the idea of assassinating me?"

"Yes," the young fanatic replied, "if we have peace; no, if we have war."

The Emperor requested the physician Corvisart to examine him, and ascertain if he were of sound mind. Corvisart reported that he was perfectly sane. He was reconducted to prison. Though Napoleon contemplated pardoning him, he was forgotten in the pressure of events, and, after the departure of the Emperor for Paris, he was brought before a military commission, condemned, and executed. He remained unrelenting to the last.

One day General Rapp was soliciting for the promotion of two officers.

"I cannot make so many promotions," said Napoleon; "Berthier has already made me do too much in that way." Then turning to Lauriston, he continued, "We did not get on so fast in our time, did we? I continued many years in the rank of lieutenant."

"That may be, sire," General Rapp replied; "but you have since made up famously for your lost time."

Napoleon laughed at the repartee, and granted the request.

As he left Vienna, he gave orders for the springing of the mines which had been constructed under the ramparts of the capital. He knew that Austria would embrace the first opportunity to enter into another coalition against

him. The magistrates of Vienna, in a body implored him to spare the fortifications of the city. The Emperor refused to comply with the request.

"It is for your advantage," said he, "that they should be destroyed. It will prevent any one from again exposing the city to the horrors of bombardment to gratify private ambition. It was my intention to have destroyed them in 1805. On the present occasion I have been under the painful necessity of bombarding the city. If the enemy had not opened the gates, I must either have destroyed the city entirely, or have exposed myself to fearful risks. I cannot expose myself to the encounter of such an alternative again."

Alison thus eloquently describes the destruction of the fortifications, and his opinion of the act:—

"Mines had previously been constructed under the principal bastions, and the successive explosions of one after another presented one of the most sublime and moving spectacles of the whole revolutionary war. The ramparts, slowly raised in the air, suddenly swelled, and, bursting like so many volcanoes, scattered volumes of flame and smoke into the air. Showers of stones and fragments of masonry fell on all sides. The subterranean fire ran along the lines with a smothered roar which froze every heart with terror. One after another the bastions were heaved up and exploded, till the city was enveloped on all sides by ruins, and the rattle of the falling masses broke the awful stillness of the capital. This cruel devastation produced the most profound impression at Vienna. It exasperated the people more than could have been done by the loss of half the monarchy.

"These ramparts were the glory of the citizens; shaded by trees, they formed delightful public walks; they were associated with the most heart-stirring eras of their history. They had withstood all the assaults of the Turks, and been witness to the heroism of Maria Theresa. To destroy these venerable monuments of former glory, not in the fury of assault, not under the pressure of necessity, but in cold blood, after peace had been signed, and when the invaders were preparing to withdraw, was justly felt as a wanton and unjustifiable act of military oppression. It brought the bitterness of conquest home to every man's breast; the iron had pierced into the soul of the nation. As a measure of military precaution, it seemed unnecessary, when these walls had twice proved unable to arrest the invader; as a preliminary to the cordial alliance which Napoleon desired, it was in the highest degree impolitic."

By the treaty of Vienna, Napoleon extended and strengthened the frontiers of Bavaria, that his ally might not be again so defencelessly exposed to Austrian invasion. He added fifteen hundred thousand souls to the kingdom of Saxony. Thus he enabled the portion of enfranchised and regenerated Poland rescued from Prussia, more effectually to guard against being

"An adventure of a different character," says Alison, "befel Napoleon at Schönbrunn during this period. A young Austrian lady, of attractive person and noble family, fell so desperately in love with the renown of the Emperor, that she became willing to sacrifice to him her person, and was, by her own desire, introduced, at night, into his apartment. Napoleon was so much struck with the artless simplicity of this poor girl's mind, and the devoted character of her passion, that, after some conversation, he had her reconducted, untouched, to her own house."

again ravaged by Austrian troops.⁵⁰ The infant kingdom of Italy, Austrian hoofs had trampled in the dust. Napoleon enlarged its territory, that it might be able to present a more formidable front to its despotic and gigantic neighbour. His only object seemed to be so to strengthen his allies as to protect them and France from future aggression. Had Napoleon done less than this, the world might justly have reproached him with weakness and folly. In doing no more than this, he signally developed the native generosity of his character. His moderation astonished his enemies. Unwilling to recognise any magnanimity in Napoleon, they allowed themselves to accuse him of the most unworthy motives.

"When compared," says Lockhart, "with the signal triumphs of the campaign at Wagram, the terms on which Napoleon signed the peace were universally looked upon as remarkable for moderation. Bonaparte soon after, by one of the most extraordinary steps of his personal history, furnished abundant explanation of the motives which had guided his diplomacy at Schönbrunn."

According to such representations, Napoleon was, indeed, a wayward lover, making his first addresses to Maria Louisa in the bombardment of Vienna, prosecuting his suit by the bribe of a magnanimous treaty, and putting a seal to his proposals by blowing up the ramparts of the metropolis!⁵¹

Alison, on the other hand, following Bourrienne, ventures to suggest that Napoleon was frightened into peace by the sharp knife of Staps. The historian is safe when he records what Napoleon *did* and what he *said*. Upon such facts the verdict of posterity will be formed. In this case, friend and foe admit that he was dragged into the war, and that he made peace, upon the most magnanimous terms, as soon as he possibly could.

Alexander was much displeased that Napoleon had strengthened the Polish kingdom of Saxony, and thus rendered it more probable that the restoration of Poland might finally be effected. But Napoleon, aware that even the attempt to wrest from the iron grasp of Russia and Austria the provinces of dismembered Poland would but extend more widely the flames of war, resolved

not to embark in the enterprise, which still enlisted all his sympathies. Alexander, however, complained bitterly that Prussian Poland had been restored, and that thus the danger of the final restoration of the whole kingdom was increased. The coldness of Alexander, and the daily-growing hostility of the haughty Empress-Mother and of the nobles, rendered it more and more evident that France would soon be involved again in difficulties with that mighty despotism which overshadowed with its gloom the boundless regions of the north.⁵²

Alison, in the following terms, condemns Napoleon for his moderation in not wresting from Austria and Russia the Polish provinces: "He more than once touched on the still vibrating chord of Polish nationality, and by a word might have added two hundred thousand Sarmatian lances to his standard; but he did not venture upon the bold step of re-establishing the throne of Sobieski; and by the half measure of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, permanently excited the jealousy of Russia, without winning the support of Poland." It is with such unparalleled injustice that history has treated Napoleon. His efforts to defend France from her multitudinous assailants are alleged as proofs of his insatiable ambition and a bloodthirsty spirit. His generosity to his vanquished foes, and his readiness to make almost any sacrifice for the sake of peace, were stigmatized as weakness and folly.

A deputation from one of the provinces of Austria had called upon Napoleon just before the treaty, soliciting relief from some of the burdens imposed upon them by the presence of the French army.

"Gentlemen," the Emperor replied, "I am aware of your sufferings. I join with you in lamenting the evils entailed upon the people by the conduct of your government, but I can afford you no relief. Scarcely four years have elapsed since your sovereign pledged his word, after the battle of Austerlitz, that he would never again take up arms against me. I trusted that a perpetual peace was cemented between us; and I have not to reproach myself with having violated its conditions. Had I not firmly relied upon the

⁵⁰ The Duchy of Warsaw, organized by Napoleon from Prussian Poland, was independent, though placed under the protection of the King of Saxony.

⁵¹ Napoleon signed the treaty with but little confidence in the honour of Austria. "He could not forget," says the Baron Meneval, "that twelve years before Austria had implored peace when the French were at Leoben, and that, as soon as he was in Egypt, she had again grasped arms; that she had again signed the treaty of Lunéville after the defeat of Hohenlinden, which she violated when she saw us seriously occupied in preparing for the descent upon England; that she had signed again a treaty of peace after the battle of Austerlitz, which she again violated when she hoped to surprise Napoleon while pursuing the English in the heart of Spain; and that now she reluctantly sheathed the sword only because Napoleon was in possession of Vienna."

⁵² Alexander felt much solicitude about this treaty. He wrote to Napoleon, "My interests are entirely in the hands of your Majesty. You may give me a certain pledge in repeating what you said at Tilsit and Erfurth on the interests of Russia in connexion with the *late kingdom of Poland*." Napoleon replied, "Poland may give rise to some embarrassment between us; but the world is large enough to afford us room to arrange ourselves." Alexander promptly and energetically responded, "*If the re-establishment of Poland is to be agitated, the world is not large enough; for I desire nothing further in it.*" The ferment in St. Petersburg was so intense that a national outbreak was contemplated, and even the assassination of the Emperor was openly spoken of if he should yield. Napoleon was not ignorant of this state of the Russian mind. He has been severely blamed for his *insatiable ambition* in restoring Prussian Poland by establishing the Duchy of Warsaw. He has been as severely blamed, and by the same historians, for not liberating the Austrian and Prussian provinces of dismembered Poland, though he could only have done this by involving Europe in the most destructive war. —Bignon, vol. viii., pp. 351—354.

protestations of sincerity which were then to me, rest assured that I should not have retired as I did from the Austrian territories. Monarchs forfeit the rights which have been vested in them by the public confidence from the moment that they abuse such rights and draw down such heavy calamities upon nations."

One of the members of the deputation began to defend the Emperor of Austria, and ended his reply in these words: "Nothing shall detach us from our good Francis."

"You have not rightly understood me," the Emperor rejoined, "or you have formed a wrong interpretation of what I laid down as a general axiom. Did I speak of your relaxing in your affection for the Emperor Francis? Far from it. Be true to him under any circumstances of good or bad fortune. But, at the same time, you should suffer without murmuring. By acting otherwise, you reproach him as the author of your sufferings."

While negotiations were pending, Napoleon received the untoward tidings of the defeat of the French by Wellington at the battle of Talavera. He was much displeased by the conduct of his generals in Spain. "Those men," said he, "are very self-confident. I am allowed to possess some superiority of talent, and yet I never think that I can have an army sufficiently numerous to fight a battle even with an enemy I have been accustomed to defeat. I collect about me all the troops I can bring together. They, on the contrary, advance boldly to attack an enemy with whom they are scarcely acquainted, and yet they only bring one-half of their troops to the contest. Is it possible to manoeuvre more awkwardly? I cannot be present everywhere."¹

A deputation of Hungarians called upon Napoleon to implore him to take Hungary under his protection, and to aid the Hungarians in their efforts to break from the thralldom of Austria. Napoleon had reflected upon this, and had thought of placing upon the throne of Hungary the Archduke of Würzburg, brother of the Emperor Francis. This young Prince admired Napoleon, and was much influenced by his lofty principles. When Austria was striving to influence the whole Hungarian nation against France, Napoleon issued the following proclamation:—

"Hungarians! The moment is come to re-

¹ An important town of Spain had been lost in consequence of the treason of some who betrayed its weakness, and the criminal neglect of the commandant. "The persons," says Napier, "who had betrayed the place to Roversa were shot by Macdonald, and the commandant, whose negligence had occasioned the misfortune, was condemned to death; but Napoleon, who has been so foully misrepresented as a sanguinary tyrant—Napoleon, who had commuted the sentence of Dupont—now pardoned General Guiliot: a clemency in both cases remarkable, seeing that the loss of an army by one, and of a great fortress by the other, not only tended directly and powerfully to the destruction of the Emperor's projects, but were in themselves great crimes; and it is to be doubted if any other sovereign in Europe would have displayed such a merciful greatness of mind."—Napier, vol. iii., p. 66.

vive your independences. I offer you peace, the integrity of your territory, the inviolability of your constitutions, whether of such as are in actual existence, or of those which the spirit of the time may require. I ask nothing of you. I desire only to see your nation free and independent. Your union with Austria has made your misfortune. Your blood has flowed for her in distant regions. Your dearest interests have always been sacrificed to those of the Austrian hereditary estates. You form the finest part of the Empire of Austria, yet you are treated as a province. You have national manners, a national language; you boast an ancient and illustrious origin. Resume, then, your existence as a nation. Have a king of your own choice, who will reside among you, and reign for you alone."

Napoleon, in departing, issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Vienna, in which he thanked them for the attentions they had bestowed upon the wounded of his army, and expressed how deeply he lamented his inability to lighten the burdens which had pressed upon them. "It was the Emperor's intention," says Savary, "to have had pavilions laid in the suburbs of the metropolis, which stand much in need of them. He was desirous, he said, of leaving that token of remembrance to the inhabitants of Vienna. But he did not find time to accomplish this object."

"If I had not conquered at Austerlitz," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "I should have had all Prussia on me. If I had not proved victorious at Jena, Austria and Spain would have assailed me in my rear. If I had not triumphed at Wagram—which, by-the-by, was a less decisive victory—I had to fear that Russia would abandon me, that Prussia would rise against me; and, meanwhile, the English were already before Antwerp."

"Yet what was my conduct after the victory? At Austerlitz, I gave Alexander his liberty, though I might have made him my prisoner. After Jena, I left the house of Prussia in possession of a throne which I had conquered. After Wagram, I neglected to parcel out the Austrian monarchy. If all this be attributed merely to magnanimity, cold and calculating politicians will doubtless blame me. But, without rejecting that sentiment, to which I am not a stranger, I had higher aims in view. I wished to bring about the amalgamation of the great European interests in the same manner as I had effected the union of parties in France. My ambition was one day to become the arbiter in the great cause of nations and kings. It was therefore necessary that I should secure to myself claims on their gratitude, and seek to render myself popular among them. This I could not do without losing something in the estimation of others. I was aware of this. But I was powerful and fearless. I concerned myself but little about transient popular murmurs, being very sure that the result would infallibly bring the people over to my side."

"I committed a great fault, after the battle of Wagram, in not reducing the power of Austria still more. She remained too strong for our safety, and to her we must attribute our ruin. The day after the battle, I should have made known, by proclamation, that I would treat with Austria only on condition of the preliminary separation of the three crowns of Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia."

While these scenes were transpiring in Austria, the war in Spain was raging with renewed fierceness. The English and the Spanish insurgents had their hopes revived by the absence of Napoleon, and, believing that he would be compelled soon also to withdraw his troops to meet his exigencies upon the Danube, they with alacrity returned to the conflict. Joseph Bonaparte was one of the most amiable and excellent of men, but he was no soldier. The generals of Napoleon were fully conscious of this, and had no confidence in his military operations. Having no recognised leader, they quarrelled among themselves. It was difficult for Napoleon, in the midst of the all-absorbing scenes of Essling, and Lobau, and Wagram, to guide the movements of armies, six hundred leagues distant, upon the banks of the Tagus and the Douro.

The Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, landed with 30,000 British troops in Portugal, and rallied around his banner 70,000 Portuguese soldiers, inspired by the most frantic energies of religious fanaticism. Marshal Soult had in Portugal 26,000 men under arms to oppose them. The most horrible scenes of demoniac war ensued. Retaliation provoked retaliation. No imagination can conceive the revolting scenes of misery, cruelty, and blood which desolated the land. The wounded French soldiers were seized even by women, and tortured and torn to pieces, and their mutilated remains polluted the road; villages were burned; shrieking women hunted and outraged; children, trampled by merciless cavalry, and torn by grape-shot, moaned and died, while the drenching storm alone sighed their requiem. It was no longer man contending against his brother man, but demon struggling with demon. The French and English officers exerted themselves to the utmost to repress these horrible outrages, but they found that, easy as it is to rouse the degraded and the vicious to fight, it is not so easy again to soothe their depraved passions to humanity. The Duke of Wellington wrote to his government the most bitter complaints of the total insubordination of his troops.

"I have long been of opinion," he wrote, "that a British army could bear neither success nor failure; and I have had manifest proofs of the truth of this opinion in the first of its branches in the recent conduct of the soldiers of this army. They have plundered the country most terribly, which has given me the greatest concern."

Again he wrote to Lord Castlereagh, on the 31st of May, 1809—"The army behaved terribly ill. They are a rabble who cannot bear

success, any more than Sir John Moore's army could bear failure. I am endeavouring to tame them; but, if I should not succeed, I must make an official complaint of them, and send one or two corps of them home in disgrace. They plunder in all directions."

Again, on the 17th of June, he wrote to Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary of State—"I cannot, with propriety, omit to draw your attention again to the state of discipline of the army, which is a subject of serious concern to me, and well deserves the consideration of his Majesty's ministers. It is impossible to describe to you the irregularities and outrages committed by the troops. Notwithstanding the pains which I take, not a post or a courier comes in, not an officer arrives from the rear of the army, that does not bring me accounts of outrages committed by the soldiers who have been left behind on the march. There is not an outrage of any description which has not been committed on a people who have uniformly received us as friends, by soldiers who have never yet, for one moment, suffered the slightest want or the smallest privation."

The French army, by universal admission, was under far better discipline than the English. The English soldiers were drawn from the most degraded portion of the populace. The French army, levied by the conscription, was composed of men of much higher intelligence and education. The violent populace of Portugal, rioting unrestrained, rendered existence insupportable by the order-loving portion of the community. They were regarded with horror by those of their own countrymen whose easy circumstances induced a love of peace and quietness. They saw clearly that the zeal the English affected in behalf of Portugal was mainly intended to secure English commerce and their own aggrandisement. They complained bitterly that England had turned loose upon their doomed land all the reckless and ferocious spirits of Great Britain and of Portugal.

"So, without liking the French," says Thiers, "who in their eyes were still foreigners, they were ready, if compelled to choose between them and the English, to prefer them as a lesser evil, as a means of ending the war, and as holding out the hope of a more liberal rule than that under which Portugal had lived for ages. As for the house of Braganza, the classes in question were inclined, since the Regent's flight to Brazil, to consider it as an empty name, which the English made use of to upset the land from top to bottom."

Neither Spain nor Portugal was at all grateful to England for the work which she had performed. Lord Wellington wrote: "The British army, which I have the honour to command, has met with nothing but ingratitude from the government and authorities in Portugal for their services. Everything that could be done has been done by the civil authorities lately to oppress the officers and soldiers on every occasion in which it has, by any accident, been in their power. I hope, however, that we have seen the

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last of Portugal." "The only bond of sympathy," says Colonel Napier, "between the two governments [Spain and Portugal], was hatred of the English, who had saved both." England re-established upon thrones of despotism the most despicable tyrants, and these very tyrants required her for her ignoble work with insult and outrage.

Napoleon had again vanquished his foes. He was still, however, exposed to the greatest peril. No one saw this more clearly than himself. England, unrelenting and heedless of all supplications for peace, continued her assaults. With unrepresed zeal, she endeavoured to combine new coalitions of feudal Europe against the great advocate of popular rights. It was her open avowal that the trial of democratic principles threatened the subversion of every European throne."

While Napoleon was marshalling his forces at Lobau for the decisive battle of Wagram, an English fleet was hovering along the shores of Italy, watching for an opportunity to aid the Austrians there. All the sympathies of the Pope were evidently with the enemies of France. The fanatical peasantry of Spain and of the Tyrol were roused by the emissaries of the Church. The danger was imminent that England, effecting a landing in Italy, and uniting with the Austrians and all the partisans of the old régime in that country, would crush the infant kingdoms of Italy and Naples. Under these circumstances, Napoleon wrote as follows to the Pope:—

"The Emperor expects that Italy, Rome, Naples, and Milan should form a league, offensive and defensive, to protect the Peninsula from the calamities of war. If the Holy Father assents to this proposition, all our difficulties are terminated. If he refuses, he announces by that refusal that he does not wish for any arrangement, any peace with the Emperor, and that he declares war against him. The first result of war is conquest, and the first result of conquest is a change of government; for, if the Emperor is forced to engage in war with Rome, will it not be to make the conquest of Rome, and to establish another government, which will make common cause with Italy and Naples

against their common enemies? What other guarantee can the Emperor have of the tranquillity and the safety of Italy, if the two realms are separated by a State in which their enemies continue to have a secure retreat? These changes, which will become necessary if the Holy Father persists in his refusal, will not deprive him of his spiritual rights. He will continue to be Bishop of Rome, as his predecessors have been during the last eight centuries."

The continued refusal of the Pope to enter into an alliance with France induced the Emperor to issue a decree uniting the States of the Church with the French Empire. The only apology which can be offered for this act is its apparent necessity. The Pope, claiming neutrality, was aiding the enemies of France. Napoleon, in the midst of ten thousand perils, was struggling, almost single-handed, against the combined sovereigns of Europe. In self-defence, he was compelled to treat those with severity who were secretly assisting his foes. Solicitous for his good name, he announced to Europe as the reason for this arbitrary measure, "The Sovereign of Rome has constantly refused to make war with the English, and to ally himself with the Kings of Italy and Naples for the defence of the peninsula of Italy. The welfare of the two kingdoms, and also that of the armies of Italy and Naples, demand that their communication should not be interrupted by a hostile Power."

The French troops immediately entered Rome, and drove from it the emissaries of England and Austria, who, in the pontifical court, were secretly fomenting their intrigues. To this act of violence the Pope replied by a bull of excommunication. Murat, the King of Naples, with his usual thoughtless impetuosity, immediately arrested the Pope and sent him out of Italy. When Napoleon, who was then at Lobau, heard of this act, he expressed the most sincere regret that a measure so violent and inconsiderate had been adopted. But, with his accustomed disposition to regard himself as the child of destiny, he seemed to consider it as an indication of Providence, or rather of Fate, that he was to organize the whole of Italy, with its twenty millions of inhabitants, into one homogeneous

"The assumption," says Richard Cobden, member of Parliament, "put forth that we were engaged in a strictly defensive war, is, I regret to say, historically untrue. If you will examine the proofs as they exist in the unchangeable public records, you will be satisfied of this. And let us not forget that our history will ultimately be submitted to the judgment of a tribunal over which Englishmen will exercise no influence beyond that which is derived from the truth and justice of their cause, and from whose decision there will be no appeal. I allude, of course, to the collective wisdom and moral sense of future generations of men. In the case before us, however, not only are we constrained by the evidence of facts to confess that we were engaged in an aggressive war, but the multiplied avowals and confessions of its authors and partisans themselves leave no room to doubt that they entered upon it to put down opinions by physical force—one of the worst, if not the very worst, of motives with which a people can embark

"Have you any commands for France?" said a Frenchman at Naples to an English friend. "I shall be there in two days."

"In France?" answered his friend. "I thought that you were settling off for Rome."

"True; but Rome, by a decree of the Emperor, is now indissolubly united to France."

"I have no news to burden you with," said his friend; "but can I do nothing for you in England? I shall be there in half an hour."

"In England!" said the Frenchman; "and in half an hour!"

"Yes," was the reply. "Within that time I shall be at sea, and the sea has been indissolubly united to the British Empire."

She who arrogated to herself the dominion of the wide world of waters, ought to have some charity for him who, when struggling against combined Europe, strove to avert from himself destruction by reluctantly making France the feeble States of

kingdom, glowing with the energies of free institutions, and with renovated Rome for its capital. It was a brilliant and an exciting vision. It was rich in promise for the welfare of Europe. It was almost probable that it would be realized. The Pope was sent to Savona, on the Gulf of Genoa, where a palace was prepared for his reception. He was afterwards removed, for greater security, to Fontainebleau. Napoleon had a high regard for the Pope, and often expressed his sincere veneration for his character. He ordered that Pius should be treated with the greatest respect; gave him an annual income of two millions of francs, and sent gorgeous furniture and troops of domestics to the imperial palace, where he was securely, but most magnificently, detained. He ordered that the Pope should be allowed to do what he pleased, perform all the ceremonies of religion, and receive without restraint the homage of the numerous population who would flock to greet him. Thus Napoleon, though he at first regretted the injudicious seizure of the Pope, assumed the responsibility of his captivity.

The energy of Napoleon immediately diffused its vivifying influence through the drowsy streets of Rome. Many of the most intelligent men rejoiced to escape from the lethargic sway of the Church. The fanatical populace, however, were horror-stricken in view of the sacrilege inflicted upon the Vicar of Christ. Still, there were many in Rome, then as now, weary of ecclesiastical domination. They were hungering and thirsting for political freedom and for republican liberty. A deputation of prominent Italians from Rome called upon Napoleon with expressions of confidence and congratulation.

"My mind," replied the Emperor, "is full of the recollections of your ancestors. The first time that I pass the Alps, I desire to remain some time among you. France and Italy must be governed by the same system. You have need of a powerful hand to direct you. I shall have a singular pleasure in being your benefactor. Your bishop is the spiritual head of the Church, as I am its Emperor. I render unto God the things that are God's, and unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

Immense improvements were immediately undertaken by Napoleon in the time-hallowed metropolis. His herculean energies infused new life into the tombs of the departed. The hum of industry was diffused through all the venerable streets of Rome. The claims of utility and of beauty were alike regarded. Majestic monuments, half-buried beneath the ruins of centuries, were restored to the world in renovated splendour. The stately column of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, and the beautiful pillars of the temple of Jupiter Stator, were relieved of encumbering loads of rubbish, and again exhibited their exquisite proportions in the bright Italian sun. The immense area of the Coliseum was cleared of the accumulated *débris* of ages, revealing to the astonished eye long-buried won-

The buildings which deformed the ancient

Forum were removed, and all the gigantic remains of ancient Rome were explored and rescued from destruction, by the wakeful eye and the refined taste of Napoleon. Large sums were expended upon the Quirinal Palace. A salutary and efficient police was immediately organized, instantly arresting those multiplied disorders which had so long disgraced the Papal metropolis. A double row of ornamental trees was planted to embellish the walk from the Arch of Constantine to the Appian Way, and thence to the Forum. Energetic measures were adopted for the drainage of the immense Pontine Marshes, so fertile in disease and death. Preparations were commenced for turning aside the channel of the Tiber, to reclaim those inestimable treasures of art which were buried beneath its waves by Gothic invaders. Such were Napoleon's exertions for public improvement, while the combined monarchs of Europe were struggling to crush him.

"Napoleon," says Sir Walter Scott, "was himself an Italian," and showed his sense of his origin by the particular care he always took of that nation, where, whatever benefits his administration conferred on the people, reached them more profusely and more directly than in any other part of his empire. That swelling spirit entertained the proud, and, could it have been accomplished consistently with justice, the noble idea of uniting the beautiful peninsula of Italy into one kingdom, of which Rome should once more be the capital. He also nourished the hope of clearing out the Eternal City from the ruins in which she was buried, of preserving her ancient monuments, and of restoring what was possible of her ancient splendour."

CHAPTER I.

THE DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE.

Duty of the historian—Deeds and sayings—Announcement to Josephine—Interview between the Emperor and Eugène—Consummation of the divorce—Departure of the Empress—Letters of the Emperor—Interview at Malmaison of Napoleon and Josephine—Remarks of Napoleon at St. Helena.

It is the duty of the historian of Napoleon faithfully to record what he has said and what he has done. His sayings are as remarkable as his doings. Both alike bear the impress of his wonderful genius. Fortunately, respecting the deeds which he performed, there is no room for controversy. They are admitted by all. The gaze of the world was upon him. Whether he had a right to do what he did, or what the motives were which impelled him, are questions upon which the world is divided. We are not aware that there is a single important fact stated in these pages which is not admitted by Napoleon's most hostile biographers.

* Sir Walter is inaccurate; Napoleon was a Frenchman, of Italian ancestry.

The striking explanations of Napoleon, and his comments upon his career, are equally authentic. His words are presented as recorded by Count Pelet de Lozerne, Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, Caulaincourt, the Duke of Vicenza, the Baron Meneval, the Duchess of Abrantes, General Rapp, Louis Bonaparte, General Count Montholon, Dr. O'Meara, Count Las Cases, Dr. Antommarchi, and others who were near his person, and who received his words from his own lips. In recording the sublime tragedy of the divorce, we act but as the scribe of history. The scenes which transpired and the words which were uttered are here registered.

Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, was perhaps as well acquainted with the secret thoughts of Napoleon as any one could be. He thus speaks of the motives by which the Emperor was influenced:—

"A thousand idle stories have been related concerning the Emperor's motives for breaking the bonds which he had contracted upwards of fifteen years before, and separating from a person who was the partner of his existence during the most stormy events of his glorious career. It was ascribed to his ambition to connect himself with royal blood; and malevolence has delighted in spreading the report that to this consideration he had sacrificed every other. This opinion was quite erroneous, and he was as unfairly dealt with on the subject as all persons are who happen to be placed above the level of mankind. Nothing can be more true than that the sacrifice of the object of his affections was the most painful that he experienced throughout his life, and that he would have preferred adopting any other course than the one to which he was driven by motives which I am about to relate. Public opinion was, in general, unjust to the Emperor when he placed the imperial crown upon his head. A feeling of personal ambition was supposed to be the mainspring of all his actions. This was, however, a very mistaken impression. I have already mentioned with what reluctance he had altered the form of government, and that if he had not been apprehensive that the state would again fall a prey to those dissensions which are inseparable from an elective form of government, he would not have changed an order of things which appeared to have been the first solid conquest achieved by the Revolution.

"Ever since he had brought the nation back to monarchical principles, he had neglected no means of consolidating institutions which permanently secured those principles, and yet firmly established the superiority of modern ideas over antiquated customs. Differences of opinion could no longer create any disturbance respecting the form of government when his career should be closed. But this was not enough. It was further requisite that the line of inheritance should be defined in so clear a manner, that, at his death, no pretence might be made for the contention of any claimants to the throne; for, if such a misfortune were to take place, the least foreign interference would have sufficed to revive a spirit of

discord among us. His feeling of personal ambition consisted, in this case, in a desire to hand his work down to posterity, and to resign to his successor a state resting upon his numerous trophies for its stability. He could not be blind to the fact that the perpetual warfare into which a jealousy of his strength had plunged him, had, in reality, no other object than his own downfall, because with him must necessarily crumble that gigantic power which was no longer upheld by the revolutionary energy he had himself repressed.

"The Emperor had not any children. The Empress had two. But he never could have entertained a thought of them without exposing himself to most serious inconveniences. I believe, however, that if the two children of the Empress had been the only ones in his family, he would have made some arrangements for securing his inheritance to Eugène. He, however, dismissed the idea of appointing him his heir, because he had nearer relations, and it would have given rise to dissensions, which it was his principal object to avoid. He also considered the necessity in which he was placed of forming an alliance sufficiently powerful, in order that, in the event of his system being at any time threatened, that alliance might be a resting-point, and save it from total ruin. He likewise hoped that it would be the means of putting an end to that series of wars, of which he was desirous above all things to avoid a recurrence. These were the motives which determined him to break a union so long contracted. He wished it less for himself than for the purpose of interesting a powerful state in the maintenance of the order of things established in France. He reflected often on the mode of making this communication to the Empress. Still he was reluctant to speak to her. He was apprehensive of the consequences of her tenderness of feeling. His heart was never proof against the shedding of tears."

The moral sentiment of France had been severely shaken by the Revolution. The Christian doctrine of the unalterable sacredness of the marriage tie was but feebly recognised. "Though Josephine," says Thiers, "was loved as an amiable sovereign, who represented goodness and grace by the side of might, the French desired, with regret for her, another marriage, which should give heirs to the empire. Nor did they confine themselves to wishes on the subject." Such was the state of public feeling, which Napoleon fully apprehended. He sent for the Arch-Chancellor Cambacères, and communicated to him the resolution he had adopted. He stated the reasons for the divorce, spoke of the anguish which the stern necessity caused his affections, and declared his intention to invest the act with forms the most affectionate and the most honourable to Josephine. "I will have nothing," said he, "which can resemble a repudiation; nothing but a mere dissolution of the conjugal tie, founded upon mutual consent—a consent

Josephine is to be provided with a palace in Paris; with a princely residence in the country; with an income of three millions of francs; and is to occupy the first rank among the princesses after the future empress. I wish ever to keep her near me at my best and most affectionate friend."

At length the fatal day arrived for the announcement of the dreadful tidings to Josephine. It was the last day of November, 1809. Rumours of the approaching calamity had for a long time reached the ears of the Empress, and had filled her heart with anguish. Napoleon and Josephine were at Fontainebleau. A general instinct of the impending woe seemed to have shrouded the palace in gloom. The guests had departed, and the cheerless winds of approaching winter sighed through the leafless forest. Josephine spent the morning alone in her chamber, bathed in tears. Napoleon had no heart to approach his woe-stricken and injured wife. He also passed the morning alone in his cabinet. They met at the dinner-table. They sat down in silence. It was a strange repast. Not a word was uttered. Not a glance was interchanged. Course after course was brought in and removed untasted. A mortal paleness revealed the anguish of each heart. Josephine sat motionless as a marble statue. Napoleon, in his embarrassment, mechanically struck the edge of his glass with his knife, absorbed in painful musings. The tedious ceremony of the dinner was at last over. The attendants retired. Napoleon arose, closed the door, and was alone with Josephine. Pale as death, and trembling in every nerve, he approached the Empress. He took her hand, placed it upon his heart, and, with a faltering voice, said—

"Josephine, my own good Josephine, you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the only few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the welfare of France."

The cruel blow, all expected as it was, pierced that loving heart. Josephine fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon, alarmed, rushed to the door, and called for assistance. The Count de Beaumont entered, and with the aid of the Emperor conveyed the helpless Josephine up a flight of stairs to her apartment. She murmured, as they bore her along—

"Oh, no! no! you cannot do it. You surely would not kill me."

Napoleon was intensely agitated. He placed her upon her bed, rang for her waiting women, and hung over her with an expression of deep affection and anxiety. As consciousness seemed returning, he retired to his own apartment, where he paced the floor in anguish until the dawn of the morning. He gave free utterance to his agitated feelings, regardless of those who were present. Trembling with emotion, and with tears filling his eyes, he said, as he walked restlessly to and fro, articulating with difficulty, and frequently pausing between his words—

"The interests of France and my destiny have rung my heart. The divorce has become an imperious duty, from which I must not shrink. Yet the scene which I have just witnessed cuts me to the soul. Josephine should have been prepared for this by Hortense. I communicated to her the melancholy obligation which compels our separation. I am grieved to the heart. I thought she had more firmness. I looked not for this excess of agony."

Every hour during the night he called at her door to inquire respecting her situation. The affectionate Hortense was with her mother. In respectful, yet reproachful terms, she assured the Emperor that Josephine would descend from the throne, as she had ascended it, in obedience to his will; and that her children, content to renounce grandeurs which had not made them happy, would gladly go and devote their lives to comforting the most affectionate of mothers. Napoleon could no longer restrain his emotion. He freely wept. He gave utterance to all the grief he felt, and reiterated the urgency of the political considerations which, in his view, rendered—

"Do not leave me, Hortense," said he; "but stay by me with Eugène. Help me to console your mother, and render her calm, resigned, and even happy in remaining my friend, while she ceases to be my wife."

Eugène was summoned from Italy. His sister threw herself into his arms, and acquainted him with their mother's sad lot. Eugène hastened to the saloon of his beloved mother. After a short interview with her, he repaired to the cabinet of the Emperor, and inquired if he intended to obtain a divorce from the Empress. Napoleon, who was strongly attached to Eugène, could make no reply, but simply pressed the hand of the noble son. Eugène immediately recoiled from the Emperor, and said severely—

"Sire, in that case, permit me to withdraw from your service."

"How!" exclaimed Napoleon, looking upon him sadly; "will you, Eugène, my adopted son, forsake me?"

"Yes, sire," Eugène replied; "the son of her who is no longer Empress cannot remain Viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children."

Tears filled the eyes of the Emperor. "Eugène," said he, in a mournful voice, tremulous with emotion, "you know the stern necessity which compels this measure; and will you forsake me? Whom, then, should I have for a son; the object of my desires and preserver of my interests; who would watch over the child when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father? who would bring him up? who is to make a man of him?"

Eugène, deeply moved, took Napoleon's arm, and they retired to the garden, where they conversed a long time together.

The noble Josephine, with a heroic spirit of

self-sacrifice never
remain the friend of Napoleon.

"The Emperor," she said, "is your benefactor, your more than father, to whom you are indebted for everything, and to whom, therefore, you owe boundless obedience."

The melancholy day for the consummation of this cruel tragedy soon arrived. It was the 15th of December, 1809. In the grand saloon of the Tuilleries there were assembled all the members of the imperial family and the most illustrious officers of the empire. Gloom overshadowed all. Napoleon, with a pallid cheek, but with a firm voice, thus addressed them:—

"The political interests of my monarchy, and the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should transmit to an heir, inheriting my love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine. It is this consideration which induces me to sacrifice the dearest affections of my heart, to consult only the good of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge the reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thought and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows how much such a determination has cost my heart. But there is no sacrifice too great for my courage when it is proved to be for the interests of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrance of them will be for ever engraven on my heart. She was crowned by my hand. She shall always retain the rank and title of Empress. Above all, let her never doubt my affection, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

Napoleon having ended, Josephine, holding a paper in her hands, endeavoured to read. But her heart was broken with grief. Uncontrollable sobs choked her voice. She handed the paper to M. Reynaud, and, burying her face in her handkerchief, sank into her chair. He read as follows:—

"With the permission of my august and dear spouse, I must declare that, retaining no hope of having children who may satisfy the requirements of his policy and the interests of France, I have the pleasure of giving him the greatest proof of attachment and devotedness that was ever given on earth. I owe all to his bounty. It was his hand that crowned me, and on his throne I have received only manifestations of affection and love from the French people. I respond to all the sentiments of the Emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which is now an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, who was evidently raised up by Pro-

vidence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to restore the altar, the throne, and social order. But the dissolution of my marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know how much this act, commanded by policy and exalted interests, has rent his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifices we make for the good of the country."

"After these words," says Thiers, "the noblest ever uttered under such circumstances—for never, it must be confessed, did vulgar passions less prevail in an act of this kind—Napoleon, embracing Josephine, led her to her own apartment, where he left her, almost fainting, in the arms of her children."

On the ensuing day the Senate was assembled in the grand saloon to witness the legal consummation of the divorce. Eugène presided. He announced the desire of his mother and the Emperor to dissolve their marriage.

"The tears of his Majesty at this separation," said the Prince, "are sufficient for the glory of my mother."

The Emperor, dressed in the robes of state, and pale as a statue of marble, leaned against a pillar, careworn and wretched. Folding his arms upon his breast, with his eyes fixed upon vacancy, he stood in gloomy silence. It was a funeral scene. The low hum of mournful voices alone disturbed the silence of the room. A circular table was placed in the centre of the apartment. Upon it there was a writing apparatus of gold. A vacant arm-chair stood before the table. The company gazed silently upon it as the instrument of the most soul-harrowing execution.

A side-door opened, and Josephine entered. Her face was as white as the simple muslin robe she wore. She was leaning upon the arm of Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, was sobbing most convulsively. The whole assembly, upon the entrance of Josephine, instinctively arose. All were moved to tears. With her own peculiar grace, Josephine advanced to the seat provided for her. Leaning her pale forehead upon her hand, she listened with the calmness of stupor to the reading of the act of separation. The convulsive sobbings of Hortense, mingling with the subdued and mournful tones of the reader's voice, added to the tragic impressiveness of the scene. Eugène, pale, and trembling as an aspen-leaf, stood by the side of his adored mother.

As soon as the reading of the act of separation was finished, Josephine, for a moment in anguish, pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and then, rising, in tones, clear, musical, but tremulous with suppressed emotion, pronounced the oath of acceptance. She sat down, took the pen, and affixed her signature to the deed which sundered the dearest hopes and the fondest ties which human hearts can feel. Eugène could endure this anguish no longer. His brain reeled, his heart ceased to beat, and he fell lifeless upon the floor. Josephine and Hortense retired with the attendants who bore out the inces-

sible form of the affectionate son and brother. It was a fitting termination of this mournful yet sublime tragedy.

Josephine remained in her chamber overwhelmed with speechless grief. A sombre night darkened over the city, oppressed by the gloom of this cruel sacrifice. The hour arrived at which Napoleon usually retired for sleep. The Emperor, restless and wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his faithful and devoted wife, when the private door of his chamber was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, her hair disordered, and she appeared in all the deshabille of unutterable anguish. Hardly conscious of what she did in the delirium of her woe, she tottered into the middle of the room, and approached the bed of her former husband. Then irresolutely stopping, she buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of tears. A feeling of delicacy seemed for a moment to have arrested her steps—a consciousness that she had now no right to enter the chamber of Napoleon. In another moment all the pent-up love of her heart burst forth, and, forgetting everything in the fullness of her anguish, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped Napoleon's neck in her arms, and exclaiming, "My husband, my husband!" sobbed as though her heart were breaking. The imperial spirit of Napoleon was entirely vanquished. He also wept convulsively. He assured Josephine of his love—of his ardent and undying love. In every way he tried to soothe and comfort her. For some time they remained locked in each other's embrace. The valet-de-chambre, who was still present, was dismissed, and for an hour Napoleon and Josephine continued together in this their last private interview. Josephine then, in the experience of an intensity of anguish such as few human hearts have ever known, parted for ever from the husband whom she had so long and so faithfully loved. An attendant entered the apartment of Napoleon to remove the lights. He found the Emperor so buried beneath the bed-clothes as to be invisible. Not a word was uttered. The lights were removed, and the unhappy monarch was left alone in darkness and silence to the melancholy companionship of his own thoughts. The next morning, the death-like pallor of his cheek, his sunken eye, and the haggard expression of his countenance, attested that the Emperor had passed the night in sleeplessness and in suffering.

The beautiful palace of Malmaison, which Napoleon had embellished with every possible attraction, and where the Emperor and Empress had passed many of their happiest hours, was assigned to Josephine for her future residence. She retained the rank and title of Empress, with a jointure of about 3,000,000 francs a-year.

The grief of Napoleon was unquestionably sincere. It could not but be so. He had formed no new attachment. He was influenced by no vagrant passion. He truly loved Josephine. He consequently resolved to retire for a time to the seclusion of Trianon. He seemed desirous

that the externals of mourning should accompany an event so mournful.

"The orders for the departure for Trianon," says the Baron Meneval, Napoleon's private secretary, "had been previously given. When, in the morning, the Emperor was informed that his carriages were ready, he took his hat, and said, 'Meneval, come with me.' I followed him by the little winding staircase which, from his cabinet, communicated with the apartment of the Empress. Josephine was alone, and appeared absorbed in the most melancholy reflections. At the noise which we made in entering, she eagerly rose, and threw herself, sobbing, upon the neck of the Emperor. He pressed her to his bosom with the most ardent embraces. In the excess of her emotion she fainted. I rang the bell for succour. The Emperor, wishing to avoid the renewal of scenes of anguish which he could no longer alleviate, placed the Empress in my arms as soon as she began to revive. Directing me not to leave her, he hastily retired to his carriage, which was waiting for him at the door. The Empress, perceiving the departure of the Emperor, redoubled her tears and moans. Her women placed her upon a sofa. She seized my hands, and frantically urged me to intreat Napoleon not to forget her, and to assure him that her love would survive every event. She made me promise to write to her immediately on my arrival at Trianon, and to see that the Emperor wrote to her also. She could hardly consent to let me go, as if my departure would break the last tie which still connected her with the Emperor. I left her, deeply moved by the exhibition of grief so true, and an attachment so sincere. I was profoundly saddened during my ride, and I could not refrain from deploring the rigorous exigencies of State, which rudely sundered the ties of a long-trying affection to impose another union offering only uncertainties. Having arrived at Trianon, I gave the Emperor a faithful account of all that had transpired after his departure. He was still oppressed by the melancholy scenes through which he had passed. He dwelt upon the noble qualities of Josephine, and upon the sincerity of the affection which she cherished for him. He ever after preserved for her the most tender attachment. The same evening he wrote a letter to her to console her solitude."

At eleven o'clock all the household of the Tuileries were assembled upon the grand staircase to witness the departure of their beloved mistress from scenes where she had so long been the brightest ornament. Josephine descended from her apartment veiled from head to foot. Her emotions were too deep for utterance. Silently she waved an adieu to the affectionate and weeping friends who surrounded her. A close carriage with six horses was before the door. She entered it, sank back upon the cushions, buried her face in her handkerchief, and, sobbing bitterly, left the Tuileries for ever.

Napoleon passed eight days in the retirement of Trianon. During this time he visited Jose-

phine at Malmaison, and also received her to dine with him and with Hortense at Trianon.

The following letter, written to Josephine by Napoleon at this time, reveals his feelings:—

"Eight o'clock in the evening, Dec., 1803.

"My Love,—I found you to-day more feeble than you ought to be. You have exhibited much fortitude, and it is necessary that you should still continue to sustain yourself. You must not yield to funereal melancholy. Strive to be tranquil, and, above all, to preserve your health, which is so precious to me. If you are attached to me, if you love me, you must maintain your energy, and strive to be cheerful. You cannot doubt my constancy and my tender affection. You know too well the sentiments with which I regard you to suppose that I can be happy if you are unhappy, that I can be serene if you are agitated. Adieu, my love. Sleep well. Believe that I wish it.

"NAPOLEON."

The Emperor soon returned to Paris, where he remained for three months, burying himself entirely in the multiplicity of his affairs. He was calm and joyless, and a general gloom surrounded him. He expressed himself as much affected by the dreary solitude of the palace, which was no longer animated by the presence of Josephine. From the Tuileries he thus wrote to his exiled wife:—

"Wednesday noon.

"Engèle has told me that you were yesterday very sad. That is not right, my love. This is contrary to what you have promised me. I have been very lonely in returning to the Tuileries. This great palace appears to me empty, and I find myself in solitude. Adieu, my love. Be careful of your health.

"NAPOLEON."

Negotiations were now in progress for the new nuptials. It was for some time undecided whether the alliance should be with Austria, with Russia, or with Saxony.

Josephine was still surrounded with all the external splendours of royalty. Napoleon frequently called upon her, though from motives of delicacy he never saw her alone. He consulted her respecting all his plans, and assiduously cherished her friendship. It was soon manifest that the surest way of securing the favour of Napoleon was to pay marked attention to Josephine. The palace of Malmaison consequently became the favourite resort of the court. Some time after the divorce, Madame de Rochefoucault, formerly mistress of the robes to Josephine, deserting the forsaken Empress, applied for the same post of honour in the household of her successor. To the application Napoleon re-

"No, she shall retain neither her old situation nor have the new one. I am charged with ingratitude towards Josephine. But I will have no imitators, especially among those whom she has honoured with her confidence and loaded

remained for some time at Malmai-

son. In deeds of kindness to the poor, in reading, and in receiving, with the utmost elegance of hospitality, the members of the court, who were ever crowding her saloons, she gradually regained equanimity of spirits, and surrendered herself to a quiet and pensive submission. Napoleon frequently called to see her, and, taking her arm, he would walk for hours in the embowered paths of the lovely chateau, confidently unfolding to her all his plans. He seemed to desire to do everything in his power to alleviate the intensity of anguish with which he had wrung her heart. His own affections still clung to Josephine. Her lovely and noble character commanded increasingly his homage.

Josephine thus describes an interview with Napoleon at Malmaison:—

"I was one day painting a violet, a flower which recalled to my memory my more happy days, when one of my women ran towards me, and made a sign by placing her finger upon her lips. The next moment I was overpowered—I beheld Napoleon. He threw himself with transport into the arms of his old friend. Oh, then I was convinced that he could still love me; for that man really loved me. It seemed impossible for him to cease gazing upon me, and his look was that of most tender affection. At length, in a tone of deepest compassion and love, he said—

"My dear Josephine, I have always loved you. I love you still. Do you still love me, excellent and good Josephine? Do you still love me, in spite of the relations I have again contracted, and which have separated me from you? But they have not banished you from my memory!"

"Sire!" I replied—

"('Call me Bonaparte!' said he; 'speak to me, my beloved, with the same freedom, the same familiarity as ever.'"

"Bonaparte soon disappeared, and I heard only the sound of his retiring footsteps. Oh, how quickly does everything take place on earth! I had once more felt the pleasure of being loved."

The divorce of Josephine, strong as were the political motives which led to it, was a violation of the immutable laws of God. Like all wrongdoing, however seemingly prosperous for a time, it promoted final disaster and woe. Doubtless Napoleon, educated in the midst of those convulsions which had shaken all the foundations of Christian morality, did not clearly perceive the extent of the wrong. He unquestionably felt that he was doing right—that the interests of France demanded the sacrifice. But the penalty was none the less inevitable. At St. Helena

"My divorce has no parallel in history. It did not destroy the ties which united our families, and our mutual tenderness remained unchanged. Our separation was a sacrifice demanded of us by reason for the interests of my crown and of my dynasty. Josephine was devoted to me. She loved me tenderly. No one

ever had a preference over me in her heart. occupied the first place in it, her children the next. She was right in thus loving me, and the remembrance of her is still all-powerful in my mind."

Again he said, "Josephine was really an amiable woman—she was so kind, so humane. She was the best woman in France."

Upon another occasion he said, "A son by Josephine would have completed my happiness, not only in a political point of view, but as a source of domestic felicity. As a political result, it would have secured to me the possession of the throne. The French people would have been as much attached to the son of Josephine as they were to the King of Rome, and I should not have set my foot on an abyss covered with a bed of flowers. But how vain are all human calculations! Who can pretend to decide on what may lead to happiness or unhappiness in this life!"

CHAPTER LI.

MARIA LOUISA.

Assembling of the Privy Council—Noble reply to the wishes of Alexander—Napoleon's overtures at the Austrian Court accepted—The marriage solemnized at Vienna—Celebration of the civil marriage in Paris—Letters from Josephine—Unavailing efforts for peace with England—Correspondence of the Emperor and the King of Holland—Von der Sülhn—Baron Kolli—Birth of the King of Rome—Letter of Josephine—Note of the Emperor—Letter of Josephine after seeing the child—Testimony of Baron Meneval—Anecdote—Justice of the Emperor.

THE question was still undecided who should be the future Empress. Many contradictory opinions prevailed; and Napoleon himself remained for a time in uncertainty. On the 21st of January, 1810, a Privy Council was assembled in the Tuilleries to deliberate upon a matter of such transcendent importance to the welfare of France. Napoleon, grave and impassible, was seated in the imperial chair. All the grand dignitaries of the empire were present. Napoleon opened the meeting by saying—

"I have assembled you to obtain your advice upon the greatest interest of state—upon the choice of a spouse who is to give heirs to the empire. Listen to the report of M. de Champagny, after which you will please, each of you, give me your opinion."

An elaborate report was presented upon the three alliances between which the choice lay—the Russian, the Austrian, and the Saxon. After the report there was a long silence, no one venturing to speak first. Napoleon then commenced upon his left, and called upon each individual, in his turn, for his opinion. There was in the council a strong majority in favour of the Austrian Princess. During the interview Napoleon remained calm, silent, and impenetrable. Not a muscle of his marble face revealed any bias of his own. At the close he thanked the members for their excellent advice, and said—

"I will weigh your arguments in my mind. I am convinced that, whatever difference there may be between your views, the opinion of each of you has been determined by an enlightened zeal for the interests of the state, and by a faithful attachment to my person."

Some cautious words were at first addressed to the Court of St. Petersburg. Alexander favoured the alliance. He was, however, much annoyed by the opposition which he had already encountered from the Queen-Mother and the nobles. He hoped to regain their favour by constraining Napoleon, as a condition of the alliance, to pledge himself never to allow the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland, or any enlargement of the Duchy of Warsaw.

"To enter," Napoleon nobly replied, "into an absolute and general engagement that the kingdom of Poland shall never be re-established were an undignified and imprudent act on my part. If the Poles, taking advantage of favourable circumstances, should rise up of themselves, alone, and hold Russia in check, must I then employ my forces against them? If they find allies, must I march to combat those allies? This would be asking of me a thing impossible—dishonouring. I can say that no co-operation, direct or indirect, shall be furnished by me towards an attempt at reconstituting Poland. But I can go no further. As to the future aggrandizement of the Duchy of Warsaw, I cannot bind myself against them, except Russia, in reciprocity, pledges herself never to add to her dominions any portion detached from the old Polish provinces."

The haughty Empress-Mother was not prepared to decline so brilliant a proposal. She, however, was disposed to take time for consideration. "A Russian Princess," said she, "is not to be won, like a peasant girl, merely by the asking." The impetuous nature of Napoleon could not brook such dalliance. With characteristic promptness, he despatched a communication to St. Petersburg, informing Alexander that he considered himself released from the preference he had thought due to the sister of a monarch who had been his ally and his friend.

On the same day a communication was opened with Austria. The propositions were with alacrity accepted. The Emperor Francis was highly pleased with the arrangement, as it sundered the union of Russia with France, and secured to his daughter the finest fortune imaginable. The young Princess Maria Louisa was eighteen years of age, of graceful figure, excellent health, and a fair German complexion. "She accepted," says Thiers, "with becoming reserve, but with much delight, the brilliant lot offered her." The Emperor of Russia was exceedingly disappointed and vexed at this result. He is reported to have exclaimed, when he heard the tidings, "This condemns me to my native forests." The alliance of Austria with France annihilated his hopes of obtaining Constantinople.

Arrangements were immediately made for the nuptials. Berthier was sent as Napoleon's ambassador.

ambassador extraordinary to demand Maria Louisa in marriage. Napoleon selected his illustrious adversary, the Archduke Charles, to stand as his proxy and represent him in the marriage ceremony. How strange the change! But a few months before, Napoleon and the Archduke had

the three hundred thousand spectators who thronged that magnificent avenue. As the imperial couple moved slowly along, they were greeted with one continuous and exultant roar of enthusiastic acclaim. They traversed the Champs Elysées through a double range of most sumptuous

sonating the Emperor of France, received his bride.

On the 11th of May, 1810, the marriage ceremony was solemnized with a splendour which Vienna has never seen paralleled, and in the midst of a universal outburst of popular gladness. Maria Louisa was conveyed in triumph to France. Exultant joy greeted her every step of the way. It was arranged that, at the magnificent royal palace of Compiègne, she was to meet Napoleon for the first time, surrounded by his whole court. To save her from the embarrassment of such an interview, Napoleon set out from Compiègne, accompanied by Murat, that he might more privately greet her on the road. Neither of them had as yet seen the other. As the cavalcade approached, Napoleon, springing from his carriage, leaped into that of the Empress, and welcomed her with the most cordial embrace. The high-born bride was much gratified with the unexpected ardour and with the youthful appearance of her husband. The Emperor took his seat by her side, and seemed much pleased by her mild beauty, her intelligence, and her gentle spirit. Napoleon was, at this period of his life, remarkably handsome. There was not a furrow upon his cheek; his complexion was an almost transparent olive, and his features were of the most classic mould. Maria Louisa was surprised to find her illustrious husband so attractive in his person and in his address. "Your portrait, sire," said she, "has not done you justice."

The marriage ceremonies which had taken place in Vienna were in accordance with the usages of the Austrian court. The marriage was complete and irrevocable. Napoleon made particular inquiries upon this point of the supreme judicial tribunal of France. The repetition of the ceremony at Paris was merely a formality, arranged as a mark of respect to the nation over which the new Sovereign came to reign. Napoleon, among other benefactions on the occasion of his marriage, gave a dowry of seven hundred francs to each of six thousand young girls who, on the day of the solemnization of his own nuptials, should marry a soldier of his army, of established bravery and good conduct.

The bridal party remained at Compiègne days. The civil marriage was again celebrated at St. Cloud on the 1st of April. The next day Napoleon and Maria Louisa, surrounded by the marshals of the Empire, and followed by the imperial family and the court in a hundred carriages, made their triumphal entry into Paris by the *l'Arc de l'Etoile*. The Emperor and Empress were seated in the coronation carriage, whose spacious glass panels exhibited them to

press by the hand, Napoleon passed through that noble gallery of paintings, the longest and richest in the world, which connects the Louvre with the Tuileries. The most distinguished people of the Empire, in two rows, lined his path, and gazed with admiration upon the man whose genius had elevated France from the abyss of anarchy to the highest pinnacle of dignity and power.

In the evening, in a chapel dazzling with gold, and illuminated to a degree of brilliancy which surpassed noonday splendour, he received the nuptial benediction. All Paris seemed intoxicated with joy. Every murmur was hushed. Every apprehension seemed to have passed away. The dripping sword was sheathed, and peace again smiled upon the Continent so long ravaged by

The ringing of the bells and the booming of the cannon, which announced the marriage of Napoleon, forced tears of anguish into the eyes of Josephine in her silent chamber. With heroism almost more than mortal, she struggled to discipline her feelings to submission.

The beautiful chateau of Malmaison is but a few miles distant from Paris. Napoleon, to spare the feelings of Josephine, so far as possible, under this cruel trial, assigned to her the palace of Navarre, where she would be further removed from the torturing rejoicings of the metropolis.

Soon after her arrival at Navarre, she wrote thus to the Emperor:—

"Sire,—I received this morning the note which was written on the eve of your departure for St. Cloud, and hasten to reply to its tender and affectionate contents. These, however, do not surprise me, so perfectly assured was I that your attachment would find out the means of consoling me under a separation necessary to the tranquillity of both. The thought that your care follows me into my retreat renders it almost agreeable. After having known all the sweets of a love that is shared, and all the sufferings of one that is shared no longer; after having exhausted all the pleasures that supreme power can confer, and the happiness of beholding the man whom I loved enthusiastically admired, is there aught else save repose to be desired? What illusions can now remain for me? All such vanished when it became necessary to renounce you. Thus the only ties which yet bind me to live are my sentiments for you, attachment for my children, the possibility of still being able to do some good, and, above all, the assurance that you are happy.

"I cannot sufficiently thank you, sire, for the liberty you have permitted me of choosing the members of my household. One circumstance

which becomes a little tiresome in the country. You fear that there may be something wanting to the rank I have preserved, should a slight infraction be allowed in the toilet of these gentlemen. But I believe you are wrong in thinking that they would for one minute forget the respect due to the woman who was your companion. Their respect for yourself, joined to the sincere attachment they bear to me, secures me against the danger of ever being obliged to recall what it is your wish that they should remember. My most honourable title is derived, not from having been crowned, but, assuredly, from having been chosen by you. None other is of value. That alone suffices for my immortality.

"I expect Eugène. I doubly long to see him, for he will doubtless bring me a new pledge of your remembrance, and I can question him at my ease of a thousand things, concerning which I desire to be informed, but of which I cannot inquire of you; things, too, of which you ought still less to speak to me. Do not forget *your friend*. Tell her sometimes that you preserve for her an attachment which constitutes the felicity of her life. Often repeat to her that you are happy; and be assured that for her the future will thus be peaceful, as the past has been stormy, and often sad."

In less than three weeks after Napoleon had entered Paris with his Austrian bride, Josephine wrote to him the following touching letter, involuntarily revealing the intensity of her sufferings:—

"Navarre, 19th April, 1810.

"Sire,—I have received by my son the assurance of your Majesty's consent to my return to Malmaison. This favour, sire, dissipates in a great degree the solicitude and even the fears with which the long silence of your Majesty had inspired me. I had feared that I was entirely banished from his memory. I see that I am not so. I am consequently to-day less sorrowful, and even as happy as it is henceforth possible for me to be. I shall return at the close of the month to Malmaison, since your Majesty sees no objection. But I ought to say, sire, that I should not so speedily have profited by the permission which your Majesty has given me in this respect, if the house of Navarre did not require for my health, and for that of the persons of my household, important repairs. It is my intention to remain at Malmaison but a short time. I shall soon put myself at a distance again by going to the waters. But, during the time that I shall remain at Malmaison, your Majesty may be sure that I shall live as though I were a thousand leagues from Paris. I have made a great sacrifice, sire, and every day I experience more fully its magnitude. Nevertheless, that sacrifice shall be as it ought to be—it shall be entirely mine. Your Majesty shall never be troubled in his happiness by any expression of my grief. I offer incessant prayers that your Majesty may be happy. That your Majesty may be convinced

[of it, I shall] always respect his new estate. I shall respect it in silence. Trusting in the affection with which he formerly cherished me, I shall not exact any new proof. I shall await the dictates of his justice and of his heart. I limit myself to soliciting one favour: it is, that your Majesty will deign to seek himself occasionally the means to convince me, and those who surround me, that I have still a little place in his memory, and a large place in his esteem and in his friendship. These means, whatever they may be, will alleviate my sorrows, without being able to compromise that which to me is the most important of all things, the happiness of your Majesty.

"JOSEPHINE."

To this letter Napoleon replied in a manner which drew from Josephine's heart the following gushing response:—

"A thousand, thousand tender thanks that you have not forgotten me. My son has brought me your letter. With what eagerness have I read it! And yet it took much time, for there was not one word in it which did not make me weep. But these tears were very soothing. I have recovered my heart all entire, and such as it will ever remain. There are sentiments which are even life, and which can pass away only with life. I am in despair that my letter of the 19th has wounded you. I cannot recall entirely the expressions, but I know the very painful sentiment which dictated it. It was that of chagrin at not hearing from you. I had written you at my departure from Malmaison, and since, how many times have I desired to write to you! But I perceived the reason of your silence, and I feared to be obtrusive by a single letter. Yours has been a balm to me. May you be happy. May you be as happy as you deserve to be. It is my heart all entire which speaks to you. You have just given me my portion of happiness, and a portion most sensibly appreciated. Nothing is of so much value to me as one mark of your regard. Adieu, my friend. I thank you as tenderly as I always love you.

Shortly after his marriage, Napoleon visited, with his young bride, the northern provinces of his empire. They were everywhere received with every possible demonstration of homage and affection. England, however, still continued unrelentingly to prosecute the war. Napoleon, in addition to the cares of the civil government of his dominions, was compelled to struggle against the herculean assaults of the most rich and powerful nation upon the globe. England, with her bombarding fleet, continued to assail France wherever a shot or a shell could be thrown. She exerted all the influence of intrigue and of gold to rouse the Royalists or the Jacobins of France, it mattered not which, to insurrection, and to infuse undying hostility into the insurgents of Portugal and of Spain. She strove, with the most wakeful vigilance, to prevent the embers of war from being extin-

quished upon the Continent. With a perseverance worthy of admiration, had it been exerted in a better cause, she availed herself of all the jealousies which Napoleon's wonderful career excited, to combine new coalitions against the great foe of aristocratic usurpation, the illustrious advocate of popular rights. In this attempt she was too successful. The flames of war soon again blazed with redoubled fury over the blood-drenched Continent.

Napoleon, being now allied with one of the reigning families of Europe, and being thus brought, as it were, into the circle of legitimate kings, hoped that England might at last be persuaded to consent to peace. He therefore made another and most strenuous effort to induce his warlike neighbours to sheathe the sword. He was, however, still unsuccessful. In thus pleading for peace again and again, he went to the very utmost extreme of duty. Truly did Mr. Cobden affirm, "*It is not enough to say that France did not provoke hostilities. She all but went down on her knees to avert a rupture with England.*"

"Ever since his alliance with the house of Austria," says Savary, "the Emperor flattered himself that he had succeeded in his expectations, which had for their object to bind a Power of the first order to a system established in France, and accordingly to secure the peace of Europe; in other words, he thought he had no longer to apprehend any fresh coalition. Nothing was, therefore, left unaccomplished except a peace with England. A peace with England was the subject to which his attention was principally directed. Such, in fact, was our position, that, unless England could be prevailed upon to consent to peace, there could be no end to the war. The intervention of Russia had been twice resorted to for bringing about a negotiation with the English government, and it had been rejected by the latter in terms which did not even afford the means of calling upon her for the grounds of her refusal. Still the Emperor could not give up all hope of procuring a favourable hearing for reasonable proposals on his part. He sought the means of sounding the views of the English government for the purpose of ascertaining how far he was justified in not banishing all hope of an accommodation.

"It was necessary that a measure of this nature should be secretly resorted to, otherwise it would have shown his intentions in too open a manner. Holland stood much more in need of a maritime peace than France itself. King Louis enjoyed the good opinion of his subjects, and frankly told the Emperor of the personal inconvenience he should feel in being seated, for a much longer time, upon the throne of a country bereft of its resources. He was the first to open a correspondence with the Emperor's approbation. It was carried on under the disguise of a mere commercial intercourse. The firm of Hope, at Amsterdam, transacted more business with England than any other house, and, owing to the high consideration which it enjoyed, that

house might, while carrying on its commercial affairs, be vested, without any impropriety, with the character which the diplomatic matters between the governments would require it to assume. It had for one of its partners, M. de Labouchere, who was connected by family ties with one of the first mercantile men in London. M. de Labouchere addressed his reports to the firm of Hope, at Amsterdam, who handed them to the King; from the latter they were transmitted to the Emperor."

Fouché, the restless Minister of Police, had also ventured, at the same time, on his own responsibility, unknown to Napoleon, to send a secret agent to sound the British ministry. M. Ouvrard was despatched on this strange mission. "The consequence was," says Sir Walter Scott, "that Ouvrard and the agent of the Emperor, neither of whom knew of the other's mission, entered about the same time into correspondence with the Marquis of Wellesley. The British statesman, surprised at this double application, became naturally suspicious of some intended deception, and broke off all correspondence both with Ouvrard and his competitor for the office of negotiator." These reiterated and unwearied endeavours of Napoleon to promote peace, notwithstanding repulse and insult, surely indicate that he did not desire war. Napoleon, again disappointed, was exceedingly incensed with Fouché for his inexcusable presumption.

"What was M. Ouvrard commissioned to do in England?" said Napoleon to Fouché, when he was examined before the Council.

"To ascertain," Fouché replied, "the disposition of the new Minister for Foreign Affairs in Great Britain, according to the views which I had the honour of submitting to your Majesty."

"Thus, then," rejoined Napoleon, "you take upon yourself to make peace or war without my knowledge. Dukes of Otranto, your head should fall upon the scaffold."

Fouché was dismissed from the ministry of police. Yet Napoleon, with characteristic generosity, sent him into a kind of honourable banishment as Governor of Rome.

"Fouché," said the Emperor afterwards, "is ever thrusting his ugly foot into everybody's shoe."

"The Marquis of Wellesley," says Alison, "insisted strongly on the prosperous condition of the British empire, and its ability to withstand a long period of future warfare, from the resources which the monopoly of the trade of the world had thrown into its hands."

The English fleet triumphantly swept all seas. The ocean was its undisputed domain. She had just sent a powerful armament and wrested the island of Java from France.

"This splendid island," says Alison, "was the last possession beyond the seas which remained to the French Empire. Its reduction had long been an object of ambition to the British government. A powerful expedition against Java was fitted out at Madras. The victory was complete island

the dominion of the British. Such was the termination of the maritime war between England and Napoleon. Thus was extinguished the last remnant of the colonial empire of France."

The moral courage which has enabled England, while thus grasping the globe in its arms, to exclaim against the insatiable ambition of Bonaparte, is astounding.

"England," continues Alison, "by wresting from her rival all her colonial settlements, had made herself master of the fountains of the human race. But the contest was not to terminate here. The rival Powers, thus nursed to greatness on their respective elements, thus alike irresistible on the land and the sea, were now come into fierce and final collision. England was to launch her legions against France, and contend with her ancient rival on her own element for the palm of European ascendancy; the desperate struggle in Russia was to bring to a decisive issue the contest of the mastery of the ancient world."

France with her fleet destroyed, her maritime commerce annihilated, her foreign possessions wrested from her, her territory bombarded in every vulnerable point by the most powerful navy earth has ever known, and with her reiterated and earnest supplications for peace rejected with contumely and insult, had no means left by which to resist her implacable foe but the enforcement of the Continental system—the exclusion of British goods on the Continent.

Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, more interested in the immediate pecuniary prosperity of his subjects than in the political views of his brother, neglected to enforce the imperial decree against English trade. Consequently, immense importations of English merchandise took place in the ports of Holland, and from thence were smuggled throughout Europe.

Napoleon determined to put an end to a state of things so entirely subversive of the effectual yet bloodless war he was now waging. He considered that he had a right to demand the co-operation of all those new popular governments which his voice had called into being, and which were entirely dependent upon France for support against surrounding enemies. The overthrow of popular institutions in France would overwhelm them all in common ruin. And, in fact, when Napoleon was finally crushed, constitutional rights and popular liberty, all over Europe, went down into the grave together. Napoleon, consequently, did not feel that he was acting at all the part of a despot in calling upon all those associated and mutually dependent governments to co-operate in a common cause. They had pledged to him their solemn word that they would do so. Their refusal to redeem this pledge seemed to him to insure the inevitable ruin of all. Prussia and Russia had also pledged the most solemn faith of treaties that they would thus assist Napoleon in his endeavour to spike the guns of England.

The following letter from Napoleon to Louis

throws light upon the grounds of complaint against Holland:—

"Sire, my Brother,—I have received your Majesty's letter. You desire me to make known to you my intentions with regard to Holland. I will do it frankly. When your Majesty ascended the throne of Holland, part of the Dutch nation wished to be united to France. The esteem for that brave people which I had imbibed from history made me desirous that it should retain its name and its independence. I drew up myself its Constitution, which was to be the basis of your Majesty's throne, and placed you upon it. I hoped that, brought up under me, you would have had such an attachment to France as the nation has a right to expect from its children, and still more from its princes. I had hoped that, educated in my politics, you would have felt that Holland, weak without an ally, without an army, could and must be conquered directly she placed herself in direct opposition to France; that she ought not to separate her politics from mine; in short, that she was bound to me by treaties.

"Thus I imagined that, in placing a Prince of my own family upon the throne of Holland, I had a means of reconciling the interests of the two states, and of uniting them in one common cause in a common hostility to England. I know that it has become the fashion with certain people to panegyrize me and deride France. But they who do not love France do not love me. Those who speak ill of my people I consider as my greatest enemies. Your Majesty will find in me a brother if I find in you a Frenchman. But should you be unmindful of the sentiments which attach you to our common country, you will not take it amiss if I disregard those which nature formed between us."

Louis remonstrated against the interruption of trade between Holland and England, and finally, in displeasure, abdicated his throne, and privately retired from Holland. Ill-health, aggravating domestic discontent, embittered his days.

"Louis had been spoiled," said the Emperor at St. Helena, "by reading the works of Rousseau. He contrived to agree with his wife only for a few months. There were faults on both sides. On the one hand, Louis was too teasing in his temper, and, on the other, Hortense was too volatile. They were attached to each other at the time of their marriage, which was agreeable to their mutual wishes. The union, however, was contrived by Josephine, who had her own views in promoting it. I, on the contrary, would rather have extended my connexion with other families, and, for a moment, I had an idea of forming a union between Louis and a niece of Talleyrand, who afterwards became Madame Juste de Noailles.

"But Hortense—the virtuous, the generous, the devoted Hortense!—was not entirely faultless in her conduct towards her husband. This I must acknowledge in spite of all the affection I bore her, and the sincere attachment which I am

sure she entertained for me. Though Louis' whimsical humours were, in all probability, sufficiently teasing, yet he loved Hortense, and in such a case a woman should learn to subdue her own temper, and endeavour to return her husband's attachment. Had she acted in the way most conducive to her interests, she might have avoided her late lawsuit, secured happiness to herself, and followed her husband to Holland. Louis would not then have fled from Amsterdam, and I should not have been compelled to unite his kingdom to mine, a measure which contributed to ruin my credit in Europe."

"There are," Louis wrote to Napoleon, "only three means of attacking England with effect—detaching Ireland from her; capturing her Indian possessions; or a descent on her coast. The two last are impossible without a navy. But I am astonished that the first has been so easily abandoned. These present a more certain means of securing peace than a system which injures yourself and your allies in an attempt to inflict greater hurt upon your enemies."

Hortense was then in Paris with her two children. She had been separated from her hus-

band. I do? Was I to abandon Holland to our enemies, or to give it to another king? Could I, in such a case, have expected more from a stranger than my own brother? Did not all the kings I created act nearly in the same manner? I derived little assistance from my own family. They have deeply injured me and the great cause for which I fought. For the caprice of Louis, perhaps an excuse is to be found in the deplorable state of his health, which must have had a considerable influence over his mind. He was subject to cruel infirmities. On one side he was almost paralytic. My annexation of Holland to the Empire, however, produced a most unfavourable impression throughout Europe, and contributed greatly to lay the foundation of our misfortunes."

Perplexities were now rapidly multiplying around Napoleon. England was pushing the war in Spain with extraordinary vigour. Russia, exasperated, was assuming every day a more hostile attitude. Not a French fishing-boat could appear upon the ocean but it was captured by the undisputed sovereignty of the sea. The maritime commerce of France was annihilated.

by your father. You shall lose nothing. The conduct of your father grieves me to the heart; but it is to be explained, perhaps, by his infirmities. When you become great, you must add his debt to yours; and never forget that, in whatever situation you are placed by my politics and the interests of my Empire, your first duty is towards me, your second towards France. All your other duties, even those towards the people I may confide to you, will rank after these."

"It cannot be denied," says Savary, "that the abdication and flight of Louis seriously affected the Emperor's cause in public opinion. It was related to me by a person who was near the Emperor when he received the news of the event, that he never saw him so much struck with astonishment. He remained silent for a few moments, and, after a kind of momentary stupor, suddenly appeared to be greatly agitated. He was not then aware of the influence which that circumstance would have over political affairs. His mind was exclusively taken up with his brother's ingratitude. His heart was ready to burst when he exclaimed—

"Was it possible to suspect so mischievous a conduct in the brother most indebted to me? When I was a mere lieutenant of artillery, I brought him up with the scanty means which my pay afforded me. I divided my bread with him. And this is the return he makes for my kindness? The Emperor was so overpowered by emotion that his grief is said to have vented itself in sobs."

Commenting upon these acts at St. Helena, Napoleon said—

"When my brother mistook an act of public scandal for one of glory, and fled from his throne, declaiming against me, my insatiable ambition and intolerable tyranny, what remained for me

in which Napoleon's opponent but by that system destroyed the commerce of Europe, and provoked continual antagonism. There was no alternative left to Napoleon but to abandon the struggle, bow humbly to the dictation of England, and surrender France to the Bourbons, or to maintain the system, often by the exercise of arbitrary power. Thus, by right of might alone, Napoleon annexed to France the little canton of the Valais, which commanded the new route over the Simplon to the kingdom of Italy. With the same usurping power, he established a cordon of troops from the mouth of the Scheldt to that of the Elbe, to protect the coasts of the German Ocean from the bark of the smuggler.

A young Saxon, 20 years of age, named Von der Sulzbach, was now arrested in Paris. He confessed that it was his intention to assassinate the Emperor, and thus to immortalize his own name by connecting it with that of Napoleon. He said that he knew that the attempt would insure his own death, whether he succeeded or not.

"I made a written report to the Emperor," says Savary, "of whatever had preceded and followed the arrest of the young Saxon, whose intentions admitted no longer of any doubt. The Emperor wrote in the margin of my report, 'This affair must be kept concealed, in order to avoid the necessity of publicly following it up. The young man's age must be his excuse. None are criminal at so early an age unless regularly trained to crime. In a few years his turn of mind will alter. Vain would then be the regret of having sacrificed a young madman, and plunged a worthy family into a state of mourning, to which some dishonour would always be attached. Confine him in the castle of Vincennes. Have him treated with all the care which his derangement seems to require. Gi

him books to read. Let his family be written to, and leave it to time to do the rest. Speak on the subject to the Arch-Chancellor, whose advice will be of great assistance to you."

"In consequence of these orders, young Von der Sulzn was placed at Vincennes, where he was still confined on the arrival of the Allies in Paris."

As Napoleon was engaged in a perpetual series of toils and cares, encouraging the industry and developing the resources of his majestic Empire, warding off the blows of England, striving to conciliate foes upon the Continent, superintending the calamitous war in Spain, which was every day assuming a more fierce and sanguinary character, the year rapidly passed away. Having been so long absent from France, conducting the war upon the banks of the Danube, he was under the necessity of intrusting the conduct of the Spanish war to his

On the evening of the 19th of March, 1811, Maria Louisa was placed upon the couch of suffering from which no regal wealth or imperial rank can purchase exemption. The labour was long-protracted, and her anguish was dreadful. Her attendant physicians, in the utmost trepidation, informed Napoleon that the case was one of extraordinary difficulty, and that the life of either the mother or the child must be sacrificed. "Save the mother," said Napoleon. He sat by the side of his suffering companion during twelve long hours of agony, endeavouring to soothe her fears and to revive her courage.

Perceiving that M. Dubois, the surgeon, had lost his presence of mind, he inquired, "Is this a case of unheard-of difficulty?"

"I have met with such before," the surgeon replied; "but they are rare."

"Very well," rejoined Napoleon; "summon your fortitude; forget that you are attending the Empress; do as you would with the humblest tradesman in the Rue St. Denis."

This judicious advice was attended with happy results, and both mother and child were saved.

It had previously been announced that the cannon of the Invalides should proclaim the advent of the expected heir to the throne. If the child were a *princess*, twenty-one guns were to be fired; if a *prince*, one hundred. At six o'clock in the morning of the 20th of March, all Paris was aroused by the deep booming of those heavy guns in annunciation of the arrival of the welcome stranger. Every window was thrown open. Every ear was on the alert. The slumberers were aroused from their pillows, and silence pervaded all the streets of the busy metropolis, as the vast throngs stood motionless to count the tidings which those explosions were thundering in their ears. The heart of the great capital ceased to beat, and in all her glowing veins the current of life stood still. The *twenty-first* gun was fired. The interest was now intense beyond conception. For a moment the gunners delayed the next discharge, and Paris stood waiting in breathless suspense.

The heavily-loaded guns then, with redoubled voice, pealed forth the announcement. From the entire city one universal roar of acclamation rose and blended with their thunders. Never was an earthly monarch greeted with a more affecting demonstration of a nation's love and homage. The birth of the King of Rome! how illustrious! The thoughtful mind will pause and muse upon the striking contrast furnished by his death. Who could then have imagined that his imperial father would have died a prisoner in a dilapidated stable at St. Helena, and that this child, the object of a nation's love and expectation, would linger through a few short years of neglect and sorrow, and then sink into a forgotten grave!

By the ringing of bells and the explosion of artillery, the tidings of this birth were rapidly spread over the whole of France. Josephine was at Navarre. Her noble heart rejoiced in anguish. It was in the evening of the same day that she was informed, by the cannon of the neighbouring garrison, that Napoleon had become a father. No one witnessed the tears she shed in her lonely chamber. But at midnight she thus wrote to Napoleon:—

"Sire,—Amid the numerous felicitations which you receive from every corner of France and from every regiment of your army, can the feeble voice of a woman reach your ear? Will you deign to listen to her who so often consoled your sorrows and sweetened your pains, now that she speaks to you only of that happiness in which all your wishes are fulfilled? Having ceased to be your wife, dare I felicitate you on becoming a father? Yes, sire! without hesitation; for my soul renders justice to yours, in like manner as you know mine. I can conceive every emotion you must experience, as you divine all that I feel at this moment. Though separated, we are united by that sympathy which survives all events.

"I should have desired to have learned the birth of the King of Rome from yourself, and not from the sound of the cannon of Evreux, or from the courier of the Prefect. I know, however, that, in preference to all, your first attentions are due to the public authorities of the state, to the foreign ministers, to your family, and especially to the fortunate princess who has realised your dearest hopes. She cannot be more tenderly devoted to you than I am, but she has been enabled to contribute more towards your happiness, by securing that of France. She has, then, a right to your first feelings, to all your cares; and I, who was but your companion in times of difficulty—I cannot ask more than for a place in your affections far removed from that occupied by the Empress Maria Louisa. Not till you have ceased to watch by her bed—not till you are weary of embracing your son will you take your pen to converse with your friend. I will wait.

"Meanwhile, it is not possible for me to delay telling you that more than any one in the world

do I rejoice in your joy; and you will not doubt my sincerity when I here say, that, far from feeling an affliction at a sacrifice necessary for the repose of all, I congratulate myself on having made it, since I now suffer alone. But I am wrong; I do not suffer while you are happy, and I have but one regret in not having yet done enough to prove how dear you were to me. I have no account of the health of the Empress. I dare to depend upon you, sire, so far as to hope that I shall have circumstantial details of the great event which secures the perpetuity of the name you have so nobly illustrated. Eugène and Hortense will write me, imparting their own satisfaction; but it is from you that I desire to know if your child be well—if he resembles you—if I shall one day be permitted to see him. In short, I expect from you unlimited confidence, and upon such I have some claims, in consideration, sire, of the boundless attachment I shall cherish for you while life remains."

Josephine had but just despatched this letter when a courier was announced with a note from the Emperor. With intense agitation, she received from the youthful and fragile page the billet, and immediately retired to her private apartment. Half an hour elapsed before she again made her appearance. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and the billet, which she still held in her hand, was blurred with her tears. She gave the page a note to the Emperor in reply, and presented him, in token of her appreciation of the tidings which he had brought, a small morocco case, containing a diamond breast-pin and five thousand francs in gold.

Then, with a tremulous voice, she read the Emperor's note to her friends. Its concluding lines were—"This infant, in concert with *our Eugène*, will constitute my happiness and that of France."

As Josephine read these words with emphasis, she exclaimed, "Is it possible to be more amiable? Could anything be better calculated to soothe whatever might be painful in my thoughts at this moment, did I not so sincerely love the Emperor? This *uniting my son with his own* is, indeed, worthy of him who, when he wills, is the most delightful of men. This is it which has so much moved me."

Notwithstanding the jealousy of Maria Louisa, Napoleon arranged a plan by which he presented to Josephine the idolized child. The interview took place at the Royal Pavilion, near Paris.

Shortly after this interview, Josephine thus wrote to Napoleon:—

"Assuredly, sire, it was not mere curiosity which led me to desire to meet the King of Rome; I wished to examine his countenance—to hear the sound of his voice, so like your own—to behold you caress a son on whom centre so many hopes, and to repay him the tenderness which you lavished on my own Eugène. When you recall how dearly you loved mine, you will not be surprised at my affection for the son of,

... since he is y... likewise, nor would either false or exaggerated sentiments which you have so fully experienced in your own heart. The moment I saw you enter, bearing the young Napoleon in your hands, was unquestionably one of the happiest of my life. It effaced, for a time, the recollection of all that had preceded it, for never have I received from you a more touching mark of affection—it is more: it is one of esteem—of sincere attachment. Still, I am perfectly sensible, sire, that those meetings which afford me so much pleasure cannot frequently be renewed, and I must not so far intrude on your compliance as to put it often under contribution. Let this sacrifice to your domestic tranquillity be one proof more of my desire to make you happy."

At St. Helena, Napoleon said—"It is but justice to observe that, as soon as the Emperor showed himself resolved on the divorce, Josephine consented to it. It cost her, it is true, a severe sacrifice, but she submitted without murmuring, and without attempting to avail herself of those obstacles which she might, however uselessly, have opposed to the measure. She conducted herself with the utmost grace and address. She desired that the Viceroy might conduct the proceedings, and she herself made offers of service with regard to the house of Austria."

"Josephine would willingly have seen Maria Louisa. She frequently spoke of her with great interest, as well as of the young King of Rome. Maria Louisa, on her part, behaved wonderfully well to Eugène and Hortense; but she manifested the utmost dislike, and even jealousy, of Josephine. I wished one day to take her to

but she burst into tears when I made the proposal. She said she did not object to my visiting Josephine, only she did not wish to know it. But, whenever she suspected my intention of going to Malmaison, there was no stratagem which she did not employ for the sake of annoying me. She never left me; and, as these visits seemed to vex her exceedingly, I did violence to my own feelings, and scarcely ever went to Malmaison. Still, however, when I did happen to go, I was sure to encounter a flood of tears and a multitude of contrivances of every kind."

Baron Meneval, private secretary to the Emperor, and also subsequently to Maria Louisa, thus testifies respecting Napoleon's domestic character:—

"The Emperor, burdened with care, and perceiving himself upon the eve of a rupture with Russia, occupied his time between the multiplied labours of his cabinet, reviews, and the work of his ministers. It was in the society of his wife and his son that he sought the only recreation for which he had any taste. The few moments of leisure which the toils of the day left him he consecrated to his son, whose tottering steps he loved to guide with even fondness. When the precious child stumbled

and fell before his father could prevent it, he was received with carresses and with joyous shouts of laughter. The Empress assisted in those family scenes, but she took a less active part than the Emperor. This trio, whose simplicity compelled one to forget their unspeakable grandeur, presented the touching spectacle of a citizen's household, united by ties of the most tender affection. Who could have imagined the destiny reserved for those who composed it? That man, who has been represented as insensible to sentiments of sympathy and kindness, was a tender husband and father."

The following well-authenticated anecdote, related by Baron Meneval, beautifully illustrates the social spirit of Napoleon. The remembrance of a taste imbibed in the familiarity of the domestic life which she had passed in her youth, inspired the Empress one day to make an omelet. While she was employed in that important culinary operation, the Emperor, unannounced, entered the room. The Empress, a little embarrassed, endeavoured to conceal her operations. "Ah!" exclaimed the Emperor, with a latent smile, "what is going on here? It seems to me I perceive a singular odour, as of frying." Then, passing round the Empress, he discovered the chafing-dish, the silver saucepan in which the butter began to melt, the salad-bowl, and the eggs. "How!" exclaimed the Emperor; "are you making an omelet? You know nothing about it. I will show you how it is done." He immediately took his place at the table, and went to work with the Empress, she serving as assistant-cook. The omelet was at last made, and one side was fried. Now came the difficulty of turning it by tossing it over with artistic skill in the frying-pan. Napoleon, in the attempt, awkwardly tossed it upon the floor. Smiling, he said, "I have given myself credit for more exalted talents than I possess;" and he left the Empress undisputed mistress of the cuisine.

Madame de Montesquieu was appointed governess to the infant Prince. She was a woman of rare excellence of character, and nobly discharged her responsibilities. "Madame Montesquieu," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "was a woman of singular merit. Her piety was sincere, and her principles excellent. She had the highest claims on my esteem and regard. I wanted half a dozen like her. I would have given them all appointments equal to their deserts. The following anecdote will afford a correct idea of the manner in which Madame Montesquieu managed the King of Rome. The apartments of the young Prince were on the ground-floor, and looked out on the court of the Tuileries: At almost every hour in the day, numbers of people were looking in at the window in the hope of seeing him. One day, when he was in a violent fit of passion, and rebelling furiously against the authority of Madame Montesquieu, she immediately ordered all the shutters to be closed. The child, surprised at the sudden darkness, asked *Maman Quieu*, as he used to call

her, what it all meant. 'I love you too well,' she replied, 'not to hide your anger from the crowd in the court-yard. You, perhaps, will one day be called to govern all those people; and what would they say if they saw you in such a fit of rage? Do you think they would ever obey you if they knew you to be so wicked?' Upon this, the child asked pardon, and promised never again to give way to such fits of anger. This," the Emperor continued, "was language very different from that addressed by M. Villerot to Louis XV. 'Behold all these people, my prince,' said he. 'They belong to you. All the men you see yonder are yours.'"

Napoleon cherished this child with an intensity of affection which no earthly love has, perhaps, ever surpassed. "Do I deceive myself," said he, one day at St. Helena, to the Countess Montholon, "in imagining that this rock, all frightful as it is, would be an elysium if my son were by my side? On receiving into my arms that infant, so many times fervently implored of Heaven, could I have believed that one day he would have become the source of my greatest anguish? Yes, madame, every day he costs me tears of blood. I imagine to myself the most horrid events, which I cannot remove from my mind. I see either the potion or the poisoned fruit which is about to terminate the days of that young innocent by the most cruel sufferings. Compassionate my weakness, madame; console me!"

Soon after the birth of the King of Rome, Napoleon contemplated erecting a palace for him upon the banks of the Seine, nearly opposite the bridge of Jena. The government accordingly attempted to purchase the houses situated upon the ground. They had obtained all except the dilapidated hut of a cooper, which was estimated to be worth about twelve hundred and fifty francs. The owner, a mulish man, finding the possession of his hut to be quite essential to the plan, demanded ten thousand francs. The exorbitant demand was reported to the Emperor. He replied, "It is exorbitant; but the poor man will be turned out of his home; pay it to him." The man, finding his demand so promptly acceded to, immediately declared that, upon further reflection, he could not afford to sell it for less than thirty thousand francs. All expostulations were in vain. The architect knew not what to do. He was afraid to annoy the Emperor again with the subject, and yet he could not proceed with his plan. The Emperor was again appealed to. "This fellow," said Napoleon, "trifles with us; but there is no help for it. We must pay the money." The cooper now increased his price to fifty thousand francs. The Emperor, when informed of it, said indignantly, "The man is a wretch. I will not purchase his house. It shall remain where it is, a monument of my respect for the laws." The plans of the architect were changed. The works were in progress at the time of Napoleon's overthrow. The poor cooper, M. Bonvivant, finding himself in the midst of rubbish and building materials, bitterly

lamented his folly. He was living, a few years ago, at Passy, still at work at his trade. The Bourbons, on their return to Paris, threw down the rising walls of the palace, and destroyed their foundations.

"One day, at Compiègne," says the Duke of Gaëta, "I was walking with the Emperor in the park, when the King of Rome appeared, in the arms of his nurse, accompanied by his governess, the Countess of Montesquieu. After caressing his son for a few moments, he continued his walk, saying to me, 'Behold a child who would have been far happier to have been born a private individual, with a moderate income. He is destined to bear a heavy burden upon his

putting them to death. Several arrests took place, which were followed by a trial and capital punishment. There is no doubt that, if I had not detained the Sicilian officer, he might have found his way back to the Queen, and made her anticipate, by two months, the period for carrying her plan into effect, which would have happened previously to the English being apprised of it. It has been a very prevalent opinion that every means of degrading the English would find acceptance with the Emperor. In refutation of this, I have just related a fact which is personal to him, and which is still unknown in France, because he had ordered me not to divulge it to the world."

"Savary," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "relates a circumstance which is perfectly true. He appears to have preserved some order which I wrote on the occasion, as well as to have recollected some of my expressions. I did not like to have it publicly mentioned, as it implicated so near a relation to my son. I did not wish to have it known that one so nearly allied by blood to him could be capable of proposing so atrocious an act as that made by Caroline to me. It was to make a second Sicilian Vespers; to massacre all the English army and the English in Sicily, which she offered to effect, provided I would support and afford her assistance after the deed was done. I threw the agent who was the bearer of the proposal into prison, where he remained until the revolution which sent me to Elba. He must have been found, among others, in the prisons that were allotted for state criminals."

The Duke of Rovigo, then minister of police, relates an anecdote highly illustrative of the times. We introduce it in his words. The event occurred in the autumn of the year 1810.

"A Sicilian brig of war hove in sight of one of the small ports of Dalmatia. It landed an officer belonging to the Sicilian navy, who was in the confidential employment of the late Queen of Naples and Sicily. She sent him officially to the principal officer in command, for whom he was the bearer of a most extraordinary commission. Marshal Marmont having sent him to me, I interrogated him, and received his written declaration, to which he affixed his signature. It related that the Queen of Sicily, who was impatient to shake off the English yoke, had resolved to attempt it by renewing against them the *Sicilian Vespers*," as soon as she might feel satisfied that, in the event of failure, she might rely upon finding an asylum in some part of Italy, under the French dominion. The officer added that everything was in readiness for the execution of this project. It was to take place immediately after his return to Sicily. He laid open all the means of success which the Queen had at her command.

"After receiving the declaration of the Sicilian officer, it became my duty to communicate it to the Emperor. He read the whole proposal, and could not repress his indignation at the presumption that he could have lent his assistance to such a cowardly massacre. He ordered me to detain the Sicilian officer, who was, in consequence, lodged in the Castle of Vincennes, where he was still confined when the Allies entered Paris. He has since died. His name was Amelia, and must still be found inserted in the registers of the court of that dungeon, where it may readily be seen. A few months after this event, the foreign newspapers alluded to the discovery made by the English in Sicily of a project for

CHAPTER LII.

THE RUSSIAN WAR.

of Napier to the character of Napoleon—*of Hazlitt*—Admissions of Castlereagh, Scott, and Lockhart—Nature of the strife—Napoleon's application to his allies—Hostile movements of Alexander—Rendezvous at Dresden—Confidence of the Emperor—Testimony of Savary—Reluctance of Napoleon's generals—Mission of the Abbé de Pradt—Striking remarks to the Duke of Gaëta—Magnificent designs of the Emperor.

THE "History of the Peninsular War," by Colonel Napier, has become one of the British classics. It is a magnificent tribute to the genius and the grandeur of the Duke of Wellington. Colonel Napier, aiding with his sword in the overthrow of Napoleon, surely will not be accused of being the blind eulogist of his illustrious foe. He thus testifies respecting the character of the French Emperor, and the cause he so nobly advocated.

"Deep, unmitigated hatred of democracy was, indeed, the moving spring of the English Tories' policy. Napoleon was warred against, not, as they pretended, because he was a tyrant and a usurper, for he was neither; not because his invasion of Spain was unjust, but because he was the powerful and successful enemy of aristocracy."

* About the middle of the thirteenth century, Charles of Anjou established himself in possession of Naples and Sicily. A wide-spread conspiracy was organized against the French. On the 30th of March, 1282, at the hour of vespers, the conspirators suddenly arose upon their unsuspecting victims, and an awful scene of carnage ensued. Neither age nor sex was spared. Aged men, women, and children were cut down mercilessly in the chambers and in the streets. This massacre has ever since been called the *Sicilian V*

eratic privilege. The happiness and independence of the Peninsula were words without meaning in their state papers and speeches, and their anger and mortification were extreme when they found success against the Emperor had fostered that democracy it was their object to destroy.

"Such was Napoleon's situation; and as he read the signs of the times truly, he knew that in his military skill, and the rage of the peasants at the ravages of the enemy, he must find the means to extricate himself from his difficulties, or, rather, to extricate his country, for self had no place in his policy, save as his personal glory was identified with France and her prosperity. Never before did the world see a man soaring so high and devoid of all selfish ambition. Let those who, honestly seeking truth, doubt this, study Napoleon carefully. Let them read the record of his second abdication, published by his brother Lucien, that stern republican who refused kingdoms as the price of his principles, and they will doubt no longer.

"Napoleon's power was supported in France by that deep sense of his goodness as a sovereign, and that admiration for his genius, which pervaded the poorer and middle classes of the people; by the love which they bore towards him, and still bear for his memory, because he cherished the principles of a just equality. They loved him also for his incessant activity in the public service, his freedom from all private vices, and because his public works, wondrous for their number, their utility, and grandeur, never stood still. Under him the poor man never wanted work. To France he gave noble institutions, a comparatively just code of laws, and glory unmatched since the days of the Romans.

"The troops idolised Napoleon. Well they might. And to assert their attachment commenced only when they became soldiers, is to acknowledge that his excellent qualities and greatness of mind turned hatred into devotion the moment he was approached. But Napoleon never was hated by the people of France; he was their own creation, and they loved him so as monarch was never loved before. His march from Cannes to Paris, surrounded by hundreds of thousands of poor men who were not soldiers, can never be effaced nor disfigured. For six weeks, at any moment, any assassin might, by a single shot, have acquired the reputation of a tyrannicide, and obtained vast rewards besides from the trembling monarchs and aristocrats of the earth, who scrupled not to instigate men to the shameful deed. Many there were base enough to undertake, but none so hardy as to execute the crime, and Napoleon, guided by the people of France, passed unharmed to a throne, whence it required a million of foreign bayonets to drive him. From the throne they drove him, but not from the thoughts and hearts of men.

"But, as I have before said, and it is true, Napoleon's ambition was for the greatness and glory of France, for the regeneration of the nation, or the stability of the system which he

had formed with that end, never for himself personally; and hence it is that the multitudes of many nations instinctively revere his memory. And neither the monarch nor the aristocrat, dominant though they be by his fall, feel themselves so easy in their high places as to rejoice much in their victory.

"In 1814, the white colours (the Bourbon flag) were supported by foreign armies, and misfortune had bowed the great democratic chief to the earth; but when, rising again in his wondrous might, he came back alone from Elba, the poorer people, with whom only patriotism is ever to be found, and that because they are poor, and therefore unsophisticated, crowded to meet him and hail him as a father. Not because they held him blameless. Who born of woman is? They demanded redress of grievances, even while they clung instinctively to him as their stay and protection against the locust tyranny of aristocracy."

The principal charges which have been brought against Napoleon are the massacre of the prisoners at Jaffa and the poisoning of the sick in the hospital there, the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, the invasion of Spain, the divorce of Josphine, and the war with Russia. He has also generally been accused of deluging Europe in blood, impelled by his love of war, and to gratify his insatiable ambition. We have thus far recorded, in reference to these cases, the facts, together with Napoleon's explanations, and also the searching comment of his foes. Before entering upon a narrative of the events of the Russian campaign, it is necessary, with some degree of minuteness, to explain the complicated causes of the war.

William Hazlitt, in the following terms, records his view of the influence of England in promoting the Russian war:—

"Let a country," says he, "be so situated as to annoy others at pleasure, but to be itself inaccessible to attack; let it be subject to a head who is governed entirely by his will and passions, and either deprived of or deaf to reason; let it go to war with a neighbouring state wrongfully, or for the worst of all possible causes, to overturn the independence of a nation and the liberties of mankind; let it be defeated at first by the spirit and resentment kindled by a wanton and unprovoked attack, and by the sense of shame and irresolution occasioned by the weakness of its pretended motives and the baseness of its real ones; let it, however, persevere, and make a vow of lasting hatred and of war to extermination, listening only to disappointed pride and revenge, and relying on its own security; let it join with others, influenced by similar counsels, but not exempted, by their situation, from suffering the consequences, or paying the just and natural forfeit of disgrace, disaster, and mortification for the wrong they had meant to inflict on truth and liberty; let it still hold out, watching or making opportunities to bully, to wheedle, to stir up the passions, or tempt the avarice of countries, smarting under old wounds

to engage in new wars for which they are not prepared, and of which they undergo all the punishment; let it laugh at the flames that consume the vitals of other kingdoms, exult in the blood that is shed, and boast that it is the richer for all the money that it squanders; let it, after having exhausted itself in invectives against anarchy and licentiousness, and made a military chieftain necessary to suppress the very evils it had engendered, cry out against despotism and arbitrary sway; let it, unsatisfied with calling to its aid all the fury of political prejudice and national hatred, proceed to blacken the character of the only person who can baffle its favourite projects, so that his name shall seem to taint the air and his existence to oppress the earth, and all this without the least foundation, by the means of a free press, and from the peculiar and almost exclusive pretension of a whole people to morality and virtue; let the deliberate and total disregard of truth and decency produce irritation and ill-blood; let the repeated breaches of treaties impose new and harder terms on kings who have no respect to their word, and nations who have no will of their own; let the profligate contempt of the ordinary rules of warfare cause reprisals, and give a handle to complain against injustice and foul play; let the uselessness of all that had been done, or that is possible, to bring about a peace and disarm an unrelenting and unprincipled hostility, lead to desperate and impracticable attempts, and the necessary consequence will be, that the extreme wrong will assume the appearance of the extreme right; nations groaning under the iron yoke of the victor, and forgetting that they were the aggressors, will only feel that they are the aggrieved party, and will endeavour to shake off their humiliation at whatever cost; subjects will make common cause with their rulers to remove the evils which the latter have brought upon them.

"In the indiscriminate confusion, nations will be attacked that have given no sufficient or immediate provocation, and their resistance will be the signal for a general rising. In the determination not to yield till all is lost, the war will be carried on to a distance and on a scale, when success becomes doubtful at every step, and reverses from the prodigious extent of the means employed, more disastrous and irretrievable; and thus, without any other change in the object or principles of the war than a perseverance in iniquity, and an utter defiance of consequences, the original wrong, aggravated a thousandfold, shall turn to seeming right—impending ruin to assured triumph; and marches to Paris and exterminating manifestoes not only gain impunity and forgiveness, but be converted into religious processions, *Te Deums*, and solemn-breathing strains for the deliverance of mankind. So much can be done by the wilful infatuation of one country and one man."

Russia was now continuing daily to exhibit a more hostile aspect. Disappointed in the coalition expected from Napoleon, Alexander

returned to the policy of the nobles. The inhabitants of Sweden, disgusted with the conduct of their mad king, Gustavus IV., ejected him from the throne. Hoping to secure popular rights, and to obtain the favour of France against the encroachments of Russia, they elected, after various political vicissitudes, Bernadotte to the vacant throne. "The Prince of Ponte-Corvo was a marshal of France. He was one of the ablest of Napoleon's generals. He had married Mademoiselle Clary, a sister of the wife of Joseph Bonaparte. The Swedish electors supposed that this choice would be peculiarly gratifying to Napoleon; but it was not so. Though Napoleon had ever treated Bernadotte with great kindness and forbearance, there was but little sympathy between them. When informed of the election, Napoleon replied—

"It would not become me, the elected monarch of the people, to set myself against the elective franchise of other nations. I, however, he afterwards said, 'felt a secret instinct that Bernadotte was a serpent whom I was nourishing in my bosom.'

The newly-elected Prince immediately paid his respects to the Emperor, who received him frankly.

"As you are offered the crown of Sweden," said Napoleon, "I permit you to accept it. I had another wish, as you know. But, in short, it is your sword which has made you a king, and you are sensible that it is not for me to stand in the way of your good fortune."

He then entered very fully with him into the whole plan of his policy, in which Bernadotte appeared entirely to concur. Every day he attended the Emperor's levée with his son, mixing with the other courtiers. By such means he completely gained the heart of Napoleon.

He was about to depart poor. Unwilling that his general should present himself to the Swedish throne in that necessitous state, like a mere adventurer, the Emperor generously presented him with two millions of francs out of his own treasury. He even granted to his family the endowments which, as a foreign prince, Bernadotte could no longer himself retain; and they finally parted on apparently terms of mutual satisfaction.

Alexander had for a long time been importunate in his demands that Napoleon should pledge himself that the kingdom of Poland should never be re-established, and that the Duchy of Warsaw, which had been the Prussian share of Poland, should receive no accession of strength. On the absolute refusal of Napoleon to consent to these conditions, Alexander replied in language of irritation and menace.

"What means Russia," said Napoleon to the envoy of Alexander, "by holding such language? Does she desire war? If I had wished to re-establish Poland, I need but have said so, and should not have, in that case, withdrawn my troops from Germany. But I will not dishonour myself by declaring that the Polish kingdom shall never be re-established, nor

render myself ridiculous by using the language of the Divinity. It would sully my memory to put my seal to an act which recognised the partition of Poland. Much more would it dishonour me to declare that the realm should never be restored. No! I can enter into no engagement that would operate against the brave people who have served me so well, and with such constant good-will and devotion."

Alexander next demanded that Napoleon should guarantee to him the possession of the right bank and the mouths of the Danube, and also of the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia. But Napoleon, in deference to Turkey and Austria, refused to lend his assistance to these acts of encroachment. He would simply consent to leave those nations to settle those difficulties among themselves, without any interference on his part.

The English cabinet immediately took advantage of these new perplexities into which Napoleon was plunged. Agents were sent to St. Petersburg to form a new coalition against Napoleon. Constitutional England and despotic Russia joined hands to crush the "Emperor of the Republic." The cabinet of St. James opened its treasures of gold to the Czar, and offered the most efficient co-operation with its resistless navy and its strong armies. The Russians were encouraged to hostilities by the assurance that Napoleon was so entangled in the Spanish war that he could withdraw no efficient forces to resist the armies of Russia.

"During the last months of my sojourn in St. Petersburg," says Caulaincourt, "how frequently did Alexander make me the confidant of his anxious feelings! England, the implacable enemy of France, maintained secret agents at the court of Russia, for the purpose of stirring up disaffection and discontent around the throne. The English cabinet was well aware that a propaganda war was impossible as long as Russia should continue allied to France. On this point

was, that all the sovereigns were perjured, one only excepted. He was to be seduced from his allegiance or doomed to destruction. Alexander, at the period to which I am now referring, was no longer a gay, thoughtless young man. The circumstances by which he found himself surrounded had forced a train of serious reflection on his mind, and he seemed perfectly to understand the peculiarity of his personal position. In his private conversations with me, he often said many things which he would not have said to his own brothers, and which possibly he could not have said with safety to his ministers. Beneath an exterior air of confidence, he concealed the most gloomy apprehensions. In the irritated feeling which then pervaded the public mind in Russia, Alexander's intimacy with the French ambassador was severely reprehended, and he knew it. We sometimes enjoyed a hearty laugh at finding ourselves compelled to make assignments with as much secrecy as two young lovers.

"My dear Caulaincourt," said Alexander to me one evening, when we were conversing on the balcony of the Empress's apartments, "Napoleon ought to be made acquainted with the plots which are here hatching against him. I have concealed nothing from you, my dear duke. In my confidence, I have perhaps overstepped the limits of strict propriety. Tell your Emperor all that I have revealed to you; tell him all that you have seen and read; tell him that here the earth trembles beneath my feet; that here, in my own empire, he has rendered my position intolerable by his violation of treaties. Transmit to him from me this candid and final declaration. If once the war be finally entered upon, either he, Napoleon, or I, Alexander, must lose our crown."

The violation of treaties here referred to was Napoleon's seizure of the territories of Oldenburg to prevent smuggling.

Napoleon, weary of fields of blood, was extremely reluctant again to draw the sword. The consolidation of his empire demanded peace. France, after a struggle of twenty years against combined Europe, was anxious for repose. Under these circumstances, Napoleon again made the most strenuous endeavours to promote peace. He sent an envoy to the Czar with assurances of his most kind, fraternal feelings. He pledged himself that he would do nothing, directly or indirectly, to instigate the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland; promised any reasonable indemnification for past grievances; and even consented to allow Russia to relax the rigours of the Continental system, by opening her ports, under licenses, to English goods. But Russia was now under the influence of the cabinet of St. James. The English could not long retain their positions in the Peninsula unless they could cause Napoleon again to be assailed from the North. The war party was in the ascendant. In these concessions of Napoleon the Czar thought he saw but indications of weakness. He, therefore, influenced by the hostile nobles, replied that he would accept the terms, provided, first, that Napoleon would pledge himself to resist any attempt of the Poles to regain their independence; secondly, that he would allow Russia to take possession of a portion of the Duchy of Warsaw; and, thirdly, that he would withdraw all his troops from Germany, and retire beyond the Rhine.

Kourakin, the Russian ambassador, in submitting this insulting ultimatum to the cabinet of the Tuileries, signified his intention to quit Paris in eight days if they were not accepted. The indignation of Napoleon was strongly aroused.

"It was long," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "since I had been accustomed to such a tone, and I was not in the habit of allowing myself to be anticipated. I could have marched to Russia at the head of the rest of Europe. The enterprise was popular. The cause was European. It was the last effort that remained to be made by France. Her fate, and that of the new

league system, depended upon the strength of Russia was the last resource of England. Yet Alexander and I were in the condition of two boasters, who, without wishing to fight, were endeavouring to frighten each other. I would most willingly have maintained peace, being surrounded and overwhelmed by unfavourable circumstances; and all I have since learned convinces me that Alexander was even less desirous of war than myself."

In reference to these difficulties, Napier says: "The unmatched power of Napoleon's genius was now being displayed in a wonderful manner. His interest, his inclination, and his expectation were alike opposed to a war with Russia. But Alexander and himself, each hoping that a menacing display of strength would reduce the other to negotiation, advanced, step by step, till blows could no longer be avoided. Napoleon, a man capable of sincere friendship, had relied too much and too long on the existence of a like feeling in the Russian Emperor; and, misled perhaps by the sentiment of his own energy, did not sufficiently allow for the daring intrigues of a court where the secret combinations of the nobles formed the real governing power."

"With a court so situated, angry negotiations, once commenced, rendered war inevitable, and the more especially that the Russian cabinet, which had long determined on hostilities, though undecided as to the time of drawing the sword, was well aware of the secret designs and proceedings of Austria in Italy, and of the discontent of Murat. The Hollanders were known to desire independence, and the deep hatred which the people of Prussia bore to the French was a matter of notoriety. Bernadotte, who very early had resolved to cast down the ladder by which he rose, was the secret adviser of these practices against Napoleon's power in Italy, and he was also in communication with the Spaniards. Thus Napoleon, having a war in Spain which required three hundred thousand men to keep in a balanced state, was forced, by resistless circumstances, into another and more formidable contest in the distant North, when the whole of Europe was prepared to rise upon his lines of communication, and when his extensive sea frontier was exposed to the all-powerful navy of Great Britain."

Military preparations of enormous magnitude were now made on both sides to prepare for a conflict which seemed inevitable. The war with England was the cause of all these troubles. Peace with England would immediately bring repose to the world. Napoleon was so situated that he was exposed to blows on every side from the terrible fleet of England. He could strike no blows in return. Britannia needed no "bulwarks to frown along the steep." No French battery could throw a shot across the Channel, but the fleet of England could bombard the cities of France and of her allies, ravage their colonies, and consume their commerce. Under these circumstances, Napoleon consented to make still another effort to disarm the hostility of his implacable foe.

"According to his usual custom," says Alison, "when about to commence the most serious hostilities, Napoleon made proposals of peace to England. The terms now offered were, 'That the integrity of Spain should be guaranteed; that France should renounce all extension of her empire on the side of the Pyrenees; that the reigning dynasty of Spain should be declared independent, and the country governed by the national institution of the Cortes; that the independence and security of Portugal should be guaranteed, and the house of Braganza reign in that kingdom; that the kingdom of Naples should remain in the hands of its present ruler, and that of Sicily with its present king; and that Spain, Portugal, and Italy should be evacuated by the French and British troops, both by land and sea.'

"To these proposals Lord Castlereagh replied, that if, by the term 'reigning dynasty,' the French government meant the royal authority of Spain and its government as now vested in Joseph Bonaparte and the Cortes assembled under his authority, and not the government of Ferdinand VII., no negotiations could be admitted on such a basis."

The desire for peace must have been inconceivably strong in the bosom of Napoleon to have rendered it possible for him thus perseveringly to plead with his arrogant foes. He was repulsed, insulted, treated with unblushing perfidy, renewedly assailed without warning, and yet, for the sake of suffering humanity, he never ceased to implore peace. He was finally crushed by the onset of a million of bayonets. His great heart yielded to the agony of St. Helena, and then his triumphant foes piled upon the tomb of their victim the guilt of their own deeds of aggression and blood. In consequence, the noble name of Napoleon is now, in the mouths of thousands, but a by-word and a mockery—but the synonym for *bloodthirstiness and insatiable ambition*. An act more ungenerous than this earth has never witnessed. But God is just. He will yet lay "judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet."

Sir Walter Scott, unable to deny this new pacific overture, disingenuously seeks to attribute it to some unworthy motive. "It might be," says he, "Lord Wellington's successes, or the lingering anxiety to avoid a war involving so many contingencies as that of Russia, or it might be a desire to impress the French public that he was always disposed towards peace, that induced Napoleon to direct the Duke of Bassano to write a letter to Lord Castlereagh. This feeble effort towards a general peace having altogether miscarried, it became a subject of consideration whether the approaching breach between the two great empires could not yet be prevented."

In reference to these "aciliatory efforts of Napoleon, Lockhart says, "He, thus called on to review with new seriousness the whole condition and prospects of his empire, appears to have felt very distinctly that neither could be secure unless an end were by some means put to

the war with England. He, in effect, opened a communication with the English government when the fall of Badajos was announced to him; but, ere the negotiation had proceeded many steps, his pride returned upon him with its original obstinacy, and the renewed demand that Joseph should be recognised King of Spain abruptly closed the intercourse of the diplomatists. Such being the state of the Peninsula, and all hope of an accommodation with England at an end, it might have been expected that Napoleon would have spared no efforts to accommodate his differences with Russia."

Napier says, "The proposal for peace which he made to England before his departure for the Niemen is another circumstance where his object appears to have been misinterpreted. In this proposal for peace he offered to acknowledge the house of Braganza in Portugal, the house of Bourbon in Sicily, and to withdraw his army from the Peninsula, if England would join him in guaranteeing the crown of Spain to Joseph, together with a Constitution to be arranged by a national Cortes. This was a virtual renunciation of the Continental system for the sake of a peace with England, and a proposal which obviated the charge of aiming at universal dominion, seeing that Austria, Spain, Portugal, and England would have retained their full strength, and the limits of his empire would have been fixed. The offer was also made at a time when the Emperor was certainly more powerful than he had ever yet been—when Portugal was, by the avowal of Wellington himself, far from secure, and Spain quite exhausted. At peace with England, Napoleon could easily have restored the Polish nation, and Russia would have been suppressed. Now Poland has fallen, and Russia stalks in the plenitude of her barbarous tyranny."

Napoleon was now compelled to gather up his strength to contend against England upon the sea, the gigantic empire of Russia in the North, and the insurgents of Spain and Portugal in the South, roused, strengthened, and guided by the armies of Great Britain. It was a herculean enterprise. With herculean energy Napoleon went forth to meet it. His allies rallied around him with enthusiasm. It was the struggle of liberty against despotism. It was a struggle of the friends of reformed governments and of popular rights throughout Europe against the partisans of the old feudal aristocracy.

In every country of Europe there were at this time two parties—the aristocratic and the popular. On the whole, they were not very unequally divided. Napoleon was the gigantic heart of the popular party, and the mighty pulsations of his energies throbbed through Europe. The aristocratic party was dominant in England. The popular party was trampled in the dust. Aristocratic England and despotic Russia now grasped hands in congenial alliance.

Some persons connected with the ancient nobility intimated that it would be hazardous for Napoleon to leave France upon so distant an

expedition, as conspiracies might be formed

"Why," exclaimed Napoleon, "do you menace my absence with the different parties still alleged to exist in the interior of the empire? Where are they? I see but a single one against me, that of a few Royalists, the principal part of whom are of the ancient *noblesse*, old and inexperienced. But they dread my downfall more than they desire it. That which I have accomplished of the most beneficial description is the stemming of the revolutionary torrent. It would have swallowed up everything, Europe and yourselves. I have united the most opposite parties, amalgamated rival classes, and yet there exist among you some obstinate nobles who resist, who refuse my places. Very well! What is that to me? It is for your advantage, for your security, that I offer them to you. What would you do singly by yourselves and without me? You are a mere handful opposed to masses. Do you not see that it is necessary to put an end to this struggle between the *commons* and the *nobility* by a complete fusion of all that is worthy of preservation in the two classes? I offer you the hand of amity, and you reject it. But what need have I of you? While I support you, I do myself injury in the eyes of the people. *For what am I but the king of the commons?* Is not that sufficient?"

Napoleon immediately called upon his allies for assistance. Prussia, Austria, Italy, Bavaria, Saxony, Westphalia, and the various states of the Rhenish Confederation responded generously to the call. All of these states, except Prussia and Austria, had thoroughly imbibed the principles of revolutionized France. Austria was now allied to Napoleon by marriage. Prussia, wavering between despotism and liberty, hesitatingly arrayed herself under the banners of France. Napoleon soon found nearly five hundred thousand men, all ready with enthusiasm to follow his guidance.

Poland was almost in a frenzy of joy. She felt that the hour of her redemption had come. The nation was ready, as one man, to rally beneath the banners of Napoleon, if he would but shield them from their restless oppressors. But sixteen millions of people, surrounded by hostile Russia, Prussia, and Austria, could do nothing alone. Napoleon was exposed to the most cruel perplexity. All his sympathies were with the Poles. But Francis of Austria had become his ally and his father-in-law. With Francis, political considerations were far stronger than parental ties. Austria would immediately have joined the Russian alliance had Napoleon wrested from her her Polish provinces. Napoleon was also still hoping to effect a speedy peace with Russia, and wished to do nothing to increase the animosity of the Czar.

Alexander had now assembled an immense army near the banks of the Niemen, and, about the middle of April, placed himself at the head of his troops. Napoleon, having made the necessary arrangements for the government of France

during his absence, departed, on the 9th of May, for Dresden, on his way to join the Grand Army. Maria Louisa accompanied him. The progress of the imperial pair was a continued triumph. Banners of welcome, triumphal arches, processions of maidens, ringing of bells, music, and acclamations, greeted them wherever they appeared. The enthusiasm was as great in Germany as in France. Crowds thronged the roadsides to catch a glimpse of the illustrious man whose renown filled the world.

Dresden, the capital of Saxony, had been named by Napoleon as the general rendezvous for the kings and princes in alliance with him. Among those who were there awaiting the arrival of the French Emperor and his consort were the Emperor and Empress of Austria, the King of Prussia, who came, however, uninvited, the Kings of Saxony, Naples, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Westphalia, and a crowd of minor Princes. The Emperor occupied the grand apartments of the palace. The regards of all men were turned to him. The gates of the palace were ever thronged with multitudes eager to see that controlling spirit, at whose word nearly all Europe was ready to march into the unknown regions of the North. Napoleon was under the necessity of exerting a private influence to secure some attention being paid to the Emperor Francis, who was in danger of being entirely overlooked. Napoleon, on all occasions, granted the precedence to his father-in-law. Frederick William wandered through these brilliant scenes abject and melancholy. It is worthy of remark, that Napoleon had not, at Dresden, a single armed Frenchman in attendance upon his person. He was entirely under the protection of his German allies. When, subsequently, at St. Helena, reminded of this fact, he remarked, "I was in so good a family, with such worthy people, that I ran no risk. I was beloved by all, and, at this moment, I am sure that the King of Saxony daily prays for me."

Napoleon remained at Dresden about a fortnight. During this time he was incessantly occupied dictating despatches relative to the campaign about to be opened, and to the conduct of the war in Spain. Immense quantities of men, horses, provisions, and baggage of every description were moving from all parts of the European Continent to the banks of the Niemen. Such an array was congregated as had never before been seen in modern Europe. Napoleon, being thus prepared for war, and with such forces as to render success apparently certain, made a new attempt at negotiation with the Czar. He despatched the Count Narbonne to Wilna, the headquarters of Alexander, to propose terms of accommodation. But neither Alexander nor his ministers would condescend even to grant the envoy an audience. When Napoleon was informed of this contemptuous repulse, he calmly said, "The vanquished have assumed the tone of victors. They are drawn on by fate, which has decreed their destiny." Orders were immediately given for the army to advance and to cross the

Niemen. He then issued the following proclamation:—

"Soldiers! The second war of Poland has commenced. The first war terminated at Friedland and Tilsit. At Tilsit, Russia swore eternal alliance with France, and war with England. She has openly violated her oath, and refuses to offer any explanation of her strange conduct till the French eagle shall have passed the Rhine, and, consequently, shall have left her allies at her discretion. Russia is impelled onward by fatality. Her destiny is about to be accomplished. Does she believe that we have degenerated? that we are no longer the soldiers of Austerlitz? She has placed us between dishonour and war. The choice cannot, for an instant, be doubtful. Let us march forward, then, and, crossing the Niemen, carry the war into her territories. The second war of Poland will be to the French arms as glorious as the first. But our next peace must carry with it its guarantee, and put an end to that arrogant influence which, for the last fifty years, Russia has exercised over the affairs of Europe."

Napoleon seems to have entertained no apprehension respecting the result of the war.

"Never," said he, "was the success of an expedition more certain. I see on all sides nothing but probabilities in my favour. Not only do I dwell at the head of the immense forces of France, Italy, Germany, the Confederation of the Rhine, and Poland, but the two monarchies which have hitherto been the most powerful auxiliaries of Russia against me have now ranged themselves on my side. They espouse my cause with the zeal of my oldest friends. Why should I not number in a similar class Turkey and Sweden? The former is at this moment, in all probability, resuming its arms against the Russians. Bernadotte hesitates, it is true, but he is a Frenchman. He will regain his old associations on the first cannon shot; he will not refuse to Sweden so favourable an opportunity to avenge the disasters of Charles XII. Never again can such a favourable combination of circumstances be anticipated. I feel that it draws me on, and, if Alexander persists in refusing my proposition, I shall pass the Niemen."

In the following words Napoleon gave utterance to his peculiar ideas of destiny:—

"Do you dread the war as endangering my life? It was thus that, in the times of conspiracy, attempts were made to frighten me about Georges. He was said to be everywhere upon my track—that the wretched being was to fire at me. Well! I suppose he had. He would, at the utmost, have killed my aide-de-camp, but to kill me was impossible. Had I at that time accomplished the decrees of Fate? I feel myself impelled towards a goal of which I am ignorant. The moment I have reached it, as soon as I am no longer of service, an atom then will suffice to put me down. But, till then, all human efforts will avail nothing against me. Whether I am in Paris or with the army is, therefore, quite im-

different. When my hour comes, a fever, or a fall from my horse in hunting, will kill me as effectually as a bullet. Our days are numbered."

M. Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, was at this time the Minister of Police. He says:—

"Previous to quitting France, Napoleon disposed of every public business which required his presence. This was his practice whenever he undertook a journey. He generally had a private conversation with each minister, for the purpose of giving his special instructions when he was desirous of having any business carried on without further correspondence with him. He never overlooked the smallest details. They all appeared deserving his attention. When he came to the last week of his stay, he replied to all outstanding cases referred to him by his ministers. This is what he called 'clearing his closet.' On the occasion of his departure, he conversed with me relating to every subject to which he was desirous I should attend during his absence. This was a general instruction on his part, and by no means so severe as it was supposed to be by men whose life has been engaged in representing him as a tyrant, devoid of every sense of justice and of all kindly feelings; and yet these are the qualities for which he was most conspicuous. He felt particularly beholden to any one who would afford him an opportunity of doing an act of justice, and, as he was never weary of granting favours, so there could be no hesitation in soliciting them.

"In the instructions given me by the Emperor before his departure, I was particularly enjoined to be mild and considerate towards every one. He observed to me that there never came any good out of creating a feeling of hostility, and that in the ministry of police, more than any other, it was necessary to act with gentleness. He repeatedly cautioned me to avoid every arbitrary arrest, and always to have justice on my side in every measure I might adopt.

"He spoke to me in this conversation respecting the war he was compelled to undertake, complained of not having been faithfully served, and of being driven to engage in a contest with Russia alone, in the present year, in order not to have to fight the next with Austria and Prussia. He said that he had now a numerous army fully adequate to the enterprise, while he might have to contend with inferior numbers on his side if fresh enemies should rise next year against him. He deeply deplored the confidence he had placed in those sentiments which had induced him to make a peace at Tilsit, and often repeated these words—'Whoever could have saved me from this war would have rendered me an essential service. Now we have it, we must extricate ourselves the best way in our power.'"

"If Alexander," said Napoleon to General Belliard, "persists in his refusal to execute the conventions which we have mutually entered into, if he will not accede to the last proposals I made to him, I will pass the Niemen, defeat his army,

and possess myself of Russian-Poland. This last territory I will unite to the Grand Duchy; I will convert it into a kingdom, where I will have fifty thousand men, whom the country must support. The inhabitants wish to form themselves again into a national corps. They are a warlike people, and will soon possess a numerous and disciplined force. Poland wants arms; I will supply them. She will be a check upon the Russians—a barrier against the irruption of the Cossacks. But I am embarrassed on one point: I know not what course to pursue with regard to Galicia. The Emperor of Austria, or rather his council, is reluctant to part with it. I have offered ample remuneration, but it has been refused. I must await the course of events, which alone can show us what ought to be done."

On the 29th of May, 1812, Napoleon left Dresden, and was accompanied as far as Prague by the Empress; then parting with Maria Louisa, he hastened to Dantzic, where he had collected vast quantities of military stores. General Rapp, a blunt soldier, who had always been a favourite of the Emperor, was governor of that city. On the evening after his arrival, the Emperor supped at the hotel of the government with General Rapp, Murat, the King of Naples, and Berthier, Prince of Neufchâtel. Passing through the hall, he observed a bust of the Queen of Prussia. Turning to the governor, he observed, with a smile,

"Master Rapp, I give you notice that I shall inform Maria Louisa of your infidelity."

"You recently informed me," replied the accused, "that the King of Prussia had become one of your allies, and surely I may keep in my apartment the bust of a pretty woman who is the wife of your friend."

Not a little embarrassment prevailed at the supper-table. Napoleon's generals, enriched, loaded with honours, and surrounded with pomp and luxury, were but little disposed again to encounter the perils and the hardships of the field of battle.

After a period of silence the Emperor inquired the distance from Cadiz to Dantzic.

"It is too far, sire," General Rapp replied.

"I understand you," said the Emperor; "but in a few months we shall be still farther distant."

"So much the worse, sire," continued General Rapp.

There was another interval of silence.

Neither Murat nor Berthier ventured to speak. For a few moments Napoleon rigidly scrutinized the countenances of the three. At length, in a low and serious tone, but with much emphasis, he said—

"Gentlemen, I see clearly that you have no relish for this war. The King of Naples has reluctantly quitted the fine climate of his own kingdom. Berthier desires nothing better than to hunt on his estate at Grosbois, and Rapp is impatient to inhabit his mansion at Paris."

The King and Prince both remained silent; but Rapp frankly avowed that his Majesty had spoken the truth.

It was Napoleon's hope that Russia would be compelled to yield to those terms which appeared to him indispensable for the repose of Europe, and for the salvation of all those popular governments which were leaning upon him for protection. He believed that Alexander would be forced to submit to the recognition of Poland. This kingdom of twenty millions of inhabitants, thus restored to independence, and imbued with the principles of revolutionized France, would be a formidable barrier to protect the rest of Europe from the colossal despotism of the North. Being in alliance with popular governments, its position would enable it to present serious obstacles to any coalitions between Russia, Austria, and Prussia. By compelling Russia, also, faithfully to enforce the Continental system, which by treaty she had solemnly promised to do, but which treaty she had perditionously violated, England, starved into peace, would be compelled to sheathe the sword. The objects at which Napoleon aimed were grand and glorious. Apparently, it is deeply to be deplored that he did not accomplish his ends. Where is the intelligent man now, in England or America, who does not wish that Poland were free, and that the despotism of Russia could be checked?

"That war," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "should have been the most popular of any in modern times. It was a war of good sense and true interests; a war for the repose and security of all. It was purely pacific and preservative, entirely European and Continental. Its success would have established a balance of power, and would have introduced new combinations, by which the dangers of the time present would have been succeeded by future tranquillity. In this case ambition had no share in my views. In raising Poland, which was the keystone of the whole arch, I would have permitted a King of Prussia, an Archduke of Austria, or any other, to occupy the throne. I had no wish to obtain any new acquisition, and I reserved to myself only the glory of doing good, and the blessing of posterity. Yet this undertaking failed, and proved my ruin, though I never acted more disinterestedly, or better merited success.

"As if popular opinion had been seized with contagion in a moment, a general outcry, a general sentiment arose against me. I was proclaimed to be the destroyer of kings—I, who had created them. I was denounced as the subverter of the rights of nations—I, who was about to risk all to secure them; and people and kings, those irreconcilable enemies, leagued together and conspired against me. All the acts of my past life were now forgotten. I said truly that popular favour would return to me with victory, but victory escaped me, and I was ruined. Such is mankind, and such my history. But both people and kings will have cause to regret me, and my memory will be sufficiently avenged for the injustice committed upon me. That is certain."

That Napoleon was sincere in these sentiments

is proved beyond all possibility of doubt by the instructions which he gave his ambassador, the Abbé de Pradt, whom he sent to Warsaw. This all-important document was dated April 18th, 1812, two months before his armies entered Russia.

"Sir,—The Emperor has sufficient confidence in your ability and devotion to his service to intrust to you a mission of the greatest political importance—a mission requiring activity, prudence, and discretion.

"You must go to Dresden, the apparent object of your journey being to present to his Majesty the King of Saxony a letter which the Emperor will send you to-morrow after his levée. His imperial and royal Majesty has already given you his instructions; he will communicate to you verbally his wishes with regard to the overtures you must make to the King of Saxony.

"The intention of the Emperor is, that the King of Saxony should be treated with that consideration to which he has a claim, from the particular esteem which his imperial Majesty feels for him personally. You will explain yourself frankly both to the King and his ministers. You may feel confidence in the opinion of the Count of Senft-Pilsac.

"Saxony will not be required to sacrifice anything without compensation. Saxony attaches little value to the sovereignty of Warsaw. Such as it is at present, it is a precarious and burdensome charge. The possession of this fragment of Poland places her in a false position with regard to Prussia, Austria, and Russia. You will develop these ideas, and you will treat this question in the same manner as in the discussion which took place on the 17th, in his Majesty's cabinet, when you were present. You will find the cabinet of Dresden little inclined to oppose you; its diplomacy has several times suggested to us the same observation. The question is not about the dismemberment of the King of Saxony's dominions.

"After a short stay at Dresden, you will announce your departure for Warsaw, where you must wait fresh orders from the Emperor.

"His imperial Majesty requests the King of Saxony to accredit you to his Polish ministers.

"You will concert your measures at Warsaw with the Emperor's High Chamberlain and with General Z—. These two persons are descended from the most illustrious families of Poland: they have promised to make use of their influence with their fellow-citizens to induce them to exert themselves for the happiness and independence of their country.

"You must instigate the government of the Grand Duchy to prepare for the great changes which the Emperor proposes to bring about in favour of the Polish nation.

"The Poles must second the designs of the Emperor, and co-operate themselves in their

as p

Emperor does

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE ABBE DE PRADT.

himself the difficulties which he must experience in the re-establishment of Poland. The work of policy must be opposed to the apparent and actual interests of his allies.

"The re-establishment of Poland by the arms of the French Empire is a hazardous and even a perilous enterprise, in which France will be obliged to struggle equally against her friends and her enemies. Let us enter into particulars.

"The object which the Emperor has in view is the organization of Poland, with the whole or a part of its ancient territory; and this he wishes to accomplish without a war, if it be possible. To this end, his Majesty has given very extensive powers to his ambassador at St. Petersburg; and he has sent to Vienna a negotiator who is authorised to treat with the principal Powers, and to offer to make great sacrifices of territory on the part of the French Empire, as indemnity for the relinquishment of what is required for the establishment of the kingdom of Poland.

"Europe is divided into three great parts—the French Empire at the west, the German States in the centre, and the Empire of Russia in the east. England can have, in Continental affairs, only so much influence as the Powers are willing to concede to her.

"An important object is to strengthen the central division sufficiently to prevent Russia and France from acquiring the sovereignty of too much of Europe by extending their dominions. The French Empire is in the actual enjoyment of its greatest energy: if it does not now settle the political constitution of Europe, it may before long lose the advantage of its position, and have to give up its enterprises.

"The establishment of a military government in Prussia, the reign and conquest of the Great Frederick, the ideas of the age, and those of the French Revolution put in circulation, have annihilated the ancient German Confederation. The Confederation of the Rhine is only a provisional system. The princes who gained, wished, perhaps, for the consolidation of that system; but the princes who lost, the people who suffered the miseries of war, and the states which dreaded the too great power of France, would oppose the maintaining the Confederation of the Rhine whenever an occasion presented itself. Even the princes who were aggrandized by this new system would feel disposed to withdraw from it, in proportion as time confirmed them in the possession of what they had acquired. France might see herself, in the end, deprived of that protectorship, which she would assuredly have purchased by too many sacrifices.

"The Emperor thinks that, at a final epoch which cannot long be delayed, it will be proper to restore the confederation of the powers of Europe to all their independence.

"The house of Austria, which possesses three vast kingdoms, ought to be the soul of this independence, on account of the topographical position of its territories; but she ought not to be the ruler in a case of rupture between the two empires of France and Russia; for, if the confederation of

the intermediate Powers were moved by the same impulse, it would necessarily involve the ruin of one of the contending parties. The French Empire would be more exposed than the Russian Empire.

"The centre of Europe ought to consist of nations unequal in their power, each of which would have a system of policy peculiar to itself; and which, from their situation and their political relation, would look for support in the protectorship of a preponderating Power. These nations would be interested in maintaining peace because they would always be the victims of war. With these views, after having created new kingdoms, and added to the territories of the old, in order to strengthen for the future our system of alliance, it was most important for the Emperor, and at the same time for Europe, to re-establish Poland. Without the restoration of that kingdom, Europe would be without a frontier on that side; Austria and Germany would find themselves face to face with the most vast empire in the universe.

"The Emperor can foresee that Poland, like Prussia, will be at last in alliance with Russia; but if Poland owes to him her restoration, the epoch of the union of those two Powers may be sufficiently distant to allow of the established order of things being consolidated. Europe being thus organized, there would be no longer any reason for rivalry between France and Russia: these two empires would have the same commercial interests, and would act upon the same principles.

"Before the coolness with Prussia, an idea of the Emperor's had been to make a solid alliance with the King of Prussia, and to place on his head the crown of Poland. There were fewer obstacles to overcome, because Prussia already possessed a third part of that kingdom. We should have left to Russia what she meant absolutely to keep, and would have given an indemnity to Austria. The march of events; however, necessitated a change in the Emperor's projects.

"At the time of the negotiations at Tilsit, it was necessary to create more kingdoms precisely in the countries which most dreaded the power of France. The moment was propitious for the re-establishment of Poland, although it would have been a work of violence and force. The war must have been continued; the French army was suffering from cold and from want of provisions; Russia had an army on foot. The Emperor was touched with the generous sentiments which the Emperor Alexander professed for him. He had obstacles to encounter on the part of Austria. He allowed his policy to be overcome by a desire to sign a peace, which he hoped to render durable, if, by the influence of Russia and Austria, England would consent to a general pacification.

"After her reverses of fortune, Prussia felt so much hatred towards us as to make it prudent for us to moderate her power: it was with this view that the Grand Duchy of Warsaw was organized. The King of Saxony was selected

as its sovereign, a prince whose life had been spent in promoting the happiness of his subjects; and an attempt was made to satisfy the feelings of the Poles by institutions which should be agreeable to them, and conformable to their character and manners. But this was a great mistake in every point of view.

"Saxony, separated from her near possessions by Prussia, could not become sufficiently incorporated with Poland to constitute a strong and powerful state. The overture of having a military route through the Prussian territory, in order to enable Saxony to communicate with Poland, greatly offended the Prussian nation, and her people complained of being deceived in their hopes."

"The Emperor stipulated for the occupation of the Prussian fortresses, in order to make sure that this Power would not seek to rekindle the war. The campaign of 1809 showed the prudent foresight of his policy, and had confirmed him in the resolution of labouring without relaxation in such an organization of Europe as should put an end to disastrous wars."

"The Emperor thought that he ought to make formidable demonstration, by pushing forward a number of troops on the Vistula, and by occupying the fortresses of Prussia, in order to secure the fidelity of his allies, and to obtain byegotiation that which he ought, perhaps, to have expected from war alone."

"In these circumstances there were imminent dangers. Troops cannot be sent five hundred leagues from their own territory without peril; and Poland should depend as much upon her own resources as on the support of the Emperor. If war breaks out—I repeat, that if war should ensue—the Poles should look upon France only as an auxiliary operating in aid of their own resources. Let them call to mind the time when, by their patriotism and bravery, they resisted the numerous armies who assailed their independence."

"The people of the Grand Duchy wish for the re-establishment of Poland; it is for them, therefore, to prepare the way by which the usurped provinces can have an opportunity of declaring their wishes also. The government of the Grand Duchy should, as soon as events permit, unite, under the banner of independence, the dismembered provinces of their unfortunate country. If there be Poles under the dominion of Russia, or of Austria, who decline returning to the mother-country, no attempt should be made to compel them to do so. The strength of Poland should consist of her public spirit, and in her patriotism, as much as in the institutions which will constitute her new social state."

"The object of your mission, then, is to enlighten, to encourage, and to direct in their operations the Polish patriots. You will give an account of your negotiations to the Minister for Foreign Affairs; he will inform the Emperor of your success, and you must also send me extracts from your reports."

"The misfortunes and the weakness of the Polish Republic have been caused by an aristocracy

without law or restraint. Then, as now, the nobility were powerful, the middle class subservient, the people nothing. But, in the midst of these disorders, there remained in this nation a love of liberty and independence which long supported its feeble existence. These sentiments must have become strengthened by time and oppression. Patriotism is natural for the Poles, even to the members of distinguished families. The Emperor intends strictly to abide by the promise he made in Article 29 of the treaty of the 9th of July, 1807:—To regulate the Grand Duchy by institutions which should secure its liberty and the privileges of the people consistently with the tranquillity of the neighbouring states. Poland shall have independence and liberty. As to the choice of a sovereign, that will be regulated by the treaty which his Majesty will sign with the other Powers. His Majesty lays no claim to the throne of Poland, either for himself or for any of his family. In the great work of the restoration of Poland, he has no other object than the happiness of the Poles and the tranquillity of Europe. His Majesty authorizes you to make this declaration, and to make it formally, whenever you consider it useful for the interests of France and of Poland."

"Towards the end of the year 1811," says the Duke of Gaëta, "when rumour of an approaching war with the North began to circulate, I availed myself of the liberty which the Emperor had always granted me in our private conversations to express to him my solicitude."

"The affairs of your Majesty," I said to him, "are certainly now the most prosperous of any in Europe. A new war, conducted at the distance of eight hundred leagues, would impose upon us a very heavy expense, of which but a small portion could be defrayed by a distant country, which offers no resources. What, then, would become of the present early state of our finances, particularly should the events of the war prove disastrous?"

"You thus speak," Napoleon replied, "you do not fully comprehend our true condition. I am sure that Russia is preparing for a rupture, which she only defers in hopes of seeing us weakened before she declares war by some defection fomented by England. I have also strong reasons to believe that Austria, who will now march with us, soon will march against us. Now that is an event which I must carefully guard against; for, without relying upon any frank and cordial concurrence on the part of Austria, it is still essential that we should not have that Power to combat while an important part of our forces are employed elsewhere."

"I cannot refrain from preparing for war, without, at the same time, neglecting to adopt measures to keep its ravages at a distance. Thus I am driven to obey a necessity which my position unhappily exacts, that I should be now the fox and now the lion. But if my efforts to preserve peace prove unavailing, and we are compelled to fight, I shall at once be released from the promise which I have made to Russia, 'not

to favour any enterprise which tends to the re-establishment of Poland.' The success of the first campaign will enable me to purchase from Austria the share which she possesses of that ancient country, paying her, as an equivalent, the Illyrian provinces. And then what a security for France and for all the south of Europe will be the re-establishment of that barrier, which has so long preserved us from the irruptions of the people of the North! And as to our finances, can it be possible that those nations whose safety we have thus secured will not require such a service? And think you that, to the French nation, after the victory, they will dare to oppose a refusal?"

Las Casas records the following conversation upon this subject which occurred at St. Helena:—

"Sir," said Las Casas, 'may I presume to ask, if Moscow had not been burned, did your Majesty intend to establish your winter-quarters there?'

"Certainly," replied the Emperor; 'and I should not have exhibited the singular spectacle of an army wintering in the midst of an hostile nation which was pressing upon it from all points. It would have been the ship caught in the ice. You would have been in France without any intelligence from me for several months. But you would have remained quiet; you would have acted wisely. *Cambiac* rés would, as usual, have conducted affairs in my name, and all would have been as orderly as if I had been present.

"The winter in Russia would have weighed heavy upon every one. The torpor would have been general. The spring, also, would have revived for all the world. All would have been at once on their legs, and it is known that the French are as nimble as others.

"On the first appearance of fine weather, I have marched against the enemy. I have beaten them. I should have been of their empire. Alexander, be assured, would not have suffered me to proceed so far. He would have agreed to all the conditions which I might have dictated, and France would then have begun to enjoy all her advantages. And truly my success depended upon a mere trifle: for I had undertaken the expedition to fight against armed men, not against nature in the violence of her wrath. I defeated armies, but I could not conquer the flames, the frost, stupor, and death. I was forced to yield to Fate. And, after all, how unfortunate for France!—indeed, for all Europe!

"Peace concluded at Moscow would have filled and wound up my hostile expeditions. It would have been, with respect to the grand cause, the end of cavillies and the commencement of security. A new horizon, new undertakings would have unfolded themselves, adapted in every respect to the well-being and prosperity of all, and my only remaining task would have been its organization. Satisfied on these grand points, and everywhere at peace, I should have had my Congress and my Holy Alliance. These were plans which were stolen from me. In that assembly of all

the sovereigns, we should have discussed our interests in a family way, and settled our accounts with the people as a clerk does with his master.

"The cause of the age was victorious; the revolution accomplished. The only point in question was to reconcile it with what it had not destroyed; but that task belonged to me. I had, for a long time, been making preparations for it, at the expense, perhaps, of my popularity. No matter. I became the arch of the old and new alliance, the natural mediator between the ancient and modern order of things. I maintained the principles and possessed the confidence of the one—I had identified myself with the other. I belonged to them both. I should have acted conscientiously in favour of each. My glory would have consisted in my equity.'

"After having enumerated what he would have proposed between sovereign and sovereign, and between sovereigns and their people, he continued:—

"Powerful as we were, all that we might have conceded would have appeared grand. It would have gained us the gratitude of the people. At present, what they may extort will never seem enough to them, and they will be uniformly distrustful and discontented.'

"He next took a review of what he could have proposed for the prosperity, the interests, the enjoyments, and the well-being of the European confederacy. He wished to establish the same principles, the same system everywhere. A European code, a court of European appeal, with full powers to redress all wrong decisions, as ours redresses at home those of our tribunals; money of the same value, but with different coins; the same weights, the same measures, the same laws. &c.

"Europe would, in that manner," he said, 'have really been but the same people, and every one who travelled would have everywhere found himself in one common country.'

"He would have required that all the rivers should be navigable in common; that the seas should be thrown open; that the great standing armies should, in future, be reduced to the single establishment of a guard for the sovereign. In fine, a crowd of ideas fell from him, some of the simplest nature, others altogether sublime, relative to the different political, civil, and legislative branches, to religion, to the arts, and commerce. They embraced every subject. He concluded:—

"On my return to France, in the bosom of my country, at once great, powerful, magnificent, at peace, and glorious, I would have proclaimed the immutability of boundaries, all future wars purely defensive, all new aggrandizements anti-national. I would have associated my son with the Empire, my dictatorship would have terminated, and his constitutional reign commenced. Paris would have been the capital of the world, and the French the envy of nations. My leisure and my old age would have been consecrated, in company with the Empress, and during the royal apprenticeship of my son, in visiting, with my own horses, like a plain country couple, every

of the Empire; in receiving complaints, in redressing wrongs, in founding monuments, and in doing good everywhere and by every means. These, also, my dear Las Casas, were among my dreams."

Extravagant as is this ambition, it certainly does not indicate an ungenerous or an ignoble spirit. Wild as was the dream, by the extraordinary genius of Napoleon it came near to its fulfilment.

On another occasion he said to O'Meara. "In the course of a few years Russia will have Constantinople, the greatest part of Turkey, and all Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if it had already taken place. Almost all the cajoling

me was to gain my consent to effect this; I would not consent, foreseeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed. In the natural course of things in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The greatest part of her population are Greeks, who you may say, are Russians. The Powers it would injure, and who could oppose it, are England, France, Prussia, and Austria. Now as to Austria, it will be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance by giving her Serbia and other provinces bordering on the Austrian dominion reaching near to Constantinople. The only hypothesis that France

England will ever be allied with since will be in order to prevent this. But even this alliance would not avail. France, England, and Prussia united cannot prevent it. Russia and Austria can, at any time, effect it. Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval Power, and God knows what may happen. She quarrels with you, marches off to India an army of seventy thousand good soldiers, which to Russia is nothing, and a hundred thousand *canaille*, Cossacks, and others, and England loses India. Above all other Powers, Russia is most to be feared, especially by you. Her soldiers

you, the French and English, only ones to be compared to them. All this I foresaw. I see into futurity farther than others, and I wanted to establish a barrier against those barbarians by re-establishing the kingdom of Poland, and putting Poniatowski at the head of it as king. But your imbeciles of ministers would not consent. A hundred years hence I shall be applauded (*encensé*), and Europe, especially England, will lament that I did not succeed. When they see the finest countries in Europe overcome, and a prey to those Northern barbarians, they will say, 'Napoleon was right.'"

CHAPTER LIII.

Hostility of England to Napoleon.—Of the 1 in France.—Impartiality of the British Departure from Danzig.—Movement of the Army.—Crossing the Niemen.—Wilna.—Witepsk.—Smolensk.—Borodino.—Moscow.—The conflagration.—Anxiety of Napoleon.—Efforts for peace.—Financial skill.

WE have not deemed it necessary these pages by referring to authorities to publish facts which are admitted by The prominent events of Napoleon's career need no longer be proved. The campaigns of Italy, the expedition to Egypt, the march to Austria,

and the invasion of Russia, are established facts which call only for narrative. The questions respecting which there is any room for controversy are few. Did Napoleon usurp? Having obtained power, did he trample upon the rights of the people? Is he responsible for the wars in which he was incessantly involved? What judgment must history pass upon the "massacre at Jaffa," the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, and the divorce of Josephine?

Upon these controverted points the author has endeavoured to be particularly explicit. Upon these subjects he has scrupulously given his authorities to establish the facts which he has recorded. As to opinions respecting Napoleon, the author has been deluged with them. These facts,

impartial tribunal—the body of the British people—that they may pronounce judgment upon Napoleon.

There are some, even now, who fear to do justice to Napoleon, lest this should be aroused against one of these wars. The Bourbon party in France with its wealth, its rank, and its many intellectual resources, combines with all are hostile

the remains of former party enmities, which render it very difficult for many persons to contemplate the character of Napoleon without bias.

But the masses of the English people constitute an unprejudiced tribunal. They can look at facts, regardless of the opinions which others have expressed. In view of these facts, they will form an independent judgment, unbiassed by party differences of their fathers, and uninfluenced by the conflict between the various despotisms of the Continent which has agitated Europe. To this tribunal the author presents the record of what Napoleon, by universal admission, did. To this tribunal he presents the explanations which no one will deny that Napoleon uttered. He also, to aid in judgment, gives, on all important points, the testimony of those who were co-operating with Napoleon, and the admissions and severe denunciations of his foes. The most careful and thorough investigation of

facts has led the writer to the conviction notwithstanding the intense prejudices of his earlier years, that Napoleon was one of the noblest of men. He feels no disposition to withhold this avowal. Even obloquy, encountered in the defence of those whom we believe to be unjustly assailed, brings its own reward. When Napoleon saw an hospital waggon passing by, laden with the mutilated bodies of his friends, he did but give utterance to the heart's noblest impulses in saying, "We cannot refrain from wishing to share the wounds of those brave men."

The Emperor left Dantzic on the 11th of June, and on the 12th arrived at Königsberg. He had here collected immense stores for the supply of the army during its advance into the barren wastes of Russia. The indefatigable mind of the Emperor attended to the minutest details of these important operations.

"The day," says Ségur, "was passed in dictating instructions on questions of subsistence and discipline, and the night in repeating them. One general received six despatches from him in one day, all displaying the most anxious solicitude."

In one of these despatches Napoleon wrote:—"For the masses we are about to move, unless proper precautions be adopted, the grain of no country could suffice. The result of my movements will be the concentration of four hundred thousand men upon one point. Little, therefore, can be expected from the country. We must carry ever, thing with us."

The Grand Army was now everywhere in motion. It consisted of about four hundred and twenty thousand men. It was divided into thirteen corps, exclusive of the Imperial Guard. The first corps was commanded by Davoust, the second by Oudinot, the third by Ney, the fourth by Prince Eugène, Viceroy of Italy, the fifth by Poniatowski, the sixth by Gouvion St. Cyr, the seventh by Regnier, the eighth by Jerome, King of Westphalia, the ninth by Victor, the tenth by Macdonald, the eleventh by Augereau, the twelfth by Murat, the thirteenth by the Austrian Prince, Schwartzberg. The Imperial Guard, about seventy-five thousand strong, advanced in three overwhelming columns, headed by the Marshals Lefebvre, Mortier, and Bessières.

This enormous host of nearly half a million of men, among whom were eighty thousand cavalry, in all the splendour of military array, accompanied by six bridge equipments, one besieging train, several thousand provision waggons, innumerable herds of oxen, thirteen hundred and sixty-two pieces of cannon, twenty thousand carriages and carts of all descriptions, and the unprecedented number of one hundred and eighty-seven thousand horses, employed in the artillery, the cavalry, and the conveyance of baggage, now approached the gloomy forest which everywhere frowns along the inhospitable bank of the Niemen.

It was midsummer; the weather was superb; "the fields were green and the skies were blue." Every bosom in that mighty host was glowing with enthusiasm. The glittering eagles, the

waving banners, the gleam of polished helmets and cuirasses, the clash of arms, the tramping and neighing of horses, the winding of bugles and horns from thousands of martial bands, and the incessant bustle and activity, presented a spectacle of military splendour which earth has never paralleled. It was war's most brilliant pageant, without any aspect of horror.

In three divisions the army approached the river, to cross the stream at points about a hundred miles distant from each other. Masses so immense could not, without confusion, traverse the same route. They were all directed to meet in the city of Wilna, about one hundred miles from the Niemen. About two hundred thousand men were with the Emperor.

On the evening of the 23rd of June, 1812, as the departing twilight was shrouding in gloom the immense forests of firs and pines which darkened the banks of this wild and solitary river, these vast columns pressed to the margin of the stream. At two o'clock in the morning Napoleon reached his advanced posts in the neighbourhood of Kovno. The banks were savage and desolate. He galloped forward, accompanied by a single aid-de-camp, to select a favourable spot to cross the stream. Not an individual was to be seen upon the opposite shore. Not the gleam of a single camp-fire revealed the presence of a hostile force.

The Russians, conscious of their inability to resist such an army, had adopted a desperate measure of defence, which could only be possible with a semi-barbarian people, and with a government of utter despotism. Alexander had resolved that Russia should not yield to the conqueror of Europe. He had therefore given directions that his army, three hundred thousand strong, should retire before the invaders, that they should blow up behind them every bridge, destroy the cities and villages, remove all the necessaries of life, and leave behind them to their famishing foes but a desert waste.

Napoleon immediately threw three bridges over the river, and, before the morning dawned, his troops were rapidly defiling across the Niemen. Napoleon took his stand near one of the bridges, and encouraged the men as they passed by his presence and exhortations. The heavens were rent with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" as the dense battalions crowded past their beloved chieftain.

For two days and nights the impetuous torrent rolled across the stream. Napoleon, anxious to overtake the retreating Russians, urged his columns forward with the greatest celerity. They soon came to a rapid river, whose flood, swollen and impetuous from recent rains, seemed to arrest their progress. A squadron of Polish light horsemen recklessly plunged into the turbid stream to swim across. The torrent swept them like bubbles away. A few struggled to the opposite shore. Many perished, but even in sinking they turned their last looks to the Emperor, who, with deep emotion, was watching them from the bank, and shouted "Vive Napoleon!"

Here Napoleon waited three days till his army was gathered around him. Having established hospitals and garrisons, he marched for Wilna, about one hundred miles from Kowno. He arrived there with his advanced guard on the evening of the 27th, having traversed a savage country of firs and pines, and having encountered no enemy.

Wilna was the capital of those provinces which Russia had wrested from dismembered Poland. Napoleon had made it the head-quarters of his army.

Alexander was dancing at a ball in the castle of one of his nobles when intelligence was brought to him that the French were crossing the Niemen. He immediately withdrew, and gave orders for a retreat, first setting fire to his provisions and stores, that they might not fall into the hands of the French.

At noon of the 28th of June, Napoleon, surrounded by his guard of Polish lancers, made his public entry into Wilna. The Poles regarded him as their liberator. Amid shouts of exultation the national banner was unfurled. Young men embraced each other in the streets, and wept for joy. The aged dressed themselves in the ancient Polish costume. The National Diet met, and declared the re-establishment of Poland, and summoned all their countrymen to rally around the banner of the conqueror. The enthusiasm was so great, that Poland furnished Napoleon for the campaign no less than eighty-five thousand men.

A deputation was sent to Napoleon, imploring his aid towards the restoration of the plundered and dismembered kingdom.

"Why," said the petitioners, "have we been effaced from the map of Europe? By what right have we been attacked, invaded, dismembered? What have been our crimes? who are our judges? Russia is the author of all our woes. Need we refer to that execrable day, when, in the midst of the shouts of a ferocious conqueror, Warsaw heard the last groans of the population of Praga, which perished entirely by fire and sword? These are the titles of Russia to Poland. Force has forged them. Force alone can break their fetters. We implore the support of the hero to whose name belongs the history of the age, and who is endowed with the might of Providence. Let the Great Napoleon pronounce his fiat that the kingdom of Poland shall exist, and it will be established."

Napoleon had but to utter the word, and a nation of twenty millions would have sprung into being, and would have rallied around his banner. But that same word would also have repelled from his alliance Prussia and Austria, who would have joined their armies to that of the Czar, and would have exasperated to tenfold intensity the hostility of Russia.

The answer of Napoleon reveals his embarrassment. He was willing to encourage the "Polish provinces of Russia," but he was bound by treaty to do nothing to encourage revolt among the sub-

"If I had reigned," said he, "when the second, or third partition of Poland took place, I would have armed my people in your behalf. When I conquered Warsaw, I instantly restored it to freedom. I approve of your efforts. I will do all in my power to second your resolutions. If you are unanimous, you may compel the enemy to recognise your rights. But in the widely-extended regions, so remote from France, it is mainly through your united efforts that you can hope for success. Let the Polish provinces of Russia be animated by the same spirit which I have witnessed in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and Providence will crown your efforts with success. I must at the same time inform you, that I have guaranteed the integrity of the Austrian dominions, and can sanction no movement which may endanger the peaceable possession of her Polish provinces."

These last words Napoleon uttered with anguish. They awoke a responsive emotion of grief from every Polish heart. Strongly as he desired the alliance of regenerated Poland, the congenial alliance of a nation who would have shaken off feudal despotism, and who would have espoused with ardour the political principles of revolutionised France, he was still shackled, beyond the possibility of extrication, by his engagement with Austria and Prussia. The supplies of his troops, the advance of his reinforcements, his communications with France, and his retreat in case of disaster, all depended upon their sufferance.

Napoleon was now fourteen hundred miles from his metropolis, in an un cultivated country of almost boundless waste. Strong as was the provocation he had , and weighty as were the motives which led to the war, the impartial mind is embarrassed in either condemning or stifling the invasion.

It is true that Alexander had enacted hostile decrees against France; it is true that he had entered into an alliance with the most formidable most implacable foe of France; it is true that Napoleon could in no possible way, but by excluding English goods from the Continent, hope bring England to consent to peace. It is true that the refusal of Russia to fulfil her treaty in this respect left Napoleon exposed without resource to the blows of England.

Admitting all this, still it may be said that it does not justify Napoleon in his war of invasion. It was his terrible misfortune to be thus situated. Russia was an independent kingdom, and had no doubted right to exclude French goods from

is alike denounced by his enemies for what he intended, with meridian severity, liberating portions of Italy and the Duchy of Warsaw, and he is condemned for not doing the same thing to Russian and Austrian Poland. "He more than once,"

Allison, "touched on the still vibrating chord of nationality, and, by a word, mig two hundred thousand Sarmatian lances to his standards; but he did not venture on the bold step of re-establishing the throne of Sobieski; and, by the half measure of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, permanently excited the

her dominions, and to introduce English merchandise, without regard to the salvation or the destruction of republicanized France. While, therefore, many will condemn Napoleon for the invasion of Russia, no one can refrain from sympathising with him in that almost resistless temptation which led to the enterprise.

Alexander, however, had no right to complain. He had already twice abandoned his own country to attack Napoleon, without having received any provocation. He was now violating his solemn treaty, and had again, and as a token of hostility, entered into an alliance with Napoleon's most implacable foe.

But with tenfold severity must the voice of History condemn the cabinet of Great Britain for its unceasing warfare against the elected monarch of France. To crush Napoleon, to reinstate the Bourbons, and to retain her proud dominion of the seas, the government of England organized coalition after coalition, and deluged the Continent with blood. Napoleon made every effort which a monarch could make, consistently with self-respect, to promote peace with England. All his efforts were unavailing. The crime of the English aristocracy in instigating these sanguinary wars, from nearly all the miseries of which England was protected in her seagirt isle, is immeasurably increased by the attempt, so ignoble, to throw the whole blame of these wars upon the heroic, but finally immolated, victim of St. Helena.

Napoleon remained for eighteen days at Wilna, attending to the innumerable wants of his army, organizing the government of the conquered, or, rather, the liberated provinces, and awaiting the arrival of supplies for his almost countless hosts.

Before the middle of July ten thousand horses had died from hunger and fatigue, and though not a battle had been fought, more than twenty-five thousand patients encumbered the hospitals. Alexander, alarmed at the magnitude of the invasion, in order to gain time to effect his retreat, and to obtain reinforcements, sent an envoy to Wilna, under pretence of opening negotiations for peace. Napoleon received Count Balachoff with kindness, and expressed the liveliest regret that there should have occurred a rupture between himself and the Russian Emperor. The envoy stated that if the French army would retrace the Niemen, Alexander would consent to negotiate. Napoleon instantly rejected the proposal, and said—

"I will treat here on the field at Wilna. Diplomats will come to no conclusion when the exigencies of the case are removed. Let Alexander sign admissible preliminaries, and I will at once retrace the Niemen, and thus render peace in."

Alexander, now entangled with a coalition with England, declined this proposition. He was concentrating his troops at the intrenched camp of Drissa, about one hundred and fifty miles further in the interior. The various corps of Napoleon's army were pursuing the retreating monarch. Two or three partial actions had en-

sued between the advanced guard of the French and the rear guard of the Russians. The path of the retreating foe was marked by every species of barbaric devastation—the ruin of towns and villages, the flames of burning corn-fields, and the mutilated bodies of the murdered Poles. As the French advanced, the Czar hastily evacuated his position at Drissa, and, ascending the Dwina, re-established himself at Witepsk, a hundred miles further in the heart of the country.⁵⁹

On the 16th of July Napoleon left Wilna, visiting the various posts of his widely-extended army, and, with a caution which never slept, superintending every movement. Early on the morning of the 27th, before the first rays of the sun had appeared in the east, he reined in his horse upon the summit of a hill which commanded a wide sweep of the valley, where, in the midst of fertile fields, the town of Witepsk reposed in beauty. Far off in the distance he saw the Russian army encamped in great strength. They were on the other side of the Dwina, which, here broad and deep, seemed to protect them from their invaders. All the approaches to the city were guarded by formidable intrenchments. The assured aspect of the Russians, and their strong position, led Napoleon to believe that they meant to give battle.

The French army now began rapidly to make its appearance. The order of march had been laid down by Napoleon so clearly and with such marvellous skill, and it had been executed with such precision, that the various divisions, having left the Niemen by different routes and at different periods, and having traversed three hundred miles of a wild and hostile country, were re-assembled at their appointed rendezvous, near the walls of Witepsk, on the same day and at the same hour. As these mighty masses of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with all the cumbersome machinery of war, came pouring down over the hills, a scene of apparently chaotic confusion ensued. But the energies of a single mind guided every footstep. The intermingling currents gradually separated, and flowed off in clearly-defined channels. Perfect harmony emerged from the confusion, and, as the evening twilight came on, all these vast battalions were encamped in order, and the profoundest calm succeeded the tumult of the day. Napoleon had concentrated in a single day one hundred and

⁵⁹ "One great fear of the Russians was, that their slaves would rise up and throw off their bondage; and it was, therefore, an object to prevent their having any communication with the French. They made use of the most improbable and disgusting fables to excite their terror and hatred, and of their ignorance and degradation to perpetuate that ignorance and degradation. It was their dread that the doctrines of the Revolution might loosen their grasp on the wretched serfs who composed the population of the country that first made them send their barbarous hordes against the French territory, the consequences of which now came back to themselves, to their infinite horror and surprise, in the shape of an invasion which might produce the same effects. Napoleon should have availed himself of the offers that were made to him to detach the serf from the proprietor and the soil."—*Essai sur la Vie de Napoléon*, vol. iii., p. 97

thousand men from their wide dispersion. The rest of his vast army were either established at posts in his rear, or were in the hospitals.

In the morning a bloody battle ensued, or, rather, a series of sanguinary conflicts, as the French drove their foes from post to post, and approached the city. Night, dark and gloomy, separated the combatants. During the day the masses of the Russians had been accumulating. They were so strong in numbers and in position, that Napoleon had no doubt that the dawn of the morning would usher in a decisive conflict. "To-morrow," said he to Murat, "you will behold the 'Sun of Austerlitz!'"

Before the break of day Napoleon was on horseback, preparing for the strife. Soon, however, he found, to his great disappointment, that the foe had again retreated. The Russian had retired during the night skillfully and silently, and with so much order and precipitation, that scarcely a trace could be discovered of the route they had taken. Napoleon, unopposed, entered the city. It was desolate. All the provisions had been destroyed or carried away. The inhabitants, formerly Poles, had either fled, or had been driven from their homes by the retreating army.

Napoleon was in great perplexity. He was in the midst of a sterile and dismal country, of apparently boundless extent, abandoned by its inhabitants, and destitute of supplies. His horses were dying for want of forage, and his troops were perishing of famine. He had already penetrated those illimitable wastes, nearly five hundred miles beyond Tilsit, and yet knew not where to look for a foe. It was now the height of summer, and yet, in reality, nothing had been accomplished. He called a council of war. The majority advised that the army should halt until spring. To this advice the Emperor could not listen with patience. It was necessary that something should be done to maintain the glory of the imperial arms and to revive the confidence of the soldiers.

Napoleon now learned that Alexander had assembled his forces at Smolensk, a strong walled city about one hundred miles further into the interior. On the 18th of August Napoleon again put his forces in motion, marching by several different routes to attack the Russians and to cut off their retreat. Crowds of Cossacks fled before the invaders, destroying all the provisions and forage which could be found in the line of march. The heat was intense, and the sufferings of the French dreadful. Their path was marked by the bodies of the dying and the dead. On the evening of the 16th, Napoleon arrived before the walls of Smolensk. He ascended an eminence to reconnoitre. As he saw the immense columns of men gathered within and around the city, and distinguished the long array of glittering arms, he could not refrain from expressing his satisfaction. "At length I have them!" he exclaimed. The walls were thick and high, and strongly flanked by towers and bastions. A day of hard fighting ensued, during which the

Russian commander-in-chief despatched a strong corps from the city to cover the flight of the inhabitants. Night darkened over the unhappy town, and the conflict was still silently continued by the exhausted combatants. Soon after midnight, thick columns of smoke, pierced by pyramidal flames, were seen bursting from all quarters of the city. These soon met and mingled, enveloping dwellings, magazines, and churches in the wild ocean of smoke and fire. The day had been hot and sultry, the night was serene and beautiful. The Emperor sat in front of his tent, surrounded by the carnage and the wreck of battle, gazing in gloomy silence upon the awful combination of "the elements," said Napoleon, "renewed and referred to the inhabitants of Naples, and the city of Vesuvius."

About two o'clock on the morning of the 18th, a division of the French army succeeded in penetrating within the walls. They found that the Russians had evacuated the city, which they had set on fire, leaving their dead and wounded in the midst of the burning ruins. Napoleon entered over huge heaps of iron and lead, blackened by smoke and flame, many of whom still retained life and consciousness. The French soldiers were horror-stricken at the revolting spectacle. The first carcs of the Emperor were devoted to the wretches who had been thus cruelly l by their comrades.

A pacific overture was despatched from this city by Berthier to the Russian general, which was concluded by the following remarkable

"The Emperor commands me to intreat you that you will present his compliments to the Emperor Alexander, and say, that neither the vicissitudes of war nor any other circumstance can impair the friendship which he entertains for him."

As soon as the light of the morning dawned, Napoleon ascended an ancient turret, from an embrasure of which, with his telescope, he discerned in the distance the retreating Russians. The army had divided, one-half taking the road to St. Petersburg, the other, under Bagration, that towards Moscow. Napoleon ordered a vigorous pursuit, which was confided to Ney, to be made in the direction of Moscow.

A Russian priest had heroically remained in the blazing city to minister to the wounded. The venerable man had been taught that Napoleon was a fiend incarnate recklessly deluging the world in blood and woe. He was brought before the Emperor, and in fearless tones he reproached Napoleon with the destruction of the city. Napoleon listened to him attractively and respectfully.

"But," said he to him at last, "has your church been burned?"

"No, sire," the priest replied; "God will be more powerful than you. He will protect it, for I have opened it to all the unfortunate people whom the destruction of the city has deprived of a home."

"You are right," rejoined Napoleon with

emotion. "Yes! God will watch over the innocent victims of war. He will reward you for your courage. Go, worthy priest, return to your post. Had all the clergy followed your example, they had not basely betrayed the mission of peace they have received from Heaven. If they had not deserted the temples which their presence alone renders sacred, my soldiers would have spared your holy edifices. We are all Christians. Your God is our God."

Saying this, Napoleon sent the priest back to his church with an escort and some succours. A shriek of terror arose from the church when they saw the French soldiers entering. But the priest immediately quieted their alarm.

"Be not afraid," said he; "I have seen Napoleon. I have spoken to him. Oh, how have we been deceived, my children! The Emperor of France is not the man he has been represented to you. He and his soldiers worship the same God that we do. The war that he wages is not religious; it is a political quarrel with our Emperor. His soldiers fight only against our soldiers. They do not slaughter, as we have been told, women and children." The priest then commenced a hymn of thanksgiving, in which they all joined with tearful eyes."

The enemy were soon overtaken and attacked with fearful slaughter. The retreat and the pursuit were continued with unabated vigour. Napoleon, though in the midst of uninterrupted victories, was still experiencing all the calamities of defeat. A ravaged country, plunged into the abyss of misery, was spread around him. Provisions were with great difficulty obtained. His troops were rapidly dwindling away from exhaustion and famine. Fifteen large brick buildings, which had been saved from the flames in Smolensk, were crowded with the sick and wounded. Large numbers had also been left behind at Wilna and at Witepsk. The surgeons were compelled to tear up their own linen for bandages, and when this failed, to take paper, and, finally, to use the down gathered from the birch-trees in the forest. Many deaths were occurring from actual starvation. The anguish of the Emperor was intense, and the most melancholy forebodings overshadowed the army. To retreat, exposed Napoleon to the derision of Europe. To remain where they were, was certain destruction. To advance, was the dictate of despair.

Alexander had left his army and hastened to Moscow. It was a weary march of five hundred miles from Smolensk to this renowned capital of Russia. Napoleon resolved, with his exhausted and half-famished troops, to press on. He supposed that in Moscow he should find food and rest. He had not thought it possible that Alexander would burn the dwellings of a city containing three hundred thousand inhabitants.

Alexander in Moscow but a few

days. Arrangements were made for the conflagration of the city, should Napoleon succeed in taking it. The Czar then hastened to St. Petersburg, where *Te Deums* were sung in the churches for the constant victories obtained by the Russian troops. When Napoleon was informed of the circumstance, he exclaimed, "*Te Deums!* They dare then to lie, not only to man, but to God."

On the 28th of August, Napoleon resumed the pursuit. It was a march of awful suffering. Day after day, and night after night, the exhausted army pressed on, encountering every obstacle, and occasionally engaging in bloody skirmishes, until the evening of the 4th of September. They then found a hundred and twenty thousand Russians strongly entrenched on the broken and rocky banks of the Moskwa, near the village of Borodino. General Kutusoff had here accumulated all his forces in the most advantageous positions, resolved to make a desperate stand in defence of the capital. Six hundred pieces of heavy artillery were ranged in battery. A vast redoubt was thrown up upon a height which commanded the whole plain. Side batteries were also placed, by their cross fires, to mow down any advancing foe. Behind these formidable field-works, a hundred and seventy thousand men were arrayed to meet the shock of battle.

The French army, numbering a hundred and twenty thousand men, in three great columns, approached the field. Napoleon rode forward to an eminence in front of his advance guard, and, carefully scrutinizing the position of the foe, with his accustomed promptness, instantly decided upon his point of attack. Immediately issuing the necessary orders to his generals, he retired to his tent and dictated the following proclamation to his troops:—

"Soldiers! The battle is at hand which you have so long desired. Henceforth the victory depends upon yourselves. It has become necessary, and will give you abundance. Conduct yourselves as you did at Austerlitz, Friedland, Witepsk, and Smolensk. Let the remotest posterity recount your actions on this day. Let your countrymen say of you all, 'He was in that great battle under the walls of Moscow.'" These words were received with enthusiasm, and shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" rolled along the lines.

The night was cold and dark. Heavy clouds obscured the sky, and a drizzling rain began to fall upon the weary army. A chill, autumnal wind moaned through the forests, and swept the bleak heights of Borodino. The bivouac fires of the Russians flamed in an immense semicircle, extending for many miles. The French troops, as they arrived and took their positions, also kindled their fires. Napoleon pitched his tent in the midst of the squares of the Old Guard. His anxiety was so great during the night lest the enemy should again retreat, that he could not be persuaded to give himself any repose. He was continually dictating despatches until

midnight, and was sending messengers to ascertain if the Russians still held their ground. It was a gloomy hour, and gloom overshadowed the soul of Napoleon. The penumbra of his approaching fate seemed to darken his path. Tidings of disaster rolled in upon him. A courier brought the news of the fatal battle of Salamanca, and of the occupation of Madrid by Lord Wellington.⁴¹

He had just been informed that Russia had made peace with Turkey, and that a powerful Russian army, thus released, was hastening to attack him from the mouths of the Danube. He also learned that Bernadotte, with treason which has consigned his name to infamy, had allied the army of Sweden with that of the great despot of the North.

He read some of the proclamations of Alexander to his people. In the bitterness which inspired them, and in the reckless acts of destruction with which Alexander was resisting the approach of his foe, he saw indications of malignity on the part of his old friend for which he knew not how to account. As he caused these proclamations to be read over to him again, he exclaimed—

"What can have wrought such a change in the Emperor Alexander? Whence has sprung all the venom which he has infused into the quarrel? Now there is nothing but the force of arms which can terminate the contest. War alone can put a period to all. It was to avoid such a necessity that I was so careful, at the outset of the contest, not to implicate myself by any declarations in favour of the re-establishment of Poland. Now I see that my moderation was a fault."

In the midst of these melancholy reflections, a courier arrived, bringing him a letter from Maria Louisa, and the portrait of his beloved son. The dawn, which was to usher in a bloody and perhaps a decisive battle, was approaching. It was supposed that the Emperor would postpone

opening the box containing the *lineaments* of his child. But his impatience was so great, that he ordered it to be immediately brought to his tent. At the sight of the much-loved features of his son, Napoleon melted into tears. The royal infant was painted, sitting in his cradle, playing with a ruy and ball. The affectionate father wished that his officers, and even the common soldiers, who he regarded as his children, might share his emotions. With his own hand he conveyed the picture outside of his tent, and placed it upon a chair, that all who were near might see it. Groups of war-worn veterans gathered around, and gazed in silence upon the beautiful picture of happy, peaceful life. It presented a strong contrast to the horrid scenes of demoniac war. At last Napoleon said sadly to his secretary, "Take it away, and guard it carefully. He sees a field of battle too soon."

Napoleon entered his tent, and retired to that part where he slept, which was separated by a partition of cloth from the portion which was occupied by the aides-de-camp in attendance. Fatigue and anxiety had brought on a feverish irritation and violent thirst, which he in vain endeavoured to quench during the night. His anxiety was so great that he could not sleep. He expressed great solicitude for the exhausted and destitute condition of his soldiers, and feared that they would hardly have strength to support the terrible conflict of the next day. In this crisis, he looked upon his well-trained guard as his main resource. He sent for Des-irres, who had command of the guard, and inquired with particularity respecting their wants and their supplies. He directed that these old soldiers should have three days' biscuit and rice distributed among them from their waggons of reserve. Apprehensive lest his orders might be neglected, he got up, and inquired of the grenadiers on guard at the entrance of his tent if they had received these provisions. Returning to his tent, he fell again into a broken sleep. Not long after, an aide-de-camp, having occasion to speak to the Emperor, found him sitting up in his bed, supporting his fevered head with both of his hands, absorbed in painful musings. He appeared much dejected.

"What is war?" he said sadly. "It is of barbarians. The great art consists in being the strongest on a given point. A great day is at hand. The battle will be a terrible one. I shall lose twenty thousand men."

He had been suffering during the preceding day excruciating pain. When riding along, he had been observed to dismount frequently, and, resting his head against a cannon, to remain there for some time in an attitude of suffering. He was afflicted temporarily with a malady, induced by fever, fatigue, and anxiety, which, perhaps, more than any other, prostrates moral and physical strength. A violent and incessant cough cut short his breathing.

As soon as the first dawn of light was seen in the east, Napoleon was on horseback, led by his generals. The energies of his

⁴¹ Respecting this event Colonel Napier thus writes:—"Napoleon had notice of Marmont's defeat as early as the 2nd of September, a week before the battle of Borodino. The news was carried by Colonel Fabvier. However, the Duke of Ragusa (Marmont), suffering alike in body and in mind, had excused himself with so little strength or clearness, that the Emperor, contemptuously remarking that the despatch contained more complicated stuff than a clock, desired his War Minister to demand why Marmont had delivered battle without the orders of the King? Why he had not made his operations subservient to the general plan of the campaign? Why he broke from the defensive into the offensive operations before the army of the centre joined him? Why he should not wait, even two days, for Chavret's cavalry which he knew were close at hand? 'From personal animity,' said the Emperor, with seeming sternness, 'the Duke of Ragusa has sacrificed the interests of his country and the good of my service; he is guilty of the crime of insubordination, and is the author of all this misfortune.' But Napoleon's wrath, so just, and apparently so dangerous, could not, even in its first violence, overpower his early friendship. With a kindness, the recollection of which must now pierce Marmont's inmost soul, twice in the same letter he desired that these questions might not even be put to his unhappy lieutenant until his wounds were cured and his health restored."
Napier, vol.

passed over his bloody surings. The vapours of a stormy night were passing away, and soon the sun rose in unclouded brilliance. Napoleon smiled, and, pointing towards it, exclaimed, "Behold the sun of Austerlitz!" The cheering words flew with telegraphic speed along the French lines, and were everywhere received with enthusiastic acclamations. Napoleon stood upon one of the heights of Borodino, scrutinizing the field of battle and the immense columns of Russian troops, in long, black masses, moving to and fro over the plain. Though accompanied by but a few attendants, in order to avoid attracting the enemy's fire, he was observed by the Russians. The immediate discharge of a battery broke the silence of the scene, and the first shot which was to usher in that day of blood whistled through the group.

Napoleon then gave the signal for the onset. A terrific peal of echoing thunder instantaneously burst from the plain. The horrid carnage of horrid war commenced. Three hundred thousand men, with all the most formidable engineering of destruction, fell upon each other. From five o'clock in the morning until the middle of the afternoon, the tides of battle rapidly ebbed and flowed in surges of blood. Davoust was struck from his horse by a cannon-ball, which tore the steed to pieces. As he was plunged, headlong and stunned, upon the gory plain, word was conveyed to the Emperor that the marshal was dead. He received the disastrous tidings in sad silence. But the wounded marshal soon rose from the ground, mounted another horse, and intelligence was sent to the Emperor that the Prince of Eckmühl was again at the head of his troops. "God be praised!" Napoleon cried out with fervour.

General Rapp received four wounds. A ball finally struck him on the hip, and hurled him from his horse. He was carried bleeding from the field. This was the twenty-second wound which General Rapp had received. Napoleon hastened to see his valiant friend. As he kindly took his hand, he said, "Is it always, then, your turn to be wounded?"

Napoleon had with him a young officer, to whom he was strongly attached, Count Augustus Caulaincourt, brother of Caulaincourt, the Duke of Vicenza. During the anxious night before the battle this young man did not close his eyes. Wrapped in his cloak, he threw himself on the floor of his tent, with his eyes fixed upon the miniature of his young bride, whom he had left but a few days after their marriage. In the heat of the battle, Count Caulaincourt stood by the side of the Emperor awaiting his orders. Word was brought that General Montbrun, who had been ordered to attack a redoubt, was killed. Count Caulaincourt was immediately instructed to succeed him. As he put spurs to his horse, he said, "I will be at the redoubt immediately, dead or alive."

He was the first to surmount the parapet. At that moment a musket ball struck him dead, hardly left the side of the Emperor ere

intelligence was brought of his death. The brother of the unfortunate young man was standing near, deeply afflicted. Napoleon, whose heart was touched with sympathetic grief, moved to his side, and said, in a low tone of voice, "You have heard the intelligence. If you wish, you can retire." The duke, in speechless grief, lifted his hat and bowed, declining the offer. The mangled remains of the noble young man were buried in the blood-red redoubt on the field of Borodino.

Thus, all day long, tidings of victory and of death were reaching the ears of the Emperor. With melancholy resignation he listened to the recital of courier after courier, still watching with an eagle eye, and aiding with unerring skill the tremendous energies of battle. From the moment the conflict commenced, his plan was formed, and he entertained no doubt whatever of success. During the whole day he held in reserve the troops of the Imperial Guard, consisting of about 20,000 men, refusing to allow them to enter into the engagement. When urged by Berthier, in a moment of apparently fearful peril, to send them forward to the aid of his hard-pressed army, he replied calmly,

"No! the battle can be won without them. And what if there should be another battle to-morrow?"

Again, in the midst of the awful carnage, when the issues of the strife seemed to tremble in the balance, and he was pressed to march his indomitable Guard into the plain, he quietly replied,

"The hour of this battle is not yet come. It will begin in two hours more."

The well-ordered movements of Napoleon's massive columns pressed more and more heavily upon the Russians. Each hour some new battery opened its destructive fire upon their bewildered and crowded ranks. The Russians had commenced fighting behind their intrenchments. The French, more active and perfectly disciplined, rushed upon the batteries, and, trampling their dying and dead beneath their feet, poured like an inundation over the ramparts. Gradually the surges of battle rolled towards the great redoubt. At last all the fury of the conflict seemed concentrated there. Behind and upon those vast intrenchments, one hundred thousand men were struggling. Dense volumes of sulphurous smoke enveloped the combatants. Incessant flashes of lightning, accompanied by a continuous roar of deafening thunder, burst from this cloud of war. Within its midnight gloom, horsemen, infantry, and artillery rushed madly upon each other. They were no longer visible. Napoleon gazed calmly and silently upon that terrible volcano, in the hot furnace of whose crater-fires his troops, with the energies of desperation, were contending. The struggle was short. Soon the flames were quenched in blood. The awful roar of battle abated. The passing breeze swept away the smoke; and the glittering helmets of the French cuirassiers gleamed

through the embrasures, and the proud eagles of France fluttered over the gory bastions.

The sun was now descending. The Russian army sulkily commenced its retreat, but with indomitable courage disputing every inch of ground. The carnage would have been far more dreadful had Napoleon let loose upon the retreating foe the terrible energies of his guard. But, influenced by the united dictates of prudence and humanity, he refused. In a military point of view, he has been very severely censured for this. He said at the time to General Dumas and Count Daru—

"People will perhaps be astonished that I have not brought forward my reserves to obtain greater success. But I felt the necessity of preserving them to strike a decisive blow in the great battle which the enemy will probably give to us in the plains in front of Moscow. The success of the action in which we have been engaged was secured. But it was my duty to think of the general result of the campaign, and it was for that I spared my reserves."

Sir Archibald Alison, who is not unfrequently magnanimous in his admissions, says truly—

"Had the Guard been seriously injured at Borodino, it is doubtful if any part of the army, of which it was the heart, and of which, through every difficulty, it sustained the courage, would have repassed the Niemen. It is one thing to hazard a reserve in a situation where the loss it may sustain may very easily be repaired; it is another and a very different thing to risk its existence in the centre of an enemy's country, at a distance from reinforcements, when its ruin may endanger the whole army."

Napoleon, with his accustomed generosity, took no credit for this extraordinary achievement to himself. He ascribed the victory to his soldiers and his generals.

"The Russian troops," said he at St. Helena, "are brave, and their whole army was assembled at the Moskwa. They reckoned 170,000 men, including those in Moscow. Kutusoff had an excellent position, and occupied it to the best advantage. Everything was in his favour—superiority of infantry, of cavalry, of artillery, a first-rate position, and a great number of redoubts—and yet he was beaten. Ye intrepid heroes, Murat, Ney, Poniatowski, to you belong the glory. What noble and brilliant actions will history have to record! She will tell how our intrepid cuirassiers forced the redoubts, and sabred the cannoneers at their pieces. She will recount the heroic devotion of Montholon and of Caulaincourt, who expired in the midst of their glory. She will tell what was done by our cannoneers, exposed upon the open plain, against batteries more numerous and covered by good embankments; and she will make mention also of those brave foot soldiers, who, at the most critical moment, instead of requiring encouragement from their general, exclaimed, 'Have no fear; your soldiers have all sworn to conquer to-day, and they will conquer.' What parallels

to such glorious deeds can future ages give? Or will falsehood and calumny prevail?"

The evening of victory was not an evening of exultation. Napoleon was silent, and appeared absorbed in melancholy thought. Every one around him had to mourn the loss of a brother, a relative, or a friend. Forty-three generals had been either killed or wounded. Thirty thousand of the soldiers had also been struck down by the sabres or the shot of the enemy. These were dreadful tidings to send back to Paris, to the widows and to the orphans. The victory of Borodino shrouded France in mourning. The loss of the Russians was still more dreadful. Fifty thousand Russian soldiers were stretched upon the field, weltering in blood.

The sun had not yet gone down, and the sullen roar of the retreating battle was still heard in the distance, when Napoleon mounted his horse to ride over the field, which was strewed with the wounded and the dead. The horror of the scene no imagination can depict. An autumnal storm had again commenced. The clouds hung low and dark in the gloomy sky. A cold and chilling rain drenched the gory ground, and the wounded struggled with convulsive agony in beds of mire. A violent wind moaned through the sombre firs and pines of the north. Villages, converted into heaps of blackened and amouldering ruins, deformed the plain. Everywhere was to be seen only the aspects of ruin, misery, death. Soldiers, blackened with powder and spotted with blood, were wandering over the field, in the increasing darkness of the tempestuous night, picking up the mutilated bodies in which life was not extinct, and seeking for food in the haversacks of the dead. No songs of victory were heard, no shouts of triumph. Great numbers of the wounded were found in the ravines and gullies, where they had dragged themselves to escape the tempest of shot, the trampling of iron hoofs, and the crush of artillery wheels. Mutilated horses, maddened with pain, limped over the ground, or reared and plunged in dying agonies. From every direction a wail of woe filled the ear. The field of battle extended over miles of hills, and forests, and wild. Many of the wretched victims of the slaughter upon the ground, deluged by the cold storm, for many days and nights before they were found. Not a few must have perished from the prolonged agonies of starvation. Some of the wounded were seen straightening a broken limb by binding a branch of a tree tightly against it, and then, with the fractured bones grating, hobbling along in search of help. One poor creature was found alive, and actively conscious, with both legs and one arm shot off. A wounded Russian lived several days in the carcass of a horse, which had been eviscerated by a shell. His only food was what he gnawed from the inside of the animal. It is a duty to record these revolting details, that war may be seen in its true aspect.

"Amid the heave of

MOSCOW

"we were obliged to march over, in following Napoleon, the foot of one of our horses came down upon a wounded man, and extorted from him a last sign of life and suffering. The Emperor, hitherto silent, and whose heart was oppressed at the number of the victims, shrieked at the sight. He felt relieved in uttering cries of indignation, and lavishing the attentions of humanity upon this unfortunate creature. To soothe his feelings, some one remarked that 'it was only a Russian.' He replied with warmth, 'After victory there are no enemies, but only men.' He dispersed the officers of his suite to succour the wounded, who were heard groaning in every direction. Napoleon devoted the same care to the wounded Russians which he bestowed upon his own soldiers. In the midst of these scenes, it was announced to him that the rear-guard of Kutnssoff was about to advance upon the important town of Mojaïsk. 'Very well,' Napoleon replied; 'we will still remain some hours longer with our unfortunate wounded.'"

The Russians continued slowly to retreat towards Moscow, establishing their batteries wherever they could make a stand even for a few hours. They drove before them the wretched serfs, blew up the bridges behind them, burned the towns as they passed along, and carried away or destroyed all the provisions and forage. For seven days the French, emaciated and depending, with tottering steps pursued their foes over the dreary plains. They were everywhere victorious, and yet they obtained no results from their victories. Rostopchin was making effectual preparations for the conflagration of the capital, and was urging, by every means in his power, the evacuation of the city by the inhabitants.

About noon of the 14th of September, Napoleon, cautiously advancing through a country of excessive monotony and gloom, from the summit of a hill descried in the distance the glittering domes and minarets of Moscow. He reined in his horse, and exclaimed, "Behold! yonder is the celebrated city of the Czars." After gazing upon it, through his telescope, for a few moments in silence, he remarked, "It was full time!"

The soldiers, thinking that their sufferings were now at an end, and anticipating good quarters and abundant supplies, gave way to transports of exultation. Shouts of "Moscow! Moscow!" spread from rank to rank, and all quickened their pace to gain a view of the object of their wishes. They approached the city. To their amazement, they met but silence and solitude. The astounding intelligence was brought to Napoleon that the city was utterly deserted. A few miserable creatures, who had been released from the prisons to engage in the congenial employment of setting fire to the city as soon as the French should have taken possession,

were found in the streets. They were generally intoxicated, and presented a squalid and hideous spectacle. Napoleon was amazed at the entire abandonment of the city. Rumours of the intended conflagration reached his ears. Such an awful sacrifice he had not supposed it possible for any people to make. None but a semi-barbarian nation, under the influence of an utter despotism, could be driven to such an act. More than a hundred thousand of the wretched inhabitants—driven by the soldiery from the city, parents and children—perished of cold and starvation in the woods. Other countless thousands, who had attached themselves to the army of Kutnssoff, perished from fatigue and exposure. Napoleon, as if anxious to avoid the sight of the desolate streets, did not enter Moscow. He stopped at a house in the suburbs, and appointed Mortier governor of the capital.

"Permit," said he, "no pillage. Defend the place alike against friends and foes." The soldiers dispersed through the city in search of provisions and quarters. Many of the inhabitants left in such haste, that the rich ornaments of the ladies were found on their toilet-tables, and the letters and gold of men of business on their desks.

Napoleon was now more than two thousand five hundred miles from Paris. The apprehension of some dreadful calamity oppressed his mind. He threw himself upon a couch for repose, but he could not sleep. Repeatedly during the night he called his attendants to ask if any accident had occurred. In the morning he removed his head-quarters to the gorgeous palace of the Kremlin, the imperial seat of the ancient monarchs of Russia. Napoleon, according to his custom, wrote immediately to the Emperor Alexander, proposing terms of peace. A Russian officer, who was found in the hospital, was made bearer of the letter.

"Whatever," wrote Napoleon, "may be the vicissitudes of war, nothing can diminish the esteem felt by me for my friend of Tilsit and Erfurth." It will be observed that Napoleon reiterated these assurances of friendly feelings, for he supposed that Alexander was forced into hostile measures by the Queen-Mother and the nobles.

The day passed in establishing the army in their new quarters. The soldiers wandered through the deserted streets, and quartered themselves in the most gorgeous palaces. Some twenty thousand men and women, of the lowest class, fierce and revolting in aspect, gradually stole from their hiding-places and mingled with the French troops. Ten thousand prisoners, whom Rostopchin had liberated, were stealthily preparing to convert the magnificent metropolis into an infernal machine for the destruction of the French army. Immense magazines of powder were placed beneath the Kremlin, where Napoleon and his staff were established, and beneath other large palaces which would be filled with soldiers. Shells and other destructive engines of war were secreted, in vast quantities, in chambers and lars, that their explosion might destroy those

"Napoleon," says General Gourgaud, "is, of all generals, whether ancient or modern, the one who has paid the greatest attention to the wounded. The intoxication of victory never could make him forget them. His first thought, after every battle was always of

who should attempt to extinguish the flames. The fountains had been destroyed, the water-pipes cut, the fire-engines carried off or rendered useless. In this barbaric act, unparalleled in the history of the world, the despotic government of Russia paid no more regard to its subjects than if they had been wolves.

These preparations were secretly made, and, in the confusion of the entrance into the city, were not observed by the French. Still, there were rumours of the approaching conflagration, which, in connexion with the strange abandonment of the city, filled the minds of the captors with undefinable dread. The day, however, passed in tranquillity.

As night approached, gloomy clouds darkened the sky, and a fierce equinoctial gale howled over the metropolis. The houses were of wood. A long drought had prepared the city for the fire. God seemed to co-operate with the Russians. Napoleon was a victor. He had marched in triumph more than two thousand miles from his capital; he had taken the metropolis of the most powerful nation on the Continent, though that nation was aided by the coalition of England, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden. Europe was amazed at such unequalled achievements. They surpassed all that Napoleon had accomplished before; and yet the victor, in this hour of amazing triumph, was desponding. His mind was oppressed with the forebodings of some dreadful calamity.

It was the 16th of September, 1812. At midnight, Napoleon, in utter exhaustion of body and mind, retired to rest. The gales of approaching winter shrieked portentously around the towers of the Kremlin. Suddenly the cry of "Fire!" resounded through the streets. Far off in the east, immense volumes of billowy smoke, pierced with flame, were rolling up into the stormy sky. Loud explosions of bursting shells and upheaving mines scattered death and dismay around. Suddenly the thunders as of an earthquake were heard in another direction. A score of buildings were thrown into the air. Flaming projectiles, of the most combustible and unquenchable material, were scattered in all directions, and a new volcano of smoke and flame commenced its ravages. Earthquake succeeded earthquake, volcano followed volcano. The demon of the storm seemed to exult in its high carnival of destruction. The flames were swept in all directions. A shower of fire descended upon all the dwellings and all the streets. Mines were sprung, shells burst, cannon discharged, waggons of powder and magazines blew up, and, in a few hours of indescribable confusion and dismay, the whole vast city was wrapped in one wild ocean of flame. The French soldiers shot the incendiaries, bayoneted them, tossed them into the flames; but still, like demons, they plied their work.

Napoleon awoke early in the morning, and looked out upon the flames which were sweeping through all parts of the city. For the first time in his life he appeared excessively agitated. His

far-reaching mind apprehended at a glance the measurelessness of the calamity which was impending. He hurriedly paced his apartment, dictated hasty orders, and from his window anxiously watched the progress of the fire. The Kremlin was surrounded with gardens and shrubbery, and seemed for a time to afford shelter from the flames. But mounds of powder were in its vicinity, with various combustibles arranged to communicate the fire. As Napoleon gazed upon the conflagration, he exclaimed, "What a frightful spectacle! such a number of palaces! the people are genuine Scythians." "Not even the fictions of the burning of Troy," said Napoleon afterwards, "though heightened by all the powers of poetry, could have equalled the reality of the destruction of Moscow."

During the whole of the 17th, and of the ensuing night, the rage increased in severity, and the fire raged with unabated violence. The city now seemed but the almost boundless crater of an inextinguishable volcano. Various-coloured flames shot up to an immense height into the air. Incessant explosions of gunpowder, saltpetre, and brandy deafened the ear. Projectiles of iron and stone, and burning rafters, were hurled far off into the surrounding plain, crushing many in their fall. Multitudes, encircled by the flames, in the narrow streets, were miserably burned to death. The scene of confusion and y has probably never been equalled. The soldiers, stifled with smoke, singed with flame, and lost in the streets of the burning city, fled hither and thither before a foe whom they were unable even to attack. They were often seen staggering beneath immense packages of treasure, which they were frequently compelled to abandon to effect their escape. Miserable women were seen carrying one or two children on their shoulders, and dragging others by the hand, often in vain, to flee from these accumulating horrors. Old men, with beards singed by the fire, crept slowly and feebly along, and, in many, were overtaken and destroyed by the coils of flame that pursued them. Napoleon was indefatigable in his exertions for the rescue of his soldiers and the remaining inhabitants.

At length it was announced that the Kremlin was on fire. The flames so encircled it that escape seemed almost impossible. The fire was already consuming the gates of the citadel. It was not until after a long search that a postern was found through which the imperial escort passed. Blinded by cinders, and smothered by heat and smoke, they pressed along on foot till they came to a roaring sea of fire, which presented apparently an impassable barrier; at least a narrow, crooked, diverging street was found, blazing in various parts, and often overreached with flame. It was an outlet which despair alone would enter. Yet into this formidable

Napoleon and his comrades were necessarily palled. With burning fragments falling around, blazing cinders showered upon them, they went along, almost blinded and suffocated with heat

BURNING OF THE CITY OF THE CZARS.

and smoke. At length the guide lost his way, and stopped in utter bewilderment. All now gave themselves up for lost. It was remarked that in this terrible hour Napoleon was perfectly calm and self-possessed. Just then they caught a glimpse of Marshal Davoust, who, with a company of soldiers, was in search of the Emperor. The marshal had signified his intention of rescuing the "hope of France," or perishing in the attempt. Napoleon affectionately embraced the devoted Prince. They soon encountered in the blazing streets a convoy of gunpowder, along which they were compelled to pass, while flaming cinders were falling around. The energies of Napoleon's mind were so disciplined for the occasion, that not the slightest indication of alarm escaped him.

They soon emerged from the walls of the city, and Napoleon retired to the castle of Petrowskoi, about three miles from the burning metropolis. The Emperor, as he looked back upon the city, gloomily remarked, "This forebodes no common calamity." "It was," said he, years afterwards, "the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!"

The fire began slowly to decrease on the 19th for want of fuel.

"Palaces and temples," says Karamzin, "monuments of art and miracles of luxury, the remains of ages long since passed, and the creations of yesterday; the tombs of remotest ancestry and the cradles of children of the rising generation, were indiscriminately destroyed. Nothing was left of Moscow save the remembrance of its former grandeur."

The French army was now encamped in the open fields around the smouldering city. Their bivouacs presented the strangest spectacle which had ever been witnessed. Immense fires were blazing, fed by the fragments of the most costly furniture of satin-wood and mahogany. The soldiers were sheltered from the piercing wind by tents reared from the drapery of regal palaces. Superb arm-chairs and sofas, in the richest upholstery of imperial purple and crimson velvet, afforded seats and lounges for all. Cashmere shawls, Siberian furs, pearls and gems of Persia and India, were strewed over the ground in wild profusion. In the midst of all these wrecks of boundless opulence, the soldiers were famishing. From plates of solid silver they voraciously ate roasted horseflesh, or black bread of half-ground wheat, baked in ashes. The French army was now in a state of utter consternation. It was at an immense distance from France, in the heart of a savage and hostile country, and surrounded by armies, brave, highly disciplined, and capable of any sacrifices. Winter was approaching—the dreadful winter of the icy north. The comfort

which they hoped

to have found in Moscow had been devoured by the flames. More than a thousand miles of barrenness, swept by the winds, and still more mercilessly swept by the Cossacks, extended between them and the banks of the Niemen; and at the Niemen they were still more than a thousand miles from the valleys of France.

A large portion of the Kremlin had escaped the conflagration. Consequently, on the 18th, Napoleon again established his head-quarters in this ancient palace of the Czars. As he was entering the ruins of the city, he passed near the Foundling Hospital. "Go," said he to his secretary, "inquire for me what has become of the little unfortunate occupants of yonder mansion." The governor of the hospital, M. Toutelmine, an aged Russian, informed the secretary that the building and inmates had been preserved from destruction solely through the care of the French guard, appointed by the Emperor for their protection.

"Your master," said the governor, "has been our Providence. Without his protection, our house would have been a prey to plunder and the flames!" The children of the hospital were introduced to the French secretary. They gathered around him with the liveliest expressions of confidence and gratitude. Napoleon was deeply affected when informed of the scene. He desired the governor to be brought into his presence. At the interview, the venerable man was so impressed with the urbanity of Napoleon, that he desired permission to write to his imperial patroness, the mother of the Czar, to inform her how the hospital and its inmates had been preserved.

Before the conversation was concluded, flames were suddenly seen to issue from some houses on the opposite side of the river. This sight renewed the indignation of the Emperor against Rostopchin.

"The miserable wretch," said he; "to the dire calamities of war, he has added the horrors of an atrocious conflagration, created by his own hand, in cold blood! The barbarian! he has abandoned the poor infants, whose principal guardian and protector he should have been, and has left the wounded and dying, whom the Russian army had confided to his care! Women, children, orphans, old men, the sick and helpless, all were devoted to pitiless destruction! Rostopchin a Roman! he is a senseless savage."

Napoleon waited for some time, hoping to receive a communication from Alexander. In the meantime, he occupied himself, with his accustomed energy, in repairing the condition of the army, making arrangements for the transmission of supplies, establishing a police in the smouldering city, and issuing decrees respecting the government of France. He wished to induce a belief among the Russians that he still intended to establish his winter-quarters at Moscow, and to resume the war in the spring.

On the 4th of October, no answer having been returned from the Czar, Count Lauriston was sent to the head-quarters of Kutusoff as the bearer of official proposals of peace.

BONAPARTE.

"The Emperor," said Napoleon to the officers of his council, "is my friend. But should he yield to his inclinations and propose peace, I barbarians by whom he is surrounded might, in their rage, seek to dethrone and put him to death. To prevent the odium, therefore, that would attach in being the first to yield, I will myself offer a treaty."⁴⁴

Lauriston, on reaching the Russian camp, was denied a passport. Kutusoff alleged that he had no power to grant one. He offered, however, to forward the letter himself to St. Petersburg. No answer was ever returned to either of Napoleon's communications. The great mass of the Russian people are slaves. A government of utter despotism represses every outburst of intelligence and every aspiration for liberty. Notwithstanding the desperate exertions of the imperial government to prevent all intercourse between the Russian serfs and the French soldiers, by burning the towns and villages, by driving the miserable population from the line of march, by representing Napoleon as a demon, and his soldiers as fiends incarnate, greedy for every outrage, the enslaved population had begun to mingle with their conquerors, and had caught a glimpse of the meaning of freedom.

Their first panic gave place to astonishment, which was soon succeeded by admiration. When they saw that Napoleon was everywhere victorious, and the armies of the Czar were scattered like dust before him, they thought it a favourable opportunity to strike for their own rights as men. There were here and there among them leading minds, who roused and guided their ambition. They made repeated offers to come to the assistance of Napoleon in countless numbers, if he would guarantee their emancipation and restoration to the rights of manhood. Napoleon replied coldly to these proffers of services. He argued that such a course could only lead to a servile war, which must inevitably defer the prospect of peace with the Russian government, and which would deluge the whole country in blood.

"The serfs," said he, "are unfit to be trusted with the liberty they desire. If I encourage the subjects of the Czar to rise against him, I cannot hope that he will ever again become my friend."

⁴⁵ "From Smolensk to Moscow," says Napoleon, "there are about five hundred miles of hostile country—that is, Mookwa. We took Smolensk, and put it in a state of defence, and it became the central point of the advance on Moscow. We established hospitals for eight thousand men, magazines and munitions of war, twenty-five thousand cartridges for cannon, and considerable stores of clothing and provisions; two hundred and forty thousand men were left between the Vistula and the Borysthene. Only one hundred and sixty thousand men crossed the bridge at Smolensk to go against Moscow. Of these, forty thousand remained to guard the magazines, hospitals, and stores at Dorogobuzh, Niemna, Ghjat, and Mejai-k. One hundred men entered Moscow, twenty thousand having been killed or wounded on the march, or at the great battle of the Moskwa, where fifty thousand Russians perished."—History of the

was Napoleon involved in embarrassments from whence there was no extrication. By refusing to re-establish Poland, he led the Poles in discouragement to withdraw from his support. On the other hand, by the attempt to re-establish Poland, he would inevitably have converted his Prussian and Austrian allies into inveterate foes. By encouraging the revolt of the subjects of Alexander, he would have rolled over that vast empire the blood-red surges of a savage revolution, and he would have exasperated to a tenfold degree every monarchical government in Europe. By refusing to cherish their longings for liberty, he deprived himself of most efficient aid, and turned the knives of brutal thousands against his freezing troops. A mysterious Providence had decreed the downfall of Napoleon. No human foresight could have averted the doom. "St. Helena," said Napoleon, "was written in destiny." Sir Robert Wilson, who was present in Russia during most of the campaign, says, "That in the rejection of the offers of insurrection which were made from every quarter, Napoleon was actuated by a horror of civil war, and a humane consideration of the torrents of blood which must have deluged the land."

Winter was now approaching, with many omens that it would set in with terrible severity. The Grand Army was dwindling away. That of the enemy was rapidly increasing. Napoleon's communications with France, and with the garrisons in his rear, were now becoming extremely precarious. Clouds of Cossacks, on fleet and hardy steeds, swept the country, preventing any provisions from being sent to the enemy; attacking the French foraging parties, and harassing the outposts on every assailable point. Under these embarrassing circumstances, a council of war was called. After a long and painful conference, it was decided to abandon Moscow and return to winter in Poland.

Through this most terrific struggle which earth has ever witnessed, Napoleon directed the financial concerns of France so skilfully as to save the people from an oppressive burden of taxation. With candour which ennobles his name, Colonel Napier, though an Englishman and an enemy, and siding with his sword to cut down Napoleon, thus testifies to the grandeur of the man who for twenty years held all the combined despotisms of Europe at bay.

His expenditure of France," says Napier, "was scarcely half that of England, and Napoleon rejected public loans, which are the very life-blood of state corruption. He left no debt. Under him, no man devoured the public substance in idleness merely because he was of a privileged class. The state servants were largely paid, but they were made to labour effectually for the state. They did not eat their bread and

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the Doomsday Book, that monument of the wisdom and greatness of our Norman conqueror, was alone sufficient to endear him to the nation. Rapidly advancing under his vigorous superintendence, it registered and taught every man the true value and nature of his property, and all its liabilities, public or private. It was designed, and most ably adapted, to fix and secure titles to property, to prevent frauds, to abate litigation, to apportion the weight of taxes equally and justly, to repress the insolence of the tax-gatherer without injury to the revenue, and to secure the sacred freedom of the poor man's home. The French *Cadastral*, although not original, would, from its comprehensiveness, have been, when completed, the greatest boon ever conferred upon a civilized nation by a states-

CHAPTER LIV.

THE RETREAT.

The approach of winter—The snow—Preparations for retiring to Poland—Duty of the rear-guard—Eugène's conflict with the Russians—The pass at Kalouga—The retreat commenced—Dreadful anxiety of the Emperor—Alarm of the Russians—Aspect of Borodino—Viasna—Marshal Ney in command of the rear-guard—The midnight storm—Arrival at Smolensk—Alarming news from France—Adventures of Eugène—Krasnoe—Adventures of Ney—Passage of the Beresina—Smuggoni—Interview with the Abbé de Pradt—Return to Paris—Heroism of Ney.

THE French army remained four weeks at Moscow. Napoleon had entered the city with a hundred and twenty thousand men. He devoted a month to incessant labours in reorganizing his exhausted troops, in obtaining supplies, and in healing the sick. His tender care of the wounded endeared him to every man in the army. He preferred to encounter almost any risks rather than abandon the sufferers in the hospitals to the savage cruelty of the Cossacks. He was also quite sanguine in the hope of effecting a reconciliation with Alexander.

The army, under the efficient discipline of Napoleon, soon presented again a noble and imposing appearance. Perfect order was established. The soldiers, having entire confidence in their chieftain, were free from care and in good spirits. Napoleon, however, discerned distinctly the impending peril. His anxiety was intense. He grew pale, and thin, and restless.

The month of October had now arrived. The leaves had fallen from the trees. Cold winds from the north swept over the smouldering ruins of Moscow, whose buried embers were still smoking. Napoleon had carefully consulted the registers of the weather for the last forty years, to ascertain at what time winter usually commenced. On the 18th of October, almost three weeks earlier than was ever known before, a heavy fall of snow whitened the fields.

Napoleon looked out with dismay upon the sky. He decided at once to return and esta-

blish his winter-quarters in the friendly cities of Poland. It required a dreary march of nearly a thousand miles, through regions of desolation and gloom. The imagination was appalled at the contemplation of such a retreat, wading through drifted snows, pursued by the storms of the north, and harassed by clouds of Cossacks, even more merelless than the hostile elements.

It was necessary to move with much apparent leisure and circumspection, that no despondency might pervade the army, and that the activity of the foe might not be aroused. Napoleon resolved to retire to Smolensk by a new route. The region through which he had already passed was so entirely ravaged by the desolations of war as to present no hope for supplies. With the utmost care the sick and wounded were placed in the most comfortable vehicles which could be obtained, and were sent forward, under a strong escort, towards Smolensk. The soldiers obeyed every order of Napoleon with great alacrity. On the 18th of October, the troops commenced their march. The next morning, before daybreak, Napoleon left Moscow, and placed himself at the head of his troops, to advance upon Kalouga, about a hundred miles from Moscow. Kutusoff was established there with a strong army to watch the movements of the French. As Napoleon left the city, he said to Mortier, who had been appointed governor of Moscow, and who was superintending its evacuation—

"Pay every attention to the sick and wounded. Sacrifice your baggage, everything to them. Let the waggons be devoted to their use, and, if necessary, your own saddles. This was the course I pursued at St. Jean d'Acre: The officers will first relinquish their horses, then the sub-officers, and finally the men. Assemble the generals and officers under your command, and make them sensible how necessary, in their circumstances, is humanity. The Romans bestowed civic crowns on those who preserved their citizens. I shall not be less grateful."

During the month in which Napoleon was at Moscow, the army had been assembled within the walls of the city in repaired dwellings, and in houses which had escaped the conflagration. Many of the sick and wounded had been healed, so that Napoleon left Moscow with more than a hundred thousand effective men, fifty thousand horses of all kinds, five hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, two thousand artillery waggons, and an immense baggage train.

The rear of the army consisted of a confused crowd of about forty thousand stragglers, Russian serfs who desired emancipation, recruits without uniforms, valets, waggons, and a large number of women and girls, wives of the soldiers, or abandoned followers of the camp. Calashes, carriages, trucks, and wheelbarrows followed, filled with bales of the richest merchandise, costly articles of furniture, precious furs and robes, and various trophies of the conquest of Moscow.

Napoleon was still a victor. He had advanced with relentless tread to the very heart of his enemy's empire. He was now marching, with

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

For three days the retreat was rapidly continued with but little molestation.

Napoleon had now traversed in ten days about three hundred miles. Still he had many weary marches before him. The pursuing foe was gathering strength and confidence, and the weather was becoming very inclement. On the evening of the 5th of November, dense clouds commenced forming in the sky; the wind rose and howled through the forests, and swept freezing blasts over the exhausted host. At midnight a furious snow-storm set in, extinguishing the fires of the bivouacs, and covering houseless troops in cheerless drifts. A dreadful morning dawned. No sun could be discovered through the dense atmosphere swept by the tempest. The troops, blinded and bewildered by the whirlwinds of sleet, staggered along, not knowing whither they were going. The wind drove the snow into the soldiers' faces, and penetrated their thin and tattered clothing. Their breath froze and hung in icicles from their beards. Their limbs were chilled and stiffened. The men could no longer keep their ranks, but toiled on in disordered masses. It was an awful day. Many, stumbling over a stone, or falling into concealed cavities by the wayside, were unable to rise again, and were soon covered with a winding-sheet of snow; a small white hillock alone marked their cold graves.

Nothing could be seen above and around but desolation and the storm. A few gloomy pines, surging in the gale, added to the bleakness and desolation of the scene. Innumerable men and horses fell and perished. The muskets dropped from the benumbed hands of the soldiers, while many had their hands frozen to their weapons of war. Flocks of ravens, emerging from the forest, mingled their shrieks with the uproar of the elements, and, with bloody fangs, tore the flesh of the prostrate soldier almost before life was extinct.

To add to the horrors of the scene, clouds of Cossacks hovered around the freezing host, making frequent attacks. These barbarians stripped the wounded and the dying, cut them with their sabres, goaded them with their bayonets, and, with shouts of laughter, derided them as they reeled and staggered in convulsive agonies, expiring naked in the snow.

Night came on—a dreadful night. There was no shelter. There was no dry wood to kindle a fire. The storm still raged with pitiless fury. One wide expanse of snow spread everywhere. The wretched soldiers, exhausted, supperless, and freezing, threw themselves upon the drifts, from which thousands never arose. During the long hours of that stormy night, they moaned and died, and ascended to the judgment-seat of a righteous God. The horses perished as rapidly as the men. The soldiers stripped off the reeking skins of the horses as they fell, and used them as cloaks for protection against the storm. Many horses were killed, that the perishing soldiers might obtain a little nutriment by drinking their warm blood. The Russians offered

thanksgiving to God and to their saints for the potent alliance of the wintry tempest, and prayed for its continuance.

This awful night, of sixteen hours' at last passed away. A cold, bleak win morning dawned. The scene of horror sent to the eye appalled the stoutest heart. Circular ranges of the soldiers, stiff in death, and covered with the drifted snow marked the site of the bivouacs. Thousands of snowy mounds, scattered over the plain, showed where, during the night, horses and men had perished, while the storm had wrapped rudely around them their winding-sheet.

Winter was now enthroned with all its majesty. Marshal Ney, with herculean struggles, and through unequalled sufferings, protected this awful retreat. Slowly retiring before an enemy, by whose countless hordes he was often surrounded, he disputed every mile of the road—with extraordinary genius availed himself of every chance, and, often turning back upon the foe, plunged into their dense masses with superhuman energy. The heroism with which Marshal Ney conducted this retreat has excited the admiration of the world.

The indomitable army again resumed its line of march through scenes of woe which can be told. At every step guns and wag waggons were abandoned. With the younger soldiers, all subordination was lost. Officers and men, in a tumultuous mass of confusion, struggled along. The Imperial Guard alone retained its discipline and its character. The fierce Cossacks followed close in the rear. They picked up the exhausted and the dying, and tortured them to death with savage barbarity.

Marshal Ney, shocked at the wild disorder and ruin into which everything was plunged, sent an aid-de-camp to Napoleon with a soul-harrowing recital of his disasters. Napoleon, conscious that there was now no remedy for these woes, and that nothing remained for the army but a cessation of the most terrible sacrifices, interrupted the aid-de-camp in his narrative by saying, mournfully, "Colonel, I do not ask you for these details." Through all this awful retreat, Napoleon appeared grave, silent, and resigned. He seemed quite insensible to bodily sufferings, and uttered no complaint. It was, however, at times evident to those about his person that his mental anguish was extreme.

On the 9th of November Napoleon reached Smolensk. He had hoped to find shelter, clothing, and provisions. He found only ruin and famine. There was brandy in abundance. The soldiers, in despair, drank to utter stupefaction, and during the night perished miserably in the icy streets. In the morning the pavements were covered with the frozen bodies of the dead. Enormous quantities of provisions had been accumulated here. The most gigantic efforts had made for transporting these provisions to divisions of the army; but, by the war, the magazines were now full

Just at that time a convey of provisions reached Napoleon. He immediately forwarded it to Marshal Ney, saying, "Those who are fighting must eat before the rest." At the same time, he sent word to Ney to arrest the progress of the Russians for a few days, that he might have time in Smolensk to refresh and reorganize his army. The indomitable marshal immediately faced about, and attacked the Russians with such determined courage as to compel them to retreat. The French had lost nearly all their artillery. But the marshal seized a musket, and exposed himself in the ranks like a common soldier! While thus, under these circumstances, exhibiting the reckless valour of a private in the ranks, he also displayed in his arrangements the genius of the consummate general. His skillful manoeuvres, and the impetuosity of his men, so effectually thwarted and overthrew the multitudinous foe, that the army obtained a respite of twenty-four hours.

Just before Napoleon entered Smolensk, an express met him upon the road. It was a stormy day. Clouds of sleet and snow were sweeping both earth and sky. A circle of videttes immediately formed about the Emperor as he opened the important despatches. Troubles were indeed multiplying. A conspiracy had been formed in Paris, taking advantage of the disasters in Russia, for the overthrow of the imperial government, and the establishment of the Jacobin mob.

An officer of the name of Malet forged an account of the death of Napoleon. Availing himself of the panic which the announcement caused, he gathered around him a few hundred of the National Guard, and made a most audacious attempt to take into his own hands the reins of power. The conspirator was soon, however, arrested and shot. But the event alarmingly showed how entirely the repose of France depended upon the life of Napoleon. It seemed very evident that the imperial government was by no means so firmly established, and that the death of the Emperor would be but the signal for a strife of parties.

Napoleon was greatly agitated when he read the despatches. He saw that the tidings of his death was the signal for the overthrow of the Empire, and for the bloody struggle of rival parties; that the government which he had organised with such toil and care, to be a permanent blessing to France, and his memorial to posterity, was all suspended upon his personal supremacy, and could not survive his death. It had been the object of his constant study so to establish and consolidate a government as to secure the repose of his beloved country after his death. To accomplish this, he had made the tremendous sacrifices, and had committed the sin of separating himself from the noble Josephine, and had married a daughter of the degenerate house of Hapsburg. He now found, to his inexpressible chagrin, that the King of Rome had no more been thought of than if he had never been born. He now saw, when it was too late, that the repudiated Josephine would have been a far more

potent ally for himself and for France than the daughter of the Cæsars. It is clear that Napoleon had no intention of doing wrong in the divorce of Josephine. It was a "sin of ignorance," but it was none the less a sin. It was committed in the eyes of the world, and before the whole world he received his fearful punishment. In the anguish of his feelings at this time, he exclaimed, in the presence of his generals—

"Does my power, then, hang on so slender a thread? Is my tenure of sovereignty so frail that a single person can put it in jeopardy? Truly my crown is but ill-fitted to my head if, in my very capital, the audacious attempts of two or three adventurers can make it totter. After twelve years of government, after my marriage, after the birth of my son, after so many oaths, my death would again have plunged the country into the midst of revolutionary horrors. Napoleon II. was forgotten."

He immediately formed the resolution to return, as soon as he could honourably leave the army, to Paris. Retiring to his chamber, he said to General Rapp—

"Misfortune never comes singly. This fills up the measure of evil here. I cannot be everywhere, but I must absolutely return to my capital. My presence there has become indispensable to restore public opinion. We have need of men and money. Great successes and victories will repair all."

This intention was, however, communicated to few, lest it should increase the disorders prevailing.

Napoleon remained at Smolensk five days, collecting his scattered forces, receiving reports from those divisions of the army traversing different roads, and making arrangements for rendering the continuation of the retreat less disastrous. Eugène, who was endeavouring to retreat by way of Witepsk, had suffered dreadfully in killed and wounded, and was now struggling along, having abandoned all his artillery and baggage. Swarms of Cossacks were also prowling about the divisions of Davoust and Ney, afraid to venture upon an open attack, but breaking down the bridges and burning the villages; taking advantage of woods, forests, defiles, and heights, to attack the French in flank and rear, and precipitately retreating before any blows could be returned.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 14th of November the retreat was resumed. It was dark and bitter cold as the troops gloomily defiled from the ruined city of Smolensk. The army was now reduced to about forty thousand effective men. It was divided into four corps, commanded by Murat, Eugène, Davoust, and Ney. Thirty thousand stragglers hung upon them, encumbering their march. The Emperor placed himself at the head of the first column, which was under the command of Murat. Marshal Ney, who was to remain in the city until it was evacuated, was ordered to drive all the stragglers before him, to saw off the trunnions of the cannon he would be compelled to abandon, and to blow up in the

towers of the city the munitions of war which could not be removed.

The horses, with their shoes worn smooth, or lost from their feet, continually fell beneath their riders. With incredible toil, the men were obliged to drag the cannon and baggage-waggons up the icy hills. Frequently, in the darkness, men, horses, and artillery were rolling down the slippery declivities together. The cannon-balls and the grape-shot of the enemy were often at the same time plunging their ranks. The days were short, the nights were long and dreadful. The sufferings of the wounded were awful beyond description. The first day the artillery of the Guard advanced but fifteen miles in twenty-four hours.

Kutusoff, with an army of ninety thousand men, well clothed and armed, and with abundant supplies, was marching on a line parallel to that of the French. He soon outstripped the exhausted fugitives, and took a strong position in their advance, across the road, planting batteries upon the adjacent heights, and attempted to dispute the passage; but the Imperial Guard sternly, proudly, desperately advanced, and swept their assailants before them. The Russians retired to their batteries on the hills, and showered innumerable bullets upon their foe. As Napoleon marched through this storm of iron and of lead, which was scattering death on every side, the grenadiers of the Guard closed in a dense circle around him, that they might protect him by their own bodies from harm, and the band commenced playing the air, "Where can one be happier than in the bosom of his family?" The Emperor, considering this exclusively applicable to himself, requested them to play instead, "Let us watch over the safety of the Empire."

The first division of the army having forced its passage, the Russians made an effort to stop Eugene, who was several miles behind. They intrenched themselves in great force in the road before him, and summoned him to surrender. A terrible battle ensued. Fifteen hundred of Eugene's division, in advance of the rest of the corps, for an hour resisted the onset of more than twenty thousand Russians by whom they were surrounded. Repelling all demands to capitulate, they resolved to cut their way back again through the Russian lines to join the Viceroy. They formed themselves into a solid square, and rushed upon the enemy's columns.

The Russians opened their ranks and allowed the feeble and almost defenceless band to advance into their midst. Then, after they comprehended

their object, either from pity or admiration, the enemy's battalions, which lined both sides of the road, intreated them to surrender. They seemed reluctant mercifully to shoot down such brave men; but the only answer they received was a more determined march, stern silence, and the presented bayonet. The whole of the enemy's fire was then poured in upon them at once, at the distance of but a few yards, and the half of this heroic column was stretched lifeless or wounded upon the ground. The survivors instantly closed up into another compact square. Not a man wavered. Thus they marched on through this awful fire until nearly every individual had fallen. A few only of these resolute men saw the advancing divisions of Eugene. They then ran and threw themselves into those feeble ranks, which opened to receive them.

Eugene had now to fight his way through more than double his own numbers, with breasting batteries which ploughed his ranks with grape-shot. It is difficult to conceive how a single man escaped. The enemy occupied a position which swept the road. There seemed to be no hope unless that wooded height, bristling with cannon, could be carried. Three hundred men were selected to ascend to the forlorn position.

The battery opened upon the devoted and, in a few minutes, every individual was waltering in blood. Not one survived those terrific discharges.

Eugene had only 4,000 men now left. Night, cold, long, and dark, came roughly to his aid. Leaving their fires burning to deceive the foe, these indomitable men, with a noiseless step, their breath well-nigh suspended, crept, at midnight, along the fields, and passed around the flanking position. There was a moment of fearful peril in this critical march. The moon suddenly burst from the clouds, revealing the retreating band to a Russian sentinel. He immediately challenged them. They gave themselves up for lost. A Pole ran up to the Russian, and, speaking to him in his own language, with great composure, "Be silent! We are out on a secret expedition." The sentinel, deceived gave no alarm. Eugene thus escaped, and, early in the morning, rejoined the Emperor. Napoleon had been waiting all the preceding day for the Viceroy, in intense anxiety, on the plains of Krasnoe.

Napoleon now became extremely anxious for the safety of Ney and Davoust. Notwithstanding the peril of his position, in the midst of accumulated hosts of Russians, he resolved to await their arrival. For two days that little band stood upon the plain, bidding defiance to the hostile armies which frowned upon them from all the adjacent heights. The name of Napoleon was such a terror that the Russians dared not march from their encampments.

"Kutusoff," says Sir Walter Scott, "seems to acted towards Napoleon and the Grand Army as the Greenland fishers do to the whales, whom they are careful not to approach in his dying agonies, when pain, in

"Sir Archibald Alison thus describes Napoleon's heart of passing through the corps of the army:—"The imperial suite, like a whirlwind, swept through the columns too fast for the men either to fall into the ranks or to present arms, and, before the astonished crowd could find time to gaze on their beloved chief, the cortege was disappearing in the distance. Boom, however, was always cleared; the outcries called out to make way, and, at the magic words, 'The Emperor!' infantry, cavalry, and artillery were, pell-mell, hurried to the side, often in frightful confusion, and with fractures of legs and arms."

revenge render the last struggle of the leviathan hourly dangerous."

Still no tidings could be heard respecting the lost marshals. Napoleon now adopted the most extraordinary resolve to turn back for their rescue. A bolder or more magnanimous deed history has never recorded. Napoleon, with his little band accompanying him, was now safe. He had forced his way through the last barrier. An unobstructed retreat through Lithuania was open before him. By delay, he was enabling the enormous forces of the enemy to get possession of rivers and defiles in his advance, and cut off his retreat. He distinctly saw all this; and yet he determined to fight his way back into the wilds of Russia, to deliver his friends, or to perish with them.

England and America have wondered why those who knew Napoleon loved him with such strange devotion. It was because he was worthy of their love; because he was one of the most generous, magnanimous, and self-denying of mortals. Could Davoust and Ney forget this man, who, regardless of famine and the blasts of winter, and of a retreat still before him of more than a thousand miles, could turn back into the snow-drifted wilderness to their rescue, and in the face of an army outnumbering his own almost ten to one! With but *nine thousand men*, half-famished, exhausted, and almost without arms, he resolved to assail *eighty thousand of the enemy*. By plunging into the very midst of their batteries and their thronged intrenchments, he would draw upon himself the sabres and the shot of the foe, and thus might produce a diversion in favour of Davoust and Ney. By so doing, there was a chance that his friends might be enabled to break through those defiles which barred their escape from the wilds of Russia. Such traits of character resistlessly command the love and homage of all generous hearts.

Napoleon was nearly surrounded by the Russians. Unintimidated by those perils, he vigorously adopted measures for breaking through the foe.

"I have acted the Emperor long enough," said he, as he left his miserable quarters; "it is time I should again become a general."

A powerful division of the enemy occupied an important position on his left. He called General Rapp, and said to him, "Set out immediately, and, during the darkness, attack that body with the bayonet. This is the first time the enemy has exhibited such audacity. I am determined to make him repent it in such a way that he will never again approach my head-quarters."

After a few moments' thought, he recalled him, saying, "No! let Roguet and his division go. Remain where you are. I must not have you killed. I shall have occasion for you at Dantzic!"

as he was carrying this order to Roguet, his feeling astonished that his chief, surrounded by eighty thousand of the enemy, whom he was going to attack the next day with nine thousand, should have so little doubt about his safety as to be

Two nocturnal attacks were made preparatory to the great conflict in the morning: they were perfectly successful. The French, without firing a musket, plunged with the bayonet into the densest masses of the foe, and the Russians, amazed at such desperate valour, retired before them.

Morning dawned. The Russian batteries and batteries encircled the French on three sides. Napoleon, placing himself at the head of six thousand Guards, advanced with a firm step into the centre of that terrible circle, to break through. Mortier, with a few thousand men, deployed to protect his right. A battalion of footmen of the Old Guard, formed in a square, like a fortress of rock, to support the left wing of the feeble yet indomitable column of attack.

The battle commenced. The enemy were still sufficiently numerous to crush Napoleon and his wasted battalions by their mass alone, in marching forward, without firing a gun. But they did not dare to move from their intrenchments. With their artillery they made wide and deep breaches in the ranks of the French, whose advance they could not retard. The enemy's guns were flashing in the east, the west, and the south. The north alone remained open. A heavy column of the Russians were marching to an eminence, there to rear a battery which would complete the inclosing circle, and which seemed to render the escape of the French impossible. Napoleon was apprised of the peril.

"Very well," said he calmly; "let a battalion of my *chasseurs* take possession of it." Giving no more heed to this peril, he continued, with unflinching perseverance, to pierce the masses of his foe.

The battle continued till two o'clock in the afternoon. At last Davoust made his appearance. Aided by the attack of Napoleon, he had been able to force his way through the Russians, driving swarms of Cossacks before him. The valiant bands met, struggling through clouds of smoke, and reeling before the terrific discharges of batteries which incessantly ploughed their ranks. There was no time for congratulations upon that field of peril and of blood. Napoleon inquired eagerly for Ney. He had not been heard from. He was probably lost.

Still Napoleon hesitated to retire. He could hardly endure the thought of leaving his heroic marshal in the hands of his foe. At last, the danger that all would be destroyed was so imminent that Napoleon reluctantly decided to continue the retreat. He called Mortier to his side. Sorrowfully pressing his hand, he said—

"We have not a moment to lose. The enemy is overwhelming us in all directions. Kutusoff may reach the last elbow of the Borysthenes before us, and cut off our retreat. I must, therefore, proceed rapidly thither with the Old Guard. You and Davoust must endeavour to hold the

thinking of what he should have to do at Dantzic, a city from which he was separated by the winter, two hostile armies, famine, and one hundred and eighty leagues of distance."—*Comte Philip de Séguir*, vol. II., p. 188.

in check until night.

you must

at the thought of abandoning Ney, slowly retired from the field of battle. Mortier and Davoust, with three thousand men, remained to arrest the advance of fifty thousand enemies. A shower of balls and grape-shot swept their ranks. Proudly refusing to accelerate their steps, they retired as deliberately as they would have done from a field of summer parade. Their path was marked by the gory bodies of the dead. Their wounded comrades they bore in their arms.

"Do you hear, soldiers?" said General Laborde; "the marshal orders ordinary time! ordinary time, soldiers!"

Napoleon, with a beechen stick in his hand, toiled along on foot. He proceeded slowly and hesitatingly, as if still half resolved to turn back again in pursuit of Ney. As he advanced, he manifested the deepest grief for the lost marshal. He spoke of him incessantly, of his courage, of his genius, his true nobility of character. The twilight of the short winter's day soon disappeared, and another dismal night of woe and death darkened over the wasted and bleeding army. In the night Napoleon was overheard saying to himself—

"The misery of my poor soldiers cuts me to the heart; yet I cannot relieve them without establishing myself in some place. But how is it possible to stop without ammunition, provisions, or artillery? I am not strong enough to halt. I must reach Minsk as quickly as possible."

He had hardly uttered these words when an officer entered, and informed him that Minsk, where he had centred his last hope, with all its magazines, had fallen into the hands of the enemy. For a moment Napoleon seemed overpowered by the blow. But instantly recovering himself, he said firmly, yet sadly—

"Very well! we have now, then, nothing to do but to force our way with the bayonet."

At one o'clock in the morning he sent for General Rapp.

"My affairs," said the Emperor, "are going very badly. These poor soldiers rend my heart. I cannot, however, relieve them."

At that time an alarm of attack was made upon the encampment. The silence of midnight was suddenly interrupted by the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry. A scene of indescribable confusion and clamour ensued. Napoleon seemed as tranquil as if seated on a sofa at St. Cloud.

"Go," said he, gently, to General Rapp, "and see what is the matter. I am sure that some of those rogues of Cossacks want to prevent our sleeping."

he midnight alarm, like the rapid sweep of the whirlwind, soon passed away. The ex-

hausted troops again threw themselves upon the snow-covered ground, where the freezing blast was even more merciless and fatal than the bullet of the foe.

The extreme sufferings of the French army during this period were faithfully narrated to France by Napoleon in his twenty-ninth bulletin. In this celebrated document he made no attempt to conceal the measurelessness of the disaster.

"The cold," says the bulletin, "suddenly increased after the 7th. On the 14th, 15th, and 16th, the thermometer was sixteen and eighteen degrees below freezing point, and the roads were covered with ice. The cavalry, artillery, and baggage horses died every night, not by hundreds, but by thousands, especially those of Germany and France. The cavalry were all on foot. The artillery and baggage were without means of conveyance.

"The army, which was so fine on the 6th was very different on the 14th, almost without artillery, cavalry, and transports. Without cavalry, we had no means of reconnoitring a quarter of a league, while, without artillery, we could not firmly await or risk a battle. It was requisite, therefore, to march, in order not to be forced into an engagement, which the want of ammunition prevented our desiring. It was necessary for us to occupy a certain space of ground, and that without cavalry to lead or to connect our columns. This difficulty, added to the immense frost, rendered our situation miserable. Those whom nature had not sufficiently steeled to be superior to fate or fortune, lost their gaiety and good-humour, and dreamed only of misfortunes and catastrophes. Those whose constitutions enabled them to brave vicissitudes, preserved their spirits and ordinary manners, and saw new glories in the difficulties to be surmounted. The enemy, finding upon the road traces of the disasters which had befallen the French army, endeavoured to take advantage of them. They surrounded all the columns with oaks, who carried off, like the Arabs of the , the trains and carriages which for a moment diverged from or loitered on the march. This contemptible cavalry, which can only make a noise, and is incapable of penetrating through a company of voltigeurs, was rendered formidable by circumstances. Nevertheless, the enemy had to repent of all the serious attempts which he made."

The enfeebled army soon crossed the Dniester, and entered the town of Orcha. Here they found houses, fire, and provisions. For the first time since leaving Moscow, the soldiers enjoyed shelter, comfort, and abundant refreshments.

"Napoleon entered Orcha," says Ségur, "with six thousand guards, the remains of thirty-five thousand; Eugène with eighteen hundred soldiers, the remains of forty-two thousand; and with four thousand, the remains of

* For a more full account of this extraordinary price, see "Napoleon's Russian Expedition," by Philip de Ségur.

The apparent inconsistency in the numbers which are frequently mentioned in the narrative arises from

The heroic marshal had lost everything. He was emaciated with toil, sleeplessness, and fasting. His clothes were in tatters. He had not even a shirt. Some one gave him a handkerchief with which to wipe his face, which was white with frost. He seized a loaf of bread, and devoured it voraciously, exclaiming—

"None but men of iron constitutions can support such trials. It is physically impossible to resist them. There are limits to human strength, the utmost of which have been exceeded."

Still, his determined spirit had never for one moment been vanquished. At every defile he halted and beat back the foe, struggling incessantly against an inundation of disorder.

Napoleon was still inquiring for Ney. A feeling of grief pervaded the whole army. Four days had now passed since he had been heard from. Nearly all hope had vanished. Still, every one was looking back across the Dnieper, hoping to obtain a glimpse in the distant horizon of the approach of his columns. They listened to catch, if possible, the sound of his conflict with the foe. But nothing was heard but the cold sweep of the wintry wind; nothing was to be seen but swarms of Cossacks, crowding the opposite bank of the stream and menacing the bridges. Some proposed, since there was no more hope, to blow up these bridges, and thus retard the pursuit of the Russians. Others, however, would not consent, as it seemed to seal the doom of their lost companions in arms.

Night again set in, and the weary soldiers, in comfortable quarters, for a moment forgot their woes. Napoleon was partaking of a frugal supper with General Lefebvre, when a joyful shout was heard in the streets, "Marshal Ney is safe!" At that moment a Polish officer entered the room, and reported that the marshal was a few leagues distant, on the banks of the river, harassed by swarms of Cossacks, and that he had sent for assistance. Napoleon sprang from his chair, seized the informant by both arms, and exclaimed, with intense emotion,

"Is that really true? Are you sure of it?" Then, in an outburst of rapture, he added, "I have two hundred millions of gold in my vaults at the Tuileries: I would have given them all to save Marshal Ney!"

It was a cold and gloomy winter's night. The soldiers were exhausted by almost superhuman toil and suffering; but, without a murmur, five thousand men, at the call of Eugène, roused themselves from their slumbers and left their warm fires to proceed to the rescue of the marshal. They traversed unknown and snowy paths for about six miles. Often they stopped to listen, but no sound of their lost friends could be heard. The river, encumbered with ice, flowed chill and drear at their side. Dismal forests of pines and firs frowned along their way. The gloom and silence of midnight en-

veloped them. In this state of suspense, Eugène ordered a few cannon to be discharged. Far off in the distance they heard the faint response of a volley of musketry. The marshal had not a single piece of artillery left. Eagerly the two corps hastened to meet. Eugène Beauharnais, one of the noblest of men, whom no perils could daunt, and whom no sufferings could subdue, threw himself into the arms of his rescued friend, and wept for joy. Soldiers, officers, generals, all rushed together, and mingled in affectionate embraces.

The reunited bands returned rejoicingly to Orcha. As Marshal Ney related to the Emperor the perils through which he had passed, Napoleon grasped his hand, and hailed him by the proud title of "Bravest of the Brave." The unconquerable marshal had infused his own energy into the bosom of his troops. In view of these extraordinary achievements, accomplished by the genius of man, Napoleon, in characteristic language, remarked, "Better is an army of deer commanded by a lion, than an army of lions commanded by a deer."

Ney had left Smolensk, about one hundred miles distant, on the 17th, with but six thousand soldiers. He arrived at Orcha with but fifteen hundred, and without a single cannon. He had been compelled to leave all his sick and wounded to the mercies of the enemy. The road over which he passed he found strewn with the traces of the dreadful rout of his friends which had preceded him. Everywhere were to be seen broken muskets and sabres, overthrown carriages, dismounted cannon, and the frozen bodies of men and horses.

He passed the battle-field of Krasnoe, where the Emperor had halted, and had so heroically fought for the rescue of his lost companions. It was covered with the icy bodies of the dead. On the ensuing day a wintry mist enveloped them, so that they could see but a few feet in advance. Suddenly they found themselves directly in front of a Russian battery, where the enemy, in vastly superior numbers, disputed their passage. A Russian officer presented himself, and demanded the sword of Ney. The commander of the Russian forces was so conscious of the valour of this extraordinary man, that, with the demand for surrender, he sent an apology for making such a summons.

"Field-Marshal Kutusoff," said the envoy, "would not have presumed to make so cruel a proposal to so great a general, to a warrior so renowned, if there remained a single chance of safety for him. But there are eighty thousand Russians surrounding Marshal Ney. If the marshal doubts this, Kutusoff will permit him to send a man to pass through his ranks and count his forces."

Ney gave the noble response, "A marshal of France never surrenders!"

Even while this scene was passing, the enemy, either through treachery or by mistake, discharged a battery of forty guns, loaded with grape-shot, directly into the bosom of the French. The

the fact that each day thousands were perishing; that thousands were joining the army from all the lines of retreat

carnage was awful. A French officer darted forward to cut down the Russian messenger as a traitor. Ney restrained him, and the man, who was probably innocent of all guile, was disarmed and made prisoner. The enemy's fire was now poured in upon the French without mercy and without cessation. "All the hills," says an eyewitness, "which but a moment before looked cold and silent, became like so many volcanoes in eruption." But these perils did but fan into increased intensity the ardour and the courage of Ney.

"Kutusoff," says Ségur, "had not deceived him. On his side there were indeed eighty thousand men, in complete ranks, well fed and in double lines, full and deep; a numerous cavalry; an immense artillery, occupying a formidable position; in short, everything, and fortune to boot, which is alone equal to all the rest. On ours, five thousand half-famished soldiers—a straggling and dismembered column, a wavering and languid march; arms defective and dirty, and the greater part of them mute, or shaking in enfeebled hands. And yet the French leader had no thought of yielding or perishing, but to cut his way through the enemy."

Ney, undaunted, placed himself at the head of a column, and rushed upon the hostile intrenchments. With five thousand men he undertook to force a passage through eighty thousand. With six pieces of cannon he ventured to march upon batteries bristling with two hundred pieces. The unequal combat was maintained until night enveloped the field. Ney then, finding it impossible to break through, and leaving half of his little army dead upon the field, ordered a retreat back again into the inhospitable wilds of Russia, towards Smolensk.

His troops heard this strange command with utter amazement. They, however, instantly obeyed. Turning their backs upon their comrades who had preceded them, upon their Emperor, upon France, they retraced their steps into those frozen regions from which they were so anxious to escape. For an hour or two they hastily traversed, in the darkness, an unknown and savage road, until they came to a small river. Ney broke the ice to see which way the current ran.

"This stream," said he, "flows into the Dnieper. It shall be our guide." Cold, hungry, weary, and bleeding, the feeble band struggled along the frozen banks of the stream until they came to the Dnieper, the Borysthenes of the ancients. A lame peasant, the only inhabitant whom they encountered, informed them where they might probably pass on the ice. A band in the river had at this point clogged the floating masses. The cold had cemented them. Above and below, the stream was still filled with moveable fragments. In this spot only was a passage possible, and here it was full of danger.

Ney, wrapped in his cloak, threw himself upon the snow, and slept while the troops crossed in single file. The ice was thin,

and bent and crackled under their feet. The waggons, laden with the sick and wounded soldiers, next attempted to pass, but the frail surface broke beneath the weight. Many of the waggons sank. A few faint shrieks were heard as the mutilated sufferers were submerged in the icy waves, their cold and silent sepulchre. The Cossacks tracked the retreat of the French, and, keeping beyond the reach of musket-shot, fired incessantly upon their helpless victims with artillery. Ney pressed vigorously on, by day and by night, without rest, and, a little after midnight on the 26th, the wrecks of the Grand Army were sadly united at Orcha.

During this retreat, an unnatural mother abandoned her child in the snow. Marshal Ney took the little sufferer in his arms, soothed it with tenderness, and carried it back to its parent. Again the wretched woman, rendered fiend-like by misery, cast the poor child from the overlaid sledge. Again the marshal, as tender-hearted as he was brave, rescued the child. The indignant soldiers threw the mother from the sledge to perish in the ice. They covered the friendless child with furs and blankets. They subsequently watched over him with great care. This little orphan was afterwards seen at the Beresina, then at Wilna, and again at Kowno. He finally escaped all the horrors of the retreat.

Napoleon could now muster but about twelve thousand effective men. Still, a vast and uncounted train of stragglers encumbered the army. For the next three days the suffering band pressed on, defying all the efforts of their multitudinous foes to arrest them. When Napoleon left Moscow to attack Kutusoff, with his assembled army, at Kalouga, General Wittgenstein, with a large army, was three hundred miles in the rear of Napoleon's left wing. Six hundred miles farther off General Tchitchagoff was returning with his army of sixty thousand men, which had just been released from warfare with the Turks. Both of these well-appointed hosts were marching to unite their forces upon the banks of the Beresina. Three armies were thus crowding upon the Emperor. The passage of the Beresina had now become the great point of peril.⁴⁴

⁴⁴ "A secret treaty of peace had been signed at Bucharest between the Russians and the Turks. This peace was the work of England, and was secured through the instrumentality of a false document, which the cabinet of London caused to be presented to the Grand Vizier. It was a forged letter from Napoleon, in which he proposed to Alexander the dismemberment of the Turkish empire. Joseph Fenton, who, for a long time had been a stipendiary of England, being consulted by Galib Effendi, testified to the authenticity of the document. When the Sultan learned of the entrance of Napoleon into Russia, he refused to ratify the treaty, and was only induced to do so by the menacing attitude of England. This delay of the ratification delayed the Russian army in Moldavia, and did not release it until October. It consequently was unable to oppose the French army at any time during the retreat, until it encountered the French at the famous passage of it."

[—Histoire de Napoleon,]

Thus Russia became hostile to Napoleon because he would not consent to the dismemberment of the Turkish

Napoleon had left a strong force, magazines, at Borisoff, an important town which covered the passage of the stream. At this place he was sanguine in his expectation of finding refreshment, repose, and powerful additions to his army in men and in the engineering of war.

On the evening of the 23rd, Napoleon received intelligence that, through the great negligence of one of his generals, Borisoff had been captured, and, with all its stores, was in the hands of the enemy. He was quite unprepared to hear of this terrible disaster. For a moment he was silent; then, raising his hand towards heaven, he sighed heavily, and said—

"Is it written there that we shall commit nothing but errors?"

"Nevertheless," says Napier, "these first words of impatience were the only ones which escaped him, and the valet-de-chambre who assisted him was the only one who witnessed his agitation. Duroc, Daru, and Berthier all said that they knew nothing of it—that they saw him unshaken. This was doubtless so as to outward appearance, for he retained sufficient command over himself to avoid betraying his anxiety."

The path of the army seemed now entirely hedged up. Escape was apparently impossible. Napoleon was still nearly seven hundred miles from where he had crossed the Niemen at Kowno. The officers who were with him expressed their earnest wishes that their sovereign, by abandoning the army, might himself reach France, "were it even through the air," said M. Daru, "since the passage of the earth seems barred. Your Majesty could much more certainly serve the army in Paris than here."

Napoleon carefully studied the maps, examined the situation of Borisoff, and suggested one or two other points of passage. It was, however, found that the Russians had strongly defended all those places. The weakened army, freezing and starving, could not force the stream in the face of such formidable hostile batteries. He finally determined to attempt a passage at Studzianka, a village a little to the right of Borisoff. The river was here about three hundred yards wide and six feet deep. It was a desperate venture. There was no bridge. The stream was filled with floating ice. The landing on the opposite side was in a marsh, surrounded by heights, occupied by a powerful and well-organized army. Napoleon, however, relied firmly upon the resources of his genius, and upon the courage and devotion of his followers. With alacrity he made preparations for the fearful enterprise.

He collected all the remaining eagles of the several regiments, and caused them to be burned. All the unnecessary carriages were destroyed. Eighteen hundred of his dismounted guard were formed into two battalions. He assembled around his own person all the officers who had been able to save their horses. This corps, being formed

into a company of five hundred officers, was denominated "the Sacred Squadron." Generals of division performed the functions of captains and inferior officers with cordial good-will, shouldered the musket, and took their places in the ranks. The spirit of this feeble band, animated by the indomitable energy of Napoleon, still remained unbroken.

These arrangements being completed, the troops again commenced their march through the dark pine forest which there covers the country. The retreating army presented a motley array of about forty thousand men, women, and children. As they approached Borisoff, loud shouts were heard, which they supposed arose from the exultant and defiant Russians. A party was sent forth to reconnoitre. They soon returned with the almost blissful news that the corps of Marshals Victor and Oudinot had retaken Borisoff, and were waiting for Napoleon.

The joy and anguish of this meeting of the French soldiers cannot be described. Victor's men were ignorant of the disasters which the Grand Army had encountered since its evacuation of Moscow. They were totally unprepared for such a spectacle of misery. Their comrades presented themselves clothed in rags, pieces of carpet, and untanned horse-skins. Their feet were covered with wretched substitutes for shoes. They were emaciated, haggard, frozen, and bleeding. The veterans wept together over the recital of hitherto unheard-of woes; and all were horror-stricken when informed that this skeleton band of fugitives was all that remained of that triumphant army which had recently been proclaimed throughout Europe as the conquerors of the capital of Russia. With the addition of the divisions of Victor and Oudinot, Napoleon had now twenty-seven thousand troops and forty thousand stragglers.

Through all these disasters the attachment of the soldiers to Napoleon continued unbroken. "Thus, amid so many persons," says Ségur, "who might have reproached him with their misfortunes, he marched on without the least fear, speaking to one and all without affectation, certain of being respected as long as glory could command respect. Knowing perfectly that he belonged as much to us as we to him, his renown being, as it were, a common national property, we should have sooner turned our arms against ourselves, which was the case with many, than against him, as being the minor suicide.

"Some of them fell and died at his feet; and, though they were in the most frightful delirium, their suffering never gave its wanderings the turn of reproach, but of intreaty. And, in fact, did he not share the common danger? Who of them all risked so much as he? Who had suffered the greatest loss in this disaster? If any imprecations were ever uttered, it was not in his presence; for it seemed that, of all misfortunes, that of incurring his displeasure was the greatest."

The river Beresina flows rapidly along its channel a few miles beyond Borisoff. The retreating Russians had destroyed the bridge

empire; and the Turks became his foes because England had convinced them, by false documents, that

Upon the opposite bank of the river they had planted very formidable batteries. Napoleon remained two days at Borissoff refreshing his troops. On the 25th, a variety of movements were made to deceive the enemy as to the point at which he intended to cross the river. In the meantime, with secrecy, arrangements were made for constructing a bridge where a dense forest would conceal their operations from view. The Russians, in vast numbers, occupied the adjacent heights. The French troops were secreted all day in the woods, ready to commence the construction of the bridge the moment night should come. Hardly had the winter's sun gone down behind the frozen hills ere they sprang to their work. No fire could be allowed. They worked through the long and dark night, many of them often up to their necks in water, and struggling against immense masses of ice, which were floated down by the stream. The tires of the wheels were wrenched off for cramp-irons, and cottages were torn down for timber.

Napoleon superintended the work in person, toiling with the rest. He uttered not a word which could indicate any want of confidence in this desperate adventure. He was surrounded by three armies, constituting a mass of one hundred and fifty thousand men. "In this situation," says the Russian historian Boutourlin, "the most perilous in which he had ever found himself, the great captain was in no way inferior to himself. Without allowing himself to be dismayed by the imminence of his danger, he dared to measure it with the eye of genius, and still found resources, when a general less skilful and less determined would not even have suspected its possibility."

The French generals deemed the passage of the river utterly impracticable. Rapp, Mortier, and Ney declared that, if escape were now effected, they should for ever believe in the Emperor's protecting star. Even Murat, constitutionally bold and reckless as he was, declared it was impossible to save the army. He urged that it was time to relinquish all thoughts of rescuing any but the Emperor, on whose fate the salvation of France depended. The soldiers in the ranks expressed similar fears and desires. Some Polish officers volunteered to Napoleon by guiding him through obscure paths in the forest to the frontiers of Prussia. Poniatowski, who commanded the Polish division, offered to pledge his life for the success of the enterprise; but Napoleon promptly rejected the suggestion as implying a cowardly and dishonourable flight. He would not forsake the army in this hour of its greatest peril.

"Napoleon," says Ségur, "at once rejected this project as infamous, as being a cowardly flight; he was indignant that any one should dare to think for a moment that he would abandon his army so long as it was in danger. He was, however, not at all displeased with Murat, either because that prince, in making the proposition, had afforded him an opportunity of showing his firmness, or, what is more probable because he saw in it nothing but

fiction, and because, in the eyes of a sovereign the first quality is attachment to his person.

At last the day faintly dawned in the east. The Russian watch fires began to pale. Napoleon, by the movements of the preceding day, had effectually deceived his foes. The bewildered Russian admiral consequently commenced withdrawing his forces from Studzianka just as Napoleon commenced concentrating his army there. The French generals, who were anxiously, with their glasses, peering through the dusk of the morning to the opposite heights, could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the Russians rapidly retreating. The Russians had received orders to hasten to a point some eighteen miles down the river, where the admiral was convinced, by the false demonstrations of Napoleon, that the French intended to attempt the passage.

Oudinot and Rapp hastened to the Emperor with the joyful tidings. Napoleon exclaimed, "Then I have outwitted the admiral." A squadron of horsemen swam, on their skeleton steeds, through the icy waves, and took possession of the opposite bank. The bridge was soon finished, and two light rafts were constructed. The passage of the troops was now urged with the utmost rapidity. In the course of a few hours the engineers succeeded in constructing another bridge for the transportation of the baggage and the cannon. During the whole of that bleak winter's day, and of the succeeding night, the French army, with its encumbering multitude of stragglers, were crowding across these narrow defiles. In the meantime, the Russian began to return. They planted their batteries upon the adjacent heights, and swept the bridges with a storm of cannon-balls. Early in the morning of the 27th, the foe had accumulated in such numbers as to be prepared to make a simultaneous attack upon the French on both sides of the river. Napoleon had crossed with the advanced guard. On attaining the right bank of the river, he exclaimed, "My star still reigns."

An awful conflict now ensued. The Russians were impelled by the confidence of success; the French were nerved by the energies of despair. In the midst of this demoniac scene of horror, mutilation, and blood, a fearful tempest arose howling through the dark forests, and sweeping with hurricane fury over the embattled hosts. One of the frail bridges broke beneath the weight of artillery, baggage, and troops with which it was burdened. A vast and frenzied crowd were struggling at the heads of the bridges. Cannon-balls ploughed through the living, tortured mass. They trampled upon each other. Multitudes were crowded into the stream, and, with shrieks which pierced through the thunders of the battle, sank beneath the floating ice. The genius of Napoleon was never more conspicuous than on this occasion. It is the testimony alike of friend and foe, that no other man could have accomplished what he accomplished in the awful passage of the Beresina.

Undismayed by the terrible scene and the peril, he calmly studied:

chances, and, with his feeble band, completely thwarted and overthrew his multitudinous foes. It is difficult to ascertain the precise numbers in this engagement. According to Ségur, who is perhaps the best authority to whom we can refer, Napoleon had but twenty-seven thousand fighting men, and these were exhausted, half famished, and miserably clothed and armed. There were also forty thousand stragglers and wounded embarrassing his movements and claiming his care. Sixty thousand Russians, well fed and perfectly armed, surrounded him. General Wittgenstein, with forty thousand effective men, marched upon the portion of the army which had not yet crossed the stream. Marshal Victor, with but six thousand men, baffled all his efforts, and for hours held this vast force at bay. Admiral Tchitchagoff, with twenty thousand men, attacked the columns which had crossed. Ney, with eight thousand troops, plunged into the dense mass of foes, drove them before him, and took six thousand prisoners.

Through all these awful hours the engineers worked in preserving and repairing the bridges, with a coolness which no peril could disturb. The darkness of the night put no end to the conflict. The Russians trained their guns to bear upon the confused mass of men, horses, and waggons crowding and overwhelming the bridges.

In the midst of all the horrors of the scene, a little boat, carrying a mother and her two children, was overturned by the floating ice. A soldier plunged from the bridge into the river, and, by great exertions, saved the youngest of the two children. The poor thing, in tones of despair, kept crying for its mother. The tender-hearted soldier was heard endeavouring to soothe it, saying, "Do not cry. I will not abandon you. You shall want for nothing. I will be your father."

Women were in the midst of the stream, the floating ice, with their
 heir arms; and when the mother
 was completely submerged in the cold flood, her stiffened arms were seen still holding her child above the waves. Across this bridge the soldiers bore tenderly the orphan child which Marshal Ney had saved at Smolensk.

Many persons were crushed and ground to pieces by the rush of heavy carriages. Bands of soldiers cleared their way across the bridge, through the encumbering crowd, with their bayonets and their swords. The wounded and the dead were trampled miserably under their feet. Night came, cold, dark, and dreary, and did but increase these awful calamities. Everything was covered with snow. The black mass of men, horses, and carriages, traversing this white surface, enabled the Russian artillerymen, from the heights which they occupied, unerringly to direct their fire. The howling of the tempest, the gloom of midnight, the incessant flash and roar of artillery, the sweep of cannon-balls through the dense mass, and the frightful

losion of shells, the whistling of bullets, the
 and shouts of the soldier the

shrieks of the wounded and of the despairing, and the wild hurrahs of the Cossacks, presented one of the most appalling scenes which demoniac war has ever exhibited. The record alone one would think enough to appal the most selfish and merciless lover of military glory. At last Victor, having protected the passage of all the regular troops, led his valiant corps across, and set fire to the bridges. The number lost on this occasion has never been ascertained. When the ice melted in the spring, twelve thousand dead bodies were dragged from the river.

On the 29th of October the Emperor resumed his march. Each hour brought an accumulation of horrors. For four days the army passed along the icy road, marking their path by an awful trail of frozen corpses. On the 3rd of November they arrived at Molodeczno. Here they were met by convoys sent to them from Wilna, and found provisions and forage in abundance. The wounded officers and soldiers, and everything which could embarrass the movements of the army, were sent forward under an escort to Wilna. Several thousand fresh horses were obtained, and the cavalry remounted. The artillery was repaired; and the troops, refreshed and reorganized, were placed in marching order.

But intelligence was also brought to Napoleon that portions of Prussia, taking advantage of his reverses, were arming against him; and that even the Austrian aristocracy, deeming this a favourable hour to put down democracy in France, were assuming a hostile attitude. Napoleon called a council of all his officers, related to them these new impending perils, and informed them of his consequent determination to return speedily to Paris. The generals unanimously approved of this design. He, however, remained with the army two days longer. On the 5th, the troops arrived at Smorgoni.

They were now within the borders of ancient Poland. Though still within the dominion of Russia, they here met with sympathy and friends. The great difficulties of the retreat were now surmounted. Napoleon invited all his marshals to sup with him. At the conclusion of the repast, he informed them that he should set out that night for France. He assured them that he would soon return at the head of three hundred thousand men, and repeat the conquest which the frost had retarded.

"I leave," said he, "the command of the army to the King of Naples. I hope that you will obey him as you would me, and that the most perfect harmony will reign among you." He then embraced them all and took leave. It was ten o'clock at night. Two sledges were drawn up before the door. The officers gathered sadly and affectionately around the Emperor. Napoleon took his seat in one of the sledges, with Caulaincourt by his side; Duroc and Loban followed in the other sledge. Their only escort consisted of a few Poles of the Royal Guard.

For leaving the army under these circumstances, Napoleon has been severely censured. It has been called a shameful and a cowardly

abandonment. A Russian historian has, however, been more just. General Boutourlin, aide-camp to the Emperor Alexander, says—

"Various judgments have been formed respecting this departure; yet nothing would be more easy than to justify it. Napoleon was not merely the general of the army which he left; and since the fate of all France was dependent upon his person, it is clear that, under existing circumstances, his first duty was, less to witness the death-throes of the remnant of his army, than to watch over the safety of the great empire which he ruled. Now he could not perform that duty better than by going to Paris, that by his presence he might hasten the organization of new armies to replace those which he had lost."

Even Bourrienne, though unable to conceal the hostility with which he was animated, exclaims—

"It is not without indignation that I have heard that departure attributed by some to cowardice and fear. Napoleon a coward! They know nothing of his character who say so. Tranquil in the midst of danger, he was never more happy than on the field of battle."

In reference to this astonishing retreat, Colonel Napier says—

"To have struggled with hope under such astounding difficulties was scarcely to be expected from the greatest minds; but, like the Emperor, to calculate and combine the most stupendous efforts with calmness and accuracy; to seize every favourable chance with unerring rapidity; to sustain every reverse with undisturbed constancy, never urged to rashness by despair, yet enterprising to the utmost verge of daring consistent with reason, was a display of intellectual greatness so surpassing, that it is not without justice Napoleon has been called, in reference to past ages as well as the present, the foremost of mankind."

"I am enabled to affirm," says Canlaincourt, "that never before, under any circumstances, did I see him manifest such heroic magnanimity as during the fourteen days and nights which followed the disasters of Moscow. Seated by my side in a narrow sledge, suffering severely from cold, and often from hunger, for we could not stop anywhere, leaving behind him the scattered wrecks of his army, Napoleon's courage never forsook him. Yet his spirit was not buoyed by any illusory hope. He had sounded the depth of the abyss. His eagle eye had scanned the prospect before him."

"Canlaincourt," said he, "this is a serious state of things; but rest assured my courage will not flinch. My star is clouded, but all is not lost. In three months I shall have on foot a million of armed citizens, and three hundred thousand fine troops of the line. I, the Emperor, am only a man; but all Frenchmen know that on that man depend the destinies of their families and the safety of their homes."

After a very narrow escape from being cap-

tured by the Russians, Napoleon passed rapidly through Wilna, and on the 10th of December entered Warsaw. The Abbé de Pradt, who was then the French ambassador at Warsaw, has given a very singular account, in his "Embassy at Warsaw in 1812," of an interview he had at that time with the Emperor. It is regarded by Napoleon's friends as a gross caricature, intended to represent him in an odious light.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, referring to the Abbé de Pradt, said—

"But the abbé did not fulfil at Warsaw any of the objects which had been intended. On the contrary, he did a great deal of mischief. Reports against him poured in from every quarter. Even the young men, the clerks attached to the embassy, were surprised at his conduct, and went so far as to accuse him of maintaining an understanding with the enemy, which I by no means believed. But he certainly had a long talk with me, which he misrepresents, as might have been expected; and it was at the very moment when he was delivering a long, prosy speech, which appeared to me a mere string of absurdity and impertinence, that I scrawled on the corner of the chimney-piece the order to withdraw him from his embassy, and to send him, as soon as possible, to France; a circumstance which was the cause of a good deal of merriment at the time, and which the abbé seems very desirous of concealing."

It will be found in a succeeding chapter that the abbé subsequently paid a noble tribute to the character of the Emperor, as he indignantly repelled the insults which the Allies heaped upon their fallen foe. Napoleon, who is represented by all who knew him as one of the most forgiving of men, was much gratified by this virtual *amende*.

Napoleon was well aware of the perfidy of his feudal allies. The celerity of his movements alone prevented his being made a prisoner as he passed through Bavaria. He was, however, reserved for a more melancholy fate than that of Richard Cœur de Lion. Earth could have no heavier woes for him than the lingering torments of St. Helena. The Emperor drove forward without intermission, by night and by day. At one o'clock in the morning of the 14th of December, his solitary sledge entered the streets of Dresden. But a few months before, Napoleon had left that city surrounded by magnificence such as no earthly monarch has ever equalled. He immediately held a long private conference with the King of Saxony, the most faithful and devoted of all his allies. Again entering his sledge, and outstripping even his couriers in speed, in four days he reached Paris.

It was midnight on the 18th of December. The Empress, sick, anxious, and extremely dejected, had just retired to rest at the Tuilleries. She supposed that the Emperor was still struggling with his foes in the midst of the wilds of Russia. Suddenly the voices of men were heard in the antechamber. A cry from one of the maids of honour made the Empress aware that

eternally extraordinary had happened. In her alarm she leaped from the bed. At that moment the door was opened, and a man, enveloped in furs, rushed in and clasped her in his arms. It was the Emperor.

The news of the Emperor's arrival spread rapidly through the metropolis. Napoleon had issued a bulletin, frankly communicating the whole extent of the disaster which had been encountered. He had made no attempt whatever at concealment. Though the bulletin had been despatched from the army before the departure of the Emperor, it did not arrive in Paris until the morning after his return. The important document was immediately published. A calamity so awful and unexpected filled Paris with amazement and consternation.

At nine o'clock in the morning the Emperor held a levee. It was numerously attended. Gloom and anxiety pervaded every countenance. The Emperor appeared calm. He made no attempt to evade the questions which all were so anxious to ask. Frankly and fully he communicated the details of the retreat.

"Moscow," said he, "had fallen into our power. We had surmounted every obstacle. The conflagration, even, had in no way lessened the prosperous state of our affairs. But the rigour of the winter induced upon the army the most frightful calamities. In a few nights all was changed. Cruel losses were experienced. They would have broken my heart if, under such circumstances, I had been accessible to any other sentiments but the welfare of my people. I desire peace. It is necessary. On four different occasions, since the rupture of the peace of Amiens, I have solemnly made offer of it to my enemies. But I will never conclude a treaty but on terms honourable and suitable to the grandeur of my empire."

After the departure of the Emperor from the army, the cold increased in intensity. As they approached Wilna, the mercury sank to 60 deg. below zero, Fahrenheit. The misery which ensued can never be told. Sixty thousand men, troops and stragglers, had crossed the Beresina. Twenty thousand had since joined them. Of these eighty thousand, scarce forty thousand reached Wilna. This destruction was caused almost entirely by the cold. The Russians who were in pursuit perished as miserably as did the French. It is a remarkable fact, but well attested, that the soldiers from a more southern clime endured the cold better than did the native Russian.

On the 12th of December, the French arrived at Kowno, upon the banks of the Niemen. On the 18th they crossed the bridge, but about thirty thousand in number. The "Old Guard" was now reduced to three hundred men. They still marched proudly, preserving, even unto death, their martial and indomitable air. The heroic Ney, through miracles of suffering and valour, had covered the rear through this awful

The march from Vienna to the Ni-

men had occupied thirty-seven days and nights. During this time, four rear-guards had melted away under his command. Receiving four or five thousand men, the number would soon be reduced to two thousand, then to one thousand, then to five hundred, and finally to fifty or sixty. He would then obtain a fresh supply to be strewn in death along the road. Even more perished from fatigue and the cold than from the bullets of the enemy.

In the following way he conducted the retreat. Each afternoon, at about five o'clock, he selected some commanding position, and stopped the advance of the Russians. His soldiers then, for a few hours, obtained such food and rest as was possible under such circumstances. At ten o'clock he again resumed, under cover of the night, his retreat. At daybreak, which was about seven o'clock, he again took position, and rested until ten o'clock. By this time the enemy usually made his appearance. Cautiously retreating, Ney fought them back all day long, making as much progress as he could, until five o'clock in the evening, when he again took position.

In order to retard the advance of the Cossacks, powder and shells were placed in the waggons which it was found necessary to abandon, and a long lighted fuse attached. The Cossacks, observing the smoke, dared not approach until after the explosion. Thus, for more than a month, by night and by day, Ney struggled along against blinding storms of snow and freezing gales, with his ranks ploughed by the shot and the shells of the enemy.

At Kowno, Marshal Ney collected seven hundred fresh troops, and, planting a battery of twenty-four pieces of cannon, beat back the enemy during the whole day, while the army was retiring across the bridge. As these troops melted away before the fire of the foe, he seized a musket, and with difficulty rallied thirty men to stand by his side. At last, having seen every man safely across the river, he slowly retired, proudly facing the foe. The bullets flew thickly around him; still, he disdained to turn his back upon the foe, or to quicken his pace. Deliberately walking backwards, he fired the last bullet at the advancing Russians, and threw his gun into the stream. He was the last of the "Grand Army" who left the Russian territory.

General Dumas was seated in the house of a French physician, on the German side of the river, when a man entered, enveloped in a large cloak. His beard was long and matted, his emaciated visage was blackened with gunpowder, his whiskers were singed by fire, but his eyes beamed with the lustre of an indomitable mind.

"At last I am here," said he, as he threw himself into a chair. "What, General Dumas, do you not know me?"

"No," was the reply; "who are you?"

"I am the rear-guard of the Grand Army — hal Ney. I have fired the last musket-shot

on the bridge of Kowno, I have thrown into the Niemen the last of our arms, and I have walked
 as, as you see me, across the forest."¹⁰⁰

CHAPTER LV.

LUTZEN AND BAUTZEN.

Report of the Minister of the Interior.—Testimony of enemies—Noble devotion of Napoleon's allies—New coalition—Confession of Metterich—Death of Bessières—Battle of Lutzen—Entering Dresden—Battle of Bautzen—Death of Duroc—Armistice—Renewal of hostilities—Caulaincourt's interview with the Emperor—Striking remarks of Napoleon.

GREAT as were the military resources which the Emperor's genius had created, the skill and vigour of his civil administration were still more extraordinary. The Minister of the Interior at this time made the following report to the Legislative Body:—

"Gentlemen,—Notwithstanding the immense armies which a state of war, both maritime and Continental, has rendered indispensably necessary, the population of France has continued to increase. French industry has advanced. The soil was never better cultivated, and
 tures more flourishing, and at no period of our history has wealth been more equally diffused among all classes of society. The farmer now enjoys benefits to which he was formerly a stranger. His food and clothing are better and more abundant than heretofore, and his dwelling is more substantial and convenient.

"Improvements in agriculture, and the useful arts are no longer rejected because they are new. Experiments have been made in every branch of labour, and the methods proved to be the most useful have been adopted. Artificial meadows have been multiplied, the system of fallows is abandoned, rotation of crops is better understood, and improved plans of cultivation augment the produce of the soil. Cattle are multiplied, and their different breeds proved. This great prosperity is attributable to

¹⁰⁰ During the Russian campaign, France lost about three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers; a hundred thousand were killed in the ad and retreat, a hundred and fifty thousand died from hunger, fatigue, and the severity of the climate, and about a hundred thousand remained prisoners in the hands of the Russians, not more than half of whom ever returned to France. The account has been swollen including the Jews, sutlers, women, and children who followed the army, and by those who joined in its retreat from Moscow, amounting to about fifty thousand persons. Upwards of sixty thousand horses were destroyed, a thousand cannon, and nearly twenty thousand waggon and carriages.

"Alexander's losses have never been well ascertained; but, including the population of the abandoned cities, who perished for want of food and shelter, they must have far exceeded those of the invaders. In commemoration of his deliverance, the Emperor caused a medal to be struck, remarkable for the simplicity and literal truth of the inscription. *Not in us, not*

the liberal laws by which the Empire is governed to the suppression of feudal tenures, titles, mortmain, and the monastic orders—measures which have set at liberty numerous estates, and rendered them the free patrimony of families formerly in a state of pauperism. Something is due also to the more equal distribution of wealth, consequent on the alteration and simplification of the laws relating to freehold property, and to the prompt decision of law suits, the number of which is now daily decreasing."

Notwithstanding the enormous wars in which Napoleon had been engaged, he had expended in works of public improvement the following sums:—

On palaces and buildings, the property of the crown, 62,500,000 francs; on fortifications, 5,000,000 francs; on seaports, docks, and harbours, 125,000,000 francs; on roads and highways, 175,000,000 francs; on bridges in Paris and the various departments, 81,250,000 francs; on canals, embankments, and the drainage of land, 125,000,000 francs; on public works in Paris, 100,000,000 francs; on public buildings in the departments, 150,000,000 francs—making a total of more than 1,000,000,000 francs, which, in the course of nine years, he had expended in improvement; and

says a French writer, "by steadiness of purpose—armed with power, and finances wisely and economically applied."

Count Molé, the Minister of Finance, after a very faithful review of the flattering condition of the Empire, concluded his report with the following words:—

"If a man of the age of the Medici or of Louis XIV. were to revisit the earth, and, at the sight of so many marvels, ask how many ages of peace and glorious reigns had been required to produce them, he would be answered, 'Twelve years of war and a single man.'"

"The national resources of the French Empire," says Alison, "as they were developed in these memorable reports, and evinced in those exertions, are the more worthy of attention, as this was the last exposition of which was made to the world; this was political testament of Napoleon to future generations. The disasters which immediately after crowded round his sinking Empire, the difficulties with which he had prevented anything of the kind

and when order and regularity emerged from the chaos, under the restored Bourbon dynasty, France, bereft of all its revolutionary and reduced to the dimensions of 1789,

When it is recollected that an vast on objects so truly imperial, amounting to nearly \$3,500,000 a year, took place during a period of extraordinary warlike exertion, and almost unbroken maritime and territorial hostility, it must be

it demonstrates an elevation of mind and grandeur of as much as

possessed little more than two-thirds of the territory, and not a fourth of the influence which it had enjoyed under the Emperor. To the picture exhibited of the Empire at this period, therefore, the eyes of future ages will be constantly turned, as presenting both the highest point of elevation which the fortunes of France had ever attained, and the greatest assemblage of national and military strength which the annals of modern times have exhibited."

Napoleon in person superintended the entire administration of both military and civil affairs. Every ministerial project was submitted to his examination. The financial accounts were all audited by himself. The governmental correspondence passed under his eye, and was corrected by his pen. The apparently exhaustless mental and physical energies of the Emperor amazed all who were thrown into contact with him. Though Paris had been plunged into consternation by the terrible disaster in Russia, the calm demeanour and intrepid countenance of the Emperor, which accompanied his frank admission of the whole magnitude of the calamity, soon revived public confidence. The *Journal of Paris*, the next morning, contained the following comments upon the celebrated 29th bulletin:—

"These details cannot but add to the glory with which the army has covered itself, and to the admiration which the heroic firmness and genius of the Emperor inspire. After having vanquished the Russians in twenty battles, and driven them from their ancient capital, our brave troops have had to sustain the rigours of the season and the severities of an inhospitable climate during a march of more than fifty days through an enemy's country, deprived of artillery, transports, and cavalry; yet the genius of the sovereign has animated all, and proved a resource under the greatest difficulties. The enemy, who had the elements for his auxiliaries, was beaten wherever he appeared. With such soldiers and such a general, the eventual success of the war cannot be uncertain. Napoleon will give his name to the nineteenth century."

The words of Napoleon were eagerly gathered, and circulated through the Empire. Innumerable addresses, containing assurances of loyalty and affection, were presented to him by the principal bodies of Paris, and from all the principal cities of France. The cities of Rome, Milan, Florence, Turin, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Mayence, manifested the noblest spirit of devotion. They rallied around their noble leader in this his hour of extremity with a zeal which does honour to human nature. We give the address from Milan as a specimen of all the rest.

"Our kingdom, sire, is your handiwork. It owes to you its laws, its monuments, its roads, its prosperity, its agriculture, the honour of its arts, and the internal peace which it enjoys. The people of Italy declare, in the face of the universe, that there is no sacrifice which they are not prepared to make to enable your Majesty to complete the great work intrusted to you by Providence."

In extraordinary circumstances, ex-

traordinary sacrifices are required, and our efforts shall be unbounded. You require arms, armies, gold, fidelity, constancy. All we possess, sire, we lay at your Majesty's feet. This is not the suggestion of authority; it is conviction, gratitude, the universal cry produced by the passion for our political existence."

Austria and Prussia, who had with no little reluctance allied themselves with the armies of republican France, now began to manifest decided hostility. The commander of the Prussian forces announced his secession from the Prussian alliance, and soon again Prussia joined the coalition of Russia and England against Napoleon. It is said by Savary—

"The King had long resisted the intreaties with which he was assailed in Prussia to join the Russians. The natural sincerity of his character kept him firm to our alliance, in spite of the fatal results which it could not fail to draw upon him. He was driven to the determination he adopted by men of restless spirit, who told him plainly, but respectfully, that they were ready to act either with him or without him. 'Well, gentlemen,' replied the King, 'you force me to this course; but remember, we must either conquer or be annihilated.'"

The Austrian commander, Prince Schwarzenberg, also imitated the example of the Prussians. He not only refused to render any service to the French in their awful retreat, but overawed the Poles to prevent their rising to assist Napoleon, and then, entering into an armistice with the Russians, quietly retired to the territories of his sovereign. Murat, dejected by these tidings, and alarmed by the intelligence which he had received from Naples, abruptly abandoned the army and returned to Italy. Napoleon was incensed at this desertion. He wrote to his sister Caroline, Murat's wife, "Your husband is extremely brave on the field of battle, but out of sight of the enemy he is weaker than a woman. He has no moral courage."

Murat, before leaving the army, had assembled a council of war, and had publicly vented his spleen against the Emperor for calling him from sunny Naples to take part in so disastrous a campaign.

"It is impossible," said he, "to continue to serve a madman who is no longer able to afford security to his adherents. Not a single prince in Europe will hereafter listen to his word or respect his treaties. Had I accepted the proposals of England, I might have been a powerful sovereign, like the Emperor of Austria or King of Prussia."

Daoust indignantly replied, "The sovereigns you have named are monarchs by the grace of God. Their power has been consolidated by time, by long-accustomed reverence, and hereditary descent; but you are King merely by the grace of Napoleon and the blood of French soldiers. You can remain a King only by the power of Napoleon and by an alliance with France. You are inflated with black ingratitude. I will not fail to denounce you to the

"I, Napoleon wrote: "I do not suspect you to be one of those who think that the lion is dead, but if you have counted on this you will soon discover your error. Since my departure from Wilna you have done me all the evil you could. Your title of King has turned your head."

Eugène was appointed to the chief command. "The Viceroy," wrote Napoleon, "is accustomed to the direction of military movements on a large scale, and, besides, enjoys the full confidence of the Emperor." This oblique reproach added to the disaffection of Murat.

Frederick William of Prussia, encouraged by the utter wreck of the French armies, on the 1st of March, concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Russian autocrat, and declared war against France. When the hostile declaration was notified at St. Cloud, Napoleon merely observed—

"It is better to have a declared enemy than a doubtful ally." He afterwards said, "My greatest fault, perhaps, was not having dethroned the King of Prussia when I could have done it so easily. After Friedland, I should have separated Silesia from Prussia, and abandoned this province to Saxony. The King of Prussia and the Prussians were too much humiliated not to seek to avenge themselves on the first occasion. If I had acted thus, if I had given them a free constitution, and delivered the peasants from feudal slavery, the nation would have been content."

Napoleon had wished, by a generous treaty, to conciliate his foes. He was ready to make very great concessions for the sake of peace; but the banded despots of Europe were entirely regardless of his magnanimity. "The system," said Napoleon truly, "of the enemies of the French Revolution is war to the death."

Immediately after the defection of Prussia, the Allies signed a convention at Breslau, which stipulated that all the German princes should be summoned to unite against Napoleon. Whoever refused was to forfeit his estates. Thus the Allies trampled upon the independence of kings, and endeavoured with violence to break the most sacred treaties. The venerable King of Saxony, refusing thus to prove treacherous to his faithful friend, and menaced by the loss of his throne, was compelled to flee from his capital.

The Allies overran his dominions and marched triumphantly into Dresden. They were cordially welcomed by those who dreaded the liberal ideas which were emanating from France. The English government also made an attempt to compel the Court of Copenhagen to join the grand

A squadron appeared before the city, and a categorical answer within forty-eight hours, under the pain of bombardment. The blood of the last atrocious cannonade was hardly as yet washed from the pavements of the city. It was another of those attacks of piratical atrocity with which the English government so often dishonoured itself during these tremendous truces. "This measure," says Alison, "which might

been attended with the happiest effect, ~~was not~~ want of any military or naval force capable of carrying it into execution."

The Tories of England were exultant. After long a series of disastrous wars, they were now sanguine of success. Their efforts were redoubled. Thousands of pamphlets were circulated in all the maritime provinces of France by the agents of the English government, defaming the character of Napoleon, accusing him of ambitious, despotic, and bloodthirsty appetites, and striving to rouse the populace to insurrection. Napoleon was basely accused of being the originator of these long and dreadful wars, of opposing all measures for peace, of delighting in conflagration and carnage, of deluging Europe with blood to gratify his insatiable ambition and his love of military glory. Most recklessly the English nation was plunged into hopeless debt, that gold might be distributed with a lavish hand to all who would aid to crush the great leader of governmental reform.

On the 11th of November, 1813, Metternich said to the French ambassador, in reference to the bribe which the English government had offered Austria to induce her to turn against Napoleon, "Besides the one hundred and seventy-five millions of francs which England gives to Russia, she offers us two hundred and fifty millions if we change our system. We have rejected the offer with contempt, although our finances are in the most ruinous state."

"Meanwhile," says Napier, "the allied sovereigns, by giving hopes to their subjects that constitutional liberty should be the reward of their prodigious popular exertions against France—hopes which, with the most detestable baseness, they had previously resolved to defraud— assembled greater forces than they were able to wield, and prepared to pass the Rhine."

As the Allies entered Saxony, they scattered innumerable proclamations amongst the people, calling upon them to rise against Napoleon. "Germans," said General Wittgenstein, "we open to you the Prussian ranks. You will there find the son of the labourer placed beside the son of the prince. All distinction of rank is effaced in these great ideas—the king, liberty, honour, country. Among us there is no distinction but talent, and the ardour with we fly to combat for the common

With such false words did the pious armies endeavour to delude the ignorant multitude into the belief that they were the advocates of equality. Treacherously they raised the banner of democracy, and rallied around it the enthusiasm of simple peasants, that might betray that cause, and trample it down hopelessly in blood. Many were deceived by promises. Seeing such awful disasters darkening upon the French Emperor, they thought he was forsaken by God as well as man, and they abandoned their only true friend.

Napoleon sat calmly upon the storm which was gathering
 he is when his enemies were as

DEATH OF MARSHAL BESSIÈRES.

exultant, to make proposals for peace. Nothing remained for him but to redouble his efforts to defeat their machinations. The people of France enthusiastically responded to his call. Parents cheerfully gave up their children for the decisive war. Every town and village rang with the notes of preparation. As by magic, another army was formed. By the middle of April nearly three hundred thousand men were on the march towards Germany, to roll back the threatened tide of invasion. The veteran troops of France had perished amid the snows of Russia. A large army was struggling in the Spanish Peninsula against the combined forces of England, Portugal, and Spain. The greater portion of those now assembled were youthful recruits, "mere boys," says Sir Walter Scott.

On the 15th of April, at four o'clock in the morning, Napoleon left St. Cloud for the headquarters of the army. Caulaincourt, who accompanied him, says:—

"When the carriage started, the Emperor, who had his eyes fixed on the castle, threw himself back, placed his hand on his forehead, and remained for some time in that meditative attitude. At length, rousing himself from his gloomy reverie, he began to trace in glowing colours his plans and projects, the hopes he cherished of the faithful co-operation of Austria, &c. Then he resumed his natural simplicity of manner, and spoke to me with emotion of the regret he felt in leaving his *bonne Louise* and his lovely child.

"*'I envy,'* said he, *'the lot of the meanest peasant in my Empire. At my age he has discharged his debts to his country, and he may remain at home, enjoying the society of his wife and children; while I, I must fly to the camp and engage in the strife of war. Such is the mandate of my inexplicable destiny.'*

"He again sunk into his reverie. To divert him from it, I turned the conversation on the scene of the preceding evening, when, at the Elysée, the Empress, in the presence of the princes, grand dignitaries, and ministers, had taken the solemn oath in the character of Regent.

"*'My good Louise,'* said the Emperor, *'is gentle and submissive. I can depend on her. Her love and fidelity will never fail me. In the current of events there may arise circumstances which decide the fate of an empire. In that case, I hope the daughter of the Cæsars will be inspired by the spirit of her grandmother, Maria Theresa.'*

Napoleon had ordered his troops to concentrate at Erfurth, and, on the 25th of April, he reached the encampment of his youthful and inexperienced army. The Allies, flushed with success, overwhelming in numbers, and animated by the prospect of a general rising of the Royalist party all over Europe, were everywhere gaining ground. A series of indecisive conflicts ensued, in which the genius of Napoleon almost unceasingly triumphed over his diabolical enemies.

In one of these actions, Bessières, who commanded the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, was struck by a ball in the breast, and fell dead from his horse.

Marshal Bessières had been commander of the Guard ever since the campaign in Italy, in 1796. Like all those who were honoured with the friendship of Napoleon, he was a man of exalted worth. He was humane and tender-hearted in the extreme, and yet no peril in the hour of battle could daunt him. Firmly believing in the righteousness of those principles of popular equality for which he was contending under his adored Emperor, and by which he had risen from obscure parentage to power and renown, he nerved himself to endure the carnage over which his sympathies wept. He was universally beloved. Even those against whom he was contending have united in pronouncing his eulogy. The character of Napoleon is illustrated by the lofty character of the friends he cherished.

The loss of this faithful friend deeply affected Napoleon. He wrote to the Empress:—

"Bessières is justly entitled to the name of brave and good. He was distinguished alike for his skill, courage, and prudence; for his great experience in directing cavalry movements, for his capacity in civil affairs, and his attachment to the Emperor. His death on the field of honour is worthy of envy. It was so sudden as to have been free from pain. His reputation was without a blemish—the finest heritage he could have bequeathed his children. There are few whose loss could have been so sensibly felt. The whole French army partakes the grief of his Majesty on this melancholy occasion."

Amid these overwhelming cares and perils, Napoleon forgot not the widow of his friend. He wrote to her the following touching letter:—

"My Cousin,—Your husband has died on the field of honour. The loss which you and your children have sustained is doubtless great, but mine is still greater. The Duke of Istria has died the noblest death, and without suffering. He has left a spotless reputation, the best inheritance he could transmit to his children. My protection is secured to them. They will inherit all the affection which I bore to their father."

At last the hostile forces met in great strength on the plains of Lutzen. It was the 2nd of May. Napoleon, not expecting an attack, was on the march, his army extending thirty miles in length. Suddenly the allied army appeared in all its strength, emerging from behind some heights where it had been concealed. In four deep, black columns, eighty thousand strong, with powerful artillery in front, and twenty-five thousand of the finest cavalry in reserve, these veterans, with deafening cheers, rushed resistlessly upon the leading columns of the young conscripts of France. Two villages were immediately enveloped in flames. A heavy concentric fire of ploughed their ranks. Courier after

courier was despatched to Napoleon, pressing for reinforcements, or all was lost. The Emperor soon arrived at the theatre of action. He had but four thousand horse. Calmly, for a moment, he contemplated the overwhelming numbers thus suddenly bursting upon his little band, and then said, without any indication of alarm—

"We have no cavalry. No matter, it will be a battle as in Egypt. The French infantry is equal to anything. I commit myself, without fear, to the valour of our young conscripts."

Napoleon himself galloped across the plain, directing his steps to the spot where the dense smoke and the incessant roar of artillery indicated the hottest of the strife. The scene of carnage, confusion, and dismay which he presented itself was sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. The young conscripts, astounded and overwhelmed by the awful fire from the Russian batteries, which mowed down their ranks, were flying in terror over the plain. A few of the more experienced columns alone held together, and, torn and bleeding, slowly retired before the advancing masses of the allied infantry. Immense squadrons of cavalry were posted upon a neighbouring eminence, just ready, in a resistless torrent of destruction, to sweep the field and sabre the helpless fugitives.

The moment the Emperor appeared with the imperial staff, the young soldiers, reanimated by his presence, rushed towards him. A few words from his lips revived their courage. Instantly the broken masses formed into little knots and squares, and the rout was arrested. Never did the Emperor receive a more touching proof of the confidence and the devotion of his troops. The wounded, as they were borne by, turned their eyes affectionately to the Emperor, and shouted, often with dying lips, "Vive l'Empereur!" Whenever his form appeared, flitting through the confusion and the smoke of the battle, a gleam of joy was kindled upon the cheeks of those struggling in death's last agonies. The devotion of the soldiers, and the heroism of the generals and officers, never surpassed what was witnessed on this occasion. Napoleon rode through a storm of bullets and cannon-balls as if he bore a charmed life. He seemed desirous of exposing himself to every peril which his faithful soldiers were called to encounter. He felt that the young soldiers, who now for the first time witnessed the horrors of a field of battle, needed this example to stimulate their courage.

For eight hours the battle raged. It was sanguinary in the extreme. The ground was covered with the mutilated bodies of the dying and the dead. General Gérard, though already hit by several bullets, and covered with blood, still headed his troops, exclaiming—

"Frenchmen! the hour is come in which every one who loves his country must or die."

length arrived.
forward the Imperial
he had carefully p

Sixteen battalions in close column preceded by sixty pieces of incomparable artillery, pierced the wavering mass of the Allies. One incessant flash of fire blazed from the advancing column. The onset was resistless. Enveloped in clouds of dust and smoke, the determined band was soon lost to the sight of the Emperor. But the flash of their guns through the gloom, and the receding roar of their artillery, proclaimed that they were driving the enemy before them. The victory was complete. But Napoleon, destitute of cavalry, gave strict orders that no pursuit should be attempted. He slept upon the hard-won field of battle. The Allies retreated to the north to Dresden, amazed at the unexpected energy which Napoleon had developed. They had supposed that the disasters in Russia had so weakened his strength that he could present but feeble resistance.

The Emperor immediately transmitted news of this victory to Paris, and to every court in alliance with France. The tidings filled the hearts of his friends with joy.

"In my young soldiers," said Napoleon, "I have found all the valour of my old companions in arms. During the twenty years that I have commanded the French troops, I have never witnessed more bravery and devotion. If all the allied sovereigns, and the ministers who direct their cabinets, had been present on the field of battle, they would have renounced the vain hope of causing the star of France to decline."

He wrote to the Empress, whom he had appointed Regent, requesting her to forward, in her name, the following circular to each of the bishops of the Empire:—

"In the name of the Emperor, the Empress Queen and Regent, to the Bishop of . . . The victory gained at Lützen by His Majesty the Emperor and King, our beloved spouse and sovereign, can only be considered as a special act of divine protection. We desire that, at the receipt of this letter, you will cause a *Te Deum* to be sung, and address thanksgivings to the God of armies; and that you will offer such prayers as you may judge suitable, to draw down the divine protection upon our armies, and particularly for the sacred person of His Majesty, the Emperor and King. May God preserve him from every danger. His preservation is as necessary to the happiness of the Empire as to the religion which he has re-established, and which he is called to

A similar circular was sent to all the in Italy.

At daybreak on the following morning Napoleon rode over the field of battle. Wild tions of the profoundest melancholy, he gazed upon the bodies of six thousand of his troops strewn the plain. Their

images and slender figures as they were adapted to the stern horrors of the field of battle. Twelve thousand of the wounded, of them from the first families in France, had been conveyed, in every form

of mutilation, from the bloody field to the hospital.

As Napoleon was thoughtfully and sadly traversing the gory plains, he came to the dead body of a young Prussian, who, in death, seemed to press something closely against his bosom. The Emperor approached, and found that it was the Prussian flag which the soldier, in dying, had grasped so tenaciously. For a moment he stopped, and gazed in silence upon the touching spectacle. Then, with a moistened eye, and a voice tremulous with emotion, he said—

"Brave lad! brave lad! you were worthy to have been born a Frenchman. Gentlemen," said he, turning to his officers, his voice still trembling, "you see that a soldier has for his flag a sentiment approaching to idolatry. It is the object of his worship, as a present received from the hands of his mistress. I wish some of you immediately to render funeral honours to this young man. I regret that I do not know his name, that I might write to his family. Do not separate him from his flag. These folds of silk will be for him an honourable shroud."

Napoleon could thus honour fidelity and courage, even in an enemy.

The battle of Lutzen is invariably regarded as one of the most brilliant proofs of Napoleon's genius, and of the fervid affection with which he was cherished by every soldier in the army. The Allies had chosen their own point of attack. Concealed behind a barrier of hills, they had drawn the French almost into an ambushade. Surprised in a scattered line of march, extending over a distance of thirty miles, Napoleon was assailed by the concentrated masses of the enemy on his right and centre. Still, the Emperor, with his young recruits, arrested the advance of the enemy, sustained the conflict for eight hours, brought up his reinforcements, and gained the victory. It was Napoleon's personal ascendancy over his troops which secured this result.

His instinctive acquaintance with the human heart was almost supernatural. On this occasion he made extraordinary efforts to encourage and animate his *children*, as he ever called his soldiers. A colonel of battalion had, for some fault, been degraded from his rank. He was a very brave man, and much beloved by those whom he had commanded. In the midst of the battle, when that battalion was needed to perform a feat of desperate daring, Napoleon appeared at its head with the beloved commander. Addressing to him, in the presence of his troops, a few words of forgiveness and commendation, he restored him to the command. A shout of joy burst from the lips of the battalion. The cry spread from rank to rank, and rose above the awful roar of the battle. The troops, thus animated, headed a column, and, breasting the storm of war, accomplished the feat for which it was thus prepared.

It is not easy to ascertain the precise numbers engaged in this conflict. "Although," says Alison, "the superiority of numbers, upon the whole, was decidedly on the side of the French,

yet this was far from being the case with the forces actually engaged, until a late period in the day."

"It was, indeed," says Brancay, "an achievement worthy of gratulation, that an army of nearly a hundred and thirty thousand men, with upwards of twenty thousand cavalry, had been defeated by not more than eighty thousand men including only four thousand cavalry."

The Allies, having lost twenty thousand in killed and wounded, conducted their retreat in much confusion. Ten thousand chariots, more than half of them loaded with the wounded, encumbered the road. The French followed close upon their rear, continually harassing them. On the 7th of May the discomfited army passed through Dresden without venturing to halt. They crossed the Elbe, blew up the bridges, and the few Cossacks who were left behind swam their horses across the stream.

It was one of the most lovely of May mornings when the French army approached this beautiful city. Even the meanest soldier gazed with delight upon the amphitheatre, encircled by hills, which were crowned with gardens, orchards, and villas. The placid waters of the Elbe, fringed with the foliage and with the flowers of spring, meandered through the lovely landscape. The rising sun was brilliantly reflected from the steeples, domes, and palaces of the city. From the distant eminences glittered the bayonets of the retreating foe. Batteries frowned on the heights, and the cannonade of the pursuers and the pursued mingled with the clangour of bells which welcomed the approach of Napoleon to the capital of his noble and faithful ally, the King of Saxony.

This monarch was a man of great moral excellence. Napoleon often quoted with admiration, as illustrative of his character, one of his remarks, that "Probity and truth are the best artifices in politics."

The aristocratic party but a few days before had hailed with enthusiasm the entrance of the Czar and the King of Prussia. Now the mass of the inhabitants sincerely rejoiced at the restoration of their monarch. As Napoleon approached the city, he was waited upon by the magistrates, who had been treacherous to him and to their King, and had welcomed the Allies.

"Who are you?" said Napoleon severely.

"Members of the municipality," replied the trembling burgomasters.

"Have you bread for my troops?" inquired Napoleon.

"Our resources," they answered, "have been entirely exhausted by the requisitions of the Russians and Prussians."

"Ah!" replied Napoleon, "it is impossible, is it? I know no such word. Get ready bread, meat, and wine. You richly deserve to be treated as a conquered people. But I forgive all, from regard to your King. He is the saviour of your country. You have been already punished by having had the Russians and

Prussians among you, and having been governed by Baron Stein.⁶

The Emperor dismounted, and, accompanied by Caulaincourt and a page, walked to the banks of the river. Balls from the opposite batteries fell around him. Having, by a thorough personal reconnaissance, made himself acquainted with the various localities, and having rescued from conflagration the remains of a bridge, he called upon General Drouet to bring forward a hundred pieces of cannon. He posted himself upon an eminence to direct their disposition. A tremendous cannonade was immediately commenced between these guns and the opposing batteries of the Russians. The Emperor was exposed to the enemy's fire. His head was grazed by a splinter which a ball shattered from a tree close by.

"Had it struck me on the breast," said he, calmly, "all was over."

The Russian battery was soon silenced. The Allies, having done everything in their power to prevent the passage of the Elbe, concentrated their forces at a formidable intrenched position at Bautzen. Here they resolved to give a decisive battle. By the indefatigable exertions of the French engineers, a bridge was soon constructed, and the boats made to cross the stream. During the whole of the 11th Napoleon superintended the passage. He sat upon a stone by the water-side, animating his men. He promised a napoleon to every boat which was ferried across, and was, in his turn, cheered by the enthusiastic shouts of the young conscripts, as, with long trains of artillery and all the enginery of war, they pressed to the right bank of the Elbe.

On the 12th of May, Napoleon and the King of Saxony rode side by side through the streets of Dresden to the royal palace. They were accompanied by the discharges of cannon, the music of martial bands, the pealing of bells, and the acclamations of the people. Flowers were scattered in their path, and the waving of handkerchiefs, and the smiles of ladies, from windows and balconies, lined their way. It was the last spectacle of the kind Napoleon was destined to witness. He fully comprehended the fearful perils which surrounded him, and in that hour of triumph he reflected with a calm and serious spirit upon the ruin with which his course was threatened.

"I beheld," he afterwards remarked, "the decisive hour gradually approaching. My star grew dim. I felt the reins slipping from my hands. Austria, I knew, would avail herself of any difficulties in which I might be placed to secure advantages to herself. But I had resolved on making the greatest sacrifices. The choice of the proper moment for proclaiming this resolution was the only difficult point, and what chiefly occupied my attention. If the influence of physical force be great, the power of opinion is still greater. Its effects are magical. My object was to preserve it. A false step, a word tentatively uttered, might for ever have de-

stroyed the illusion. While successful I could afford to suffer honorably."

According to his usual custom, Napoleon, now again a conqueror, sent pacific overtures to the Allies. He was sincerely anxious for peace, but he was not prepared to submit to degradation. The Allies, anticipating the speedy union of Austria with their armies, demanded terms so exorbitant as to prove that they would be contented with nothing less than the entire overthrow of Napoleon's power. Upon this rejection of his proposals, Napoleon sent Eugène to Italy for the defence of that kingdom. Austria was secretly raising a powerful army, and Napoleon foresaw that his treacherous father-in-law would soon march to recover his ancient conquests in the plains of Lombardy.

After remaining a week in Dresden, awaiting the result of the negotiations for peace, Napoleon resumed his march to meet his enemies, who had planted themselves behind the intrenchments of Bautzen. In his route he passed the ruins of a small town. It had been set on fire in an engagement between the French and Russians. He was deeply affected by the spectacle of misery. Presenting the inhabitants with one hundred thousand francs for their immediate necessities, he promised to rebuild the place. Riding over ground still covered with the dead, he manifested much sympathy for their sufferings. He directed the attention of his surgeon to a poor Russian soldier, apparently in dying agonies.

"His wound is incurable," said the surgeon.

"But try," replied Napoleon. "It is always well to lose one less."

On the morning of the 21st the French army again arrived within sight of the camp of the Allies. They were intrenched behind the strong town of Bautzen. The river Spree flowed in their front. A chain of wooded hills, bristling with Russian batteries, protected their right. The cannon of the Prussians frowned along the rugged eminences on their left. Napoleon saw at a glance that he could not take the camp by storm. Ney was accordingly directed to make a large circuit around the extreme right of the Russians, while the attention of the enemy was engrossed by a fierce attack upon the left by Oudinot, and upon the centre by Soult and the Emperor in person.

For four hours the French made charge after charge upon these impregnable works. At length the bugle notes of Ney's division were heard in the rear of the enemy. With shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" and with a terrific roar of musketry and artillery, the dense masses of the French marshal plunged into the camp of the exhausted foe. The Allies, panic-stricken, bewildered, and

retreating towards the wilds of Bohemia, were again undisputed victor. Though ground was covered with the slain, but few prisoners were taken, and but a few of the trophies of war were secured. The French, destitute of

BATTLE OF BAUTZEN.

savairy, were unable to follow up their victory with the accustomed results.⁷¹

In the midst of the battle, the Emperor, utterly exhausted by days and nights of sleeplessness and toil, threw himself upon the ground by the side of a battery, and, notwithstanding the thunder of the cannonade and the horror and peril of the conflict, fell soundly asleep.

The loss of the victors, who marched boldly to the muzzles of the batteries of their foes, is represented as greater than that of the vanquished. The Allies lost fifteen thousand in killed and wounded. Five thousand of the French were killed outright, while twenty thousand of the mutilated victims of war moaned in anguish in the gory hospitals in Bautzen and the surrounding villages. Napoleon pitched his tent in the middle of the squares of his faithful Guard, near Wurchen, where the allied sovereigns had held their head-quarters the night before. He immediately dictated the bulletin of the battle, and the following generous decree:—

"A monument shall be erected on Mount Cenis. On the most conspicuous face the following inscription shall be written, 'The Emperor Napoleon, from the field of Wurchen, has ordered the erection of this monument, in testimony of his gratitude to the people of France and Italy. This monument will transmit from age to age the memory of that great epoch, when, in the space of three months, twelve hundred thousand men flew to arms to protect the integrity of the French Empire.'"

The overthrow of Napoleon prevented the execution of this honourable design. The admirers of patriotic virtue, the lovers of the fine arts, and the advocates of popular liberty, have alike cause to mourn over the triumph of the Allies.

Napoleon was busily employed dictating despatches during most of the night. At three o'clock in the morning, accompanied by General Drouot alone, he left his tent and directed his steps towards the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus. He was profoundly sad. The death of Bessières heavily oppressed his spirit. He walked along

without uttering a word. Having arrived at the poplar-trees which surround the mausoleum, he said to Drouot, "Leave me, general, I wish to be alone." Making himself known to the sentinel who challenged him, he passed under the trees. The silence of the night, the imposing monument illumined by the rays of the moon, the seriousness of his affairs in the midst of a conflict which might be decisive of his fate, all conspired to communicate to his spirit, naturally so pensive, a still deeper shade of melancholy. Napoleon did not often surrender himself to the influence of external things, but he afterwards remarked, "That in this pilgrimage to the shrine of the illustrious dead, he had experienced strange presentiments, and, as it were, a revelation of his fate." After an hour passed in silence amid solitude, he rejoined Drouot. He simply remarked, "It is well sometimes to visit the tomb, there to converse with the dead." Then, in perfect silence, he returned to his tent.

At the earliest dawn of the morning he was again, in person, directing the movements of his troops. He soon overtook the rear-guard of the enemy, strongly posted to protect the retreat of the discomfited army. A fierce conflict ensued. A shower of balls fell upon the imperial escort, and one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp was struck dead at his feet.

"Duroc," said he, turning to the Duke of Friuli, "Fortune is determined to have one of us to-day."

In the afternoon, as the Emperor was passing at a rapid gallop through a ravine, with a body of his Guard four abreast, the whole band being enveloped in a cloud of dust and smoke, a cannon-ball, glancing from a tree, struck General Kirgenir dead, and mortally wounded Duroc, tearing out his entrails. In the midst of the obscurity and the tumult, Napoleon did not witness the disaster. When informed of the calamity, he seemed for a moment overwhelmed with grief, and then exclaimed, in faltering accents—

"Duroc! Duroc! gracious Heaven, my presentiments never deceive me. This is indeed a sad day—a fatal day."

He immediately alighted from his horse, and walked backward and forward in silent thoughtfulness. Then, turning to Caulaincourt, he said—

"Alas! when will Fate relent? When will there be an end of this? My eagles will yet triumph, but the happiness which accompanied them has fled. Whither has he been conveyed? I must see him. Poor, poor Duroc!"

The Emperor found the dying marshal in a cottage, stretched upon a camp-bed, and suffering excruciating agony. His features were so distorted that he was hardly recognisable. The Emperor approached his bed, threw his arms around his neck, and inquired, "Is there, then, no hope?"

"None whatever," the physicians replied.

The dying man took the hand of Napoleon, pressed it fervently to his lips, and, gazing upon him affectionately, said, "Sire! my whole life has been devoted to your service; and now my

⁷¹ "No period in the career of Napoleon is more characteristic of the indomitable firmness of his character, as well as resources of his mind, than that which has now been narrated. When the magnitude of the disaster in Russia is taken into consideration, and the general defection of the north of Germany, which immediately and necessarily followed, it is difficult to say which is most worthy of admiration, the moral courage of the Emperor, whom such an unheard-of catastrophe could not subdue, or the extraordinary energy which enabled him to rise superior to it, and, for a brief season, again chain victory to his standards. The military ability with which he combated at Lutzen—with infantry superior in number, indeed, but destitute of the cavalry which was so formidable in their opponents' ranks, and for the most part but newly raised—the victorious veteran armies of Russia and ardent volunteers of Prussia, was never surpassed. The battle of Bautzen, in the skill with which it was conceived, and the admirable precision with which the different corps and reserves were brought into action, each at the appropriate time, is worthy of being placed beside Austerlitz or Jena."—Allison's History of Europe, vol. iv., p. 64.

only regret is that I can no longer be useful to you."

Napoleon, in a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, replied, "Duroc! there is another life. There you will await me. We shall one day meet again."

"Yes, sire!" feebly returned the marshal, "but that will be thirty years hence, when you have triumphed over your enemies, and realized all the hopes of our country. I have lived as an honest man; I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have a daughter, to whom your Majesty will be a father."

Napoleon was so deeply affected that he remained for some time incapable of speaking, still affectionately holding the hand of his dying friend. Duroc was the first to break silence.

"Sire!" he said, "this sight pains you; leave me."

The Emperor took his hand, pressed it to his bosom, embracing him once more, and saying sadly, "Adieu, my friend," hurried out of the room.

Supported by Marshal Soult and Caulaincourt, Napoleon, overwhelmed with grief, retired to his tent, which had been immediately pitched in the vicinity of the cottage.

"This is horrible!" he exclaimed. "My excellent, my dear Duroc! Oh, what a loss is this!" Tears were observed flowing freely from his eyes as he entered the solitude of his inner tent.

The squares of the Old Guard, sympathizing in the deep grief of their sovereign, took up their positions around his encampment. Napoleon shook his head, and replied—

"Ask me nothing till to-morrow." Again, with his hand pressed upon his brow, he resumed his attitude of meditation.

Night darkened the scene. The stars came out, one by one. The moon rose brilliantly in the cloudless sky. The soldiers moved noiselessly, and spoke in subdued tones, as they prepared their repast. The rumbling of baggage-waggons and the occasional booming of a distant gun alone disturbed the mournful stillness of the scene. Here and there the flames of burning villages shed a portentous light through the

"Those brave soldiers," says J. T. Headley, "filled with grief to see their beloved chief borne away by such sorrow, stood for a long time silent and tearful. At length, to break the mournful silence, and to express the sympathy they might not speak, the band struck up a requiem for the dying marshal. The melancholy strains arose and fell in prolonged echoes over the field, and swept in softened cadences on the ear of the fainting warrior. But still Napoleon moved not. They then changed the measure to a triumphant strain, and the thrilling trumpets breathed forth their most joyful notes, till the heavens rang with the melody. Such bursts of music had welcomed Napoleon, as he returned flushed with victory, till his eye kindled, with exultation; but now they fell on a

dull and lifeless ear. To crowd, and a gloom the mournful requiem filled the air. And nothing could arouse him from his evening reflections. His friend lay dying, and the heart he loved more than his life was throbbing its last pulsations. What a theme for a painter, and what an agony on Napoleon was that scene! That noble heart, which the enmity of the world could not shake, nor the terrors of the battle-field move from its calm repose, no the hatred, nor the insults of his, at last, victorious enemies humble, here sank, in the moment of victory, before the tide of affection. What military chieftain ever mourned thus on the field of victory? And what soldiers ever loved their leader so?"

Duroc breathed faintly for a few hours, and died before the dawn of morning. When the expected tidings were announced to Napoleon, he exclaimed, sadly—

"All is over. He is wel
Well, he is happier than I."

He then silently placed in the hands of Berthier a paper, ordering a monument to be reared, with the following inscription, upon the spot where he was struck by the ball:—

"Here General Duroc, Duke of Friuli, Grand Marshal of the palace of the Emperor Napoleon, gloriously fell, struck by a cannon-ball, and died in the arms of the Emperor, his friend."

He immediately issued a decree in favour of Duroc's young and accomplished widow and child. He then summoned to his presence the proprietor of the farm on which Duroc fell, and gave him twenty thousand francs, four thousand of which were to be spent in erecting a suitable monument. The rest was to remunerate the farmer for the losses he had sustained during the action. The money was paid in the presence of the rector and magistrate of the district, who undertook to see the monument erected.

This generous design of the Emperor was, however, never fulfilled. The Allies had the unparalleled meanness to wrest this money from the farmer, as a part of the spoils of war. They put the four thousand francs into their own pockets, and thus prevented a monument from being erected to one of the noblest of men, and defrauded Napoleon of the privilege of paying this last tribute of affection to one of the most devoted of his friends. Banished from the world on the rock of St. Helena, Napoleon was faithful to the *acquisitions* of Makersdorf. Upon his dying bed he remembered in his will the daughter of his friend, the Duke of Friuli.

The pursuit of the retreat y was now resumed. Napoleon the village of Bruntzlan. Here it d Kutnsoff, had few weeks previous yphus fever, caused by the suffering and exhaustion attending his march from Moscow. No monument marked his grave. Napoleon immediately, with that magnanimity which was an essential part of his nature, ordered an obelisk to be erected in memory of his old antagonist. The overwhelmed the

Emperor prevented this honourable design from being carried into execution. How different this conduct from that of the Allies!

Napoleon was constantly with his advanced posts, directing all their movements. He had regained his cheerfulness, and, as he rode along, was often heard peacefully humming French and Italian airs. The allied sovereigns were in great alarm. Vast reinforcements were on the march from Russia and from Prussia, but it would require several weeks before the most advanced columns could reach the allied head-quarters. To gain time for these reinforcements to come up, a messenger was despatched to the French Emperor, imploring an armistice, stating "that the allied sovereigns were prepared to enter into the views of the Emperor Napoleon."

Napoleon cordially responded to this appeal, and wrote a letter, requesting a personal interview with the Emperor Alexander. This proposal was evaded by an answer "that a Russian envoy would be despatched to the French advanced posts, which would save his imperial Majesty the trouble of the journey." Napoleon was extremely anxious for peace. The Allies only desired to gain time, that they might obtain reinforcements, and draw the armies of Austria into the coalition. The negotiations were consequently protracted. Austria assumed the office of mediator, and finally that of umpire. At last, having gained their end, Metternich was sent to Napoleon with the following insulting proposals:¹²—

"That France should surrender to Austria the Illyrian Provinces and Venetian Lombardy—that Holland, Poland, and all the fortresses upon the Oder and the Elbe, should be surrendered to the Allies—that the French armies should be immediately withdrawn from Spain and Portugal, and that Napoleon should resign his titles of Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine and Mediator of the Helvetic Republic."

"These extravagant propositions," said Napoleon afterwards, "were made that they might be rejected. Even had I consented to them, what would it have benefited France? I should have humbled myself for nothing, and furnished Austria with the means of making further demands, and opposing me with greater advantage. One concession granted would have led to the enforcement of new ones, till, step by step, I should have been driven back to the castle of the Tuileries, whence the French people, enraged at my weakness, and considering me the cause of the disasters, would have justly banished me for yielding them a prey to foreigners."

To Metternich, Napoleon firmly and frankly

replied, "The interference of Austria was delayed to see if France might not be reduced to a lower state than at the opening of the campaign. Now, however, that I have been victorious, your sovereign thrusts in his mediation, in order to prevent me from following up my success. In assuming the office of pacificator, he is neither my friend, nor an impartial judge between me and my adversaries; he is my enemy. You were about to declare yourselves when the victory of Lutzen rendered it prudent first to collect additional forces. You have now assembled behind the Bohemian mountains upwards of two hundred thousand men, under the command of Schwartzenberg. You seek only to profit by my embarrassments. Will it suit you to accept Illyria, and remain neutral? Your neutrality is all I require. I can deal with the Russians and Prussians with my own army."

"Ah, sire!" said Metternich, who was eager to join either party who would pay the highest bribe, "why should your Majesty enter singly into the strife? It is in your Majesty's power to unite our forces with your own. We must be with or against you."

Napoleon, at these words, conducted Metternich to a private cabinet. The tables were covered with maps.

For some time their conversation could not be overheard. At last the excited voice of Napoleon again became audible to those in the adjoining room.

"What!" he said, "not only Illyria, but the half of Italy, and the return of the Pope to Rome, and Poland, and the abandonment of Spain, Holland, the Confederation of the Rhine, and Switzerland! And is this what you call the spirit of moderation? You are intent only on profiting by every chance which offers. You alternately transport your alliance from one camp to the other, in order to be always a sharer in the spoil. And yet you speak to me of the rights of independent states! You would have Italy, Russia, Poland, Sweden, Norway, Prussia, Saxony, Holland, and Belgium. In fine, peace is only a pretext. You are all intent upon dismembering the French Empire, and Austria thinks she has only to declare herself to crown such an enterprise. You pretend here, with a stroke of the pen, to make the ramparts of Dantzic, Custrin, Glogau, Magdeburg, Wessel, Mayence, Alessandria, Mantua—in fine, all the strong places of Europe—sink before you, of which I did not obtain possession but by the force of victories! And I, obedient to your policy, am to evacuate Europe, of which I still hold the half; recall my legions across the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees; subscribe a treaty which would be nothing but a vast capitulation, and place myself at the mercy of those of whom I am at this moment the conqueror. And it is when my standard still floats at the mouth of the Vistula and on the banks of the Oder, when my victorious army is at the gates of Berlin and Breslau, when in person I am at the head of three hundred thousand men, that Austria, without striking a blow, without drawing a sword,

¹² "It was openly advanced as a pretext, by the Austrian cabinet, that her offer of mediation, after the battle of Bautzen, was made solely with the view of gaining time to organise the army which was to join the Russians and Prussians. Finally the armistice itself was violated, hostilities being commenced before its enable the Russian troops safely to join Bohemia."—Napier's Peninsular War

expects to make me subscribe such conditions! And it is my father-in-law who has matured such a project! It is he that sends you on such a mission! In what position would he place me in regard to the French people? Does he suppose that a dishonoured and mutilated throne can be a refuge in France for his son-in-law and grandson? Ah! Metternich, how much has England given you to make war upon me?"

The embarrassment of Napoleon now amounted almost to anguish. The Allies were amply reinforced. Austria was ready, should he refuse these terms, to fall upon his rear. Even Talleyrand, Cambacérès, and Fouché advised him to yield to terms so dishonourable to himself and so fatal to the interests of France.

"How greatly was I perplexed," said he, when speaking of this crisis at St. Helena, "to find that I alone was able to judge of the extent of our danger! On the other hand, I was harassed by the coalesced Powers, which threatened our very existence; and on the other, by my own subjects, who, in their blindness, seemed to make common cause with the foe. Our enemies laboured for my destruction; and the importunities of my people, and even of my ministers, tended to induce me to throw myself on the mercy of foreigners. I saw that France, her destinies and her principles, depended upon me alone. The circumstances in which the country was placed were extraordinary, and entirely new. It would be vain to seek for a parallel to them. The stability of the edifice, of which I was the keystone, had depended upon each of my battles. Had I been conquered at Marengo, France would have encountered all the disasters of 1814 and 1815, without those prodigies of glory which succeeded, and which will be immortal. At Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, and at Wagram, it was the same. The vulgar failed not to blame my ambition as the cause of these wars, but they were not of my choosing. They were produced by the nature and force of events. They arose out of that conflict of the past and the future, that permanent coalition of our enemies, which compelled us to subdue under pain of being subdued."

That Napoleon was sincerely desirous of peace, and that he was willing to make immense sacrifices to secure it, was evinced by his offer to accede to the following basis of pacification:—

"The dissolution of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and the division of its territory between Russia, Prussia, and Austria; the cession of the Hanse Towns; the reconstruction of Prussia, which was to have a frontier on the Elbe; the transfer of Illyria and of the port of Trieste to Austria; the surrender of Holland and Spain, and the establishment of German and Swiss independence."

This was nearly all that the Allies had at first demanded. Powerful as they were, they still stood in awe of their majestic foe, and were just upon the eve of signing these terms, when news came of the fatal battle of Vittoria, which gave the death-blow to the French power in S

Napoleon had been compelled to weaken his forces in the Spanish Peninsula to meet his foes in Germany. The Duke of Wellington, at the head of one hundred thousand men flushed with victory, was now ready to pour down, like an inundation, into the defenceless valleys of France. These tidings were received with shouts of exultation in the camp of the Allies. They resolved immediately to cut off negotiations and to renew hostilities. Again the cry was raised against the insatiable ambition of Bonaparte, and their armies were mustered for battle."

In reference to this victory of Spain, Alison thus testifies—"Great and decisive was the influence which this immense achievement produced upon the conferences at Prague."

"Metternich," says Fain, "could not fail to learn the details of this victory from the mouths of the English themselves the moment he returned to Bohemia, and we shall soon see the fatal influence which it exercised on the progress of the negotiations."

"The impression of Lord Wellington's success," says Lord Londonderry, "was strong and universal, and produced, ultimately, in my opinion, the recommencement of hostilities."

"I know," said the Emperor to the Duke of Gaëta, "that I shall be reproached with having loved war, and with having sought it through mere ambition. Nevertheless, they will not accuse me of avoiding its fatigues nor of having fled from its perils. That, at least, is something. But who, indeed, can hope to obtain justice while living?"

"When, however, I am no more, it will be admitted that, situated as I was, menaced incessantly by powerful coalitions roused and supported by England, I had, in the impossibility of avoiding the conflict, but two choices to make—either to wait until the enemy should pass our frontiers, or to prevent this by attacking him in his own territories. I chose that course which would protect our country from the ravages of inevitable war, and which would save it, in some degree, from the expense. If our contemporaries persist in reproaching me, posterity, I am confident, will do me justice. It will at least be admitted that, in repelling the attacks which we have not provoked, I did but fulfil the obligations which nature imposes, and not the incitements of an insane ambition."

"The war in Spain, which was not so directly connected with the coalitions provoked by England, may, perhaps, be criticised by those who are ignorant of the position in which we found ourselves in respect to that government. The conduct of the Spanish court, while I was in the heart of Germany, conclusively proved that France could place no dependence upon Spain. Every one who surrounded me, whatever may be

"There was in the Spanish Peninsula a democratic party bitterly opposed to the Duke of Wellington. On the 16th of October, 1813, the Duke wrote to the British ministry, 'It is quite clear to me that, if we do not break down the democracy at Cadix, the cause that is to be done, God knows!'"

BERNADOTTE AND MOREAU JOIN THE ALLIES.

the contrary, was, without an exception, of that opinion. Circumstances unparalleled in history induced me to take the initiative in that enterprise; an unfortunate event, which augmented the difficulties, increased still more by the shameful and fatal capitulation of Baylen. Nevertheless, it was of extreme importance to withdraw the Peninsula from the influence of England, otherwise our destruction might be secured whenever we should again be called to a distance from home. I was ever hoping that the time would come when, surrendering myself to the employments of peace, I could prove to France that in the cabinet as in the camp I lived only for her happiness."

The Allies were now in a condition to prosecute the war with every prospect of success. Alexander had received a reinforcement of fifty thousand men. The Swedish army had arrived at the scene of action, headed by Bernadotte, to fight against his old companions in arms and his native land. Even General Moreau, whom Napoleon had so graciously pardoned, hastened from America, and entered the camp of the Allies in their crusade against the independence of France. General Jomini, chief staff-officer of one of the corps of the French army, imitating the example of Benedict Arnold, in this hour of accumulating disasters went over to the enemy, carrying with him all the information he had been able to collect of the Emperor's plans.

The conditions of Napoleon were therefore rejected. On the night of the 10th of August, a number of brilliant rockets, of peculiar construction, blazed in the sky, gleaming from height to height along the Bohemian and Silesian frontier, proclaiming that hostilities were recommenced. The next day Austria issued its declaration of war. Napoleon received the not unexpected news with perfect equanimity. Calmly and nobly he said—

"It would be a thousand times better to perish in battle, in the hour of the enemy's triumph, than to submit to the degradation sought to be inflicted on me. Even defeat, when attended by magnanimous perseverance, may leave the respect due to adversity. Hence I prefer to give battle; for should I be conquered, our fate is too intimately blended with the true political interests of the majority of our enemies to allow great advantages to be taken. Should I be victorious, I may save all. I have still chances in my favour, and am far from despairing."

Caulaincourt first informed Napoleon of these lamitous events. He thus describes the inter-

"Ere Austria officially declared herself against me," asked Napoleon.

"I believe, sire, that Austria will make common cause with Prussia and Russia."

"That may be your opinion," said he sharply, 'but it is not, therefore, a fact.'

"It is a fact, sire; and your Majesty may be assured that on a subject of such importance my opinion is not founded on mere conjecture."

"On what, then, is it founded?"

"Two days preceding that fixed for the rupture of the armistice, Blücher, at the head of a hundred thousand men, marched into Silesia, and took possession of Breslau."

"This is, indeed, a serious affair! Are you sure of it, Caulaincourt?"

"I had, sire, a warm altercation with Metternich on the subject the day before my departure from Prague. Also, on the very day on which Breslau was taken, General Jomini deserted the staff of General Ney, and is at this moment with the Emperor Alexander."

"Jomini! a man overwhelmed with my favours—the traitor! To abandon the post on the eve of battle! To go over to the enemy with a report of our forces and means! Incredible!"

"As he uttered these words, there was mingled with the feeling of deep indignation portrayed in his countenance an expression of increasing uneasiness, which he evidently could not subdue. I was unable to proceed.

"Is this all?" resumed he, holding out his hand to me. 'Speak, Caulaincourt! Let me know all! I must know all!'

"Sire, the coalition has taken a wide range. Sweden, too, is in arms against us."

"What do you say?" interrupted he with impetuosity. 'Bernadotte! Bernadotte in arms against France? This is the ass's kick indeed!'

"Bernadotte," resumed I, 'not satisfied with turning his arms against his country, has recruited for deserters among our allies, as if unable singly to endure the maledictions of his countrymen.'

"What mean you?"

"General Moreau is in the camp of the Allies."

"Moreau with the Allies! This is not possible. Caulaincourt, I cannot believe this. Bernadotte, the *King of Sweden*, may colour his odious treason by some specious pretext, but Moreau! Moreau! take revenge on his countrymen—on his country! No, no, it cannot be! Moreau is weak, devoid of energy, and of boundless ambition. Yet there is a wide difference between him and Jomini—a renegade, a traitor! No, this report is not to be credited. How did you hear it?"

In reference to the negotiations with the Allies, M. Caulaincourt, who took an active part in them, records:—

"With respect to Austria, I cherished but faint expectations. On the part of Russia and Prussia I saw nothing to hope for. You may easily believe that it cost me a painful effort to conceal, beneath an outward show of confidence, my profound conviction of the inutility of Napoleon's efforts to avert the storm. I saw that it must inevitably and surely break over our heads, even at the very moment when, to the Emperor's dictation, I wrote those pages which must ever remain a monument of the sincerity of Napoleon's desire to make peace on reasonable conditions. But all our sacrifices, all our efforts unavailing, when opposed by the machi-

nations of England—England, our implacable and eternal enemy. Five Powers were leagued against one! A contingent of two millions of men nullified at once their defeats and our victories. In vain did the sons of France perform prodigies of valour on the field of battle, which they watered with their blood. They but enfeebled the resources of their country, which, sooner or later, was doomed to succumb in the unequal conflict.

"When we had gained the victory of Lutzen, I offered, in the Emperor's name, peace to Russia and Prussia. But the offer was refused. A few days after this we were again victorious at Bautzen, but we sealed our triumph with the bravest blood in the French army. Bruyère, Kirgenir, and Duroc were among the lamented trophies of the enemy's defeat. The Emperor informed me that his conference with M. Budna (the Austrian envoy) had produced no result. 'Caulaincourt,' said he, 'among these men, *born kings*, the ties of nature are matter of indifference. The interests of his daughter and grandson will not induce Francis to deviate one hair's breadth from the course which the Austrian cabinet may mark out. Oh! it is not blood which flows in the veins of these people, but cold policy. The Emperor of Austria, by rallying cordially with me, might save all. United to France, Austria would be formidable. Prussia and Russia could no longer maintain the conflict. But Austria is ruled by an ambitious traitor. I must yet humour him a little ere I can destroy him. Metternich will do a great deal of mischief.'

"I could never understand," continues Caulaincourt, "how the Emperor bore up under the physical privations and bodily fatigues of that campaign. The days were occupied by battles and rapid movements from place to place. The Emperor, who, during the day, was incessantly on his horse, usually passed his nights in writing. The memorable battle of Bautzen lasted thirty-four hours, and during the whole of that time the Emperor took no rest. On the second day, overcome with lassitude and fatigue, he alighted from his horse and lay down on the slope of a ravine, surrounded by the batteries of Marshal Marmont's corps, and amid the roaring of a terrific cannonade. I awoke him an hour after by announcing that the battle was won. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'it may truly be said that good comes to us in sleep.' He immediately mounted his horse; for, though the engagement was actually decided, the fighting was partially kept up until five in the evening."

Testimony of Alison—Napoleon not responsible for the wars which succeeded the French Revolution—Napoleon not a usurper—State of the French Republic—The Consular throne—The Imperial throne—Political views of Sir Walter Scott—Napoleon not a tyrant—Proof of the love of the people—Admissions of Sir Walter Scott—Testimony of the Abbé de Pradt—Honesty of the elections—State of Europe now.

BEFORE proceeding with the melancholy recital of Napoleon's last struggles, it may be well briefly to glance upon the past, and to introduce to our readers some of the concessions which the career of this extraordinary man has extorted from the most malignant of his enemies. It is not necessary here to introduce their antagonistic anathemas. The world is flooded with them.

"Never," says Sir Archibald Alison, "were talents of the highest, genius of the most exalted kind, more profusely bestowed upon a human being, or worked out to greater purposes of good or of evil. Gifted at once with a clear intellect, a vivid imagination and a profound judgment, burning with the fervent passions and the poetic glow of Italy, and yet guided by the highest reasoning and reflective powers, at once the enthusiastic student of the exact sciences and a powerful mover of the generous affections, imbued with the soul of eloquence, the glow of poetry, and the fire of imagination, he yet knew how to make them all subservient to the directions of sagacious reason and the dictates of extensive observation.

"He was not merely illustrious on account of his vast military achievements, but from his varied and often salutary civil efforts. He was a great general because he was a great man. The prodigious capacity and power of attention which he brought to bear on the direction of his campaigns, and which produced such astonishing results, were but a part of the general talents which he possessed, and which were not less conspicuous in every other department, whether of government or of abstract thought. It was hard to say whether he was greatest in laying down strategical plans for the general conduct of a campaign, or in seizing the prop of an attack on the field of battle, or in

g the exact moment when his reserves could be most effectually employed. And those who look with astonishment at the immense information and just discrimination which he displayed at the council-board, and the varied and important public improvements which he set on foot in every part of his dominions, will form a most inadequate conception of his mind, unless they are at the same time familiar with the luminous and profound views which he threw out on the philosophy of politics in the of St. Helens. Never was evinced a proof of the truth which a practical acquaintance with men must probably have impressed
his talent of the

dent, or supreme direction alone, determines whether their possessor is to become a Homer, a Bacon, or a Napoleon.

"It would require the observation of a Thucydides directing the pencil of a Tacitus to portray, by a few touches, such a character; and modern idiom, even in their hands, would probably have proved inadequate to the task. Equal to Alexander in military achievement, superior to Justinian in legal information, sometimes second only to Bacon in political sagacity, he possessed, at the same time, the inexhaustible resources of Hannibal, and the administrative powers of Cæsar. Enduring of fatigue, patient of hardship, unwearied in application, no difficulties could deter, no dangers daunt, no obstacles impede him; a constitution of iron, a mind, the ardour of which rendered him almost insensible to physical suffering, enabled him to brave alike the sun of Egypt and the snows of Russia; indefatigable in previous preparation, he was calm and collected in the moment of danger; often on horseback for eighteen hours together, and dictating almost the whole night to his secretaries, he found a brief period for slumber during the roar of the battle, when the enemy's balls were falling around him. Nor was peace a period of repose to his genius, or the splendour of courts a season merely of relaxation. When surrounded by the pomp of a king of kings, he was unceasingly employed in conducting the thread of interminable negotiations, or stimulating the progress of beneficent undertakings.

"It was the pains which he took to seek out and distinguish merit and talent among the private men or inferior ranks of the army, joined to the incomparable talent which he possessed of exciting the enthusiasm of the French soldiers by warlike theatrical exhibitions, or brief, heart-stirring appeals in his proclamations, which constituted the real secret of his success; and if the use of proper words in proper places be the soul of eloquence, never did human being possess the art in higher perfection than Napoleon.

"No words can convey an adequate idea of the indefatigable activity of the Emperor, or of his extraordinary power of undergoing mental or bodily fatigue. He brought to the labours of the cabinet a degree of industry, vigour, and penetration which was altogether astonishing. Those who were most in his confidence were never weary of expressing their admiration at the acuteness, decision, and rich flow of ideas which distinguished his thoughts when engaged in business. No one better understood or more thoroughly practised De Witt's celebrated maxim, the justice of which is probably well known to all engaged extensively in active life, that the great secret of getting through active business is to take up everything in its order, and to do only one thing at a time. During a campaign, he set no bounds to the fatigue which he underwent. Often, after reading, or dictating orders to one set of secretaries, during the whole day, he would commence with another relay at night, and, with the aid of a few hours' sleep on a sofa, keep

them hard at work until the following morning. The fervour of his imagination, the vehemence of his conceptions, seemed to render him insensible to the fatigues of the moment, which were felt as altogether overwhelming by his attendants, less wrapped up than he in the intense anticipations of the future.

"Although the campaigns were the great scene of Napoleon's activity, yet peace was very far from being a season of repose to his mind. He was then incessantly engaged in the maze of diplomatic negotiations, projects of domestic improvements, or discussions in the Council of State, which filled up every leisure moment of the forenoon. He rose early, and was engaged in his cabinet with his secretary till breakfast, which never lasted above half an hour. He then attended a parade of his troops, received audiences of ambassadors, and transacted other official business, till three o'clock, when he generally repaired to the Council of State, or rode out, till dinner, which was always at six. Dinner occupied exactly forty minutes. The Emperor conversed a great deal, unless his mind was much preoccupied, but never indulged in the slightest convivial excess. Coffee succeeded at twenty minutes to seven, unless some special occasion required a longer stay at table; and the remainder of the evening, until eleven, when he retired to rest, was engaged in discussions and conversation with a circle of officers, ambassadors, scientific or literary men, artists of celebrity, or civil functionaries.

"In their society he took the greatest delight. On such occasions he provoked discussion on serious and interesting topics—not unfrequently morals, intellectual philosophy, and history—and never failed to astonish his audience by the extent of his information and the original views which he started on every subject that came under discussion. A little talent or knowledge, doubtless, goes a great way with an emperor, and suspicions might have been entertained that the accounts transmitted to us by his contemporaries of the ability of his conversation were exaggerated, did not ample and decisive evidence of it remain in the Memorials of St. Helena, and the luminous speeches, superior to any other at the council-board, which are recorded by Thibaudeau and Pelet, in their interesting works on the Council of State during the Consulate and Empire."⁷⁴

⁷⁴ Alison's History of Europe, vol. iv., chap. lxx.

In glaring contradiction to the facts which even Sir Archibald Alison is constrained to record, he endeavours, in the following terms of reckless denunciation, to excuse the insolence and the aggression of the British Government—

"If we contemplate him in one view, never was any character recorded in history more worthy of universal detestation. We behold a single individual, for the purposes of his own ambition, consigning whole generations of men to an untimely grave, desolating every country of Europe by the whirlwind of conquest, and earning the right and attachment of his own subjects by turning under and securing all mankind. In th

If there be such a thing as moral demonstration, it is in these pages demonstrated that the Allies are responsible for the wars which succeeded the French Revolution. Whatever reckless assertions individuals may make, no intelligent man will attempt to prove the reverse from historical documents. It is easy to ring the changes upon "monster," "insatiable ambition," "bloodthirsty conqueror," "tyrant," "usurper;" but the fact that France was heroically struggling, in self-defence, for national independence, against the encroachments of her banded foes, no man can deny. War was as hostile to Napoleon's interests as to his wishes. He was assailed by coalition after coalition of the despots of Europe in a never-ending series, until France, after a long and glorious struggle, fell, overwhelmed by numbers, and aristocracy again riveted upon Europe her chains.

This is so far admitted by the despots themselves, that they urge, in extenuation, that the democratic government of France was so dangerous to the repose of Europe that it was necessary for the surrounding governments, in self-defence, to effect its destruction. The despots of Europe knew perfectly well that Napoleon was the Emperor of the Republic—that he was the able and determined advocate of *democratic rights*. William Pitt asserted that Napoleon, though on the throne, was still "the child and champion of democracy," and that therefore he must be put down. When Napoleon made proposals of peace to England, it was contended by the British ministers, as a reason for refusing peace and for urging on the war, that the democratic tendencies of France, threatening to undermine the thrones of legitimacy, remained unchanged. "France," said Lord Grenville, "still retains the sentiments, and is constant to the views which characterized the dawn of her revolution. She was innovating, she is so still—she was Jacobin, she is so still."

Despotic Europe consequently redoubled its blows upon the imperial republic. France, to repel the assault, was compelled to draw the sword. "The hostility of the European aristocracy," says Colonel Napier, with his

restrained by no pity; regardless alike of private honour and public faith, prodigal at once of the blood of his people and the property of his enemies, indifferent equally to the execrations of other nations and the progressive exhaustion of his own. We perceive a system of government at home, based upon force, and resting upon selfishness, which supported religion only because it was useful, and spoke of justice only because it passed current with men; which at once extinguished freedom and developed talent, which dried up the generous feelings by letting them wither in obscurity, and ruled mankind by selfish, by affording them unbounded, gratification. We see a man of consummate abilities wielding unlimited powers for the purposes of individual advancement; straining national resources for the fostering of general corruption; destroying the hopes of future generations in the indulgence of the present; constantly speaking of disinterested virtue, and never practising it; perpetually appealing to the generous affections, and ever guided by the selfish; earnestly condemning want of truth in others, yet daily promulgating falsehoods among his subjects with as little hesitation as he discharged grape-shot among his enemies."

honourable candour, "caused the enthusiasm of republican France to take a military direction, and forced that powerful nation into a course of policy which, however outrageous it might appear, was in reality one of necessity."

In noble language, in a spirit characteristically lofty, frank, and generous, Napoleon said to Lord Whitworth, when remonstrating with him against the rupture of the peace of Amiens,

"You well know that in all I have done it has been my object to complete the execution of the treaties and to secure the general peace. Now is there, anywhere, a state that I am threatening? Look; seek about. None, as you well know. If you are jealous of my designs upon Egypt, my lord, I will endeavour to satisfy you. I have thought a great deal about Egypt, and I shall think still more if you force me to renew the war; but I will not endanger the peace which we have enjoyed so short a time for the sake of reconquering that country."

"The Turkish empire threatens to fall. For my part, I shall contribute to uphold it as long as possible. But if it crumble to pieces, I intend that France shall have her share. Nevertheless, be assured that I shall not precipitate events."

"Do you imagine that I deceive myself in regard to the power which I exercise at this moment over France and Europe? Now that power is not great enough to allow me to venture, with impunity, upon an aggression, without adequate motive. The opinion of Europe would instantly turn against me. My political ascendancy would be lost. And as for France, it is necessary for me to prove to her that war is made upon me, that I have not provoked it, in order to inspire her with that enthusiastic ardour which I purpose to excite against you if you oblige me to fight. All the faults must be yours, and not one of them mine. I contemplate, therefore, no aggression."

Was Napoleon a usurper? It is in these pages not merely asserted, but proved beyond all controversy, that Napoleon was elected both to the consular and the imperial throne by the almost unanimous suffrages of his countrymen. Whether wisely or unwisely, the French nation chose the Consular government, and elected Napoleon as First Consul. The act of daring by which Napoleon restored to his enslaved countrymen the power to choose, won their gratitude. France, in the exercise of its unquestioned right, decided that, in the peculiar circumstances in which it was placed, with all the despots of Europe in arms against the Republic, with a powerful party of Royalists at home and abroad, doing everything in their power to organize conspiracies and to bring back the Bourbons, and with a Jacobin mob clamorous for plunder, it was in vain to attempt to sustain a Republic; and it is by no means certain that this was not the wisest measure which could then be adopted.

Sir Archibald Alison, who will not be accused of framing apologies for Napoleon, says, in reference to the state of France at this time,

Republic, after ten years of con-

vulsions, was relapsing into that state of disorder and weakness which is at once the consequence and punishment of revolutionary violence, the hall of the Jacobins resounded with furious declamations against all the members of the Directory, and the whole system, which, in every country, has been considered as the basis of social union. The separation of property was, in an especial manner, the object of invective, and the agrarian law, which Barbouf had bequeathed to the last democrats of the Revolution, universally extolled as the perfection of society. Felix Lepelletier, Arena, Drouet, and all the furious Revolutionists of the age, were there assembled, and the whole atrocities of 1793 speedily held up for applause and imitation. In truth, it was high time that some military leader of commanding talent should seize the helm, to save the sinking fortunes of the Republic. Never, since the commencement of the war, had its prospects been so gloomy, both from external disaster and internal oppression."

In confirmation of these views, M. Thiers presents the following picture of France at this time: "Merit was generally persecuted; all men of honour chased from public situations; robbers everywhere assembled in their infernal caverns; the wicked in power; the apologists of the system of terror thundering in the tribune; spoliation re-established under the name of forced loans; assassination prepared; thousands of victims already designated, under the name of hostages; the signal for pillage, murder, and conflagration anxiously looked for, couched in the words, the 'country is in danger;' the same cries, the same shouts, were heard in the clubs as in 1793; the same executioners, the same victims; liberty, property, could no longer be said to exist; the citizens had no security for their lives, the state for its finances. All Europe was in arms against us. America, even, had declared against our tyranny; our armies were routed, our conquests lost, the territory of the Republic menaced with invasion."

That, under these circumstances, France should have decided upon a change of the form of government, is not strange. Still, it matters not whether France acted wisely or foolishly in making the change. The act was an exercise of her own undoubted right. To accuse Napoleon of usurpation for his co-operation with his countrymen in that act is surely unjust. "Napoleon," said Fontanes, "dethroned nothing but anarchy."

As a mob of a few hundred individuals can overrun a whole city, so can a few resolute persons, holding the reins of government, trample upon a whole nation. An overwhelming majority of the people of France were opposed to this anarchy. So universal was the desire for the Consular government, that it was established, says Alison, "with entire unanimity." Napoleon was placed upon the Consular throne by three millions eleven hundred and seven votes. Only fifteen hundred and sixty-two votes were cast in the negative. Such unanimity is unprecedented in the history of the world. And yet,

for half a century, Europe has asserted, and many in America have re-echoed the assertion, that Napoleon usurped the Consular throne!

The change from the Consulate to the Empire was an act of concession to monarchical Europe. Admitting that it was a very unwise change, still that was a question for France to decide, in the exercise of her own nationality, without asking the permission of foreigners. This change was not forced upon a reluctant people by a tyrant who was trampling upon their liberties. It was the free act of the French nation. And who will say that the French nation had not a right to make this change? It may have been a very impolitic act. It may have been exceedingly gratifying to the ambition of Napoleon. Still, it was a question for France to decide. The French people thought that the substitution of monarchical forms would enable them better to sustain the principles of popular equality against the hostility of the surrounding kings.

"Addresses flowed in," says Alison, "from all quarters—from the army, the municipality, the cities, the chambers of commerce, all imploring the First Consul to ascend the imperial throne." The Senate, without a single dissentient voice, passed the decree, "That Napoleon Bonaparte be named Emperor, and in that capacity invested with the government of the French Republic." The ratification of this decree was referred to the people. "The appeal to the people," says Alison, "soon proved that the First Consul, in assuming the imperial dignity, had only acted in accordance with the wishes of the immense majority of the nation. Registers were opened in every commune in France, and the result showed that there were three millions five hundred and seventy-two thousand three hundred and twenty-nine votes in the affirmative, and only two thousand five hundred and sixty-nine in the negative. History has recorded no example of so unanimous an approbation of the foundation of a dynasty."

And yet Napoleon has been so universally called a usurper, that one becomes almost an outlaw from ordinary literary courtesies by venturing to affirm that he was not. In respect to this so-called usurpation, Sir Walter Scott says, "Another and a more formidable objection remains behind, which pervaded the whole pretended surrender by the French nation of their liberties, and rendered it void, null, and without force or effect whatsoever. It was from the commencement what jurists call a *pactum in illicito*; the people gave that which they had no right to surrender, and Bonaparte accepted that which he had no title to take at their hands. The people are in this respect like minors, to whom the law assures their property, but invests them with no title to give it away or consume it; the national privileges are an estate entailed from generation to generation, and they can neither be the subject of gift, exchange, nor surrender by those who enjoy the usufruct or temporary possession of them."

This plump denial of the right of France to choose its own ruler and its own form of government, though the universal doctrine in despotism,

Europe, will find few advocates in republican America. American freemen will declare, in the language of Napoleon, that "the sovereignty dwells in the nation;" and they will also declare that Napoleon, elected to the highest office in the State by the free suffrage of the nation, was no usurper.

That a European Loyalist, cherishing the views of Sir Walter Scott, should call Napoleon a usurper, is perhaps not strange; but that any American should re-echo that cry, thus denying to the people of France the right to adopt their own form of government and to choose their own ruler, is strange indeed. England, in her leading journals, has heaped such insult upon the democratic institutions of America as to create in the United States unfriendly feelings, which half a century of kindly intercourse will hardly efface. It would be well for the United States not to imitate her offensive example.

But it may be asked, admitting that Napoleon was entitled to the throne by the votes of the people, did he not afterwards abuse that power?—did he not become a tyrant?—did he not trample the liberties of his country in the dust? Despots, who were fighting against him, say that he did; but the French people, who placed him on the throne, who sustained him with their love, and who still adore his memory, say that he did not. Napoleon and the nation acted together, and struggled, shoulder to shoulder, in the tremendous conflict with their foes. The most rigorous measures which he adopted, the nation approved of and sustained. Perhaps they were unwise; but the people and their Emperor went hand in hand in all the sacrifices which were made, and in all those herculean efforts which baffled their enemies and astounded the world. In the fearful peril which environed them, they deemed the conscription necessary, and the censorship of the press necessary, and the concentration of dictatorial power in the hands of Napoleon necessary. Admitting that they judged unwisely, still they did so judge. They deemed Napoleon the saviour of France. They loved him for what he did as monarch was never loved before.

This is proved beyond all intelligent denial by the enthusiasm with which the French nation overrallied around their Emperor, by the readiness with which the French people followed him to Marengo, to Ansterlitz, and to Moscow, ever ready to shed their blood like water in defence of their Emperor, and of the institutions which he had conferred upon them. It is proved by the almost supernatural enthusiasm with which France, as one man, rose to welcome Napoleon upon his return from Elba. It is proved by the universal demand of France, after his death, for his revered remains, that his ashes might repose among the people he loved so well. It is proved by the gorgeous mausoleum which the nation has reared to his memory, and by the affection, the adoration almost, with which his name is now pronounced in every peasant's hut in France. Tyranny does not bear such fruit. To call such a man a tyrant is absurd. The autocrat and

the anarchist may hate the principles of his government; but he who wins through life, and after death, the blessings of a nation, and whose resurrection from the grave would win from that nation a shout of gratitude and love, such as the world has never seen paralleled, surely must not be called a tyrant.

"An apology, or rather a palliation," says Sir Walter Scott, "of Bonaparte's usurpation has been set up by himself and his more ardent admirers, and we are desirous of giving to it all the weight which it shall be found to deserve. They have said, and with great reason, that Bonaparte, viewed in his general conduct, was no selfish usurper, and that the mode in which he acquired his power was gilded over by the use which he made of it. *This is true*; for we will not underestimate the merits which Napoleon acquired, by observing that shrewd politicians have been of opinion that sovereigns who have only a *questionable right* to their authority are compelled, were it but for their own sakes, to govern in such a manner as to make the country feel its advantages in submitting to their government. We grant, willingly, that in much of his internal administration Bonaparte showed that he desired to have no advantage separate from that of France, that he conceived her interests to be connected with his glory, that he expended his wealth in ornamenting the Empire, and not upon objects more immediately personal to himself. We have no doubt that he had more pleasure in seeing treasures of art added to the museum than in hanging them upon the walls of his own palace; and that he spoke truly when he said that he grudged Josephine the expensive plants with which she decorated her residence at Malmaison, because her taste interfered with the public botanical garden of Paris. We allow, therefore, that Bonaparte fully identified himself with the country which he had rendered his patrimony, and that, while it should be called by his name, he was desirous of investing it with as much external splendour and as much internal prosperity as his gigantic schemes were able to compass.

"No doubt it may be said, so completely was the country identified with its ruler, that as France had nothing but what belonged to its Emperor, he was, in fact, improving his own estate when he advanced her public works, and could no more be said to lose sight of his own interest than a private gentleman does who neglects his garden to ornament his park. But it is not fair to press the motives of human nature to their last retreat, in which something like a taint of self-interest may so often be dis-

"It is enough to reply, that the which embraces the interests of a whole | is of a kind so liberal, so extended, and so | as to be closely allied to patriotism, and that the good intentions of Bonaparte towards that France over which he ruled with despotic sway can be no more doubted than the affections of an arbitrary father, whose object it is to make the son | and happy, to which he annexes the

NOT A USURPER.

only condition that he shall be implicitly obedient to every tittle of his will."

In such language does one of the ultra-box of Napoleon's historians reluctantly acknowledge his greatness as a sovereign.

The Congress of Laybach was held by the allied sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia in the year 1821. It was on this occasion that the Emperor of Austria made his famous speech to the professors of the University in that city.

"Be careful," said he, "not to teach your pupils too much. I do not want learned or scientific men. I want obedient subjects."

Laybach was the capital of those Illyrian provinces into which Napoleon had infused the intellectual life of civil and religious liberty. At the close of the Congress the allied sovereigns issued a declaration insulting to the memory of Napoleon. This called forth the following observations from the pen of the Abbé de Pradt, Archbishop of Malines. It is a noble atonement for his previous injustice:—

"It is too late to insult Napoleon, now that he is defenceless, after having for so many years crouched at his feet while he had the power to punish. Those who are armed should respect a disarmed enemy. The glory of a conqueror, in a great measure, depends on the just consideration shown towards the captive, particularly when he yields to superior force, not to superior genius. It is too late to call Napoleon a revolutionist, after having, for such a length of time, pronounced him to be the restorer of order in France, and, consequently, in Europe. It is odious to see the shaft of insult aimed at him by those who once stretched forth their hands to him as a friend, pledged their faith to him as an ally, sought to prop a tottering throne by mingling their blood with his.

"This representative of a revolution, which is condemned as a *principle of anarchy*, like another Justinian, drew up, amid the din of war and the snares of foreign policy, those codes which are the least defective portion of human legislation, and constructed the most vigorous machine of government in the whole world. This representative of a revolution, which is vulgarly accused of *having subverted all institutions*, restored universities and public schools, filled his Empire with the masterpieces of art, and accomplished those stupendous and amazing works which reflect honour on human genius. And yet, in the face of the Alps, which bowed down at his command; of the ocean subdued at Cherbourg, at Flushing, at the Helder, and at Antwerp; of rivers smoothly flowing beneath the bridges of Jena, Serres, Bordeaux, and Turin; of canals uniting seas together in a course beyond the control of Neptune; finally, in the face of Paris, metamorphosed as it is by Napoleon, he is pronounced to be the agent of general annihilation! He, who restored all, is said to be the representative of that which destroyed all! To what undiscerning men is this language supposed to be addressed?"

All historians alike admit the honesty of these lessons and the fairness of these returns. No

intelligent man has ventured to deny that popularity of Napoleon was real and almost boundless, and that the people of France, with enthusiasm unparalleled, raised him to power. There were in Paris generals and statesmen of commanding character, vast influence, and lofty pride, who were watching the proceedings with the eagle eye of rivalry, but neither then nor since have they ventured to affirm that there was any unfairness in the elections. Even Sir Walter Scott admits the unanimity to be undeniable, and endeavours to account for it by saying—

"The rich favoured Bonaparte for the sake of protection; the poor for that of relief; the emigrants because they desired to return to France; the men of the Revolution because they were afraid of being banished from it; the sanguine and courageous crowded around his standard in hope of victory; the timid cowered behind it in the desire of safety."

For these reasons he says that it is not strange that the Consular throne should have been erected by the general sanction of the people. All agree that Napoleon was elevated to the supreme power by an outburst of popular enthusiasm. That Napoleon was and is the idol of France, no intelligent man will deny. Hostility must be driven to utter desperation before it can venture to affirm that the suffrages of the French people were not given to Napoleon. His unconstrained election to the chief magistracy of France is a demonstrative as any truth which history has recorded. And with this fact thus established beyond all cavil, for ever palsied must be the tongue that will continue to say to the Emperor, "Thou art a usurper."

CHAPTER LVII.

TRIUMPHS AT DRESDEN.

Exultation of the Allies—March to the Elbe—The attack of the Allies upon Dresden—Sanguinary battle—Scene at a battery—Gloomy night—The fall of Moreau—Testimony of Caulaincourt—The soldier rewarded—Sudden sickness of Napoleon—Unexpected disasters—Energy of the Emperor.

ON the 12th of August, 1813, Austria again joined the great coalition of the sovereigns of Europe to crush Napoleon, and, with him, to crush all hopes of popular liberty on the Continent. The anticipated tidings of this abandonment of Napoleon by Francis, and of the march of two hundred thousand Austrians to swell the ranks of the Allies, was received in the hostile camp with unbounded exultation. The intelligence spread from corps to corps of their armies, awakening shouts of joy. Brilliant rockets pierced the skies, and bonfires blazed along the summits of the Bohemian mountains. The Allies had now augmented their forces to five hundred thousand men. Napoleon could oppose to this immense army but two hundred and sixty thou-

sand soldiers. General Jomini, the Benedict Arnold of France, having deserted and passed over to the enemy, communicated to the Allies all his knowledge of the position of the French army, and of the orders of the Emperor. Moreau and Bernadotte, caressed by the haughty monarchs of the coalition, planned the campaign.

This important matter had been confided to them, as best understanding the tactics of that noble foe, before whose renown the Allies still trembled. The orders which these generals issued showed how little reliance they ventured to place on the vast numerical superiority of the Allies. No general was to allow himself to be drawn into a battle. Each one was to do everything in his power to bewilder the French by false demonstrations. Should any manoeuvre succeed in thus withdrawing the Emperor from his central position, other troops were to advance and attack his marshals while the dreaded Emperor was absent. They hoped thus to baffle and elude him, till his resources should be exhausted and his army wasted away. They could then, with the countless thousands of troops at the disposal of these allied monarchies, either destroy him or make him a prisoner.

It was a wise plan, which Napoleon at once divined. Instead, therefore, of waiting to be attacked, as had been his original plan, he took the divisions of Ney and Macdonald, and rushed upon "the debauched old dragoon," Blücher, who, with eighty thousand Russians and Prussians, was posted in advance of Breslau. Blücher, faithful to his instructions, fled. A column of twenty-five thousand Prussians was, however, overtaken and routed. Immediately the grand army of the Allies, two hundred thousand strong, broke up its encampment among the Bohemian mountains, and the innumerable host poured down through all the defiles of the Erzgebirge to attack Dresden. The Saxon capital was defended by St. Cyr alone, with but thirty thousand men. It was of the utmost importance to Napoleon to retain possession of this city, since it was the pivot of his operations, and the key to his line of communications with Paris. Leaving Macdonald, therefore, to hold Blücher in check, Napoleon, with the Imperial Guard and the troops of Ney, returned rapidly to the Elbe. The march of Napoleon on this occasion was conducted with such celerity as to amaze even those who were accustomed to his almost supernatural energy.

On the evening of the 25th, the heights which surrounded Dresden were glittering with the arms of the allied host. Dreadful was the consternation in the city. This beautiful capital of Saxony contained about sixty thousand inhabitants, dwelling peacefully in their homes. An army of two hundred thousand men was all the night planting its batteries to rain down upon the devoted city a horrible tempest of destruction. The troops of St. Cyr were insufficient to man the walls and defences of the city. He, however, resolved to be true to his trust, and to defend his post to the last possible moment. The inhabi-

tants, fathers, mothers, and children, trembling in view of the impending horrors, were anxious to capitulate. St. Cyr would not listen to such a word. Such are the stern necessities of demoniacal war.

At midnight he despatched the following urgent message to Napoleon:—"An immense army, composed of Russians, Prussians, and Austrians, is at this moment all around Dresden, with a prodigious train of artillery. From the vast amount of force which he has collected, it would appear that the enemy is determined to hazard an immediate attack, knowing that your Majesty is not far off, though perhaps not suspecting that you are so near as you actually are. We are determined to do all in our power, though I can answer for nothing more, with such young soldiers."

The next morning the assault commenced. In six immense columns, each headed by fifty pieces of artillery, the foe advanced against the walls. The batteries opened their fires. The storm of war concentrated all its fury upon those thronged dwellings. The balls and shells fell thickly in the crowded streets. The pavements were red with blood. Gory bodies were strewn over the shattered parlours of refinement and luxury. There was no place of safety for mother, or infant, or maiden. Two regiments of Westphalian hussars, deeming Napoleon's fate now sealed, abandoned their posts in the garrison, and went over to the Allies. The terrified inhabitants were clamouring for a surrender. In the meantime, Napoleon pressed forward with the utmost earnestness. Courier after courier met him, in breathless haste, announcing that the feeble garrison could hold out but a short time longer. Napoleon, in advance of the main body of his troops, soon arrived upon a height which gave him a view of the distant city. With his glass he saw the French desperately fighting in the redoubts and behind the works; while the beleaguering hosts, in interminable lines, seemed to threaten their immediate and entire destruction. His horses were spurred onward at their utmost speed. The Allies swept the road over which Napoleon was to pass with grape-shot and shells. So violent was the fire of bullets from the Russian batteries on the one side, and of bombs from the redoubt Marcellini on the other, that the Emperor was compelled to leave his carriage and traverse the exposed portions on foot. While the air was filled with the missiles of death, and the ground was ploughed into furrows at his feet, he passed along unharmed.

It was now nearly mid-day. Suddenly loud clamations and cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" were heard in the direction of the river, and Napoleon appeared, accompanied by universal and most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. He immediately rode to the palace of the age and cheered the royal family by the sight that his Guard, and a division of all troops, would soon be in the city. who accompanied the Emperor

ATTACK ON DRESDEN BY THE ALLIES.

"It would be impossible to describe the demonstrations of joy evinced by the troops when they beheld the Emperor at the further end of the bridge. Both the Young and Old Guard marched forward to meet him. The joyous enthusiasm of the troops was raised to the highest possible degree. 'There he is! there he is! that is he!' they exclaimed, and shouts resounded along the whole banks of the river. The authority of the officers was insufficient to restrain the troops.

" 'Let them alone, let them alone,' said the Emperor. 'They will presently make room for me to lead them on to face the enemy'

"These words were repeated from mouth to mouth, and in a few moments the troops were almost stifling each other in their efforts to make room for us. Napoleon's entry into Dresden was truly triumphal, and it will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. As we approached the city, nothing was heard but clapping of hands and cries of enthusiasm. Men, women, and children mingled with the troops and escorted us to the palace. The consternation and alarm which had hitherto prevailed were now succeeded by boundless joy and confidence."

The Emperor rode out of the city to examine the exterior works. He was accompanied but by a single page, that he might avoid attracting observation. The youth was struck down at his side by a musket-ball. With his accustomed promptness, Napoleon formed his plan to repel his assailants. Soon the Guard and the cuirassiers came pouring like a torrent over the bridge into the city. Almost perishing with thirst, and fainting beneath the rays of a blazing sun, these devoted men, fully aware of the dreadful emergency, refused to lose a moment even to receive the refreshments which the inhabitants gratefully offered them. Without the slightest confusion, cavalry, infantry, and artillery took their appointed positions in the various suburbs, and the conflict raged with redoubled horror. The batteries of the Allies, numbering six or seven hundred guns, were formed in a semicircle, and the balls and shells, falling without intermission in the thronged streets of Dresden, produced awful devastation.

The incessant roar of more than a thousand pieces of artillery, the rattling of the musketry, the shouts of three hundred thousand combatants, the frequent explosion of ammunition waggons, the bursting of shells, the heavy rolling of gun-carriages, and of all the ponderous enginery of war over the pavements; the flames, which were bursting out in all parts of the city; the suffocating clouds of smoke, which darkened the sun, and produced almost midnight gloom; the shrieks of the wounded women and children, who were every moment mangled by the bullets, balls, and shells, which, like hailstones, were falling upon the dwellings and in the streets, presented a scene of crime, of horror, and of woe, which neither pen nor pencil can delineate, and which no imagination can conceive. It was a woe which continued long, long after the dreadful storm of war had

passed away. Thousands were reduced from competency to beggary; thousands, mangled and deformed, passed the remainder of their wretched lives, objects of pity and repulsion. Parents were rendered childless. Children were made orphans, and once happy mothers, plunged suddenly into the desolations of poverty and widowhood, lingered through the remainder of their three-score years and ten in the endurance of woes which death alone could terminate. By such measures of carnage and misery, the despots of Europe finally succeeded in crushing those principles of popular liberty which threatened to overturn their thrones.

At length Napoleon, whom the Allies did not as yet suspect of being in the city, seizing the proper moment, directed Murat to make a sortie on the right, Mortier on the left, and Ney to pierce the centre of the allied army. With their accustomed impetuosity, these troops rushed from the city, and fell upon the foe with such desperation of valour, that the assailing columns of the combined army broke and fled in all directions. The cavalry of the Guard immediately swept the plain, and cut down all who attempted resistance. Prince Schwartzberg stood by the side of Alexander and Frederick William, upon an eminence which commanded the field of battle. When he saw this discomfiture, so sudden, so unexpected, he said to his royal companions,

"The Emperor must certainly be in Dresden. The favourable moment for carrying the city has been lost. The utmost we can now hope is to rally."

In the midst of this dreadful fight, two French redoubts were taken by an overwhelming force of the enemy. Napoleon, perceiving the disaster, which threatened serious consequences, immediately placed himself at the head of a body of troops, and galloped forward through a storm of bullets for their recapture. Nearly all his aides-de-camp were struck down at his side by the shot of the enemy. But he recovered the redoubts, and received no wound.

"It was curious," says Canlaincourt, "to observe the attachment, confidence, and familiarity which existed between the humblest of the soldiers and the most absolute sovereign that ever existed. There was not one of Napoleon's intimate friends who would have ventured to indulge in that sort of companionship which was kept up between the Emperor and his old *Mustaches*; and these same men would not have ventured to speak to one of their lieutenants in the familiar tone in which they addressed the redoubted chief of the army. They regarded Napoleon as a being different from all others, and combining within himself the attributes of sovereign, country, and family. He inspired them with a language which they addressed only to him, and words which they uttered only in his presence. Nothing used to amuse Napoleon so much as this familiarity of the soldiery, and he always replied to them with true paternal kindness."

As the day advanced, the violence of the storm increased, and the rain fell in floods. Still

the dreadful battle raged. One incessant roar of destruction swept the field, mingling with the dismal wailings of the storm. Napoleon had been on horseback since the break of day, and was soaked to the skin. The sleeplessness and incredible toil of many days and nights had so exhausted his physical energies, that an appearance of extreme lassitude was observable in all his movements.

A battalion of the grenadiers of his Old Guard had, for many hours, repulsed repeated and terrific attacks from the powerful cavalry of the enemy. The conservation of that battery was of immense importance. At one moment the enemy's fire appeared to relax, and Napoleon, observing the circumstance, put spurs to his horse, and galloped between the guns of the battery and the enemy's cavalry, to speak a word of encouragement to his soldiers. Piles of the dying and of the dead encumbered the ground.

"This position costs us dear," said he sadly. Then, turning to his brave defenders, he added, with a look of satisfaction, "I knew that my Guard would not surrender it to the Russians."

"Let them come back again at their peril," exclaimed an old artilleryman, who had received a frightful sabre gash upon his head, which was bandaged with a handkerchief saturated with blood. Then turning to the Emperor, he said, "But this is not a fit place for you. You are more ill than any of us. Go and take some rest."

"I will, my friend," said the Emperor, "when we have won the battle."

"My comrade is right," rejoined a veteran grenadier. "Your Majesty is wet to the skin. Pray go and get your clothes changed." He uttered these words in tones of tenderness and supplication, such as a child would address to beloved father.

"I will rest," Napoleon replied, "when you can all rest, my lads—that is to say, when the battle is ended."

"I know that your Majesty has that battery at heart," continued the grenadier, "but we will take care that the Russians do not get it; will we not, comrades?" He was answered by a shout of acquiescence from all around the guns. "Now, sire," he added, "since we answer for the safety of the battery, surely you may go and take a little rest."

"Very well, my good friends, very well," said Napoleon, regarding these devoted men with a grateful smile; "I trust to you." Then, plunging his spurs into his horse, he again disappeared in the smoke and the confusion of the battle. He rode through storms of grape-shot, and animated his soldiers by presenting himself at every point where danger was most

a beautiful dream. And would you believe that in my recollections of Napoleon, that which seems to me to approach most nearly to ideal excellence is not the hero, filling the world with his gigantic fame, but the man, viewed in the relations of private life. This is a contrast which often affords me a theme for curious and interesting reflections."

Night came, with clouds, and darkness, and floods of rain. With pitiless violence the torrents fell all the night long, drenching the exhausted troops. In the darkness the defeated Allies rallied upon the heights from whence they had descended with so much confidence in the morning. Napoleon, allowing himself no rest, was hour after hour employed dictating despatches. An immense weight of anxiety, however, evidently oppressed his mind. He saw clearly the most insuperable difficulties of his position.

At midnight he, for some moments, with hurried steps, and in perfect silence, paced up and down his chamber. Then, suddenly stopping short, and turning to Caulaincourt, he said, without introducing the subject with any preliminary remark—

"Murat has arrived."

Then he again resumed his walk, apparently absorbed in deep thought. After a short silence he again stopped, and, fixing his eye upon

"I have given him the command of my Guard."

The Duke of Vicenza, remembering Murat's unworthy conduct at the close of the retreat from Moscow, could not repress a gesture of astonishment.

"Ah! indeed," Napoleon quickly added, "I thought that you would be surprised. At first I gave him a bad reception, but finally I yielded to his importunities. He, at least, will not betray me. Caulaincourt, there are certain forebodings which it is our duty to overcome. As long as I am fortunate, Murat will continue to follow my fortune. But the cares of the present are sufficient to occupy me. I will not anticipate the future."

It was now an hour after midnight. The cold storm swept furiously through the streets, and drenched the poor soldiers, shivering in their bivouacs upon the dark and flooded plains. Napoleon, aware of the fearful issues which the morning would introduce, regardless of the tempest, passed from the gates of the city on foot to visit the outposts of his army. He traversed the bivouacs of his soldiers, and addressed to them words of sympathy and encouragement. He seemed to court the hardships to which they were exposed, and loved to have them know that his head was not reposing upon a pillow of down while they were stretched upon the storm-drenched sod. After carefully recon-

the lines of the enemy, as revealed b

"Only those," says Caulaincourt, "who knew Napoleon in the intercourse of private life can render justice to his character. For my part, I know him, as it were, by heart; and in proportion as time separates us, he appears to me like

the morning, and to his
quarters in the city.
He immediately

all his marshals and generals, and despatched couriers to hasten to the relief of Division of such bodies of French soldiers as were near the city. To this order there was such a prompt response, that, before the night had passed away, Napoleon had at his command a hundred and thirty thousand men. The Allies also had received reinforcements, and, with more than two hundred thousand soldiers, were prepared to renew the attack.

A gloomy morning of wind and rain dawned upon the hostile armies. With the first rays of light the battle commenced. It raged with ceaseless fury until three o'clock in the afternoon. Napoleon was then at every point a victor. The Allies were precipitately retreating along the flooded roads towards the mountains of Bohemia. Alexander and Frederick William again saw their armies defeated, and were again obliged to flee before the genius of Napoleon. The Emperor received, as the trophies of this great victory, between twenty and thirty thousand prisoners, forty standards, and sixty pieces of cannon. The Allies, in killed and wounded, lost also more than ten thousand men.

In the midst of this conflict, Napoleon observed that one of the batteries of his Guard slackened its fire. On inquiring the reason, he was informed that the guns were placed too low, and that the balls did not reach the enemy.

"No matter," said he, "fire on; it is necessary to occupy the attention of the enemy at that point."

They immediately renewed their discharges. At that moment a group of horsemen appeared on the brow of an eminence, at the distance of two thousand yards, to reconnoitre Napoleon's position, and to detect the manoeuvres which the French troops, concealed by the mist, were executing. Napoleon resolved to disperse them, and sent an order to the captain of the battery—

"Jetez une douzaine de boulets à la fois, dans ce groupe là; peut-être il y a quelques petits généraux." ("Throw a dozen bullets at once into that group; perhaps there are some little generals in it.")

It so happened that Moreau was there, with the Emperor Alexander, pointing the batteries of the combined despotisms against his own countrymen. One of the shot struck General Moreau, and, passing through his horse, shockingly lacerated both his legs. By the great disorder into which the group was thrown, it was perceived that some person of distinction had fallen. An immediate amputation was necessary. Moreau, with his mangled limbs hanging by the skin, was borne on a litter, made of Cossacks' pikes, to a cottage at some distance from the field. The wounded man, during this melancholy route, was drenched with the rain, which fell in torrents. A few blankets alone protected him from the inclemency of the weather. He was placed upon a table, and the knife of the surgeon speedily did its work in cutting off one of the limbs. He endured the operation with extraordinary fortitude, smoking a cigar, and not

bearing a groan while the knife was severing the quivering member. The surgeon, having amputated one limb, examined the other, and said sorrowfully—

"It cannot be saved."

"Had I been informed of that before," said Moreau, "I should rather have died. However, cut it off." And he resumed his cigar.

Towards evening that cottage became so much exposed to the fire of the victorious French, that, hastily, another litter was constructed, and he was conveyed, in excruciating pain, several miles further from the field of conflict. The next morning it became necessary again to remove him, notwithstanding the anguish of his inflamed and throbbing wounds. He was placed in a baker's house, in a little village on the frontiers of Bohemia. He there wrote the following characteristic letter to his wife:—

"My dearest,—At the battle of Dresden, three days ago, I had both my legs carried off by a cannon-ball. That rascal Bonaparte is always fortunate. They have performed the amputation as well as possible. Though the army has made a retrograde movement, it is by no means a reverse, but a design, to draw nearer to General Blucher. Excuse my scrawl. I love and embrace you with my whole heart."

In two days from this time he expired. He manifested to the last the same stoic insensibility which had characterized his life. He died without giving the slightest indication of any regard for God, or of any interest in the awful reality of eternity. Such a death is not heroic; it is brutal. His embalmed body was conveyed to St. Petersburg, and buried in a Russian cemetery with the highest funeral honours. Alexander immediately wrote a touching letter to his wife, making her a present of five hundred thousand francs. He also settled upon her a pension for life of thirty-seven thousand five hundred francs. Moreau now sleeps in the midst of the enemies of his native land. France, without a dissenting voice, demanded from St. Helena the ashes of Napoleon, that they might repose in the midst of the people he loved so well. The remains of Moreau will probably never be disturbed.

During the action, the Emperor found himself commanding in person a terrific cannonade against the Austrian troops. His feelings seemed painfully agitated in thus contending against the soldiers of his father-in-law. He turned to Caulaincourt and said—

"The wicked advisers of the Emperor Francis deserve to be hanged. This is an iniquitous, impious war. How will it all end?"

In the evening of this bloody day, Napoleon, drenched with rain and utterly exhausted, returned to Dresden. The inhabitants and the royal family received him with rapture. Napoleon expressed the deepest regret that the capital of his faithful ally had been subjected to the horrors of a bombardment, and that France was ely the cause. All the

dictately distributed large sums of money to all whose property had been injured, spoke in tones of subdued and peculiar kindness to those who approached him, caused the utmost attention to be paid to the wounded, not only of his own troops, but also of the allied army, and relieved, with almost parental care, the wants of his prisoners. With generosity unparalleled, he included in this provision even those prisoners who were deserters from the contingent corps in his pay. The sympathies of this great man were with the people, even when, in their ignorance, they were betrayed to fight against him.

The Emperor did not return to the palace until after midnight. He had indulged in no rest for thirty-six hours. During much of this time he had been soaked with rain, while the blasts of the cold storm swept over him. Still he sat up the whole night dictating orders. Caulaincourt was so exhausted that he had frequently fallen asleep while sitting upon his horse, although the roar of artillery was thundering in his ears, and the air was filled with the shrill whistle of bullets and balls. "It required a constitution of iron," says Caulaincourt, "to bear up under the fatigue to which we had been exposed for the last five months. But how could we think of ourselves when we saw the Emperor's life and health to continual

At four o'clock in the morning, Napoleon threw himself upon the camp-bed, and was instantly asleep. After resting but twenty minutes, he suddenly sprang from his bed, exclaiming—

"Caulaincourt, are you there? Proceed to the camp, and take with you the plan which I have drawn up. The corps of Victor and Marmont have arrived to-night. Examine the amount of their forces, and see if they are strong enough to maintain the positions which I have assigned to them. This is essential, Caulaincourt. See with your own eyes, and trust only to your own observation."

Napoleon went to the window and looked out anxiously at the state of the weather. The rain beat violently against the panes. Fierce gusts swept by. The streets were flooded, and the lamps flickered and burned dimly in the stormy air. The camp presented an indescribable image of desolation and misery. The fires were all extinguished by the ceaseless torrents. The soldiers, exhausted by forced marches, were vainly seeking repose upon the muddy ground. The Emperor went down into the court-yard of the palace. The squadron on duty consisted of the grenadiers of the Old Guard, who, on the preceding day, had served as the escort of the Emperor, and, soaked through with the rain, had returned with him to Dresden. In their intense desire to gratify their beloved Emperor, fatigued as they were, they had passed many hours in removing the mud from their garments, and in preparing themselves to present a soldierly appearance in the morning. And now, in the earliest dawn, they were in martial array, presenting arms, and looking as trim as if they had

been on parade at the Tuilleries. Napoleon was surprised. It seemed like the work of magic.

"Why, my lady," said he, in those tones of kindness which ever touched the hearts of his soldiers, "you have had no rest. You must have spent the whole night in equipping your selves."

"No matter for that," one of the men replied; "we have had as much rest as your Majesty has had."

"I am accustomed to go without rest," Napoleon replied. Then, casting a glance along the line, his eye rested upon a soldier whom he seemed to recognise, and he addressed him, saying, "You served in Egypt, I think?"

"I am proud to say that I did," the soldier replied. "I was at the battle of Aboukir, and the work was hot enough there."

"You have no decoration, I perceive," Napoleon rejoined.

"It will come some time or other," the soldier replied.

"It has come," said the Emperor. "I now give you the cross."

"The poor fellow," says Caulaincourt, who narrates this scene, "was entirely overcome with joy and gratitude. He fixed upon the Emperor a look which it is impossible to describe, and the tears filled his eyes. 'I shall lay down my life for your Majesty to-day, that is certain,' said he. In his transport he seized the skirt of the Emperor's famous grey great-coat, and, putting it into his mouth, bit off a fragment, which he placed in his button-hole. 'This will do till I get the red ribbon,' said he, 'please your Majesty.'"

The whole escort, rejoicing in the honour conferred upon their deserving comrade, simultaneously raised a shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" Napoleon, deeply touched by these proofs of devotion and love, spurred his horse and galloped from the court-yard. The King of Saxony, who witnessed this scene, sent, the same evening, twenty gold Napoleons to the soldier, with a message informing him the money was to purchase a red ribbon.

According to his usual custom, Napoleon rode immediately to visit the field of battle. It was, indeed, a ghastly spectacle which there met the eye. Upon a space of ground but a few leagues in extent, three hundred thousand men, with a thousand pieces of artillery, and with the most destructive weapons of infantry and of cavalry, for two days had contended with the utmost desperation of valour. The ground was covered with the gory bodies of the dead in every conceivable form of mutilation. I

and headless trunks, and shapels of men and horses, presented an aspect, the eye could extend, inconceivably revolting. Those fiends in human form, both male and female, who ever, in vast numbers, follow in the track of armies for the sake of plunder, had stripped the bodies of the dead. In parts of the ground where the action had been unusually severe, these unclothed and bloodstained corpses

piled together in vast masses. Though thousands of the wounded had been removed, multitudes still remained, filling the air with dying moans, through which occasionally pierced the sharp shriek of unutterable agony. The Allies had marshalled their hosts not only from nearly all the nations of Europe, but even from the savage tribes of Asia. The wolfish Cossacks and the polished noble met hand to hand in the deadly combat, and mingled their blood, and bit the dust together. "The blue-eyed Goth," says Alison, "lay beneath the swarthy Italian; the long-haired Russian was still locked, in his death-struggle, with the undaunted Frank; the fiery Hun lay athwart the stout Norman; the light-some Cossack and roving Tartar repose far from the banks of the Don or the Steppes of Samarcand."

By such enormous slaughter the Allies accomplished their purposes. They have postponed for perhaps half a century the regeneration of Europe, and now, in all probability, these awful battles are to be fought over again; but where are we to look for a Napoleon, who will confer upon the people equal rights, while he sustains sacred law, and rescues Europe from the horrors of blind and maddened revolution. The future of Europe we contemplate in despair.

Having for some time silently and sadly gazed upon this awful spectacle, the Emperor urged onward his horse, and proceeded to ascertain the positions of the retreating foe, and to direct the vigorous pursuit. Utterly worn down as he was by exposure, sleeplessness, and exhaustion, he had not advanced far in the chill and driving storm before he was seized with severe colic pains, accompanied with burning fever and violent vomitings. He was compelled to take a carriage and return to Dresden. While thus suddenly thrown upon a bed of helplessness and anguish, the pursuit was necessarily intrusted to his generals.

But for this sudden indisposition, it is by no means improbable that the foe, bewildered and overwhelmed, would have been compelled again to sue for peace. Now, however, disaster after disaster rapidly fell upon the French arms. Russia, Prussia, and Austria were raising vast reinforcements. Notwithstanding the losses of the Allies, each day their numbers were increasing. But France was exhausted. Though Napoleon was in the midst of victories, his army was continually diminishing, and it was almost impossible for him to replenish his wasted battalions. The popular governments friendly to France, surrounded by triumphant foes, were disheartened. The old Royalist party in those states and kingdoms were animated to more vigorous opposition.

General Vandamme, a French officer of remarkably fiery temperament, was stationed in the mountains of Bohemia. Napoleon once said of him

"Were that general lost, I know not what I should refuse to have him restored. But if I

had two such, I should be compelled to shoot the other."

While Murat, Marmont, and St. Cyr were pursuing the enemy, Napoleon expected from Vandamme, in his peculiar position, almost the total overthrow of the routed host. But, by the unforeseen casualties of war, this stern soldier became surrounded by overwhelming numbers. After a bloody conflict, in which many were slain, some twenty thousand of his troops, under General Corbineau, succeeded in cutting a passage through the Allies. General Vandamme, however, and seven thousand men, remained prisoners of war.

General Oudinot had been ordered to give battle to Bernadotte. Suddenly he found himself assailed by a combined force of eighty thousand soldiers. He was defeated, with the loss of fifteen hundred men and eight guns. General Gérard sallied from Magdeburg with six thousand troops to aid General Oudinot. He was immediately assailed by resistless forces and put to flight, with the loss of fifteen hundred prisoners, and nearly all his baggage.

General Macdonald was marching against Blücher. He became entangled in a narrow defile flooded with rains, and sustained a defeat. General Lauriston, who commanded Macdonald's right wing, being surrounded by the Allies, was compelled to surrender, with a garrison of a thousand men.

Such were the disastrous tidings which were brought to Napoleon while he was prostrate on his sick-bed at Dresden. By these calamitous events he had lost more than thirty thousand soldiers.

"This," said he to Murat, "is the fate of war; exalted in the morning, low before night. There is but one step between triumph and ruin."

A map of Germany was lying upon the table by his bedside. He took it up, and seemed to be carefully studying it, as, in low tones, he repeated to himself the words of the poet Corneille:—

"J'ai servi, commandé, vaincu quarante années.
Du monde, entre mes mains j'ai vu les destinées;
Et j'ai toujours connu qu'en chaque événement,
Le destin des états dépendait d'un moment."

But disasters still continued to accumulate. Ney, near the walls of Wittenberg, was assailed by an overwhelming force of the Allies. A corps of the Saxon army, disheartened by the desperate odds against which Napoleon was now contending, in the midst of the engagement abandoned their post and fled, in all probability by previous agreement. Into the gap thus produced, the cavalry of the Allies plunged, cutting Ney's division in two, and taking ten thousand men and forty pieces of artillery. The separated bodies were compelled to retire in different directions.

"I have served, commanded, conquered for 41 years.

Of the world in my hand I have seen the destinies;
And I have always known, that in each event,
The destiny of states depended upon a moment.

Though Napoleon's serious sickness continued, he could no longer endure the torture of such calamitous tidings. He rose from his sick-bed, and, in pain and exhaustion, again placed himself at the head of his troops. And now ensued, by the confession of both friend and foe, the most extraordinary display of genius, of heroism, and of fortitude, the world has ever witnessed. Through a series of almost uninterrupted victories, Napoleon was conducted to ruin. Overwhelmed by numbers, surrounding him and assailing him at all points, victories were to him of no avail. The enemy, vanquished to-day, presented themselves in redoubled numbers on the morrow.

CHAPTER LVIII.

DISASTER AT LEIPSIG.

Renewed discomfiture of the Allies—Extraordinary plan of the Emperor—Defection of his generals—Anguish of Napoleon—The retreat to Leipzig—Battle of Leipzig—Proposals for an armistice—Sickness of the Emperor—Second day of battle—Desertion of the Saxon troops—Failure of ammunition—The retreat—Last interview with the King of Saxony—Extraordinary magnanimity of the Emperor—Battle of Hanau—Surrender of fortresses—False faith of the Allies—Napoleon's return to Paris.

It was on the 4th of September that Napoleon joined the corps of Macdonald near Bautzen. The Allies, under Blücher, occupied a strong position on some neighbouring heights. Within an hour of Napoleon's arrival in the camp the corps of Macdonald was in motion. The Allies were attacked, driven from their positions, and were pursued furiously all the next day. In the midst of the victorious tumult, a courier arrived in breathless haste, and informed Napoleon that a portion of the allied army, in immense force, was pouring down from the mountains of Bohemia and threatening Dresden. The Emperor immediately turned upon his track, and hastened to the Elbe. At seven o'clock in the evening of the next day, he came in sight of the advanced guard of the Allies at Pirna, about fifteen miles from Dresden. The Allies, not willing to hazard a battle, immediately retreated to the fastnesses of the mountains, "afraid," says Sir Walter Scott, "of one of those sudden strokes of inspiration, under which their opponents seemed almost to dictate terms to fate."

The Emperor pursued them some twenty miles, through wild ravines to Peterswald. Blücher was now marching from another direction, with a powerful army, upon Dresden. Napoleon turned upon him. Upon the Emperor's approach, Blücher immediately wheeled about and fled. Napoleon, however, encountered the Austrians under Schwarzenberg near Topitz, attacked them, routed them entirely, and drove them in wild confusion through the valley of Culm to Mollendorf.

A terrific storm, rendering the roads impassable, retarded his farther pursuit. The discomfited

army, acquainted with the topography of the country, effected their escape. Again Napoleon returned a victor, but fruitlessly a victor, to Dresden. Here he was informed that Bernadotte, with an army far more powerful than Napoleon had at his command, had crossed the Elbe, to cut off the French communications with Paris. Napoleon impetuously advanced to attack him. Bernadotte, afraid to await the indignant blows of his old companion in arms, precipitately retreated towards Dresden. Thus the Allies incessantly for a month renewed their attempts to seize Dresden, and thus Napoleon incessantly baffled their endeavours, without being able to draw them into any decisive action.

But every day the army of Napoleon was growing weaker, while the Allies, notwithstanding their defeats, were constantly growing stronger. Napoleon had in his ranks many men belonging to the contingent troops furnished by the princes of the Rhenish Confederation. These men, frequently mere mercenary soldiers, were ready to fight for any cause which would pay the best. Foreseeing, in these hours of disaster, the inevitable downfall of Napoleon, as all the monarchies of Europe were arrayed against him, they began to desert in great numbers. The gold of England was distributed with a lavish hand to all who would join in this, now prosperous, crusade against England's dreaded foe.

Lord Cathcart, Sir Robert Wilson, and other English commissioners were in the camp of the Allies, to make bargains with all who, individually or in bodies, would unite with the enormous coalition. Pamphlets and proclamations were scattered like autumn leaves, defaming the character of Napoleon in every way, audaciously accusing him of being the author of these sanguinary wars, and calling upon the people of France and of Europe to crush the tyrant, and thus to restore peace and liberty to the world. Many of the fickle and uninformed populace believed these slanders. They were not acquainted with the intrigues of diplomacy. They knew that for many years Napoleon had been struggling against all Europe, and they began to think that, after all, it was possible that the overthrow of Napoleon might bring that peace for which France and Germany ardently longed.

Napier, in the following indignant strain, shows how thoroughly corruption had at that time pervaded the British government, and how effectually, in England, liberty of speech and of the press was trampled down under aristocratic usurpation:—

"Such was the denuded state of the victorious Wellington at a time when millions, and the worth of more millions, were being poured by the English ministers into the Continent; when every petty German sovereign, partisan, or robber, who raised a band or a cry against Napoleon, was supplied to satiety. And all this time there was not, in England, one public salary reduced

contract checked, one abuse corrected, one public servant rebuked for negligence; not a writer dared expose the mischief, lest he should be crushed by persecution; no minister ceased to claim and to receive the boasting congratulation of the Tories; no Whig had sense to discover or spirit to denounce the iniquitous system."

Before the end of September, Napoleon received a sorrowful letter from Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria, whose daughter Eugène had married, informing him that it would be impossible for Bavaria to maintain its alliance with France more than six weeks longer. The Allies, in overwhelming numbers, had overrun nearly the whole of Germany. They would allow of no neutrality. Bavaria must either join the Allies against France, or come under that iron rule which is the fate of a conquered kingdom. The defection of Bavaria would sever at a blow, from the French alliance, a kingdom containing between three and four millions of inhabitants. The Allies offered the King, in case he would abandon France and join the coalition against Napoleon, his full sovereignty and the integrity of his dominions. The King had to choose between this and inevitable and total ruin.

Jerome was King of Westphalia. This kingdom contained about two millions of inhabitants. The Westphalians, terrified in view of their danger, and anxious to make the best terms possible with the enormous armies swarming through Germany, revolted, and Jerome was compelled to abandon the capital and retire to the Rhine.

About four millions of inhabitants were embraced in the kingdom of Saxony. The King, Frederick Augustus, has immortalized his name by the fidelity with which he adhered to his noble friend and ally; but the Saxon people, fickle like all uninformed multitudes, were anxious to abandon a sinking cause, and attach themselves to one so manifestly destined to be triumphant.

Frederick I. of Wurtemberg had one million three hundred thousand subjects under his sway. The Allies threatened to desolate his kingdom with the whirlwind of war. His terrified subjects were clamorous for peace. Napoleon could no longer protect them. But peace with the Allies could only be obtained by turning their arms against their benefactor. The Allies would allow no neutrality. Such were the difficulties with which the Emperor was now surrounded; yet he manifested no agitation, yielded to no outbursts of passion, in view of the treachery which was securing his ruin, but with serenity, dignity, and fearlessness, which has won the admiration of his bitterest foes, he struggled till hope expired.

"He had conceived," says Colonel Napier, "a project so vast, so original, so hardy, so far above the imagination of his contemporary generals, that even Wellington's sagacity failed to perceive it, and he censured the Emperor's long stay at the Elbe as an obstinacy unwarranted

by the rules of war. But Napoleon had more profoundly judged his own situation."

The extraordinary plan which Napoleon had adopted was this:—The Allies had already crossed the Elbe; had established themselves in great force on the left bank, and were threatening speedily to close on his rear, and to cut off all possibility of retreat. Napoleon, under these circumstances, resolved, instead of retreating to the Rhine, to cut through the allied army before him, and march boldly to the north, some two hundred miles from the banks of the Elbe, towards the banks of the Oder, and thus to carry the war into the territory of his enemies. Napoleon could now muster but one hundred thousand men. The Allies had five hundred thousand. By this extraordinary movement he would compel the Allies hastily to retrace their steps, to prevent the capture of their own cities.

"Under these circumstances, Napoleon would have been finally successful," says Colonel Napier, "but for the continuation of a treachery, which seemed at the time to be considered a virtue by sovereigns who were unceasingly accusing their more noble adversary of the baseness they were practising so unblushingly."

This plan was in process of successful execution, and different corps of the French army were advancing upon Berlin, when Napoleon received the appalling intelligence that the King of Bavaria, instead of waiting the promised six weeks, had gone over with his whole force to the Allies; that the King of Wurtemberg, yielding to the same tremendous pressure of circumstances, had followed his example; that thus his friends, converted into foes, were combined in his rear to cut off his supplies; that the Russians had just received a reinforcement of eighty thousand men; that an army of a hundred thousand were marching upon Mayence, to carry the war into France; and that the Allies, with half a million of troops, were converging upon Dresden.

One would suppose that such tidings would have crushed any spirit. Napoleon received them, however, with his accustomed equanimity. He immediately appealed to France for an extraordinary levy of men to preserve the Empire from invasion. Maria Louisa proceeded in person to the Legislative Chambers, and pronounced a discourse which Napoleon had prepared for her. The Senate promptly and unanimously voted a supply of one hundred and eighty thousand conscripts. This force was raised with alacrity, and sent forward to aid their countrymen, struggling against overwhelming numbers upon the frontiers of France. Such was one of those acts of conscription, for resorting to which the Allies have had the audacity to abuse Napoleon. Indignant justice will reverse their verdict. These terrible disasters, however, disheartened the French generals, and they recoiled from the apparently desperate enterprise which the Emperor had projected.

plan of thus marching upon Berlin
It was considered as one of the

grandest of the combinations of his genius. He had carefully contemplated it in every possible point of view. His officers, however, were exhausted by toil, and disheartened by the defection of their friends, and by the overwhelming forces in the midst of whom they were struggling. When the plan was communicated to them, there was a general expression of dissatisfaction. They were not prepared for so perilous an enterprise. They complained loudly, and clamoured to be led back to the Rhine. These remonstrances, now heard for the first time, wounded the Emperor deeply. The hour of adversity was darkening around him, and his long-tried friends began to fail in their fidelity.

"There was something," says Caulaincourt, "very odious in insurrection thus excited by unmerited misfortune. I was in the Emperor's saloon when the officers of his staff came to implore him to abandon his design on Berlin, and march back to Leipsic. It was an exceedingly distressing scene. None but those who knew the Emperor as I knew him can form any idea of what he suffered. The subject was opened by a marshal of France. I will not name him. His existence has since been poisoned by cruel regret. After he had spoken, several others delivered their opinions."

The Emperor listened in silence to their remonstrances. The flush of his cheek and the fire of his eye alone betrayed the intensity of his emotions. He had sufficient control over himself to refrain from any expression of resentment. When they had concluded, he replied with calmness and dignity, though an unusual tremor was observable in his voice—

"I have maturely reflected on my plans, and have weighed the defection of Bavaria in the balance of circumstances adverse to our interests. I am convinced of the advantage of marching on Berlin. A retrograde movement, in the circumstances in which we are placed, will be attended by disastrous consequences. Those who oppose my plan are taking upon themselves a fearful responsibility. I will consider what you have said, gentlemen."

He then retired into his cabinet alone. Hour passed after hour, and yet he did not make his appearance, and no one was admitted to his solitude. Caulaincourt at last became anxious, and walked up and down the saloon adjoining the cabinet hesitating what to do. It was a cold, dark, and stormy night. The wind shrieked around the towers, and howled through the corridors of the gloomy castle of Dûben, rattling the windows in their antique leaden frames. It was a melancholy hour, and sadness oppressed all hearts. Night advanced, and still the Emperor remained in the solitude of his cabinet, and the uproar of the elements alone disturbed the silence of the scene. Caulaincourt at last tore a leaf from his memorandum-book, and wrote with a pencil, "I am here; will your Majesty be pleased to see me?" Summoning an usher, he directed him to enter the Emperor's apartment, and give him the slip of

Caulaincourt approached the door as the usher entered. As the Emperor read the paper, a faint smile passed over his countenance, and he said aloud, "Come in, Caulaincourt."

The Emperor was lying upon a sofa. A little table stood by his side covered with maps. His eyes were dim and vacant, and an expression of profound melancholy was spread over his features. In a state of nervous agitation, he unconsciously took up and threw down the objects which were before him.

Caulaincourt approached him, and said, imploringly, "Sire, this state of mind will kill you."

Napoleon made no reply, but by a gesture seemed to say, "It matters not."

Caulaincourt, trying to frame an apology for the remonstrances of the generals, said—

"Sire, the representations which have been made to you are submitted for your Majesty's consideration."

Napoleon fixed his languid eyes upon Caulaincourt, and said—

"You are not under the delusion, Caulaincourt? No, it cannot be. You must be aware of the fatal result of this spirit of insubordination. It must be followed by fearful and inconceivable consequences. When bayonets de-

gn. I see growing up around me a spirit of inertness more dangerous than positive revolt. A hundred generals in open insurrection could not embarrass me. My troops would put down the fiercest rebellion. They do not argue—they obey; and are willing to follow me to the farthest extremity of the earth. But in the critical circumstances in which we are at present placed, it is a matter of life or death to the country that a good understanding should exist between the leaders of the army and myself. Distrust and hesitation will bring about our destruction more speedily than the swords of the Allies."

The Emperor rose from the sofa, walked two or three times up and down the floor, slowly and thoughtfully, and then continued, as if speaking to himself, "All is lost! I am vainly contending against Fate. The French know not how to bear reverses." He then threw himself again upon the sofa, and was absorbed in reverie.

The morning dawned, and another day of painful suspense lingered away. The embarrassment of the Emperor was distressing in the extreme. He could not execute his bold march upon Berlin without the most energetic and cordial co-operation of his generals. A retreat

as the Rhine would, in his judgment, almost certainly secure the ruin of the army and of France. At length he came to a decision. The agitation of his mind was now over. He calm, firm, determined, as he made up his mind to return to Leipsic, and struggle heroically till the last.

With prophetic solemnity he

said

"Fate marks the fall of nations."

the will

"Yes," Napoleon replied; "but that will has not been shown. Bear this in mind, Caulaincourt! Let not the French invoke maledictions on my memory. May they who have urged this movement not have reason to repent it."

Orders were immediately given for the retreat of the army. On the evening of the 15th of October he had assembled his small but valiant band around the walls of Leipsic. On the same evening, the Allies, pouring in from all quarters, had encircled the city with their enormous host of three hundred and fifty thousand men. During the night the sentinels of the hostile armies were posted within musket-shot of each other. With such a vast superiority of numbers, the Allies were confident of success. The French troops, however, though outnumbered three to one, and though they had but six hundred pieces of artillery to repel the assault of a thousand, still, accustomed to victory, whenever Napoleon was present, yielded to no despondency. The Emperor passed the night in surveying the ground where the Allies were ranged, in issuing orders to his marshals and generals, in visiting all the posts of his army in person, and in distributing eagles to such regiments as had not yet received them. The soldiers were roused to enthusiasm by his presence and his words of encouragement.

"Yonder lies the enemy," said Napoleon. "Swear that you would die rather than see France dishonoured."

"We swear it," the soldiers responded, and cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" resounded through the camp, and fell in prolonged echoes upon the ears of the astonished foe.

Napoleon was fully conscious of the fearful odds against which he was to contend. The hurried manner in which he issued his commands alone indicated the disturbed state of his mind.

"While pointing out to me," says Caulaincourt, "the plan which he had traced, the Emperor said, 'There are no scientific combinations which can compensate, on this point, for the thinness of our squares. We shall be overpowered by mere numbers. One hundred and twenty-five thousand men against three hundred and fifty thousand, and this in a pitched battle! Well, they would have it thus!' This phrase, which he repeated for the second time in a tone of despair, rang in my ears like a sentence of death."

At nine o'clock in the morning of the 16th of October, the terrible battle of Leipsic commenced. The awful battle raged with unabated fury hour after hour, through the morning and through the afternoon, till the lurid sun went down veiled in the clouds of war. Struggling against such odds, a decisive victory was impossible.

"It required thunderbolts," said Napoleon, "to enable us to conquer such masses."

The Allies, during the day, lost twenty id men. The loss of the French, pro- by their redoubt, was much less.

Among the prisoners taken by the French was Count Merfield, who, in former years, had been sent to Napoleon's head-quarters at Leoben to implore, in behalf of Austria, the cessation of hostilities. Napoleon had, on that occasion, treated Francis with extraordinary magnanimity. He now caused Merfield to be brought to his tent, liberated him on his parole, and made him bearer of a message to the Allies, soliciting an armistice.

Napoleon conversed with the utmost frankness with the Austrian general, and expressed how deeply he was disappointed and wounded that his father-in-law should take up arms against him.

"Our political alliance," said he, "is broken up, but between your master and me there is another bond, which is indissoluble. That it is which I invoke; for I shall always place confidence in the regard of my father-in-law. I shall never cease to appeal to him from all that passes here. You see how they attack me, and how I defend myself."

In reference to the peril with which Europe was threatened by the despotic power of Russia, Napoleon said—

"For Austria to gain at the expense of France, is to lose. Reflect on it, general. It is neither Austria, nor Prussia, nor France, singly, that will be able to arrest, on the Vistula, the inundation of a people half nomade, essentially conquering, and whose dominions extend from this to China."

In conclusion, he said—"Depart on your honourable mission of peacemaker. Should your efforts be crowned with success, you will secure the affection and gratitude of a great nation. The French people, as well as myself, earnestly wish for peace. I am willing to make great sacrifices for this end. If it be refused, we will defend the inviolability of our territory to the last drop of our blood. The French have already shown that they know how to defend their country against foreign invaders. Adieu, general! When, on my entreaty, you mention the word armistice to the two Emperors, I doubt not that the voice that strikes their ears will awaken the most impressive recollections."

Francis, Alexander, and Frederick William had all been in the power of Napoleon. He had treated them, especially the two former, with a generosity which had excited the surprise of all Europe. But now that disasters were thickening around their magnanimous foe, they would not treat him with ordinary courtesy. They did not condescend even to return an answer to the application for an armistice.

"The allied sovereigns," says Alison, "were too well aware of the advantages of their situation either to fall into the snare which Napoleon had laid for them, by sending back Merfield with proposals for an armistice, or to throw them away by precipitating their attack before their whole force had come up. Under pretence, therefore, of referring the proposals to the Emperor of Austria, Schwarzenberg and

them altogether, and no answer was returned to them till after the French had recrossed the Rhine."

During the 17th the battle was not renewed. The Allies, though outnumbering the French three to one, rendered cautious by the heroic resistance which Napoleon had presented, were waiting for Bernadotte, who, with a powerful reinforcement of sixty thousand troops, was hurrying to lend his aid in the slaughter of his countrymen. Napoleon did not renew the conflict, as he hoped the Allies were deliberating upon the proposal for a cessation of hostilities. He, however, devoted the whole day in preparing for the worst. He seemed incapable of fatigue, as, regardless of food and sleep, he directed every movement in person.

At night he returned to his tent in a painful state of agitation, anxiously looking for the return of General Merfield. The unspeakable magnitude of the interests at stake overwhelmed the soul of the Emperor. There rose before him the vision of another day of merciless slaughter, the possible annihilation of his army by resistless

bers, the overthrow of the independence of and of all the free governments of Europe, and his own personal ruin. He was worn down with sleeplessness and exhaustion, and was sick and in pain. He could not conceal his anxiety, which increased every moment. His features were contracted, and his countenance lividly pale. He threw himself into an easy-chair which stood at the farther end of the tent, and, placing his hand upon his stomach, where the fatal disease was probably commencing its ravages, said, languidly—

"I feel very ill. My mind bears up, but my body fails."

Caulaincourt was alarmed, and exclaimed, hurrying towards the door, "I will send for your physician, Ivan."

"No! no!" the Emperor replied, "I desire that you do not. The tent of a sovereign is as transparent as glass. I must be up, to see that every one is at his post."

"Sir," said Caulaincourt, taking the burning hands of the Emperor in his own, "I implore you to lie down and take some rest. Lie down, I entreat you."

"I cannot," said the Emperor. "A sick soldier would receive a hospital order; but I—I cannot share the indulgence which would be granted to the poor soldier."

"As he uttered these words," says Caulaincourt, "he heaved a deep sigh, and his head sank languidly on his bosom. This scene will never be effaced from my memory. The recollection of it inspired me with courage in those subsequent hours when all was irreparably lost. During those terrible scenes, when my energy was nearly exhausted, when my resolution was on the point of yielding in the struggle with despondency, I thought of Napoleon on the night of the 17th of October. How trivial my own sufferings appeared in comparison with those of the nobil

The Emperor took the hand of his faithful and sympathizing friend, and pressing it feebly, said, "It is nothing; I shall soon be better. Take care that no one enters."

"I was in an agony of alarm," says Caulaincourt, "at seeing the Emperor in this sad condition. The enemy was pressing on all sides. The fate of thousands who were on the field of battle hung on the fate of Napoleon. I offered up to Heaven one of those tacit prayers to which no language can give adequate expression. After a little interval, the Emperor, though still breathing with difficulty, said, 'I feel somewhat better, my dear (Caulaincourt.' He took my arm, and walked two or three times slowly up and down the tent. His countenance gradually resumed its wonted animation. Half an hour after this serious fit of sickness, the Emperor was surrounded by his staff, and was giving orders and despatching messages to the different commanders of corps. Day was beginning to dawn, and the carnage was about to recommence."

As Napoleon mounted his horse, he said to his escort, "This day will resolve a great question. The destiny of France is about to be decided on the field of Leipsic. Should we be victorious, all our misfortunes may yet be repaired. Should we be conquered, it is impossible to foresee what may be the consequences of our defeat."

As the sun rose in the cloudless sky, the whole allied army was put in motion. The spectacle now presented from the steeples of Leipsic was awful in its sublimity. As far as the eye could extend in every direction, the dense columns of the Allies, in multitudes which seemed innumerable, were advancing upon the city. The clangour of martial bands, the neighing of horses, the gleam of polished armour in the bright rays of the morning sun, and the confused murmur of the interminable host, presented a spectacle of the pageantry of war which has never been surpassed. A mass of nearly five hundred thousand men, armed with the most terrible instruments of destruction which human ingenuity could create, were concentrating in a circle but few leagues.

Soon, louder than ten thousand thunders, the appalling roar of the battle commenced. A day of tumult, blood, and woe ensued. The French could oppose to their foes but about one hundred thousand men. The Allies, three hundred and fifty thousand strong, were rushing upon them.

Napoleon, reckless of danger, was moving through clouds of smoke and over heaps of the slain, from place to place, with such rapidity that it was extremely difficult for his escort to follow him. He seemed to bear a charmed life; for while others were continually falling at his side, he escaped unharmed. "During the whole of this eventful day," says Sir Walter Scott, "which he might be said to fight in than for safety, this wonderful man

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directing the tide of onward victory. Perhaps his military talents were more to be admired when thus contending at once against Fortune and the superiority of numbers, than in the most distinguished of his victories when the fickle goddess fought on his side."

At three o'clock in the afternoon, in the very hottest of the battle, Bernadotte was advancing with a combined corps of Swedes, Russians, and Prussians against his old companion in arms, Marshal Ney, who was defending an important post with some French and Saxon troops, and the cavalry of Wurtemberg. It will be remembered that, at the battle of Wagram, Bernadotte had command of the Saxon contingent force, and that Napoleon reproved him for commending them at the expense of the rest of the army. Suddenly the whole Saxon corps, together with the cavalry of Wurtemberg, twelve thousand men, taking with them forty guns and all their ammunition and equipments, abandoned their post and passed over to the lines of Bernadotte. As they retired, they turned the muzzles of their guns against the French lines, and poured into the bosoms of their former comrades a point-blank discharge. "The allied troops," says Alison, "excited to the greatest degree by these favourable circumstances, now pressed forward at all points to encircle the enemy."

While these infamous deserters were received by the Allies with shouts of exultation, Ney, left defenceless, was compelled to retreat. An aid-de-camp was despatched to Napoleon with the intelligence of this disastrous event. The Emperor reined in his horse, and for a moment sat motionless as a statue, stunned by the blow. Then raising his eyes to Heaven, he exclaimed, as if appealing to God for justice, "Infamous!" But not another word was wasted—not another moment was lost in useless repinings. He promptly placed himself at the head of a corps of his guard, and hastened to the menaced point. The French soldiers were so indignant at this unheard-of perfidy, that they fell with such vehemence upon the corps of Bernadotte, with their traitorous allies, as to force them into a tumultuous retreat. Shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" "Death to the Saxons!" they plunged, with resistless fury, into the enemy's ranks. Thus all the day the conflict raged. The French, with almost superhuman exertions and courage, everywhere beat back their assailants.

Night at last came, and threw its silence and its gloom over the scene of blood and misery. Both armies were utterly exhausted by this long and dreadful struggle. With an unyielding spirit Napoleon resolved to renew the battle on the following day. He issued the necessary orders, and retired to his tent to arrange his plan of action. But at seven o'clock he received the appalling tidings that there was not sufficient ammunition left to sustain the action for two hours. During the battles of the 16th and the 18th, upwards of two hundred and twenty thousand charges had been fired. Retreat was now inevitable; and at one hundred thousand men death

of ammunition, in the presence of three hundred and fifty thousand men flushed with success.

A council of war was immediately convened. Imagination cannot paint a more melancholy scene. The awful uproar of battle had ceased, and nothing disturbed the silence of the night but the wail of anguish which ascended from the wounded and the dying over the extended field. The whole circumference of the horizon, blazing with the bivouac fires of the enemy, indicated the apparent hopelessness of the condition of the French. They had no reserves to bring into action, no reinforcements to expect, and their grand park of ammunition was at Torgan, fifty miles distant. The marshals and generals of Napoleon, in silence and dejection, gathered around him. There was little to be said, as no one, in this dreadful emergency, ventured to give any decisive counsel. In the midst of the conference, Napoleon, utterly overcome by fatigue, fell asleep in his chair. His arms were negligently folded, and his head fell upon his breast, as, in the oblivion of slumber, his spirit found a momentary respite from care and anguish. His officers, commiserating his woes, gazed sadly on him in profound silence. At the end of fifteen minutes he awoke, and, casting a look of astonishment on the circle around him, exclaimed, "Am I awake, or is it a dream?"

Napoleon uttered not a word of reproach to add to the anguish of those who, by refusing to march upon Berlin, had brought upon the army this awful disaster. All his tireless energies were aroused anew to extricate his troops with the same alacrity as if his own counsels had prevailed. On what page has history recorded an act of higher magnanimity? In one hour the exhausted soldiers, hungry and bleeding, were on the march, urging the desperate retreat.

Leipsic, containing about forty thousand inhabitants, was situated in a large and fertile plain. There was but one bridge across the River Elster by which the French could retire. At this point there was witnessed a scene of the most awful confusion, as, in the darkness of the night, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with all the ponderous and lumbering machinery of war, crowded and choked the narrow passage. Napoleon passed most of the night in superintending in person the perilous retreat. The camp fires were replenished and kept blazing to deceive the foe; Marmont and Ney were charged to protect the flanks of the retiring columns. To Macdonald was assigned the arduous command of the rear-guard.

During the carnage of the preceding day, Napoleon, on the field of battle, had rewarded the heroism of Poniatowski with a marshal's baton. He now called the noble Pole before him, and said—

"Prince, to you I assign the defence of the southern faubourg."

"Sire," answered the marshal, "I fear that I have too few soldiers left."

"Well," replied the Emperor, sadly yet firmly, "but you will defend it with those you have!"

"Doubt it not," rejoined the heroic Prince; "we are all ready to die for your Majesty."

During the whole night the French army was defiling along the narrow bridge. All the streets of the city leading to that passage were crowded with a prodigious throng of men, horses, and waggons. In the first grey of the morning the Allies detected the retreat of the French. The peal of bugles and the thunder of artillery instantly roused the whole hostile army. They sprung to arms, and rushed, with shouts of exultation, upon their comparatively defenceless foe. But the wise precautions which Napoleon had adapted still held them at bay.

Napoleon was anxious to save the unhappy city of Leipsic from the horrors of a battle in its streets between the rear-guard of the French and the advance-guard of the Allies. Such a conflict would necessarily be attended with every conceivable brutality, with the conflagration of dwellings, and with the carnage of peaceful inhabitants. He resolved to appeal in their behalf to the mercy of the Allies, and sent a flag of truce, with proposals to spare the town. "But when," says Sir Walter Scott, "were victorious generals prevented from prosecuting military advantages by the mere considerations of humanity? Napoleon, on his side, was urged to set fire to the suburbs to check the progress of the Allies on his rear-guard. As this, however, must have occasioned a most extensive scene of misery, Bonaparte generously refused to give such a dreadful order."

"The Emperor," says Norvin, "wished to save the unhappy city from the horrors with which it was menaced. By his orders a deputation was sent to intercede for Leipsic. These demands of humanity were haughtily rejected by the Allies. 'Let Leipsic perish!' such was the response of the combined sovereigns. Napoleon, as generous in adversity as in prosperity, was more humane towards a German city than were those who called themselves the 'saviours of Germany.'"

And this is the man whom the Allies have stigmatized as a bloodthirsty monster! He ordered the city to be protected, though by so doing he vastly increased the peril with which he was already overwhelmed; and he did this, notwithstanding the Saxon army had abandoned him, and the Royalists were already firing from the windows upon his retreating troops.

While the balls and shells of the Allies were thickly falling in the streets of Leipsic in the gloom of the morning, Napoleon entered the city and held his final interview with the King of Saxony, who had accompanied him from Dresden. It was a melancholy and a sublime parting of two friends, endeared to each other by the noblest ties of friendship. The aged King, having heard of the infamous conduct of his army, was overwhelmed with anguish. Napoleon, forgetting his own woes, endeavoured to assuage the grief of his faithful ally. Napoleon was sad, yet calm. He expressed sincere regret that he was thus compelled to leave the King in the midst of his triumphant enemies. In the utterance of these

of affection and sympathy, he pro-
the conversation till a brisk cannonade be-
fore the very gates of the city proved the immi-
nent danger that his retreat would be cut off.
The King, alarmed for the safety of his guest,
urged the Emperor, without delay, to mount his
horse and depart.

"You have done all that could be done," he said, "and it is carrying your generosity too far to risk your personal safety in order to afford us a few additional moments of consolation."

Napoleon was deeply affected. He had been betrayed by so many, that his heart clung to who remained faithful. He still lingered, reluctant to depart. At last, the rattle of musketry, drawing nearer and nearer, showed the rapid approach of the Allies. The Queen and the Princess Augusta now united with tears in imploring the Emperor to consult his own safety. Reluctantly, Napoleon yielded.

"I would not leave you," said he, "but that I perceive that my presence increases your alarms. I will insist no longer. Receive my adieux. When her power shall return, France will repay you the debt of gratitude which I have con-

The Emperor then descended to the gates of the palace, accompanied by Frederick Augustus. The two monarchs there, in a final embrace, took leave of each other, never to meet again. Napoleon mounted his horse, and, addressing a few noble words to the King's body-guard who had been in his service, discharged them from all future obligations to him, and exhorted them to watch over the safety of their own sovereign and his family. He then directed his course to the nearest gate which led to the bridge. But the streets were so encumbered with a prodigious crowd of horsemen, carriages, and foot soldiers, that the Emperor could not force his passage through them. He was compelled to retrace his steps, and, passing through the centre of the city, issued by a gate on the opposite side, while the bullets of the enemy were falling thickly around him. Riding along the boulevards, he made the entire circuit of the city, till he arrived at the suburb near the head of the bridge. Here again he encountered such an accumulation of baggage-waggons, artillery-waggons, and the tumultuous host of the retreating army, that further advance was impossible. In this emergency, a friendly citizen conducted him into a garden through a narrow lane, and led him by a circuitous route to the head of the bridge. Th

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The great stone bridge of the Elster, which the disordered masses of the French were crowding, had been mined. Many barrels of gunpowder were placed beneath its arches. Colonel Montfort had orders to apply the torch the moment the last of the French troops had passed in order to arrest the pursuit of the enemy. Montfort, instead of attending to this most important duty himself, intrusted the charge to a corporal and four miners. Napoleon had hardly crossed the bridge ere the allied troops, in locust

pouring into Leipsic, rending the air by their exultant shouts, and driving an opposition before them. The rear-guard suddenly retired, bravely disputing every inch of ground against overwhelming numbers. An enormous mass of soldiers, and waggons of every description, were now crowding the bridge in awful confusion. The bullets and cannon-balls of the Allies fell like hailstones into the ranks.

The corporal, losing his presence of mind in this scene of carnage and tumult, applied the fatal torch. With a frightful explosion, the bridge was thrown into the air. Twenty-five thousand of the French army, with two hundred pieces of cannon and several hundred baggage-waggons, were thus cut off from the main body, without any possibility either of defence or retreat. A cry of horror burst from those who were near the chasm opened before them. The moving masses behind could not at once be stopped, and thousands of men and horses, with cannon and waggons, were crowded into the deep stream, presenting a scene of horror and destruction which the passage of the Beresina hardly paralleled.

The French troops thus cut off, in despair broke and fled in all directions. Macdonald spurred his horse into the river, and saved himself by swimming. Poniatowski, farther in the rear, and almost surrounded by the enemy, when he heard the fearful explosion, drew his sword, and exclaimed to the officers around him—

"Gentlemen, it now becomes us to die with honour."

With his little band he dashed into the midst of the enemy's troops, and cut a passage through. Faint and bleeding, with one arm shattered by a bullet, he reached the River Plaisse, a small stream which it was necessary to cross before he reached the Elster. He plunged into the water while his pursuers were close after him. His exhausted horse sank beneath his weight, and was swept down the stream. The heroic marshal, however, attained the opposite shore, and there, fainting through fatigue and loss of blood, with the bullets of his pursuers whistling around him, he with difficulty mounted another charger which he found upon the bank, whose rider had fallen. Spurring rapidly across a narrow space of ground swept by a storm of shot, he plunged boldly into the Elster. The steed bore him safely across; but, in endeavouring to struggle up the precipitous bank, he fell back upon his wounded, bleeding, exhausted rider, and Poniatowski sank to rise no more. Thus died this noble Pole. His body was found floating upon the stream a few days after his death, and was buried by his enemies with all the accompaniments of martial pomp. An unassuming monument now marks the spot where he perished. Napoleon, at St. Helena, pronounced his brief but

All nations revere the memory of this illustrious man. Even his enemies respect him for his virtuous and lofty character. In Napoleon he found a congenial spirit, and he loved the Emperor with the deepest devotion. He fought by Napoleon's side with a fidelity which never wavered, because he knew that Napoleon was struggling in the holy cause of popular rights. It was this conviction which enabled the Emperor to gather around him, and to bind to him in indissoluble ties, many of the noblest spirits of Europe. If Napoleon is to be consigned to the grave of infamy, he must be accompanied there by a vast retinue of the most illustrious men earth has known. The verdict which condemns Napoleon must also condemn Poniatowski, Bessières, Duroc, Dessaix, Eugène, Macdonald, Caulaincourt, Ney, Lannes, and a host of others, who, with deathless affection, espoused the cause he advocated. This is making infamy reputable.

The victorious Allies now assembled, with shouts of exultation, in the great square of Leipsic. No pen can describe the horrible scene which the interior of the city presented. The streets were filled with heaps of the dying and of the dead—not merely of combatants, but of peaceful citizens, aged men, women, and children. The houses were shattered and blown into fragments by the terrific cannonade. Many parts of the city presented but a pile of smouldering ruins. Broken caissons, baggage-waggons, guns, and all the matériel of war, were strewn in ruin around. Mangled horses, dismembered limbs, and pools of blood polluted the pavements.

The Emperors of Russia and Austria, with the King of Prussia, accompanied by a magnificent suite, and deafening the city with clarion notes of triumph, entered by the southern barrier. At the same moment, Bernadotte, also surrounded by war's most exultant pageant, entered by the eastern gates. The Royalist party in Leipsic, who would regain opulence and power by the overthrow of the popular party, received the Allies with every demonstration of joy.

The friends of reform retired in silence and anguish to their dwellings, or abandoned their homes and accompanied the retreating army, to escape persecution, imprisonment, and death. In the explosions of artillery, and the chimes ringing from the steeples, and the peals of martial music, they heard the knell of German liberty. Their great friend, who, with heroism unexampled, had so long held at bay all the despots of Europe, was at last struck down. Germany was again delivered over, bound hand and foot, to Russian, and Prussian, and Austrian absolutism. Beneath that impenetrable gloom those nations still lie enthralled. Why God should thus, for a time, have permitted despotism to triumph, is one of those mysteries which is reserved for the revelations of a future day."

"Poniatowski was a noble character, full of honour and bravery. It was my intention to have made him King of Poland had I succeeded

"Two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon," says Alison, "nine hundred chariots and ammunition-waggons, an incalculable quantity of baggage, the King of Prussia, two generals of corps, seven generals of divi-

The allied kings, who rested their claims to the throne on the doctrine of divine right, condescended to forget the plebeian origin of Bernadotte, since they stood in need of those services which he was both able and willing to render them. But Bernadotte himself admits that he was in an uncomfortable position, and he no longer wished to participate in the slaughter of his countrymen. He was therefore soon removed from the camp of the Allies, and was intrusted with an important distant command.

In the meantime, Napoleon, with his shattered army, continued his retreat rapidly towards Erfurth, which was about a hundred miles from Leipsic. The Allies, to throw reproach upon his honourable name, shamefully circulated through Europe the charge that Napoleon, immediately on crossing the bridge, had ordered it to be blown up, willing to secure his own escape at the expense of the lives of his friends. A story so confidently asserted was generally believed, and Napoleon was represented as a monster of meanness and selfishness; and it was thought that some magical arts must have been practised upon the French soldiers to induce them to love, as they manifestly did love, one thus deserving only detestation. The accusation was subsequently proved to be false. ~~It has now, with a thousand similar charges, passed into oblivion.~~ The effect, however, of these calumnies still remains upon many minds.

On the day following the retreat, the French army, dejected but still firm and determined, passed over the plains of Lutzen, where, but five months before, they had obtained so decisive a victory. The Allies had now crossed the river, and were vigorously pressing the pursuit. In five days Napoleon reached Erfurth. Here Murat, seeing clearly that the cause of the Emperor was declining, and that, in the overthrow of the French Empire, the crown of Naples would also be wrested from his brow, entered into secret negotiations with the Allies, engaging, if they would support him on his throne, that he would abandon Napoleon and attach himself to their cause. He deemed Napoleon utterly ruined, and, from the wreck of the fortunes of his master, with an ignoble spirit, he wished to secure what he could for himself. Under pretence, therefore, of going to his own dominions to obtain reinforcements, he abandoned the Emperor and departed for Naples.

Murat, though a fearless swordsman, and a man capable of sudden and heroic impulses, was

not a man of lofty spirit. Napoleon fully appreciated his excellences and his defects. He had not forgotten Murat's base abandonment of his post on the Vistula. He fully understood the object of the King of Naples in his present movement; but the characteristic spirit of the Emperor would not permit him, in the hour of approaching ruin, to solicit others to share his fall. When Murat called to take leave, Napoleon received him kindly. He uttered not a word of reproach, stifled his wounded feelings, and sadly, yet affectionately, embraced his brother-in-law, with the full assurance that they would never meet again. It proved to be their last interview. Murat went over to the Allies, and thus prevented Eugene from marching from Italy to assist Napoleon. Murat is not, perhaps, severely to be blamed. He was an impulsive man, of shallow intellect and of dilated heart, and, by nature, incapacitated for any noble deed of self-sacrifice.

On the 11th of January, 1814, a treaty was signed between the Allies and Murat. By this treaty Murat engaged to furnish thirty thousand men, to co-operate with sixty thousand furnished by Austria. Murat, taking command of this army of ninety thousand troops, made an attack upon the Viceroy, Eugene Beauharnais, at Milan, and thus prevented him from moving to the aid of the Emperor. For this act, which must ever indelibly stain upon the character of the Allied Powers guaranteed to him and his heirs the throne of Naples, which guarantee they subsequently perfidiously violated. The thirty pieces of silver were never paid.

We do but give utterance to the general admission even of Napoleon's enemies when we say that the magnanimity which he manifested during the whole of this dreadful crisis was such as has never been surpassed.

Napoleon had with him but eighty thousand men. Six hundred thousand were crowding fiercely in pursuit of him, to rush, like an inundating wave, into France. He could no longer afford his friends any protection. Their attempt to protect him would only result in their utter ruin. He called before him the troops of the various German contingents who still remained faithful, released them from all further obligations to him, and, supplying them with money and provisions, permitted them to retire to their homes, where he knew they would be immediately compelled to turn their arms against him.

The King of Bavaria, as we have before mentioned, had abandoned his alliance with Napoleon, and declared war against France. Though he did this under compulsion, still, by passing over to the enemy several weeks sooner than Napoleon had expected, he plunged the Emperor into extreme embarrassment. The Bavarian army was now marching under the guidance of the Allies, to cut off the retreat of the French. There was, however, a corps of Bavarian troops still with Napoleon. They had remained faithful to him, notwithstanding

soners, constituted the trophies during the three days of battle, in which the loss of the French was up of sixty thousand men. The loss of the Allies was immense; it amounted to nearly eighteen hundred officers and forty-one thousand private soldiers, killed and wounded in the three days' combat. A prodigious sacrifice, but which, great as it is, humanity has no cause to regret, for it delivered Europe from French bondage, and the world from revolutionary aggression. In such phrase do the Allies record the triumph of their cause. Russians and Austrian bondage they call *liberty*, and republican *oppression*.

Napoleon assembled these soldiers, who were bound to obey their lawful government, addressed them in terms of gratitude for their fidelity, and dismissed them to return to their King, who would immediately be compelled to direct their arms against the enfeebled bands of the French. He addressed a letter to his former ally, Maximilian, in which he wrote—

"Bavaria having disloyally, and without notice, declared war against France, I might, with justice, have detained these troops as prisoners of war; but such a step would destroy the confidence which I wish the troops in my service to repose in me. I have, therefore, abstained from any act of retaliation."

These soldiers were strongly attached to Napoleon; but, yielding to cruel necessity, they sorrowfully retired from the French ranks.

Napoleon then assembled the Polish troops, and gave them the option either to make peace with the allied sovereigns upon the best terms in their power, or to adhere to his broken fortunes.

These gallant soldiers, with entire unanimity, declared that they would share the fate of the only monarch who, since the destruction of their country, had uttered a word of sympathy in their behalf.

As Napoleon had been compelled to weaken his forces in Spain, the popular cause was effectually suppressed there. Colonel Napier says—

"Lord Wellington's victories had put an end to the intercourse between Joseph and the Spaniards who desired to make terms with the French; but the people, not losing hope, formed a strong anti-English party. The *serviles*, extremely bigoted both in religion and politics, had the whole body of the clergy on their side. These doctrines were comprised in two sentences—an absolute king; an intolerant church. The Liberals, supported and instigated by all ardent innovators, by the commercial body and populace of Cadix, and taking as guides the revolutionary writings of the French philosophers, were hastening onwards to a democracy, without regard to ancient usages or feelings, and without practical ability to carry their theories into execution. Jealousy of England was common to all, and *Inglésimo* was used as a term of contempt. Posterity will scarcely believe that, when Lord Wellington was commencing the campaign of 1813, the Cortes was with difficulty, and by threats rather than reason, prevented from passing a law forbidding foreign troops to enter a Spanish fortress."

In this conflict, England expended on her operations more than 2,500,000,000 of francs. She subsidized Spain and Portugal with millions besides, and maintained all the armies, English, Spanish, and Portuguese, with her own supplies of clothing, arms, and ammunition. She constantly employed in the Peninsula from thirty to seventy thousand British troops, in addition to the countless armies she raised from Spain and Portugal. Her naval squadron continually harassed the French, making descents on the coast. She left the bones of forty thousand

Englishmen strewn over the plains and mountains of the Peninsula. The number of natives who perished no tongue can tell. Two hundred thousand of her adversaries were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners; and yet all this time Napoleon was engaged with adversaries so much more formidable, that he could hardly turn a passing glance towards his foes in Spain. General Soult was left, with enfeebled forces, to resist as he could the Duke of Wellington.

Most generously at St. Helena, Napoleon apologised for the defection of his allies. "To the honour of human nature," he said, "and even to the honour of kings, I must once more declare, that never was more virtue manifested than amid the baseness which marked this period. I never, for a moment, had cause to complain, individually, of the princes, our allies. The good King of Saxony continued faithful to the last. The King of Bavaria loyally avowed to me that he was no longer his own master. The generosity of the King of Wurtemberg was particularly remarkable. The Prince of Baden yielded only to force, and at the very last extremity. All, I must render them this justice, gave me due notice of the storm that was gathering, in order that I might adopt the necessary precautions; but, on the other hand, how odious was the conduct of subaltern agents? Can military parade obliterate the infamy of the Saxons, who returned to our ranks for the purpose of destroying us? Their treachery became proverbial among the troops, who still use the word *Saxonner* to designate a soldier who assassinates another. To crown all, it was a Frenchman, a man for whom French blood had purchased a crown, a nursling of France, who gave the finishing stroke to our disasters."

Napoleon remained at Erfurth two days reorganizing his army, and then resumed his line of march. Swarms of Cossacks, savage in garb and in character, hung upon his rear, not daring to venture on any formidable attack, yet harassing the army by incessant annoyances. Blucher with a powerful force of Russians, Austrians, and Prussians, followed close behind, ready to avail himself of any opportunity to crush the retiring foe. Napoleon pressed resolutely on for five days, and, after safely traversing some two hundred miles, arrived, on the 30th of October, at Haynam.

Here the Bavarian government, active in its new alliance, and animated by those now in power, who were hostile to France, had assembled an army of sixty thousand Austrians and Bavarians, strong in artillery and in cavalry, and had planted these forces in a formidable position, to cut off entirely the retreat of Napoleon. But the French soldiers, indignant and desperate, rushed recklessly upon their batteries, and, after a long and sanguinary battle, routed them entirely. During this conflict, in which thirty thousand men, goaded by indignation and despair, charged the intrenchments where sixty thousand were posted, Napoleon was anxiously walking backward and forward on the highway, conversing with Caulaincourt. A bomb-shell

fell, and buried itself in the soft earth, close by their side. Caulaincourt immediately placed himself before the Emperor, to shield him with his own body from the effects of the explosion. The Emperor, paying no regard to the shell, continued his conversation. Fortunately, the bomb sank so deep in the moist ditch that it did not burst.

The Allies lost in this battle ten thousand men in killed and wounded. The French troops then pressed rapidly forward, and in two days arrived at Frankfurt. At five o'clock the next morning, the 2nd of November, the army arrived at Mayence. Napoleon remained there three days, reorganizing his troops, and making arrangements for defending the passage of the Rhine from the advancing legions of the Allies. At eight o'clock at night on the 4th of November he departed for Paris, and at five o'clock in the afternoon of the next day he arrived at St. Cloud.

It is said that Maria Louisa was in a state of dreadful embarrassment. She almost dreaded to see Napoleon. Her father had treacherously turned against her husband, and he was now marching, with hostile armies, to invade France. As the Emperor entered her apartment, she threw herself into his arms, hung her head upon his shoulder, and, bursting into a flood of tears, was unable to articulate a syllable. Napoleon pressed her tenderly to his bosom, soothed her with words of affection, and anxiously inquired for their idolized boy. The beautiful child was brought in, and a touching scene of domestic affection and grief ensued. Napoleon alone was calm. He still clung to hope, and endeavoured to alleviate the anguish of his wife by the anticipation of brighter days.

The victorious Allies, in the meantime, overran all Germany. All the States of the Confederation of the Rhine were now arranged under their standards.

"The lesser Princes," says Sir Walter Scott, "had no alternative but to declare, as fast as they could, their adherence to the same cause. Their ministers thronged to the head-quarters of the allied sovereigns, where they were admitted to peace and fraternity on the same terms, namely, that each State should contribute, within a certain period, a year's income of their territories and a contingent of soldiers double in numbers to that formerly exacted by Bonaparte, for sustaining the good cause of the Alliance."

St. Cyr, with thirty thousand men, was shut up in Dresden. He was soon compelled, through famine, to capitulate. It was solemnly stipulated that he and his troops should be permitted to return to France, upon condition of not serving against the Allies till regularly exchanged. After St. Cyr, with his emaciated and tottering troops, had marched out of the city, and the Allies had taken possession, he was informed by the allied sovereigns that they were dissatisfied with the convention which their general had concluded, and could admit of no terms but such as provided for conducting the garrison, as prisoners of war, into the Austrian states. They also, having now

had Dresden in their possession seven days, having ascertained all its weak points, and knowing that there was not food to sustain its garrison for a single day, mocked St. Cyr by saying that, if he were dissatisfied with these terms, he might return again to Dresden. By such an act of perfidy were thirty thousand men carried off into the prisons of Austria. This fact may to some seem incredible; but it is admitted, in all its bald baseness, even by those historians who most earnestly plead the cause of the Allies. Sir Archibald Alison, though adding to the remark several ungenerous qualifications, says—

"In violating this convention, the allied sovereigns did not imitate the honourable fidelity with which Napoleon observed the conditions of the capitulation of Mantua, granted to Wurmser in 1796."

On the 29th of November, General Rapp, who was in Dantzic, with fifteen thousand men, one-half of whom were French and the rest Germans, was also compelled by famine to surrender. "As in the case of Dresden," says Sir Walter Scott, "the sovereigns refused to ratify the stipulations, which provided for the return of the garrison to France, but made the commandant, Rapp, the same proposal which had been made to the Marshal St. Cyr, which Rapp, in like manner, declined. The detention of this garrison must also be recorded against the Allies as a breach of faith, which the temptation of diminishing the enemy's forces cannot justify."

In reference to this capitulation, General Rapp himself says—

"General Houdelet and Colonel Richemont went to the enemy's camp and concluded a capitulation, in which the power of returning to France was particularly guaranteed to us. A part of the articles had been already executed; the Russian prisoners had been sent back, the forts had been given up, when I learned that the Emperor Alexander refused his ratification. The Duke of Wurtemberg offered me to put things in their former condition. This was a mockery; but what could we do? We had no more provisions. It was necessary to be resigned. He managed things as he wished, and we took the road to Russia."

With such perfidy was Napoleon ever assailed. How noble and magnanimous does his character appear when contrasted with that of the Allies!

Rapidly, one after another of the garrisons which Napoleon had left behind, numbering in all some eighty thousand men, fell into the hands of the coalaced Powers, and feudal deep again became dominant over all the broad plains of Germany. The three great despots of Christendom, in alliance with the Tory government of England, had quenched the flames of republican liberty in blood. Nothing now remained but to march with a million of bayonets into France to overthrow the popular ment there, to force the Bourbons upon a who had rejected them, to rivet upon and superadditions Spain the chains of able civil and religious

then Europe would once again repose in the quietude of the dark ages.

In speaking of this memorable campaign, Napoleon said at St. Helena—

"How was I perplexed, when conversing on this subject, to find myself the only one to judge of the extent of our danger, and to adopt means to avert it! I was harassed on the one hand by the coallesced Powers, who threatened our very existence, and on the other by the spirit of my own subjects, who, in their blindness, seemed to make common cause with them; by our enemies, who were labouring for my destruction, and by the importunities of my people, and even my ministers, who urged me to throw myself on the mercy of foreigners. And I was obliged to maintain a good appearance in this embarrassing situation; to reply haughtily to some, and sharply to rebuff others, who created difficulties in my rear, encouraged the mistaken course of public opinion, instead of seeking to give it a proper direction, and suffered me to be tormented by demands for peace, when they ought to have proved that the only means of obtaining it was to urge me ostensibly to war. However, my determination was fixed. I awaited the result of events, firmly resolved to enter into no concessions or treaties which could present only a temporary reparation, and would inevitably have been attended by fatal consequences. Any middle course must have been dangerous; there was no safety except in victory, which would have preserved my power, or in some catastrophe which would have brought back my allies. In what a situation was I placed! I saw that France, her destinies, her principles, depended on me alone."

"Sir," said Las Casas, "this was the opinion generally entertained; and yet some parties reproached you for it, exclaiming with bitterness, 'Why would he connect everything with himself personally?'"

"That was a vulgar accusation," the Emperor replied. "My situation was not one of my own choosing, nor did it arise out of any fault of mine. It was produced entirely by the force and nature of circumstances—by the conflict of two opposite orders of things. Would the individuals who held this language, if, indeed, they were sincere, have preferred to go back to the period preceding Brumaire, when our internal dissolution was complete, foreign invasion certain, and the destruction of France inevitable? From the moment when we decided on the concentration of power, which could alone save us, when we determined on the unity of doctrines and resources, which rendered us a mighty nation, the destinies of France depended solely on the character, the measures, and the principles of him who had been invested with this accidental dictatorship. From that moment the public interest, *the State*, myself.

These words, which I addressed to men who bled of understanding them, were strongly censured by the narrow-minded and ill-disposed; but the enemy felt the full force of them, and

therefore his first object was to effect my overthrow. The same story was raised against other words which I uttered in the sincerity of my heart. When I said that 'France stood more in need of me than I stood in need of her,' this solid truth was declared to be mere excess of vanity. But, my dear Las Casas, you now see that I can relinquish everything; and as to what I endure here, my sufferings cannot be long. My life is limited; but the existence of France——"

Here the Emperor paused for a moment in silence, and then continued:—

"The circumstances in which we were placed were extraordinary and unprecedented; it would be vain to seek for any parallel to them. I was myself the keystone of an edifice totally new, and raised on a slight foundation. Its stability depended on each of my battles. Had I been conquered at Marengo, France would have encountered all the disasters of 1814 and 1815 without those prodigies of glory which succeeded, and which will be immortal. It was the same at Austerlitz and Jena; and again at Eylau and elsewhere. The vulgar failed not to blame my ambition as the cause of all these wars. But they were not of my choosing; they were produced by the nature and force of events. They arose out of that conflict between the past and the future, that constant and permanent coalition of our enemies, which obliged us to subdue under pain of being subdued."

"Napoleon," says Napier, "the greatest man of whom history makes mention—Napoleon, the most wonderful commander, the most sagacious politician, the most profound statesman—lost by arms Poland, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain, and France. Fortune, that name for the unknown combinations of infinite power, was wanting to him, and without her aid the designs of man are as bubbles on a troubled ocean."

CHAPTER LIX.

THE STRUGGLE

French equality—Remarks of the Emperor—Advance of the Allies—Conspiracies in France—The Emperor's address to the Senate—Object of the Allies—Testimony of Napier; of Caulaincourt—Patriotism of Carnot—Offer of Gustavus—Remarks of the Emperor—Character of Joseph—Strength of the Allies.

THE war had now become a struggle for the dethronement of Napoleon, and for the effectual suppression, throughout Europe, of those principles of republican equality to which the French Revolution had given birth. There never was a government so popular as not to have its opposition. In every nation and state allied to France, there were many Royalists ready eagerly to join the allied armies. In the triumph of that cause they hoped to regain their exclusive privileges; and in all the old aristocracies, there were multitudes of the more intelligent portion of the popu-

lace hungering for reform. They welcomed with enthusiasm the approach of the armies of Napoleon. It was the existence of this party, in such strength, both in England and Ireland, which roused the Tory government of Britain to such tremendous exertions to crush, in the person of the French Emperor, the spirit of republican equality.

The *North British Review*, one of the organs of the Tory party, in the following strain complains of that equality which Napoleon established in France:—

"Those who have watched the interior workings of society in France, long and close at hand, are inclined to attribute much of that uselessness and discontent, which is one of its most striking features, and which is the despair both of the friends of order and the friends of freedom, to the national system of education. Members of various grades and classes in the social scale are instructed together, in the same schools, in the same mode, and on the same subjects, to a degree of which we have no example here. If the peasant, the grocer, or the tailor, can scrape together a little money, his son receives his training in the same seminary as the son of the proprietor, whose land he cultivates, whose sugar and coffee he supplies, and whose coat he makes. The boy who ought to be a labourer or a petty tradesman sits on the same bench and learns the same lesson as the boy who is destined for the bar, the tribune, or the civil service of the State. This system arises out of the passion for equality, and fosters it in turn. The result is, that each one naturally learns to despise his own destination, and to aspire to that of his fortunate school-fellow. The grocer's son cannot see why he should not become an advocate, a journalist, a statesman, as well as the wealthier and noble-born lad, who was often below him in the class, whom he occasionally thrashed, and often helped over the thorny places of his daily task."

"Napoleon," says Las Casas, "truly was, and

"It is greatly to Napoleon's honour that such men as the Duke of Wellington were contending against him. It is, in itself, evidence of the righteousness of his cause. Probably there cannot be found in the world a man more resolutely hostile to popular reform than was the Duke of Wellington. He was the idol of the aristocracy. He was hated by the people. They had pelted him with mud through the streets of London, and he had been compelled to barricade his windows against their assaults. Even the soldiers under his command in Spain had no affection for his person; and, notwithstanding all the calumnies of the British press, they loved, around their camp-fires, to tell stories of the goodness of Napoleon. Many, too, of these soldiers, after the battle of Waterloo, were sent to Canada. I am informed, by a gentleman of commanding character and intelligence, that, when a child, he has sat for hours listening to the anecdotes in favour of Napoleon which these British soldiers had picked up in their camp. Yet, true to military discipline, they would stand firmly to their colours in the hour of battle. They were proud of the grandeur of the *Iron Duke*, but no soldier loved him. We will imitate Napoleon's magnanimity in not questioning the sincerity of the Duke of Wellington's avowal, that an aristocratic government is best for the

We simply state the undeniable fact that his deadly to all novelties

must remain in the eyes of posterity, the standard, and the prince of liberal! They belonged to his heart, to his and to his mind. If his actions seemed at variance with these ideas, it was when he was imperiously swayed by circumstances. In one of the evening parties at the Tuileries Napoleon, conversing with several individuals the court, who were grouped around him, a discussion on a great political question with the following words:—

"For my part, I am fundamentally and naturally favourable to a fixed and moderate government." Observing that the countenance of one of the interlocutors expressed surprise, he continued, "You do not believe me. Why not? Is it because my deeds do not seem to accord with my words? My dear sir, how little you know of men and things! Is the necessity of the moment nothing in your eyes? Were I to slacken the reins only for a moment, neither you nor I would probably sleep another night in the Tuileries!"

With a million of foes marching against France, and aristocrats and Jacobins, in the heart of the Empire, ready to combine against the established government, a degree of rigour was essential which, under other circumstances, would not be called for. Liberty was compelled to make sacrifices to preserve herself from destruction. When the ship is in peril of foundering in the storm, even the richest freight must be cast into the sea.

The Allies now advanced triumphantly towards the Rhine. Napoleon roused all his energies to meet the emergency. "Though aged," says Bourrienne, "might have been supposed to have deprived him of some of his activity, yet, in that crisis, I beheld him as in his most vigorous youth. Again he developed that fervid mind, which, as in his early conquests, annihilated time and space, and seemed omnipresent in its energy." France, from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, the appearance of a vast arsenal. The of State suggested to Napoleon that it might not be wise to announce to the people the humiliating truth that the frontiers of France invaded

"Wherefore," replied Napoleon, "should not the truth be told? Wellington has entered the south; the Russians menace the north; the Austrians, Prussians, and Bavarians are on the east. Shame! Wellington is in France, and yet have not risen, *en masse*, to drive him back. There must be an impulse given. All must march. It is for you, councillors, fathers of families, heads of the nation, to set the example. People speak of peace when all should echo to the call of war."

The emigrants, members of the Royalist party whom Napoleon had generously permitted to return to France, and to enter again upon their a, barely, in this hour of disaster, turned their benefactor. They organized a wide- piracy, opened communications with among their adherents,

THE FRENCH PEOPLE DISHEARTENED.

Bourbonnais, and defamed in every possible way the good character of Napoleon.

The priests, hoping by the restoration of the Bourbonnais to regain the enormous Church possessions which had been confiscated by the Revolution, in large numbers joined the conspirators, and endeavoured to sting the bosom which had warmed them into life. In many districts, their influence over the peasantry was almost omnipotent.

The Count of Artois, afterwards Charles X., hastened to join the army of the Austrians. His son, the Duke of Angoulême, who had married the unhappy daughter of Louis XVI., and whose tragic imprisonment with her brother, the Dauphin, in the Temple, has moved the sympathies of the world, hastened to the headquarters of the Duke of Wellington. The Count of Provence, subsequently Louis XVIII., was residing at Hartwell, England. He was an infirm, unwieldy, gouty old man of threescore years. Unable to make any exertions himself, he sat lolling in his chair, while the Allies deluged France in blood and flame to place him on the throne. Talleyrand, the wily diplomatist, clearly discerning the fall of the Empire, entered into communication with the Allies to secure the best possible terms for himself. He did everything in his power to thwart the exertions of Napoleon and of the nation. In the Council of State and in the saloons of the capital, he incessantly advised submission.

On the 20th of December, Napoleon assembled the Senate. He opened the session in person, and thus addressed the members:—

"Splendid victories have illustrated the French army in this campaign. Defections without a parallel have rendered those victories unavailing, or have turned them against us. France would now have been in danger but for the energy and the union of the French. In these momentous circumstances, my first thought has been to summon you around me. My heart has need of the presence and affection of my subjects. I have never been seduced by prosperity. Adversity will find me superior to its strokes. I have often given peace to the nations when they had lost everything. With a part of my conquests I have raised up monarchs who have since abandoned me. I had conceived and executed great designs for the happiness of the world. A monarch and a father, I feel that peace adds to the security of thrones as well as families. Nothing on my part is an obstacle to the re-establishment of peace. You are the natural organs of the throne. It is for you to give an example of energy which may dignify our generation in the eyes of our posterity. Let them not say of us, 'They have sacrificed the first interests of our country; they have submitted to laws which England has sought in vain, during four centuries, to impose upon France.' I am confident that in this crisis the French will show themselves worthy of themselves and of me."

At the same time, Napoleon communicated to the Senate and to the Legislative Assembly the

correspondence which had taken place with the Allies, both before and after the battle of Leipzig. He wished to prove to the nation that he had neglected no honourable exertions to arrest the calamities of war. A committee was appointed by both bodies to examine and report upon the documents. The report of the Senate was favourable to Napoleon, and yet the influence of that report was to weaken the Emperor's hold on the democracy. He had sought to identify himself with the ancient order of things. It was the policy of his government to conciliate antagonistic principles, to engraft democratic rights upon monarchical forms. He hoped thus to secure popular rights on the one hand, and to abate the hostility of monarchical Europe on the other. This policy might have been unwise, but there is evidence that he sincerely thought it the best which could be adopted under the then existing circumstances. He knew that France would not submit again to place her neck under the yoke of the old feudal aristocracy. He believed it impossible to maintain republican forms in France, with a Jacobin mob at one extremity of society, with Royalist conspirators at the other extremity, and with all Europe in arms against the Republic.

Though the overwhelming majority of the people of France were strongly in favour of the policy of Napoleon, yet the Jacobins on the one hand, and the Royalists on the other, a small but busy minority, were ever ready to join hands for his overthrow. The President of the Senatorial Commission, M. Fontanes, concluded his report respecting the continued assault of the Allies with the following words:—

"Against whom is that attack directed? Against that great man who has merited the gratitude of all kings; for he it was who, in re-establishing the throne of France, extinguished the volcano with which they were all menaced."

The people did not relish this declaration, that Napoleon had become an advocate of the *rights of kings*. Napoleon had achieved all his victories and attained his supremacy as the recognized advocate of the *rights of the people*. His rejection of Josephine, and his matrimonial alliance with the proud house of Hapsburg, also operated against him. They had secured for his cause no monarchical friends, but had lost him the enthusiasm of the people.

France was now disheartened. One army had perished upon the snows of Russia, another upon the plains of Saxony. The conscription and taxation had borne heavily upon all classes. All Europe had been combining, in an interminable series of wars, against revolutionary France. It seemed impossible any longer to protract the conflict. The majority of the Legislative Body adopted the report of their committee, containing the following sentiments, deeply wounding to the Emperor:—

"In order to prevent the coalesced Powers from accusing France of any wish to maintain a too extensive territory, which they seem to fear would it not exhibit real greatness to undecisive

them by a formal declaration? It is for the government to propose the measures which may be considered most prompt and safe for repelling the enemy and establishing peace on a solid basis. These measures must be effectual, if the French people be convinced that their blood will be shed only in defence of their country and of its laws. It appears indispensable, therefore, that his Majesty shall be entreated to maintain the full and constant execution of the laws which guarantee to the nation the free exercise of its political rights."

Napoleon regarded these insinuations as peculiarly unfriendly, and ordered the printing of the report to be suppressed. He immediately assembled the Council of State, and thus expressed his sentiments on the subject:—

"You are aware, gentlemen, of the dangers to which this country is exposed. Without any obligation to do so, I thought it right to consult the deputies of the Legislative Body. They have converted this act of my confidence into a weapon against me, that is to say, against the country. Instead of assisting me, they obstruct my efforts. We should assume an attitude to check the advance of the enemy. Their attitude invites him. Instead of showing to him a front of brass, they unveil to him our wounds. They stun me with clamours for peace, while the only means to obtain it is to prepare for war. They speak of grievances. But these are subjects to be discussed in private, and not in the presence of an enemy.

"Was I inaccessible to them? Did I ever show myself averse to rational argument? It is time to come to a conclusion. The Legislative Body, instead of assisting to save France, has concurred to accelerate her ruin. It has betrayed its duty. I fulfil mine. I prorogue the Assembly, and call for fresh elections. Were I sure that this act would bring the people of Paris in a crowd to the Tuilleries to murder me this day, I would still do my duty. My determination is perfectly legal. If every one here will act worthily, I shall yet be invincible, as well before the enemy as behind the shelter of the law."

Notwithstanding this prorogation, a few days after, on the 1st of January, a deputation from the Legislative Body attended court, to present the congratulations of the season to the Emperor. As they entered the room, Napoleon advanced to meet them. In earnest tones, which were subdued by the spirit of seriousness and sadness, he thus spoke:—

"Gentlemen of the Chamber of Deputies.—You are about to return to your respective departments. I had called you together with perfect reliance upon your concurrence in my endeavours to illustrate this period of our history. You might have rendered me a signal service by giving me the support of which I stood in need, instead of attempting to confine me within limits which you would be the first to extend when you had discovered the fatal effects of your internal dissensions. By what authority do you yourselves entitled to limit the actions

of government at such a moment as the present? Am I indebted to you for the authority which is invested in me? I hold it from God and the people only. Have you forgotten in what manner I ascended the throne which you now attack? There existed at that period an Assembly like your own. Had I deemed its authority and its choice sufficient for my purposes, do you think that I wanted the means to obtain its votes? I have never been of opinion that a sovereign could be elected in that manner.

"I was desirous, therefore, that the wish, so generally expressed for my being invested with the supreme power, should be submitted to a national vote, taken from every person in the French dominions. By such means only did I accept of a throne. Do you imagine that I consider the throne as nothing more than a piece of velvet spread over a chair? The throne consists in the unanimous wish of the nation in favour of their sovereign. Our position is surrounded with difficulties. By adhering to my views, you might have been of the greatest assistance to me. Nevertheless, I trust that, with the help of God and of the army, I shall extricate myself, if I am not doomed to be betrayed. Should I fail, to you alone will be ascribed the evils which will desolate our common country."

The Duke of Rovigo, who has recorded the above interview, says that the Emperor, on returning to his cabinet, showed no particular indications of displeasure against the Legislative Body. With that wonderful magnanimity which ever characterized him, he gave them credit for the best intentions. He, however, observed that he could not safely allow the existence of this state of things behind him, when he was on the point of proceeding to join the army, where he would find quite enough to engage his attention.

It was the special aim of the Allies, aided by their co-partners, the Royalists of France, to create a division between Napoleon and the French people, and to make the Emperor as odious as possible. Abusive pamphlets were circulated like autumn leaves all over the Empire. The treasury of England and that of all the Allies was at the disposal of any one who could wage effective warfare against the dreaded republican Emperor. The invading kings, at the head of their locust legions, issued a proclamation to be spread throughout Europe, full of the meanest and most glaring falsehoods. They asserted that they were the friends of peace, and Napoleon the advocate for war; that they were struggling for liberty and human rights, Napoleon for tyranny and oppression. They declared that they earnestly desired peace, but that the despot Napoleon would not sheathe the sword. They assured the French people that they waged no war against France, but only against the usurper, who, to gratify his own ambition, was deluging Europe in blood. The atrocious falsehood was believed in England, on the Continent and in America. Its i

Colonel Napier, though an officer in the allied army, and marching under the Duke of Wellington for the invasion of France, candidly admits that the Allies in this declaration were utterly insincere, that they had no desire for peace, and that their only object was to rouse the hostility of the people of Europe against Napoleon. He says the negotiations of the Allies with Napoleon were "a deceit from the beginning." "This fact," he says, "was placed beyond a doubt by Lord Castlereagh's simultaneous proceedings in London."

Napoleon sent Caulaincourt to the headquarters of the Allies to make every effort in his power to promote peace. They had consented to a sort of conference, in order to gain time to bring up their reserves. France was exhausted. The Allies had slain so many of the French in these iniquitous wars, that the fields of France were left untilled for want of labourers; and they proclaimed this horrible fact as the result of Napoleon's bloodthirsty spirit! More than a million of men were now on the march to invade the almost defenceless Empire. It is utterly impossible but that Napoleon must have wished for peace. But nobly he resolved that he would perish rather than submit to dishonour. Every generous heart will throb in sympathy with this decision.

"The Emperor," says Caulaincourt, "closed his last instructions to me with the following words—'I wish for peace. I wish for it without any reservation or after-thought. But, Caulaincourt, I will never accede to dishonourable conditions. It is wished that peace should be based on the independence of all nations. Be it so. This is one of those Utopian dreams of which experience will prove the fallacy. My policy is more enlightened than that of those men who were born kings. Those men have never quitted their gilded cages, and have never read history except with their tutors. Tell them, I impress upon them, with all the authority we are entitled to exercise, that peace can be durable only inasmuch as it shall be reasonable and just to all parties. To demand absurd concessions, to impose conditions which cannot be acceded to consistently with the dignity and importance of France, is to declare a deadly war against me. I will never consent to leave France less than I found her. Were I to do so, the whole nation, *en masse*, would be entitled to call me to account. Go, Caulaincourt. You know the difficulties of my position. Heaven grant that you may succeed! Do not spare couriers. Send me intelligence every hour. You know how anxious I shall be.'"

"Our real enemies," says Caulaincourt, "they who had vowed our destruction, were England, Austria, and Sweden. There was a determined resolution to exterminate Napoleon, and consequently all negotiations proved fruitless. Every succeeding day gave birth to a new conflict. In proportion as we accepted what was offered, new pretensions rose up, and no sooner was one difficulty smoothed down than we had to encounter another. I know not how I mustered sufficient

firmness and forbearance amid so many out-

I accordingly wrote to the Emperor, assuring him that these conferences, pompously invested with the title of a congress, served merely to mask the irrevocably fixed determination not to treat with France; that the time we were thus losing was employed by the Allied Powers in assembling their forces, for the purpose of invading us on all points at once; that by further temporising we should unavoidably augment the disadvantages of our position."

In a private interview with Caulaincourt, as reported by the Duke of Rovigo, Napoleon said "France must preserve her natural limits. All the Powers of Europe, including England, have acknowledged these bases at Frankfurt. France reduced to her old limits, would not possess two-thirds of the relative power she possessed twenty years ago. What she has acquired towards the Alps and the Rhine does not compensate for what Russia, Austria, and Prussia have acquired by the mere act of the partition of Poland. All these Powers have aggrandized themselves. To pretend to bring France back to her former state would beto lower and to degrade her. Neither the Emperor nor the Republic, if it should spring out anew from this state of agitation, can ever subscribe to such a condition. I have taken my determination, which nothing can change. Can I consent to leave France less powerful than I found her? If, therefore, the Allies insist upon this reduction of France, the Emperor has only one of three choices left—either to fight and conquer; to die honourably in the struggle; or, lastly, to abdicate, if the nation should not support me. The throne has no charms for me. I will never attempt to purchase it at the price of dishonour."

In the midst of these days of disaster, when Napoleon's throne was crumbling beneath him, there were exhibited many noble examples of disinterestedness and fidelity. The illustrious and virtuous Carnot, true to his republican principles, had refused to accept office under the Empire. Napoleon had earnestly, but in vain, sought his aid. Carnot, retiring from the allurements of the imperial court, was buried in seclusion and poverty. His pecuniary embarrassments at length became so great, that they reached the ears of the Emperor. Napoleon, though deeming Carnot in error, yet highly appreciating the universally recognised integrity of the man, immediately sent him, with a touching letter, ample funds for the supply of his wants. Years had rolled away; gloom was gathering around the Emperor; foreign armies were crowding upon France; all who advocated the cause of Napoleon were in danger of ruin. In that hour Carnot came to the rescue, and offered himself to Napoleon for the defence of the country. Napoleon gratefully accepted the offer, and intrusted him with the command of Antwerp, one of the keys of the Empire. In the defence of this place, Carnot exhibited all those noble traits of character which were to be

"The offer," said Carnot in his letter to Napoleon, "of an arm sixty years old is, without doubt, but little. But I thought that the example of a soldier, whose patriotic sentiments are known, might have the effect of rallying to your eagles a number of persons hesitating as to the part which they should take, and who might possibly think that the only way to serve their country was to abandon it."

In many of the departments of France, the populace, uninfluenced by the libels against Napoleon, enthusiastically demanded arms, and entreated that they might be led against the invading foe. The leaders of the Jacobin clubs in Paris offered their services in rousing the frenzy of the lower orders, as in the days of the old Revolution, if Napoleon would receive them into his alliance, surrender to their writers and to their orators the press and the tribune, and allow them to sing their revolutionary songs in the streets and in the theatres. Napoleon listened to their proposition, hesitated for a moment, and then resolutely replied,

"No. I shall find in battle some chance of safety, but none with these wild demagogues. There can be no connexion between them and monarchy; none between furious clubs and a regular ministry; between revolutionary tribunals and the tribunal of the law. If I must fall, I will not bequeath France to the Revolution from which I rescued her."

Gustavus, the deposed King of Sweden, who had always strenuously affirmed that Napoleon was the *Beast* described in the Apocalypse, now strangely offered his services to the Emperor. He wished to make himself the rallying-point of the old Royalist party in Sweden. He would thus greatly embarrass the movements of the treacherous Bernadotte, and stand some chance of regaining his throne. It was a curious case of a legitimate monarch who had been deposed by the people applying for aid to Napoleon, in order to overthrow the elected monarch, and to restore him to his hereditary claims. Notwithstanding the strength of the temptation, Napoleon magnanimously refused to listen to his overtures.

"I have reflected," he said, "that if I received him, my dignity would require me to make exertions in his favour; and, as I no longer rule the world, common minds would not have failed to discover, in the interest I might have displayed for him, an impotent hatred against Bernadotte. Besides, Gustavus had been dethroned by the voice of the people, and it was by the voice of the people that I had been elevated. In taking up his cause, I should have been guilty of inconsistency in my conduct, and have acted upon discordant principles."

This will be universally recognised as an exhibition of the very nicest sense of honour. Napoleon might thus have greatly embarrassed his foe, but he preferred to fall rather than call the forces of despotism to his aid. There is, perhaps, no incident in Napoleon's career more nobly illustrative of his lofty character.

The Duke of Wellington, with a hundred and forty thousand British, Portuguese, and Spanish, having driven the French soldiers out of Spain, was now overrunning the southern departments of France. Spain was lost. Napoleon consequently released Ferdinand, and restored him to his throne. The perfidious wretch manifested no gratitude whatever towards his English deliverers. He promptly entered into a treaty hostile to England.

Thus did the sovereign," says Alison, "who had regained his liberty and his crown by the profuse shedding of English blood, make the first use of his promised freedom to banish from his dominions the Allies whose swords had liberated him from prison and placed him on the throne."

"Ferdinand," says Colonel Napier, "became once more the King of Spain. He had been a rebellious son in the palace, a plotting traitor at Aranjuez, a dastard at Bayonne, an effeminate, superstitious, fawning slave at Valençay, and now, after six years of captivity, he returned to his own country an ungrateful and cruel tyrant. He would have been the most odious and contemptible of princes if his favourite brother, Don Carlos, had not existed."

Such were the results of the English war in Spain. A greater curse one nation never inflicted upon another. What is Spain now? What would she now have been had the energies of a popular government, under Joseph Bonaparte, been diffused throughout the Peninsula? This King, whom the English drove from Spain, was a sincere, enlightened, conscientious man, devoted to the public welfare.

When Joseph ascended the throne of Spain, Cevallos, the secretary of State, notified the accession to all the foreign Powers. By all of them, with the exception of England, he was formally recognised. The Emperor of Russia, acquainted with the exalted personal character of Joseph, added felicitations to his acknowledgments. Even Ferdinand was so well satisfied with the bargain he had made, that he wrote Joseph letters of congratulation. "Madame Joseph Bonaparte," says the Duchess of Abrantes, "is an angel of goodness. Pronounce her name, and all the indigent, all the unfortunate in Paris, Naples, &c., will repeat it with blessings. Never did she hesitate a moment to set about what she to be her duty. Her unalterable her active charity, gain her the love of everybody."

Blaquiere, an English writer, in his "History of the Spanish Revolution of 1820," says, "Whatever objections may have been made to the particular mode in which Napoleon effected the regeneration of this country, it will doubtless be enough for posterity to know that the honour belonged to him alone; the principle was unquestionably paramount to every other consideration, and if there ever existed a case in politics or morals wherein the end justified the means, that of rescuing a whole people from the lowest

is certainly not among the
I cannot help observing that the spoiliations of human lives and territory effected by the various European congresses held since the abdication of Napoleon run the risk of being regarded in an infinitely worse light by future generations than his enterprise against Spain, inasmuch as the latter was undertaken for the avowed and express purpose of improving the institutions of an enslaved people, weighed down by centuries of oppression, and of whom numbers of the most virtuous and enlightened espoused the cause of the foreign Prince, whereas it is well known that neither Poland, Naples, Genoa, Lombardy, Venice, Saxony, Ragusa, Sicily, nor Spain herself, were restored to their old masters for any other purpose than the renewal of the former tyrannies destroyed by the victorious arms of Bonaparte."

Joseph, upon the overthrow of his brother, retired to the United States, and resided for many years, universally respected, at Bordentown, upon the Delaware. While there, a deputation from Mexico came to offer him the Mexican crown. He replied,

"I have worn two crowns. I would not take a step to wear a third. Nothing can gratify me more than to see men who would not recognise my authority when I was at Madrid now come to seek me in exile. But I do not think that the throne which you wish to raise again can make you happy. Every day I pass in this hospitable land proves more clearly to me the excellence of republican institutions for America. Keep them as a precious gift from Heaven; settle your internal commotions; follow the example of the United States, and seek among your fellow-citizens a man more capable than I am of acting the great part of Washington."⁷⁸

The last days of the month of January had now arrived. An army of one million twenty-eight thousand men from the north, the east, and the south were on the march for the overthrow of the Imperial republic. Such forces the world had never before seen. Napoleon, having lost some five hundred thousand men in the Russian campaign, three hundred thousand on the plains of Saxony, two hundred and fifty thousand in the Spanish Peninsula, and having nearly a hundred thousand besieged in the fortresses of the Elbe and the Oder, was unable, with his utmost exertions, to bring forward more than two hundred thousand in the field to meet the enormous armies of the Allies. He could take but seventy thousand to encounter the multitudinous hosts crowding down upon him from the Rhine.

⁷⁸ Joseph Bonaparte died at Florence on the 28th of July, 1844, aged seventy-six years. "He was attended," says Louis Napoleon, "by Queen Julie, whose devotion failed not to the last, and who was ever a comforting angel, as well as by his brothers Louis and Jerome, whom he loved affectionately. He expired gently; and, as a righteous man, he would have seen the approach of death without regret, if the phantom of exile had not ad. even on his last moments, to wring his b

CHAPTER LX.

THE CAPITULATION OF PARIS.

The Empress invested with the Regency—The Emperor's departure from Paris—Battle of Brienne—Directions to Caulaincourt—Unrelenting hostility of the Allies—Their atrocious demands—Unparalleled efforts of the Emperor—Battle of Montereau—Interview with Josephine—Bold resolve of the Emperor—Plan of the Allies—The attack on Paris—Capitulation—Napoleon at Fontainebleau.

On Sunday, the 24th of January, 1814, Napoleon, after attending mass, received the dignitaries of the Empire in the grand saloon of the Tuileries. The Emperor entered the apartment preceded by the Empress, and leading by the hand his idolized son, a child of extraordinary beauty, not yet three years of age. The child was dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, while luxuriant ringlets of golden hair were clustering over his shoulders. The Emperor was calm, but a deep shade of melancholy overspread his features. The most profound sadness reigned in the assembly. In a ceremony grave and solemn, the Empress was invested with the Regency, and took the requisite oath of office. The Emperor, then advancing, with his child, into the centre of the circle, in tones which thrilled upon every heart, thus addressed them:—

"Gentlemen,—I depart to-night to place myself at the head of the army. On quitting the capital, I leave behind, with confidence, my wife and son, upon whom so many hopes repose. I shall depart with a mind freed from a weight of disquietude when I know that these pledges are under your faithful guardianship. To you I confide what, next to France, I hold dearest in the world. Let there be no political divisions. Endeavours will not be wanting to shake your fidelity to your duties. I depend on you to repel all such perfidious instigations. Let the respect for property, the maintenance of order, and, above all, the love of France, animate every bosom."

As Napoleon uttered these words, his voice trembled with emotion, and many of his auditors were affected even to tears. At an early hour he withdrew, saying to those near him, "Farewell, gentlemen; we shall perhaps meet again."

At three o'clock in the morning of the 25th of January, Napoleon, after having burned all his private papers, and embraced his wife and his son for the last time, left the Tuileries to join the army. He never saw either wife or child again.

The Allies had now crossed the Rhine, and were sweeping all opposition before them. They issued the atrocious proclamation that every French peasant who should be taken with arms in his hands, endeavouring to defend his country, should be shot as a brigand, and that every village and town which offered any resistance should be burned to the ground. Even Mr. Lockhart exclaims, "This, assuredly, was a flagrant out against the most sacred and inalienable right

Napoleon drove rapidly in his carriage about one hundred miles east of Paris, to Vitry and St. Dizier. Here, at the head of a few thousand soldiers, he encountered the leading Cossacks of Blücher's army. He immediately fell upon them, and routed them entirely. Being informed that Blücher had a powerful army near Troyes, about fifty miles south of Vitry, Napoleon marched all the next day through wild forest roads, and in a drenching rain, to surprise the unsuspecting and self-confident foe. The ground was covered with snow, and the wheels of the cannon were with the utmost difficulty dragged through the deep quagmires. But intense enthusiasm inspired the soldiers of Napoleon, and the inhabitants of the country through which they passed gave the most affecting demonstrations of their gratitude and their love. "The humblest cabins," says Lamartine, "gave up their little stores, with cordial hospitality, to warm and nourish these last defenders of the soil of France." Napoleon, in the midst of a column of troops, marched frequently on foot, occasionally entering a peasant's hut to examine his maps, or to catch a moment's sleep by the fire on the cottage hearth.

About noon on the 29th, with but twenty thousand men, he encountered sixty thousand Prussians, commanded by Blücher, formidably posted in the castle and upon the eminences of Brienne. Napoleon gazed for a moment upon these familiar scenes, hallowed by the reminiscences of childhood, and ordered an immediate assault, without allowing his troops a moment to dry their soaked garments. Before that day's sun went down behind the frozen hills, the snow was crimsoned with the blood of ten thousand of the Allies, and Blücher was retreating to effect a junction with Schwarzenberg at Bar-sur-Aube, some few miles distant.

As Napoleon was slowly returning to his quarters after the action, indulging in melancholy thought, a squadron of Russian artillery, hearing the footfalls of his feeble escort, made a sudden charge in the dark. Napoleon was assailed, at the same moment, by two dragoons. General Corbineau threw himself upon one of the Cossacks, while General Gourgaud shot down the other. The escort, who were but a few steps behind, immediately charged, and rescued the Emperor. Napoleon had lost in the conflict at Brienne five or six thousand men in killed and wounded.

The next day, Blücher and Schwarzenberg, having effected a junction, marched with a hundred and fifty thousand men to attack Napoleon at Rothierre, nine miles from Brienne. Prince Schwarzenberg sent a confidential officer to Blücher to inquire respecting the plan of attack. He abruptly replied,

"We must march to Paris. Napoleon has been in all the capitals of Europe. We must make him descend from a throne which it would have been well for us all that he had never mounted. We shall have no repose till we pull him down."

bled at Rothierre forty thousand troops. The French, desperately struggling against such fearful odds, maintained their position during the day. As a gloomy winter's night again darkened the scene, Napoleon retreated to Troyes, leaving six thousand of his valiant band, in every hideous form of mutilation, upon the frozen ground. Alexander and Frederick William, from one of the neighbouring heights, witnessed, with unbounded exultation, this triumph of their arms.

Blücher, though a desperate fighter, was, in his private character, one of the most degraded of bacchanals and debauchees. "The day after the battle," says Sir Archibald Alison, "the sovereigns, ambassadors, and principal generals supped together, and Blücher, striking off, in his eagerness, the necks of the bottles of champagne with his knife, quaffed off copious and repeated libations to the toast, drunk with enthusiasm by all present, 'To Paris!'"

Napoleon was now in a state of most painful perplexity. His enemies, in bodies vastly outnumbering any forces he could raise, were marching upon Paris from all directions. A movement towards the north only opened an unobstructed highway to his capital from the east and the south. Tidings of disaster were continually reaching his ears. A conference was still being carried on between Napoleon and the Allies in reference to peace. Napoleon wrote to Caulaincourt to agree to any reasonable terms "which would save the capital and avoid a final battle, which would swallow up the last forces of the kingdom."

The Allies, however, had no desire for peace. They wished only to create the impression that Napoleon was the one who refused to sheathe the sword. Consequently, they presented only such terms as Napoleon could not, without dishonour, accept. On receiving, at this time, one of those merciless despatches, requiring that he should surrender all the territory which France had acquired since his accession to the throne, Napoleon was plunged into an agony of perplexity. Such a concession would dishonour him in the eyes of France and of Europe. It would leave France weakened and defenceless—exposed not only to insult, but to successful invasion from the powerful and banded enemies who surrounded the republican Empire. Napoleon shut himself up for hours, pondering the terrible crisis. Ruin was coming like an avalanche upon him and upon France. The generals of the army urged him to submit to the dire necessity. With reluctance Napoleon transmitted these inexorable conditions of the Allies to his privy-council at Paris. All but one voted for accepting them. His brother Joseph wrote to him:

"Yield to events. Preserve what may yet be preserved. Save your life, precious to millions of men. There is no dishonour in yielding to and accepting peace. There would be abandoning the throne, because you thus abandon a crowd of men who have themselves to you. Make peace at any

Thus urged and overwhelmed, Napoleon at last, with extreme anguish, gave Caulaincourt permission to sign any treaty which he thought necessary to save the capital. His consent was given in a singularly characteristic manner. Calmly taking from a shelf a volume of the works of Montesquieu, he read aloud the follow-

"I know nothing more magnanimous than a resolution which a monarch took, who has reigned in our times, to bury himself under the ruins of his throne, rather than accept conditions unworthy of a king. He had a mind too lofty to descend lower than his fortunes had sunk him. He knew well that courage may strengthen a crown, but infamy never."

In silence he closed the book. He was still entreated to yield to the humiliating concessions. It was represented that nothing could be more magnanimous than to sacrifice even his glory to the safety of the State, which would fall with him. The Emperor, after a moment's pause, replied—

"Well, be it so. Let Caulaincourt sign whatever is necessary to procure peace. I will bear the shame of it, but I will not dictate my own disgrace."

But to make peace with the republican Emperor was the last thing in the thoughts of these banded kings. When they found that Napoleon was ready to accede to their cruel terms, they immediately abandoned them for other and still more exorbitant demands. Napoleon had consented to surrender all the territory which France had acquired since his accession to power.

The Allies now demanded that Napoleon should cut down France to the limits it possessed before the Revolution. The proposition was a gross insult. Napoleon nobly resolved to perish rather than yield to such dishonour.

"What!" he exclaimed, as he indignantly held up these propositions, "do they require that I should sign such a treaty as this, and that I should trample upon the oath I have taken, to detach nothing from the soil of the Empire? Unheard-of reverses may force from me a promise to renounce my own conquests, but that I should also abandon the conquests made before me—that, as a reward for so many efforts, so much blood, such brilliant victories, I should leave France smaller than I found her! Never! Can I do so without deserving to be branded as a traitor and a coward?"

"You are alarmed at the continuance of the war, but I am fearful of more certain dangers which you do not see. If we renounce the boundary of the Rhine, France not only recedes, but Austria and Prussia advance. France stands in need of peace; but the peace which the Allies wish to impose on her would subject her to greater evils than the most sanguinary war. What would the French people think of me if I were to sign their humiliation? What could I say to the republicans of the Senate, when they demanded the barriers of the Rhine? Heaven preserve me from such degradation! Despatch an answer to Caulaincourt, and tell him that I

reject the treaty. I would rather incur the risks of the most terrible war." This spirit his foes have stigmatised as insatiable ambition and the love of carnage.

The exultant Allies, now confident of the ruin of their victim, urged their armies onward to overwhelm with numbers the diminished bands still valiantly defending the independence of France. Napoleon, with forty thousand men, retreated some sixty miles down the valley of the Seine to Nogent. Schwartzberg, with two hundred thousand Austrians, took possession of Troyes, about seventy five miles above Nogent. With these resistless numbers he intended to follow the valley of the river to Paris, driving the Emperor before him.

Fifty miles north of the river Seine lies the valley of the Marne. The two streams unite near Paris. Blücher, with an army of about seventy thousand Russians and Prussians, was rapidly marching upon the metropolis, down the banks of the Marne, where there was no force to oppose him. The situation of Napoleon seemed now quite desperate. Wellington, with a vast army, was marching from the south. Bernadotte was leading uncounted legions from the south. Blücher and Schwartzberg, with their several armies, were crowding upon Paris from the east; and the enormous navy of England had swept French commerce from all seas, and was bombarding every defenceless city of France. The counsellors of the Emperor were in despair. They urged him, from absolute necessity, to accede to any terms which the Allies might extort.

The firmness which Napoleon displayed under these trying circumstances soars into sublimity. To their entreaties that he would yield to dishonour, he calmly replied—

"No! no! we must think of other things just now. I am on the eve of beating Blücher. He is advancing on the road to Paris. I am about to set off to attack him. I will beat him to-morrow. I will beat him the day after to-morrow. If that movement is attended with the success it deserves, the face of affairs will be entirely changed. Then we shall see what is to be done."

Napoleon had formed one of those extraordinary plans which so often, during his career, had changed apparent ruin into the most triumphant success. Leaving ten thousand men at Nogent to retard the advance of the two hundred thousand Austrians, he hastened, with the remaining thirty thousand troops, by forced marches, across the country to the valley of the Marne. It was his intention to fall suddenly upon the flank of Blücher's self-confident and unsuspecting army.

The toil of the wintry march, through miry roads, and through storms of sleet and rain, was so exhausting, that he had but twenty-five thousand men to form in line of battle when he encountered the enemy. It was early in the morning of the 10th of February, as the sun brilliantly over the snow-covered hills, when

the French soldiers burst upon the Russians, who were quietly preparing the break! The victory was most brilliant. Napoleon pierced the centre of the multitudinous foe, then turned upon one wing and then upon the other, and proudly scattered the fragments of the army before him. But he had no reserves with which to profit by this extraordinary victory. His weary troops could not pursue the fugitives.

The next day Blücher, by rapidly bringing forward reinforcements, succeeded in collecting sixty thousand men, and fell with terrible fury upon the little band who were gathered around Napoleon. A still more sanguinary battle ensued, in which the Emperor was again, and still more signally, triumphant. These brilliant achievements elated the French soldiers beyond measure. They felt that nothing could withstand the genius of the Emperor, and even Napoleon began to hope that Fortune would again smile upon him. From the field of battle he wrote a hurried line to Caulaincourt, who was his plenipotentiary at Châtillon, where the Allies had opened their pretended negotiations. "I have conquered," he wrote; "your attitude must be the same for peace. But sign nothing without my order, because I alone know my position."

While Napoleon was thus cutting up the army of Blücher on the Marne, a singular scene was transpiring in Troyes. The Royalists there, encouraged by Napoleon's apparently hopeless defeat, resolved to make a vigorous movement for the restoration of the Bourbons. A deputation, consisting of the Marquis de Vidranges and the Chevalier de Goualt, accompanied by five or six of the inhabitants, with the white cockade of the fallen dynasty upon their breasts, treasonably called upon the Emperor Alexander, and said—

"We entreat your Majesty, in the name of all the respectable inhabitants of Troyes, to accept with favour the wish which we form for the re-establishment of the royal house of Bourbon on the throne of France."

But Alexander, apprehensive that the genius of Napoleon might still retrieve his fallen fortunes, cautiously replied—

"Gentlemen, I receive you with pleasure. I wish well to your cause, but I fear your proceedings are rather premature. The chances of war are uncertain, and I should be grieved to see brave men like you compromised or sacrificed. We do not come ourselves to give a king to France. We desire to know its wishes, and to leave it to declare itself."

"But it will never declare itself," M. de Goualt replied, "as long as it is under the knife. Never, so long as Bonaparte shall be in authority in France, will Europe be tranquil."

"It is for that very reason," replied Alexander, "that the first thing we must think of is to beat him—to beat him—to beat him."

The Royalist deputation retired, encouraged with the thought that, from prudential considerations, their cause was adjourned, but only for a few days. At the same time, the Marquis de Vitrolles, one of the most devoted of the Bour-

bon, arrived at the head-quarters of the Allies with a message from the Royalist conspirators in Paris, entreating the monarchs to advance as rapidly as possible to the capital. A baser act of treachery has seldom been recorded. These very men had been rescued from penny and exile by the generosity of Napoleon. He had pardoned their hostility to republican France—had sheltered them from insult and from injury, and, with a warm sympathy for their woes, which Napoleon neither caused nor could have averted, had received them under the protection of the imperial regime.

In ten days Napoleon had gained five victories. The inundating wave of invasion was still rolling steadily on towards Paris. The activity and energy of Napoleon surpassed all which mortal man had ever attempted before. In a day and night march of thirty hours he hurried back to the banks of the Seine. The Austrians, now three hundred thousand strong, were approaching Fontainebleau. Sixty miles south-east of Paris, at the confluence of the Seine and the Yonne, is situated, in a landscape of remarkable beauty, the little town of Monterauc.

Here Napoleon, having collected around him forty thousand men, presented a bold front to arrest the further progress of the Allies. An awful battle now ensued. Napoleon, in the eagerness of the conflict, as the projectiles from the Austrian batteries ploughed the ground around him, and his artillerymen fell dead at his feet, leaped from his horse, and with his own hand directed a gun against the masses of the enemy. As the balls from the hostile batteries tore through the French ranks, strewing the ground with the wounded and the dead, the cannoniers entreated the Emperor to retire to a place of safety. With a serene eye, he looked around upon the storm of iron and of lead, and, smiling, said, "Courage, my friends; the ball which is to kill me is not yet cast." The bloody combat terminated with the night. Napoleon was the undisputed victor.

The whole allied army, confounded by such unexpected disasters, precipitately retreated, and began to fear that no numbers could triumph over Napoleon. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, bewildered by such unanticipated blows, were at a loss what orders to issue. Napoleon, with but forty thousand men, pursued the retreating army, one hundred thousand strong, up the valley of the Seine, till they took refuge in the village of Chaumont, about a hundred and sixty miles from the field of battle.

"In one of the charges which took place at the bridge of Monterauc, a bomb literally entered the chest of General Pajoll's charger, and burst in the stomach of the poor animal, sending its rider a considerable height into the air. General Pajoll fell, dreadfully; but almost miraculously escaped mortal injury. When this singular occurrence was mentioned to the Emperor, he said to the general that nothing but the interposition of Providence could have preserved his life."

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"My heart is relieved," said Napoleon joyfully, as he beheld the flight of the Allies. "I have saved the capital of my Empire." Amazing as were these achievements, they only postponed the day of ruin. The defeat of one or two hundred thousand, from armies numbering a million of men, with another army of a million held in reserve to fill up the gaps caused by the casualties of war, could be of little avail.

In the midst of these terrific scenes Napoleon almost daily corresponded with Josephine, whom he still loved as he loved no one else. On one occasion, when the movements of battle brought him not far from her residence, he turned aside from the army, and sought a hurried interview with his most faithful friend. It was their last meeting. At the close of the short and melancholy visit, Napoleon took her hand, and, gazing tenderly upon her, said—

"Josephine, I have been as fortunate as ever man upon the face of this earth. But in this hour, when a storm is gathering over my head, I have not, in this wide world, any one but you upon whom I can repose."

His letters, written amid all the turmoil of the camp, though exceedingly brief, were more confiding and affectionate than ever, and, no matter in what business he was engaged, a courier from Josephine immediately arrested his attention, and a line from her was torn open with the utmost eagerness. His last letter to her was written in the vicinity of Brienne, after a desperate engagement against overwhelming numbers. It concluded in the following affecting words:

"On beholding these scenes, where I had passed my boyhood, and comparing my peaceful condition then with the agitation and terrors which I now experience, I several times said in my own mind, 'I have sought to meet death in many conflicts. I can no longer fear it. To me, death would now be a blessing. But I would once more see Josephine.'"

There was an incessant battle raging for a circuit of many miles round the metropolis. All the hospitals were filled with the wounded and the dying. Josephine and her ladies were employed at Malmaison in scraping lint and forming bandages for the suffering victims of war. At last it became dangerous for Josephine to remain any longer at Malmaison, as bands of barbarian soldiers, with rapine and violence, were wandering all over the country. One stormy morning, when the rain was falling in floods, she took her carriage for the more distant retreat of Navarre. She had travelled about thirty miles when some horsemen appeared in the distance, rapidly advancing. She heard the cry of "The Cossacks! the Cossacks!" In her terror she leaped from her carriage, and, in the drenching rain, fled across the fields. The attendants soon discovered that they were French dragoons, and the unhappy Empress was recalled. She again entered her carriage, and proceeded the rest of the way without mole-

stion. We will record but one, as 11 of hundreds which might be narrated. In the midst of a bloody skirmish, Lord Londonderry saw a young and beautiful French lady, the wife of a colonel, seized from a calèche by three semi-barbarian Russian soldiers, who were hurrying into the woods with their frantic and shrieking victim. With a small band of soldiers he succeeded in rescuing her. The confusion and peril of the battle still continuing, he ordered a dragoon to conduct her to his own quarters till she could be provided with suitable protection. The dragoon took the lady, fainting with terror, upon his horse behind him, when another ruffian band of Cossacks struck him dead from his steed, and seized again the unhappy victim. She was never heard of more. And yet every heart must know her awful doom.

The Allies, in consternation, held a council of war. Great despondency prevailed. "The Grand Army," said the Austrian officers, "has lost half its numbers by the sword, disease, and wet weather. The country we are now in is ruined. The sources of our supplies are dried up. All around us the inhabitants are ready to raise the standard of insurrection. It has become indispensable for us to secure a retreat to Germany and wait for reinforcements."

These views were adopted by the majority. The retreat was continued in great confusion, and Count Lichtenstein was despatched to the headquarters of Napoleon to solicit an armistice. Napoleon received the envoy in the hut of a peasant, where he had stopped to pass the night. Prince Lichtenstein, as he called the armistice, presented Napoleon with a private note from the Emperor Francis. This letter was written in a conciliatory and almost apologetic spirit, admitting that the plans of the Allies had been most effectually frustrated, and that, in the rapidity and force of the strokes which had been given, the Emperor of Austria recognised anew the resplendent genius of his son-in-law. Napoleon, according to his custom on such occasions, entered into a perfectly frank and unreserved conversation with the Prince. He inquired of him if the Allies intended the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France?

"Is it a war against the throne," said he, "which you intend to carry on? The Count of Artois is with the Grand Army in Switzerland. The Duke of Angoulême is at the headquarters of the Duke of Wellington, from thence addressing proclamations to the southern portions of my Empire. Can I believe that my father-in-law, the Emperor Francis, is so blind or so unnatural as to project the dethronement of his own daughter and the disinheriting of his own grandson?"

The Prince assured Napoleon that the Allies had no such idea; that the residence of the Bourbon Princess with the allied armies was merely on sufferance, and that the Allies wished only for peace, not to destroy the Empire. Napoleon acceded to the proposal for an armistice. He appointed the city of Luniguy as the place

The scenes of woe which invariably accompany
h of mental armies no imagination can

for opening the conference. Three of the allied generals were deputed as commissioners, one each on the part of Austria, Russia, and Prussia. Hostilities, however, were not to be suspended till the terms of the armistice were agreed upon.

On the morning of the 24th Napoleon re-entered Troyes, the enemy having abandoned the town during the night. The masses of the people crowded around him with warm and heartfelt greetings. They thronged the streets through which he passed, strove to kiss his hand and even to touch his horse, and with loud acclamation hailed him as the saviour of his country. Napoleon immediately ordered the arrest of Vidranges and Goualt. The former had escaped and joined the Allies. The latter was arrested, tried by a court-martial, and condemned to be shot. Napoleon, conscious of the peril he encountered from the Royalist conspirators in every town, thought that he could not safely pardon so infamous an act of treason. The nobleman was left to his fate. At eleven o'clock at night he was led out to his execution. A large placard was suspended upon his breast, upon which were inscribed, in conspicuous letters, the words, "Traitor to his country." He died firmly, protesting to the last his devotion to the Bourbons.

Since the commencement of this brief campaign, Napoleon had performed the most brilliant achievements of his whole military career. It is the uncontradicted testimony of history that feats so extraordinary had never before been recorded in military annals. The Allies were astounded and bewildered. Merely to gain time to bring up their enormous reserves, they had proposed a truce, and now, to form a new plan, with which to plunge again upon their valiant foe, they held a council of war. The King of Prussia and the Emperors of Russia and Austria were present, and a strong delegation of determined men from the court of St. James. Lord Castlereagh was the prominent representative of the British government. The Allies, while intimating that they had not determined upon the dethronement of Napoleon, still advanced resolutely to that result.

"Lord Castlereagh," says Alison, "in conformity with the declared purpose of British diplomacy, ever since the commencement of the war, made no concealment of his opinions, either in or out of Parliament, that the best security for the peace of Europe would be found in the restoration of the dispossessed race of princes to the French throne; and 'the ancient race and the ancient territory' was often referred to by him, in private conversation, as offering the only combination which was likely to give lasting repose to the world."

When Napoleon was elected to the chair of the First Consul by the almost unanimous suffrages of France, he made overtures to England for peace. Lord Grenville returned an answer both hostile and grossly insulting, in which he said—

"The best and most natural pledge of the

abandonment by France of those schemes of ambition by which the very existence of society in the adjoining states has so long been menaced, would be the restoration of that line of princes which for so many centuries maintained the French nation in prosperity at home and consideration and respect abroad. Such an event would alone have removed, and will at any time remove, all obstacles in the way of negotiation or peace. It would confirm to France the unmolested enjoyment of its ancient territory, and it would give to all the other nations of Europe, in tranquillity and peace, that security which they are now compelled to seek by other means."

General Pozzo di Borgo was sent by Alexander on an embassy to the British government. The Count of Artois, afterwards Charles X., urged him to induce the Allies openly to avow their intentions to reinstate the Bourbons.

"My lord," General Borgo replied, "everything has its time. Let us not perplex matters. To sovereigns you should not present complicated questions. It is with no small difficulty that they have been kept united in the grand object of overthrowing Bonaparte. As soon as that is done, and the imperial rule destroyed, the question of dynasty will present itself, and then your illustrious house will spontaneously occur to the thoughts of all."

Lord Castlereagh, in a speech in Parliament on the 29th of June, 1814, said—

"Every pacification would be incomplete if you did not re-establish on the throne of France the ancient family of the Bourbons. Any peace with the man who had placed himself at the head of the French nation could have no other final result but to give Europe fresh subjects for alarms; it could be neither secure nor durable; nevertheless, it was impossible to refuse to negotiate with him when invested with power without doing violence to the opinion of Europe, and incurring the whole responsibility for the continuance of the war."

These proud despots were, indeed, committing a crime which was doing violence to the sense of justice of every unbiased mind. They were ashamed to acknowledge their intentions. While forcing, by the aid of two millions of bayonets, upon a nation exhausted by compulsory wars, a detested king, they had the boldness to declare that they had no intention to interfere with the independence of ———— When the indignant people again drove the Bourbons beyond the Rhine, again the invading armies of combined despotisms, crushing the sons of France beneath their artillery-wheels, conducted the hated dynasty to the throne. And England, liberty-loving England, polluted by her Tory government to this iniquitous work. Louis XVIII., encircled by the sabres of Wellington's dragoons, marched defiantly into the Tuileries. In the accomplishment of this crime, Europe was, for a quarter of a century, deluged in blood and shrouded in woe. And these conspirators

against popular rights, instead of doing justice to the patriotism and the heroism of Napoleon, who for twenty years nobly sustained the independence of his country against the incessant coalitions of the monarchs of Europe, have endeavoured to consign his name to infamy. But the world has changed. The people have now a voice in the decisions of history. They will reverse—they have already reversed—the verdict of despotisms. In the warm hearts of the people of all lands, the memory of Napoleon has found a congenial throne.

The Allies now decided to embarrass Napoleon by dividing their immense host into two armies. Blücher, taking the command of one, marched rapidly across the country to the Marne, to descend on both sides of that river to Paris. The other multitudinous host, under Schwarzenberg, having obtained abundant reinforcements, still trembling before the renown of Napoleon, were cautiously to descend the valley of the Seine. Napoleon, leaving ten thousand men at Troyes to obstruct the march of Schwarzenberg, took thirty thousand troops with him, and resolutely pursued Blücher. The Prussians, astonished at the vigour of the pursuit, and bleeding beneath the blows which Napoleon incessantly dealt on their rear-guard, retreated precipitately. The name of Napoleon was so terrible, that one hundred thousand Prussians fled in dismay before the little band of thirty thousand exhausted troops headed by the Emperor.

Blücher crossed the Marne, blew up the bridges behind him, and escaped some fifty miles north, in the vicinity of Laon. Napoleon reconstructed the bridges and followed on. By wonderful skill in manœuvring, he had placed Blücher in such a position that his destruction was inevitable, when suddenly Bernadotte came, with a powerful army, to the aid of his Prussian ally. Napoleon had now but about twenty-five thousand men with whom to encounter these two united armies of more than one hundred thousand. With the energies of despair he fell upon his foes. His little army was melted away and consumed before the terrific blaze of the hostile batteries. The battle was long and sanguinary. Contending against such fearful odds, courage was of no avail. The enemy, however, could do no more than hold their ground. Napoleon rallied around him his mutilated band, and retired to Rheims. The enemy dared not pursue him in his despair.

As soon as Schwarzenberg heard that Napoleon was in pursuit of Blücher, he commenced, with two hundred thousand men, his march upon Paris by the valley of the Seine. The Duke of Wellington was, at the same time, at Bordeaux, with his combined army of English, Portuguese, and Spaniards, moving, almost without opposition, upon the metropolis of France. The Duke of Angoulême was with the English army, calling upon the Royalists to rally beneath the unfurled banner of the Bourbons. Another army of the Allies had also crossed

the Alps from Switzerland, and far as Lyons. Wherever Napoleon looked, he saw but the march of triumphant armies of invasion. Despatches reached him with difficulty. He was often reduced to conjectures. His generals were disheartened; France was in dismay.

In the midst of these scenes of impending peril, Napoleon was urged to request Maria Louisa to interpose with her father in behalf of her husband.

"No," Napoleon promptly replied, with pride which all will respect; "the Archduchess has seen me at the summit of human power; it does not belong to me to tell her now that I am descended from it, and still less to beg of her to uphold me with her support."

Though he could not condescend to implore the aid of Maria Louisa, it is very evident that he hoped that she would anticipate his wishes, and secretly endeavour to disarm the hostility of the Emperor Francis. The Empress was with Napoleon when he received the intelligence that Austria would, in all probability, join the coalition. He turned affectionately towards her, took her hand, and said, in tones of sadness.

"Your father is then about to march anew against me. Now I am alone against all! yes, alone! absolutely alone!"

Maria Louisa burst into tears, arose, and left the apartment.

Napoleon now formed the bold resolve to fall upon the rear of Schwarzenberg's army, and cut off his communications with Germany and his supplies. With astonishing celerity, he crossed the country again from the Marne to the Seine, and Schwarzenberg, in dismay, heard the thunders of Napoleon's artillery in his rear. They turned and fled. Alexander, Francis, and Frederick William, mindful of Napoleon's former achievements, and dreading a snare, turned from Paris towards the Rhine, and put spurs to their horses. The enormous masses of the retreating Allies unexpectedly encountered Napoleon at Arcis-sur-Aube. A sanguinary battle ensued.

"Napoleon," says Lamartine, "fought at hazard, without any other plan, and with the resolution to conquer or die. He renewed in this action the miracles of bravery and *sang-froid* of Lodi and of Rivoli; and his youngest soldiers blushed at the idea of deserting a chief who hazarded his own life with such invincible courage. He was repeatedly seen spurring his horse to a gallop against the enemy's cannon, and reappearing, as if inaccessible to death, after the smoke had evaporated. A live shell having fallen in front of one of his young battalions, which recoiled and wavered in expectation of an explosion, Napoleon, to reassure them, spurred his charger towards the instrument of destruction, made him smell the burning match, waited unshaken for the explosion, and was blown up. Rolling in the dust with his mutilated steed, and rising without a wound, amid the plaudits of his soldiers, he calmly called

for another horse, and continued to brave the grape-shot, and to fly into the thickest of the battle."

During the heat of the conflict, a division of Russians, six thousand strong, preceded by an immense body of Cossacks, with wild hurrahs, broke through the feeble lines of the French. The smoke of their guns, and the clouds of dust raised by their horses' hoofs, enveloped them in impenetrable obscurity. Napoleon, from a distance, with his eagle glance, perceived the approach of this whirlwind of battle. Putting spurs to his horse, he galloped to the spot. He here encountered crowds of soldiers, some of them wounded and bleeding, flying in dismay. It was a scene of awful tumult. At that moment an officer, bareheaded and covered with blood, galloped to meet the Emperor, exclaiming—

"Sire, the Cossacks, supported by an immense body of cavalry, have broken our ranks, and are driving us back."

The Emperor rushed into the midst of the fugitives, and, raising himself in his stirrups, shouted, in a voice that rang above the uproar of the battle,

"Soldiers, rally! Will you fly when I am here? Close your ranks! Forward!"

At that well-known and dearly-beloved voice, the flying troops immediately re-formed. Napoleon placed himself at their head, and, sword in hand, plunged into the midst of the Cossack. With a shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" the men followed him. The Cossacks were driven back with enormous slaughter. Thus one thousand men, headed by the Emperor, arrested and drove back six thousand of their foes. The Emperor then tranquilly returned to his post, and continued to direct the dreadful storm of war. During every hour of this conflict the masses of the Allies were accumulating. Night at length darkened over the dreadful scene, and the feeble bands of the French army retired into the town of Arcis. The Allies, alarmed by this bold march of Napoleon towards the Rhine, now concentrated their innumerable forces on the plains of Châlons. Even Blücher and Bernadotte came back to join them.

Soon after the battle of Arcis, the Austrians intercepted a French courier, who had, with other despatches, the following private letter from Napoleon to Maria Louisa:—

"My Love,—I have been for some days on horseback. On the 20th I took Arcis-sur-Aube. The enemy attacked me there at eight o'clock in the evening; I beat him the same evening; I took two guns and retook two. The next day the enemy's army put itself in battle array to protect the march of its columns on Brienne and Bar-sur-Aube, and I resolved to approach the Marne and its environs, in order to drive them farther from Paris by approaching my own fortified places. This evening I shall be at St. Dizier. Farewell, my love! Embrace
P"

Another council of war was held by the Allies. The dread of Napoleon was so great, that many argued the necessity of falling back upon the Rhine, to prevent Napoleon from entering Germany, and relieving his garrisons which were blockaded there. Others urged the bolder counsel of marching directly upon Paris. Napoleon was now at Arcis. The Allies were thirty miles north of him, at Châlons, on the banks of the Marne. On the 25th of March, the Allies, united in one resistless body, advanced once more towards Paris, thronging, with their vast array, all the roads which follow the valley of the Marne. Napoleon was about two hundred miles from Paris. He hoped, by doubling his speed, to descend the valley of the Seine, and to arrive at the metropolis almost as soon as the Allies. There he had resolved to make his last and desperate stand.

As soon as Napoleon learned that the combined army were marching vigorously upon Paris, he exclaimed—

"I will be in the city before them. Nothing but a thunderbolt can now save us."

Orders were immediately given for the army to be put in motion. The Emperor passed the whole night shut up in his cabinet, perusing his maps.

"This," says *his*, "was another cruel night. Not a word was uttered. Deep sighs sometimes escaped his oppressed breast. He seemed as if he had lost the power of ing. Good heaven! how much he suffered!"

His brother was then in command of the city. Napoleon despatched courier after courier, entreating him, in the most earnest tones, to rouse the populace, to arm the students, and to hold out until his arrival. He assured him that, if he would keep the enemy in check but for two days at the longest, he would arrive, and would yet compel the Allies to accept reasonable terms.

"If the enemy," said he, "advance upon in such force as to render all resistance vain, send off, in the direction of the Loire, his Empress-Regent, my son, the grand dignitaries, the ministers, and the great officers of the crown, and of the treasury. Do not quit my *bon*. Recollect that I would rather see him in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France. The fate of Aetnanax, prisoner of the Greeks, has always appeared to me the most unhappy fate recorded in history."

Napoleon, at Arcis, was four marches further distant from Paris than were the Allies at Châlons. It was a singular spectacle which the two armies now presented. The Allies, numbering some three hundred thousand, were rushing down the valley of the Marne. The war-wasted army of Napoleon, now dwindled to thirty thousand men, with bleeding feet, and tattered and unhealed wounds, were hurrying down the parallel valley of the Seine. The miry roads, just melting from the frosts of winter, and cut up by the ponderous engines of war, were wretched in the ext
idians with

adoring their Emperor, who marched on foot in their midst, sharing their perils and their toils, — animated by the indomitable energies of his own spirit.

Throwing aside everything which retarded their speed, they marched nearly fifty miles a day. Napoleon, before leaving Arcis, with characteristic humanity, sent two thousand francs from his private purse to the Sisters of Charity, to aid and relieve the wants of the sick and wounded. At midnight on the 29th of March, the French army arrived at Troyes. In the early dawn of the next morning, Napoleon was again upon the march at the head of his Guard. Having advanced some fifteen miles, his impatience became so insupportable, that he threw himself into a light carriage which chance presented, and proceeded rapidly to Sens. The night was cold, dark, and dismal as he entered the town. He immediately assembled the magistrates, and ordered them to have refreshments ready for his army upon its arrival. Then mounting a horse, he galloped through the long hours of a dark night along the road towards Fontainebleau.

Dreadful was the scene which was then occurring in Paris. The allied army had already approached within cannon-shot of the city. Mortier and Marmont made a desperate but an unavailing resistance. At last, with ammunition entirely exhausted, and with their ranks almost cut to pieces by the awful onslaught, they were driven back into the streets of the city. Marmont, with his sword broken, his hat and clothes pierced with balls, his features blackened with smoke, disputed, step by step, the advance of the enemy into the suburbs. With but eight thousand infantry and eight hundred cavalry, he held at bay, for twelve hours, fifty-five thousand of the Allies. In this dreadful conflict the enemy lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, fourteen thousand men. The Empress, with the chief officers of the state, and with the ladies of her court, had fled to Blois. Her beautiful child, inheriting the spirit of his noble father, clung to the curtains of his apartments, refusing to leave.

"They are betraying my papa, and I will not go away," exclaimed the precocious child, who was never destined to see that beloved father again. "I do not wish to leave the palace. I do not wish to go away from it. When papa is absent, am I not master here?"

Nothing but the ascendancy of his governess, Madame Montesquien, could calm him, and she succeeded only by promising faithfully that he should be brought back again. His eyes were filled with tears as he was taken to the carriage. Maria Louisa was calm and resigned; but, pallid with fear, she took her departure, as she listened to the deep booming of the cannon which announced the sanguinary approach of her own father.

The batteries of the Allies were now planted upon Montmartre, and upon other heights which commanded the city, and the shells were falling

thickly in the streets of Paris. Joseph, deeming further resistance unavailing, ordered a capitulation. Mortier, in the midst of a dreadful fire, wrote upon a drum-head the following lines to Schwartzemberg:—

"Prince, let us save a useless effusion of blood. I propose to you a suspension of arms for twenty-four hours, during which we will treat, in order to save Paris from the horrors of a siege; otherwise we will defend ourselves within its walls to the death."

Marshal Marmont, also, who was contending against Blücher, sent a similar proposition to the Allies. But the fire was so dreadful, and the confusion so great, that seven times the officers who attempted, with flags of truce, to pass over to the hostile camp, were shot down, with their horses, on the plain. During this scene, Marmont slowly retreated, with one arm severely wounded, the hand of the other shattered by a bullet, and having had five horses killed under him during the action.

In the gloomy hours of the night, when Napoleon was galloping along the solitary road, the allied monarchs were congratulating themselves upon their astonishing victory. Napoleon had avoided Fontainebleau, lest he should encounter there some detachments of the army. The night was intensely cold; gloomy clouds darkened the sky, and Napoleon encountered no one on the deserted roads who could give him any information respecting the capital. Far away in the distance the horizon blazed with the bivouac fires of his foes. The clock on the tower of the church was tolling the hour of twelve as he entered the village of La Cour. Through the gloom, in the wide street, he saw groups of disbanded soldiers marching towards Fontainebleau. Riding into the midst of them, he exclaimed, with astonishment—

"How is this? Why are not these soldiers marching to Paris?"

General Belliard, one of Napoleon's most devoted friends, from behind a door recognising the voice of the Emperor, immediately came forward and said—

Paris has capitulated. The enemy enters to-morrow, two hours after sunrise. These troops are the remains of the armies of Marmont and Mortier, falling back on Fontainebleau to join the Emperor's army at Troyes."

The Emperor seemed stunned by the blow. For a moment there was dead silence. The cold drops of agony oozed from his brow. Then, with rapid step, he walked backwards and forwards on the rugged pavement in front of the hotel, hesitating, ~~and~~ retracing his steps, bewildered with the enormity of his woe. He then, in rapid interrogatories, without waiting for any answer, as if speaking only to himself, exclaimed—

"Where is my wife? Where is my son? Where is the army? What has become of the National Guard of Paris, and of the battalions they were to have fought to the last man under its

walls? And the Marshals Mortier and Marmont, where shall I find them again?"

After a moment's pause, he continued, with impatient voice and gesture—

"The night is still mine. The enemy only enters at daybreak. My carriage! my carriage! Let us go this instant! Let us get before Blücher and Schwartzberg! Let Belliard follow me with the cavalry! Let us fight even in the streets and squares of Paris! My presence, my name, the courage of my troops, the necessity of following me or of dying, will arouse Paris. My army, which is following me, will arrive in the midst of the struggle. It will take the enemy in rear, while we are fighting them in front. Come on! Success awaits me, perhaps, in my last reverse!"

General Belliard then acknowledged to him that, by the terms of the capitulation, the army of Paris was bound to fall back upon Fontainebleau. For a moment Napoleon was again silent, and then exclaimed—

"To surrender the capital to the enemy! What cowards! Joseph ran off, too! My very brother! And so they have capitulated! betrayed their brother, their country, their sovereign; degraded France in the eyes of Europe! Entered into a capital of eight hundred thousand souls without firing a shot! It is too dreadful. What has been done with the artillery? They should have had two hundred pieces, and ammunition for a month. And yet they had only a battery of six pieces, and an empty magazine on Montmartre. When I am not there, they do nothing but heap blunder upon blunder."

A group of officers successively arriving now closed sadly around their Emperor. Napoleon became more calm as he interrogated them, one by one, and listened to the details of the irremediable disaster. Then, taking Caulaincourt aside, he directed him to ride with the utmost speed to the head-quarters of the Allies.

"See," said he, "if I have yet time to interpose in the treaty, which is signing already, perhaps, without me and against me. I give you full powers. Do not lose an instant. I await you here."

Caulaincourt mounted his horse and disappeared. Napoleon then, followed by Belliard and Berthier, entered the hotel.

Caulaincourt speedily arrived at the advanced posts of the enemy. He gave his name and demanded a passage. The sentinels, however, refused to allow him to enter the lines. After an absence of two hours Caulaincourt returned to the Emperor. They conversed together for a few minutes, during which Napoleon, though calm, seemed plunged into the profoundest grief, and Caulaincourt wept bitterly.

"My dear Caulaincourt," said Napoleon, "go again, and try to see the Emperor Alexander. You have full powers from me. I have now no hope but in you, Caulaincourt." Affectionately he extended his hand to his faithful friend.

Caulaincourt pressed it firmly to his lips, and said, "I go, sire; dead or alive, I will gain

entrance to Paris, and will speak to the Emperor Alexander."

As, several years after, Caulaincourt was relating these occurrences, he said, "My head is burning; I am feverish; should I live a hundred years, I can never forget these scenes. They are the fixed ideas of my sleepless nights. My reminiscences are frightful. They kill me. The repose of the tomb is sweet after such sufferings."

It was now past midnight. Caulaincourt mounted another horse, and galloped in the deep obscurity by another route to Paris. Napoleon also mounted his horse, and in silence and in sadness took the route to Fontainebleau. A group of officers, dejected, exhausted, and worn, followed in his train. At four o'clock in the morning he arrived at this ancient palace of the kings of France. Conscious of his fallen fortunes, he seemed to shrink from everything which could remind him of the grandeur of royalty. Passing by the state apartments which his glory had embellished, and to which his renown still attracts the footsteps of travellers from all lands, he entered, like a private citizen, into a small and obscure chamber in one angle of the castle. A window opened into a small garden shaded with funeral firs, which resembled the cemeteries of his native island. Here he threw himself upon a couch, and his noble heart throbbed with the pulsations of an almost unearthly agony, but he was calm and silent in his woe. The troops which had followed him from Troyes, and those which had retired from Paris, soon arrived, and were cantoned around him. They numbered about fifty thousand. Their devotion to the Emperor was never more enthusiastic, and they clamoured loudly to be led against the three hundred thousand Allies who were marching proudly into Paris.

CHAPTER LXL

THE ABDICATION.

The mission of Caulaincourt—The Allies enter Paris—Adventures of Caulaincourt—Interview with Alexander—Caulaincourt returns to Napoleon—Abdication in favour of the King of Rome—Defection of Marmont—Mission of Macdonald, Ney, and Caulaincourt to Paris—The Allies demand unconditional abdication—The Abbé de Pradt—Speech of Pezzo di Borgo; of Talleyrand—Interview between Caulaincourt and Napoleon—The unconditional abdication—Libel of Teaubriand—Comments of Dr. Channing.

Napoleon, before the dawn of the mid morning of the 1st of April

, ... faithful ambassador, Caulaincourt, galloping once more towards Paris. The deep obscurity of the night was partially mitigated by the fires of the bivouacs, which glimmered in a vast semicircle, around the city. The which Caulaincourt traversed was and fugitives,

before the triumphant army of the invaders. He was often recognised, and groups collected around him, inquiring, with the most affectionate anxiety—

“Where is the Emperor? We fought for him till night came on. If he lives, let him but appear. Let us know his wishes. Let him lead us back to Paris. The enemy shall never enter its walls but over the dead body of the last French soldier. If he is dead, let us know it, and lead us against the enemy. We will avenge his fall.”

Universal enthusiasm and devotion inspired the troops, who, he it remembered, were the people; for the conscription to which France had been compelled to resort by the unrelenting assaults of its foes had gathered recruits from all the villages of the Empire. The veterans of Marengo, of Austerlitz, and of Friedland had perished beneath the snows of Russia, or in the awful carnage of Leipsic. The youthful soldiers, who now surrounded Napoleon with deathless affection, were fresh from the workshops, the farm-houses, and the saloons of France. They were inspired by that love for the Emperor which they had imbibed at the parental hearth. These faithful followers of the people's devoted friend, war-worn and haggard, with shrivelled lips, and bleeding wounds, and tattered garments, and shoes worn from their feet, were seated by the roadside, or wading through the mud, eager only to meet once more their beloved Emperor. Whenever Caulaincourt told them that Napoleon was alive, and was waiting for them at Fontainebleau, with hoarse and weakened voices they shouted “Vive l'Empereur!” and hastened on to rejoin him. Truly does Napier say, “The troops idolized Napoleon. Well they might. And to assert that their attachment commenced only when they became soldiers, is to acknowledge that his excellent qualities and greatness of mind turned hatred into devotion the moment he was approached. But Napoleon was never hated by the people of France; he was their own creation, and they loved him as never monarch was loved before.”

As Caulaincourt drew near the city, he found it encircled by the encampments of the Allies. At whatever post he made his appearance, he was sternly repulsed. Orders had been given that no messenger from Napoleon should be permitted to approach the head-quarters of the hostile Sovereigns. At length the morning gloomily dawned, and a shout of exultation and joy ascended from the bivouacs of the Allies, which covered all the hills. With the roar of artillery, and with gleaming banners, and clarion peals of martial music, three hundred thousand men, the advance-guard of a million of invaders, marched into the humiliated streets of Paris. The masses of the people, dejected, looked on in sullen silence. They saw the Bourbon Princes, protected by the bayonets of foreigners, coming to resume their sway. The Royalists did everything in their power to get up some semblance of rejoicing in view of this spectacle of national

humiliation. The emissaries of the ancient nobility shouted lustily “Vive le Roi!” The wives and daughters of the Bourbon partisans rode through the streets in open carriages, scattering smiles on each side of the way, waving white flags, and tossing out to the listless spectators the white cockade of the Bourbons. “Still,” says M. Rochefoucauld, “the silence was most dismal.” The masses of the people witnessed the degradation of France with rage and despair.

As night approached, these enormous armies of foreign invaders, in numbers apparently countless, of every variety of language, lineage, and costume, swarmed through all the streets and gardens of the captured metropolis. The Cossacks, in aspect as wild and savage as the wolves, which howl through their native wastes, filled the Champs Elysées with their bivouac fires, and danced around them in barbarian orgies.

Alexander, who well knew the exalted character and the lofty purposes of Napoleon, was the only one of these banded kings who manifested any sympathy in his behalf. Though all the rest were ready to crush Napoleon utterly, and to compel the people to receive the Bourbons, he still hesitated. He doubted whether the nation would long submit to rulers thus forced upon them. “But a few days ago,” said he, “a column of five or six thousand new French troops suffered themselves to be cut to pieces before my eyes, when a single cry of ‘Vive le Roi!’ would have saved them.”

“And things will continue just so,” the Abbé de Pradt replied, “until Napoleon is put out of the way—even although he has at this moment a halter round his neck.” He alluded, in this last sentence, to the fact that the Bourbonists, protected from the rage of the populace by the sabres of foreigners, had placed ropes round the statue of Napoleon to drag it from the column in the Place Vendôme. A nation's love had placed it on that magnificent pedestal; a faction tore it down. The nation has replaced it, and there it will now stand for ever.

The efforts of the Royalist mob to drag the statue of the Emperor from the column were at this time unavailing. As they could not throw it down with their ropes, they covered the statue with a white sheet to conceal it from view. When Napoleon was afterwards informed of this fact, he simply remarked, “They did well to conceal from me the sight of their baseness.” Alexander, to protect the imperial monuments from destruction, issued a decree taking them under his care. “The monument in the Place Vendôme,” said he, “is under the especial safeguard of the magnanimity of the Emperor Alexander and his Allies. The statue on its summit will not remain there. It will immediately be taken down.”

During the whole of the day, while these interminable battalions were taking possession of Paris, Caulaincourt sought refuge in a farm house in the vicinity of the city. When the evening came, and the uproar of hostile

tion was dying away, he emerged from his retreat, and again resolutely endeavoured to penetrate the capital. Everywhere he was sternly repulsed. In despair, he slowly commenced retracing his steps towards Fontainebleau; but it so happened that, just at this time, he met the carriage of the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Emperor Alexander. The Grand Duke instantly recognised Caulaincourt, who had spent much time as an ambassador at St. Petersburg. He immediately took him into his carriage, and informed him frankly that Talleyrand, who had now abandoned the fallen fortunes of Napoleon, and had attached himself to the cause of the Bourbons, had inflexibly closed the cabinet of the Allies against every messenger of the Emperor. But Constantine was moved by the entreaties and the noble grief of Caulaincourt. He enveloped him in his own pelisse, and put on his head a Russian cap. Thus disguised, and surrounded by a guard of Cossacks, Caulaincourt, in the shades of the evening, entered the barriers.

The carriage drove directly to the palace of the Elysée. Constantine, requesting the duke to keep muffled up in his cap and cloak, alighted, carefully shut the door with his own hands, and gave strict orders to the servants to allow no one to approach the carriage. At this moment a neighbouring clock struck ten. The apartments of the palace were thronged and brilliantly lighted. The court-yard blazed with lamps. Carriages were continually arriving and departing. The neighing of horses, the loud talking and joking of the drivers, the wild hurrahs of the exultant foe in the distant streets and gardens, presented a festive scene sadly discordant with the anguish which tortured the bosom of Napoleon's faithful ambassador. The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Prince Schwartzberg, as representative of the Emperor of Austria, with others, were assembled within the palace in conference.

Hour after hour of the night passed away, and still the Grand Duke did not return. From his concealment Caulaincourt witnessed a vast concourse of diplomatists and generals of all nations, incessantly coming and going. Towards morning the Grand Duke again made his appearance. He informed Caulaincourt that, with great difficulty, he had obtained the consent of Alexander to grant him a private audience. Caulaincourt descended from the carriage, and, still enveloped in his Russian disguise, conducted by the Grand Duke, passed unrecognised through the brilliant saloons, which were crowded with the exultant enemies of his sovereign and friend.

Caulaincourt was a man of imposing figure, and endowed with great dignity and elegance of manners. The unaffected majesty of his presence commanded the deference even of those monarchs who stood upon the highest pinnacles of earthly power. He was received by Alexander with great courtesy and kindness, out with much privacy, in a private apartment. The Russian had formerly loved N

been forced by his nobles into acts of aggression against him; he had even been so much charmed with Napoleon's political principles as to be accused of the wish to introduce his ideas into Russia. They had called him contemptuously, the liberal Emperor. To sustain his position, he had found it necessary to yield to the pressure, and to join in the crusade against his old friend. In this hour of triumph, he was of all the confederates, manifested sympathy for their victim. The Emperor of Russia was also as Caulaincourt entered his cabinet. He was torn by a strong conflict between the nobility of his character and his desire to follow his own conduct.

Caulaincourt's attachment to Alexander was such that Napoleon occasionally had baited him with it. Caulaincourt considered the plausibility rather too severe when Napoleon, evidently himself somewhat piqued, sometimes, in allusion to these predilections, called the friend whose constancy he could not doubt, the Russian.

"My dear duke," said Alexander, clasping the hands of Caulaincourt warmly in his own, "I feel for you with all my heart. You may rely upon me as upon a brother. But what can I do?"

For me, sire, nothing," Caulaincourt replied;

"but for the Emperor, everything."

"This is just what I dreaded," resumed Alexander. "I must refuse and afflict you. I can do nothing for Napoleon. I am bound by my engagements with the allied sovereigns."

"But your Majesty's wish," replied Caulaincourt, "must have great weight. And if Austria should also interpose in behalf of France—for surely the Emperor Francis does not wish to dethrone his daughter and his grandson?—a may still be concluded which shall insure tranquillity."

"Austria, my dear duke," Alexander replied, "will second no proposition which leaves Napoleon on the throne of France. Francis will sacrifice all his personal affections for the repose of Europe. The allied sovereigns have resolved, irrevocably resolved, to be for ever done with the Emperor Napoleon. Any end this decision would be useless."

Caulaincourt was struck, as by lightning, with this declaration. The idea that the victor would proceed to such an extremity as the dethronement of Napoleon had not seriously entered his mind. It was a terrible crisis. Not a moment was to be lost. A few hours would settle everything. After a moment of reflection he said,

"Be it so; but is it just to include the King of Rome in this proscription? The son of Napoleon is surely not an object of fear to the Allies. A Regency—"

"We have thought of that," Alexander exclaimed, interrupting him. "But what shall we do with Napoleon? He will doubtless yield, for the moment, to necessity. But restless ambition will rouse all the energy of his character, and Europe will be once more in flames."

"I see," said Caulaincourt sadly, "the Emperor's ruin has been resolved upon."

"Whose fault is it?" eagerly resumed Alexander. "What have I not done to prevent these terrible extremities? In the imprudent sincerity of youth, I said to him, 'The Powers, wearied with insults, are forming alliances among themselves against your domination. One signature alone is wanting to the compact, and that is mine.' In reply, he declared war against me. Still, I cannot find in my heart any unkind feeling towards him. I wish his fate depended on me alone."

"Nobler of monarchs," said Caulaincourt, "I feel assured that I do not vainly invoke your support for so great a man in adversity. Be his defender, sire. That noble part is worthy of you."

"I wish to be so," Alexander replied; "on my honour, I wish it; but I cannot succeed. To restore the Bourbons is the wish of a very influential party here. With that family we should have no fear of a renewal of the war. We have no wish to impose the Bourbons on the French people. My declaration secures full liberty for France to choose a sovereign. I am assured that the French nation desires the Bourbons. The public voice recalls them."

"Sire, you are misinformed," Caulaincourt replied. "The Bourbons have nothing in common with France. The people feel no affection for that family. Time has consecrated the Revolution. The ungrateful men who now wish to get rid of the Emperor are not the nation. If the Allies respect the rights of France, an appeal to the majority of votes is the only means whereby they can prove that intention. Let registers be opened in all the municipalities. The Allies will then learn whether the Bourbons are preferred to Napoleon."

Alexander seemed impressed by these remarks. For nearly a quarter of an hour he walked to and fro in the room, absorbed in intense thought, during which time not a word was uttered. Then, turning to Caulaincourt, he remarked,

"My dear duke, I am struck with what you have said. Perhaps the method you suggest would be the best; but it would be attended with much delay, and circumstances hurry us on. We are urged, driven, tormented, to come to a decision. Moreover, a provisional government is already established. It is a real power around which ambition is rallying. It is long since the schemes for this state of things began to work. The allied sovereigns are constantly surrounded, flattered, pressed, and teased to decide in favour of the Bourbons; and they have serious personal injuries to avenge. The absence of the Emperor of Austria is a fatality. Were I to attempt anything in favour of Napoleon's son, I should be left alone. No one would second me. They have good reason, my dear friend," said he, taking Caulaincourt by the hand, "for making me promise not to see you. This warmth of heart, which renders you so distressed, is infectious. You have roused every generous feel-

ing within me. I will try. To-morrow, at the council, I will advert to the Regency. Every other proposition is impossible. So do not deceive yourself; and let us hope."

It was now four o'clock in the morning. The room in which this interesting interview took place was the bed-chamber of Napoleon when he inhabited the Elysée. A small room opened from it, which the Emperor had used as a study. Alexander conducted Caulaincourt into this cabinet as a safe retreat, and the ambassador threw himself upon a sofa in utter exhaustion. After a few hours of sleep, disturbed by frightful dreams, he awoke. It was eight o'clock in the morning. He heard persons passing in and out of the chamber of the Emperor of Russia. He stepped to a window, and looked through the curtains into the garden. It was filled with hostile troops, as were also the squares of the city. Tormented by the sight, he again threw himself upon the sofa, almost in a state of distraction.

The room remained just as it was when the Emperor last left it. The table was covered with maps of Russia, plans, and unfinished writing. Caulaincourt carefully arranged the books and maps, and tore all the papers and plans into a thousand bits, and buried them in the ashes of the fireplace. "The new occupants of the Elysée," said he, "might there have found matter for jests and for mortifying comparisons."

At eleven o'clock some one knocked at the door, and the Grand Duke Constantine entered. "Duke," said he to Caulaincourt, "the Emperor sends you his compliments. He was unable to see you before leaving the palace, but in the meantime we will breakfast together. I have given orders to have it prepared in Alexander's room. We will shut ourselves up there, and endeavour to pass the time till his return."

After breakfast, Caulaincourt, accompanied by Constantine, returned to the cabinet, where he remained in close concealment during the day. At six o'clock in the evening the Emperor of Russia again made his appearance. "My dear Caulaincourt," said he, "for your sake I have acted the diplomatist. I intrenched myself behind certain powerful considerations, which did not permit us to decide rashly on a matter so important as the choice of a sovereign. Finding myself safe on that ground, I then resumed the subject of the Regency. Hasten back to the Emperor Napoleon. Give him a faithful account of what has passed here, and return as quickly as possible with Napoleon's abdication in favour of his son."

"Sire," said Caulaincourt, earnestly, "what is to be done with the Emperor Napoleon?"

"I hope that you know me well enough," Alexander replied, "to be certain that I shall never suffer any insult to be offered to him. Whatever may be the decision, Napoleon shall be properly treated. Return to Fontainebleau as rapidly as possible. I have my reasons for you."

Shades of night had now darkened the
The Grand Duke Constantine descended

the stairs to make preparations for Caulaincourt's departure, for it was necessary that he should leave the city as he entered it, in disguise. He soon returned, and Caulaincourt, wrapped in his cloak, and favoured by the gloom of night, followed Constantine on foot through the dense grove of the garden of the Elysée into the Champs Elysées, where, at an appointed station, they found a carriage in waiting.

"Prince," said Caulaincourt, as he took leave of the Grand Duke at the door of the carriage, "I carry with me a recollection which neither time nor circumstances can efface. The service you have rendered me is one which must bind a man of honour for ever, unto death. In all places, in all circumstances, dispose of me, my fortune, and my life."

"Ill-informed persons," continues the duke, "who have contracted unjust prejudices against the Russian Sovereign, will tax me with partiality for Alexander and his family. But I speak in truth and sincerity, and I fulfil an obligation of honour in rendering them that justice which is their due. The base alone disallow benefactors and benefits. Eighteen leagues separated me from the Emperor, but I performed the journey in five hours. In proportion as I approached Fontainebleau I felt my courage fail. Heavens! what a message had I to bear! In the mission which I had just executed, I had experienced all the anguish which could be endured by pride and self-love. But in the present business my heart bled for the pain I was about to inflict on the Emperor, who rose in my affections in proportion as the clouds of misfortune gathered around him."

It was just midnight when Caulaincourt approached Fontainebleau. The environs were filled with troops who were bivouacking, impatient for battle. The forest of Fontainebleau and the whole surrounding region were illumined with the camp fires of fifty thousand men, who, in a state of intense excitement, were clamouring to be led to battle. As Caulaincourt approached the gate of the chateau, he was recognised. He was known as the firm friend of Napoleon, and was greeted with an enthusiastic shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" He entered the little cabinet where our narrative left Napoleon.

The Emperor was alone, seated at a table, writing. "Ten years seemed to have passed over his noble head," says Caulaincourt, "since last we parted. A slight compression of his lips gave to his countenance an expression of indescribable suffering."

"What has been done?" inquired Napoleon. "Have you seen the Emperor of Russia? What did he say?"

For a moment, Caulaincourt, overcome with anguish, was unable to speak. Napoleon took his hand, pressed it convulsively, and said—

"Speak, Caulaincourt, speak. I am prepared for everything."

"Sire," Caulaincourt replied, "I have seen the Emperor Alexander. I have passed twenty-four hours concealed in his apartments. He is not

your enemy. In him alone your cause has a supporter."

Napoleon shook his head, expressive of doubt but said—

"What is his wish? What do they intend?"

"Sire," Caulaincourt replied, in a voice almost unintelligible through emotion, "your Majesty is required to make great sacrifices—to surrender the crown of France to your son."

There was a moment's pause, and then, in accents "terribly impressive," Napoleon rejoined—

"That is to say, they will not treat with me. They mean to drive me from my throne which I conquered by my sword. They wish to make a Helot of me an object of derision, destined to serve as an example to those who, by the sole ascendancy of genius and superiority of talent, command men, and make legitimate monarchs tremble on their worm-eaten thrones. And is it you, Caulaincourt, who are charged with such a mission to me?"

For a moment the Emperor paced the floor in great agitation, then threw himself, exhausted, into a chair, and buried his face in his hands. After a brief interval of silence he arose, and, turning to Caulaincourt, continued—

"Have not you courage to go on? Let me hear what it is *your Alexander* has desired you to say."

Caulaincourt, deeply wounded by this unkind reproach, replied—

"Sire, your Majesty has no mercy. The stroke which is now felt by you lacerated my heart before it reached yours. For forty-eight hours this torture has rankled in my bosom."

Napoleon was at once vanquished. Pressing his hand upon his burning brow, he exclaimed in accents of the deepest tenderness, "I am to blame, Caulaincourt; I am to blame, my friend. There are moments when I feel my brain beating within my head, so many misfortunes assail me at once. That powerful organization which so often sustained me amid battles and perils, sinks under the repeated strokes which overwhelm me. I cannot doubt your fidelity, Caulaincourt. Of all about me, you perhaps are the only one in whom I place implicit faith. It is only among my poor soldiers, it is only in their grief-expressing eyes, that I still find written fidelity and devoted attachment. When happy, I thought I knew men, but I was destined to know them only in misfortune." He paused, fixed his eyes upon the floor, and remained absorbed in silent thought.

Caulaincourt, entirely overcome by exhaustion and mental anguish, was unable to make any reply. At length he said—

"Sire, I request permission to take a little rest. I am beyond measure fatigued. You must be correctly informed of the difficulties of your position before you can decide on the course to be adopted. I feel, in my present state, incapable of giving those detailed explanations which the importance of the subject de-

"You are right, Caulaincourt," the Emperor replied. "Go and take some rest. I have a presentiment of the subject about which we shall have to discourse, and it is necessary for me to prepare myself for the consequences. Go and repose awhile. I will take care to have you called at ten o'clock."

At ten Caulaincourt again entered the apartment of the Emperor. Napoleon, in subdued tones, but calm and firm, said—

"Take a seat, Caulaincourt, and tell me what they require—what is exacted from us?"

Caulaincourt gave a minute recital of his interview with Alexander. When he spoke of the debate of the Allies respecting the restoration of the Bourbons, Napoleon rose from his chair in extreme agitation, and, rapidly pacing up and down the room, exclaimed—

"They are mad! Restore the Bourbons! It will not last for a single year! The Bourbons are the antipathy of the French nation. And the army—what will they do with the army? My soldiers will never consent to be theirs. It is the height of folly to think of melting down the Empire into a government formed out of elements so heterogeneous. Can it ever be forgotten that the Bourbons have lived twenty years on the charity of foreigners, in open war with the principles and the interests of France? Restore the Bourbons! It is not merely madness, but it shows a desire to inflict on the country every species of calamity. Is it true that such an idea is seriously entertained?"

Caulaincourt informed him unreservedly of the machinations which were carried on for the accomplishment of that purpose.

"But," Napoleon observed, "the Senate can never consent to see a Bourbon on the throne. Setting aside the baseness of agreeing to such an arrangement, what place, I should like to know, could be assigned to the Senate in a court from which they or their fathers dragged Louis XVI. to the scaffold? As for me, I was a new man, unsullied by the vices of the French Revolution. In me there was no motive for revenge. I had everything to reconstruct. I should never have dared to sit on the vacant throne of France had not my brow been bound with laurels. The French people elevated me because I had executed, with them and for them, great and noble works. But the Bourbons, what have they done for France? What proportion of the victories, of the glory, of the prosperity of France belongs to them? What could they do to promote the interests or independence of the people? When restored by foreigners, they will be forced to yield to all their demands, and, in a word, to bend the knee before their masters. Advantage may be taken of the stupor into which foreign occupation has thrown the capital to abuse the power of the strongest by proscribing me and my family. But to insure tranquillity to the Bourbons in Paris! never! Bear in mind my prophecy, Caulaincourt."

After a moment's pause, the Emperor, in a more tranquil tone, resumed—

"Let us return to the matter in question. My abdication is insisted on. Upon this condition, the Regency will be given to the Empress, and the crown will descend to my son. I do not know that I have the right to resign the sovereign authority—that I should be justified in taking such a step until all hope was lost. I have fifty thousand men at my disposal. My brave troops still acknowledge me for their sovereign. Full of ardour and devotedness, they call loudly on me to lead them to Paris. The sound of my cannon would electrify the Parisians, and rouse the national spirit, insulted by the presence of foreigners parading in our public places. The inhabitants of Paris are brave; they would support me; and, after the victory," he added, in a more animated tone, "after the victory, the nation would choose between me and the Allies, and I would never descend from the throne unless driven from it by the French people. Come with me, Caulaincourt. It is now twelve o'clock. I am going to review the troops."

As the Emperor left the palace, Caulaincourt sadly followed him. The illusions to which the Emperor still clung filled him with anxiety, for he knew that the strength of the Allies was such that all further resistance must be unavailing.

The soldiers were delighted in again seeing the Emperor, and received him with acclamations of unbounded joy. The officers thronged enthusiastically around him, shouting—

"To Paris—to Paris! Sirs, lead us to Paris!"

"Yes, my friends," replied the Emperor, "we will fly to the succour of Paris. To-morrow we will commence our march."

At these words, tumultuous shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" rang through the air. The ardour was so intense and so universal, that even Caulaincourt thought that there were some chances in Napoleon's favour.

As the Emperor returned to the court-yard of the palace, and dismounted from his horse, he said to Caulaincourt, triumphantly, and yet interrogatively—

"Well?" as if he would inquire, "What do you think now?"

"Sirs," Caulaincourt replied, "this is your last step. Your Majesty ought alone to decide."

"You approve of my determination, that is clear," Napoleon added with a smile.

Passing silently, but with friendly recognitions, through the groups of officers who thronged the saloons, he retired to his room.

The young generals, full of ardour, and who had their fortunes to make, expressed an intense desire to march upon Paris. The older officers, however, who had already obtained fame and fortune, which they hoped to retain by yielding to a power which they no longer felt able to resist, were silent.

Talleyrand, President of the Senate, now eager to ingratiate himself into the favour of the Allies, had influenced that body to pass a decree deposing Napoleon, and organising a provisional government with Talleyrand at its head. As

ed his off

but from the people, he paid no respect to this act. Still, the abandonment of the Emperor by the Senate bewildered and disheartened the people, inspired the Royalists, and introduced much perplexity into the councils of the army.

At twelve o'clock the next day, Napoleon, struggling against despondency, again reviewed the troops, having previously given orders to have all things prepared for the march upon Paris. Immediately after the review he met in council all the dignitaries, civil and military, who were at Fontainebleau. A conference ensued, which crushed the hopes and almost broke the heart of the Emperor. His most influential generals presented difficulties, and, finally, remonstrances, declaring that all was hopelessly lost.

"If at this moment," says Baron Fain, "Napoleon had quitted his saloon and entered the hall of the secondary officers, he would have found a host of young men ready to follow wherever he should lead. But a step further, and he would have been greeted by the acclamations of all his troops."

Disheartened, however, by the apathy which he encountered, he yielded, addressing to his generals these prophetic words:—

"You wish for repose. Take it, then. Alas! you know not how many troubles and dangers will await you on your beds of down. A few years of that ease which you are about to purchase so dearly, will cut off more of you than the most sanguinary war could have done."

The Emperor then, in extreme dejection, retired alone to his cabinet. After the lapse of a few hours of perplexity and anguish, such as mortals have seldom endured, he again sent for Caulaincourt. As the duke entered the room, he found the countenance of the Emperor fearfully altered, but his demeanour was calm and firm. He took from his table a paper, written with his own hand, and, presenting it to Caulaincourt, said—

"Here is my abdication. Carry it to Paris." As the Emperor saw the tears gush into the eyes of his noble companion, he was for a moment unmanned himself. "Brave, brave friend!" cried he, with intense emotion. "But those ungrateful men! they will live to regret me." Then throwing himself into the arms of Caulaincourt, he pressed him fervently to his agitated breast, saying, "Depart, Caulaincourt; depart immediately."

The abdication was written in the following words:—

"The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon was the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even life itself, for the good of the country; without prejudice, however, to the rights of his son, to those of the Regency of the Empress, and to the maintenance of the laws of the Empire.

"Given at our Palace at Fontainebleau, the

Napoleon requested Macdonald and Ney to accompany Caulaincourt, as commissioners, to Paris. As he confided to them this important document, he said to Macdonald, whom he had in former years mistrusted, but to whom he became fully reconciled on the field of Wagram—

"I have wronged ye, Macdonald; do you not remember it?"

"No, sire," Macdonald responded; "I remember nothing but your confidence in me."

Napoleon affectionately grasped his hand, while tears filled the eyes of both these noble men.

What conditions," said one of the commissioners, "shall we insist upon in reference to your Majesty?"

"None whatever," Napoleon promptly replied. "Obtain the best terms you can for France. For myself, I ask nothing."

The commissioners immediately entered a carriage and set out for Paris. Napoleon, overpowered by the events of the day, retired in solitude to his chamber. He immediately sent an officer to Marshal Marmont, who, with twelve thousand men, occupied a very important position at Essonne, a village about half way between Fontainebleau and Paris. The messenger returned at night with the utmost speed, and communicated the astounding intelligence that Marshal Marmont had abandoned his post and joined the Allies; that he had gone to Paris, and had marched his troops, without their knowledge of the treachery, within the lines of the enemy. Thus Fontainebleau was left entirely undefended.

Napoleon at first could not credit the story. He repeated to himself, "It is impossible. Marmont cannot be guilty of dishonour. Marmont is my brother-in-arms." But when he could no longer doubt, he sank back in his chair, riveted his eyes upon the wall, pressed his burning brow with his hand, and said, in a generous tone of grief, which brought tears into the eyes of those who were present, "Hail my pupil! my child! Ungrateful man! Well, he will be more unhappy than I!"

In order to deliver up these soldiers, the subordinate officers, who were devoted to the Emperor, were assembled at midnight, and deceptively informed that the Emperor had decided to move upon Paris, and that they were to march, as an advance guard, on the road to Versailles. All flew eagerly to arms, with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" In the darkness of the night this disgraceful transaction

terminated. With their march. But they were astonished in meeting no enemy. They heard strange noises on either side of them, as of troops in motion, but the darkness of the night concealed all distant objects from their view. The break of day showed them the batteries, battalions, and squadrons of the Russian army, by whom they were now completely encircled. Escape was impossible. A cry of indignation and grief, loud

rear-guard, in the early dawn, discovered the snare before it had crossed the bridge of Essonne. It immediately halted, and fortified the pass to protect the Emperor, resolving to defend him to the last drop of blood.

The entrapped soldiers, as soon as they recovered from their astonishment, congregated together in groups almost insane with rage, and commenced loud shouts, in the very camp of the Allies, of "Vive l'Empereur!" Colonel Ordiner called together all the other colonels, who, indignant at the treachery of their generals, immediately conferred upon him the command of their battalions. He accordingly ordered the cavalry to mount, and directed them on Rambouillet, that they might return by that circuitous route to Fontainebleau. The entire force—infantry, artillery, and cavalry—seized their arms, and, in the spirit of desperation, commenced their march, through the ranks of their multitudinous enemies, back to Napoleon.

"The roads and woods echoed," said Lamar-tine, "with fury and acclamations, the expression of their desperate and indomitable fidelity to their vanquished Emperor."

Marmont, hearing the tidings, in great alarm mounted one of his fleetest horses, and soon overtook the retiring column.

"Stop!" he cried to Colonel Ordiner, "or I will have you court-martialled for usurping the command."

"I defy you," the colonel replied. "There is no law which compels the troops to obey treachery; and if there were, there is no soldier here so base as to obey it."

The loud altercation caused a halt in the ranks. The soldiers had respected Marmont and admired his courage. He appealed to them; showed his scars and his still bleeding wounds; assured them that peace was already negotiated, and that the movement they were making was harmless to themselves and to the Emperor. He entreated them to kill him rather than disgrace themselves by abandoning their general. The soldiers, accustomed to obedience, believed him, and shouting "Vive Marmont!" bewildered, returned again to their cantonments within the lines of the Allies.

In the meantime, the commissioners, unconscious of this treachery, were rapidly approaching Paris. Just as the evening lamps were lighted they entered the gates of the agitated city. Caulaincourt, leaving his companions, immediately obtained a private audience with Alexander. The Emperor, though cordial, seemed a little embarrassed. He, however, promptly announced to Caulaincourt that the whole aspect of affairs was now changed.

"But, sire," said Caulaincourt, "I am the bearer of the act of abdication of the Emperor Napoleon in favour of the King of Rome. Marshals Ney and Macdonald accompany me as the plenipotentiaries of his Majesty. All the formalities are prepared. Nothing now remains but the conclusion of the treaty."

"My dear duke," Alexander

you departed, the position of the Emperor Napoleon was still imposing. The rallying of troops around Fontainebleau, their devotion to the Emperor, his address and courage, were of a nature to create alarm; but to-day the position of the Emperor is not the same."

"Your Majesty deceives yourself," Caulaincourt replied. "The Emperor has at his command, within the circle of a few leagues, eighty thousand men, who demand to be led upon Paris, who will allow themselves, in defence of the Emperor, to be cut in pieces to the last man, and whose example will electrify the capital."

"My dear duke," Alexander replied, "I am truly sorry to afflict you. But you are in complete ignorance of what is going on. The Senate has declared the forfeiture of Napoleon. The commanders of corps of the army are sending in their adherence from all parts. They disguise, under pretext of submission to the mandates of the Senate, their eagerness to absolve themselves from allegiance to a sovereign who is unfortunate. Such are mankind. At the very moment at which we speak, Fontainebleau is uncovered, and the person of Napoleon is in our power."

"What say you, sire," cried Caulaincourt, in amazement; "still fresh treasons?"

"The camp of Essonne is raised," Alexander deliberately added. "Marshal Marmont has sent in his adherence, and that of his division of the army. The troops which compose it are in full march to the camp of the Allies."

At this intelligence Caulaincourt was struck dumb, as by a thunderbolt. After a moment's pause, he bowed his neck to the storm, and sadly said—

"I have no hope but in the magnanimity of your Majesty."

"As long as the Emperor Napoleon," Alexander replied, "was supported by an army, he held the councils of his adversaries in check; but now, when the marshals and generals are leading away the soldiers, the question is changed. Fontainebleau is no longer an imposing military position. All the persons of note at Fontainebleau have sent in their submission. Now, judge for yourself, what could I do?"

Caulaincourt raised his hand to his burning brow, so bewildered that he was unable to utter a single word.

"During your absence," Alexander continued, "a discussion arose on the subject of the Regency. Talleyrand and others contended against it with all their might. The Abbé de Pradt declared that neither Bonaparte nor his family had any partisans—that all France earnestly demanded the Bourbons. The adherences of the civil and military bodies are pouring in. You thus see the impossibilities which master my fate."

"The Emperor Napoleon," exclaimed Caulaincourt indignantly, "is betrayed, basely abandoned, delivered to the enemy by the very men who ought to have made for him a rampart of

their bodies and their swords. This, sire, is horrible, horrible!"

Alexander, with an expression of bitter disdain, placing his hand confidently on the arm of Caulaincourt, said—

"And add, duke, that he is betrayed by men who owe him everything, everything—their fame, their fortune. What a lesson for us sovereigns! I verily believe that if we had wished to place Kutusoff upon the throne of France, they would have cried out, 'Vive Kutusoff!' But take courage. I will be at the council before you. We will see what can be done."

He then took the act of abdication, read it, and expressed much surprise that it contained no stipulations for Napoleon personally.

"But I have been his friend," said Alexander, "and I will still be his advocate. I will insist that he shall retain his imperial title, with the sovereignty of Elba, or some other island."

As Caulaincourt was passing out of the courtyard, exasperated by grief and despair, he met the Abbé de Pradt, who, with the basest sycophancy, was hovering around the court of the Allies. The smiling ecclesiastic, complacently rubbing his hands, advanced to meet the tall, courtly, and dignified duke, exclaiming—

"I am charmed to see you."

Caulaincourt fixed his eye sternly upon him, and was proudly passing by, refusing to return his salutation, when the abbé ventured to add, with an insulting smile—

"Your affairs are not going on very personally, duke."

Caulaincourt could restrain his indignation no longer. He lost all self-control. Seizing the astonished and grey-headed abbé by the collar, he exclaimed, "You are a villain, sir!" and, after almost shaking his breath out of his body, twirled him around upon his heels like a top; then, ashamed of such an instinctive ebullition of fury towards one so helpless, he contemptuously left him and went on his way. The abbé never forgave or forgot this rude pirouette. The Bourbons administered to his wounded pride the balm of many honours.

Caulaincourt immediately sought his companions, Macdonald and Ney, and proceeded to the council. But he had no heart to reveal to them the awful defection of Marmont. They found the council-chamber filled with the highest dignitaries of the various kingdoms allied against France. The Emperor of Russia was earnestly talking with the King of Prussia in the embrasure of a window. In other parts of the room were groups of English, Russian, Prussian, Austrian, and Swedish diplomats, engaged in very animated conversation.

The entrance of the French commissioners interrupted the colloquy. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia approached a long table covered with green, in the centre of the room, and sat down. Each person then took his seat at the table. The Emperor of Austria, perhaps from motives of delicacy, was not present. Lord Castlereagh, the English plenipo-

mentary, had not yet arrived. Caulaincourt presented, in the name of Napoleon, the act of abdication in favour of the King of Rome and of the Regency of Maria Louisa. For a moment there was profound silence. Then Frederick William, the King of Prussia, remarked—

"Events no longer permit the Powers to treat with the Emperor Napoleon. The wishes of France for the return of her ancient sovereigns are manifest on all sides."

Macdonald replied, "The Emperor holds the crown from the French nation. He resigns it for the purpose of obtaining general peace. The allied sovereigns having declared that he is the only obstacle to peace, he does not hesitate to sacrifice himself when the interests of his country are concerned. But if they deny him the right of abdicating in favour of his son, great misfortunes may result therefrom. The army, entirely devoted to its chief, is still ready to shed the last drop of its blood in support of the rights of its sovereign."

A smile of disdain, accompanied with whispering, followed this declaration, as the Allies perceived that Macdonald was unaware how entirely Napoleon's position was uncovered. Just at that moment Marmont entered the room, with his head erect and a smile upon his features.

He was received with shaking of hands and congratulations. The discussion was again resumed. Pozzo di Borgo, the aid-de-camp of Bernadotte, inveighed loudly against the Regency. He foolishly hoped to gain for his traitorous master the throne of France."

"As long," said he, "as the name of Napoleon weighs from the throne upon the imagination of Europe, Europe will not consider itself satisfied or delivered. It will always see in the government of the son the threatening soul of the father. If he is present, nothing will restrain his genius, impatient of action and adventures. The allied armies will have no sooner returned into their respective countries than ambition will inflame the mind of this man. Again he will summon to the field his country, speedily restored from its disasters, and once more it will be necessary to repeat over him those victories, so dearly purchased by the treasures and the blood of the human race. If banished far from France, his counsels will cross the sea, and his lieutenants and his ministers will seize upon the

Pozzo di Borgo was a Corsican. He was a partisan of the Bourbons, and joined the English in their attack upon his native island. As Napoleon adopted the cause of popular rights, Borgo became his implacable enemy. He took refuge in London, and joined with intense zeal those who were conspiring against the popular government of France. Though a man of dissolute habits, his elegant manners and his zeal for royalty secured for him the familiarity and esteem of the English and Continental aristocracy. Entering the Russian service, he had been employed by Alexander at the court of Bernadotte. "He knew," says Lamartine, "that he flattered, in secret, the inclinations of his master, the intrigues of M. de Talleyrand, the vengeance of the court of London, and the resentment of the aristocracy of Vienna, in speaking against the last measure of the Regency."

Regency. To allow the Empire to survive the Emperor, this is not to extinguish the incendiary fire of Europe, but to cover it with treacherous ashes, under which will smoulder a new conflagration. Victory made Napoleon. Victory unmade him. Let the Empire fall with the man who made it."

These sentiments were too obviously true to be denied. The government of Napoleon was the government of popular rights. The Allies were deluging Europe in blood to sustain aristocratic privilege. These two hostile principles of government could not live side by side. Even the genius of Napoleon, tasked to its uttermost, could not reconcile them. He has drawn upon himself insane abuse, even from the sincere lovers of liberty, for his humane endeavour, by a compromise, to rescue Europe from those bloody wars with which despots assailed the dreaded spirit of republicanism.

"There are," said Talleyrand, "but two principles now at issue in the world—legitimacy and chance." By *chance*, he meant the suffrages of the people—popular rights. But it was not prudent to call things by their right names. "Legitimacy," he continued, "is a recovered right. If Europe wishes to escape revolution, she should attach herself to legitimacy. There are but two things possible in this case—either Napoleon or Louis XVIII. The Emperor Napoleon can have no other successor than a legitimate king. He is the first of soldiers. After him, there is not one man in France or in the world who could make ten men march in his cause. Everything that is not Napoleon or Louis XVIII. is an intrigue."

Thus contemptuously was the name of Bernadotte flung aside.

The defection of the camp at Essonne, which was the advance-guard of the army at Fontainebleau, placed Napoleon entirely at the mercy of the Allies. A corps of the Russian army had already been echeloned from Paris to Essonne, and covered all that bank of the Seine. Napoleon was now apparently helpless, and the Allies triumphantly demanded absolute and unconditional abdication. It was clear that Napoleon was ruined, and even while the discussion was going on, many, anxious to escape from a falling cause, were sending in their adherence to the Allies.

The French commissioners, having received the peremptory demand for the unconditional abdication of Napoleon, now retired in consternation to watch over the personal security of the Emperor, for he was in imminent danger of being taken captive.

"Who," said Caulaincourt, in tones of anguish, "can be the bearer of this fresh blow to the Emperor?"

"You," answered Ney, with tearful eyes. "You are the friend of his heart, and can, better than any other, soften the bitterness of this news. For my part, I have no courage but in the presence of an enemy. I can never, never go and say coldly to him——"

His voice choked with emotion and he could say no more.

There was a moment of profound silence, during which neither of the three could utter one word. Macdonald, then taking the hand of Caulaincourt, pressed it with affection, and said—

"It is a sorrowful, a most sorrowful mission; but you alone can fulfil it to the Emperor, for you possess his entire confidence."

Caulaincourt departed. He was so entirely absorbed in painful thought that he became quite unconscious of the lapse of time, and was struck with astonishment when the carriage entered the court-yard of Fontainebleau. For a time he was so transfixed with grief and despair, that he could not leave his seat.

"Was I, then," says Caulaincourt, "destined only to approach the Emperor to give him torture? I revolted at the misery of my destiny, which forced upon me the office of inflicting pain on him whom with my blood I would have ransomed from suffering. I sprang from the carriage, and reached the cabinet of the Emperor almost running. I know not how it happened that there was no one there to announce me. I opened the door. 'Sire, it is Caulaincourt,' said I, and I entered."

Napoleon was seated at a window looking out upon the gardens. His pallid countenance and disordered dress indicated that he had passed the night without seeking any repose. Caulaincourt hesitated to commence his dreadful message. The Emperor broke the silence by saying, with an evident effort to be calm—

"The defection of Essonne has served as an excuse for new pretensions. Is it not so? Now that I am abandoned, openly betrayed, there are other conditions. What do they now demand?"

Caulaincourt deliberately narrated the scenes through which he had passed, and the demand of the Allies for an unconditional abdication. The indignation of Napoleon was now roused to the highest pitch. All the gigantic force and energy of his lofty nature burst forth like a volcano. His eyes flashed fire. His face glowed with an almost superhuman expression of intellect and of determination.

"Do these arrogant conquerors suppose," he exclaimed, "that they are masters of France because treason has opened to them the gates of Paris? If a handful of vile conspirators have planned my destruction, the nation has not ratified the infamous deed. I will summon my people around me. Fools! they cannot conceive that a man like me only ceases to be formidable when he is laid in the tomb. To-morrow, in one hour, I will shake off the fetters with which they have bound me, and rise, more terrible than ever, at the head of one hundred and thirty thousand warriors."

"Attend to my calculation, Caulaincourt. I have here around me 25,000 men of my Guards. Those giants, the terror of the legions of the enemy, shall form a nucleus round which I will rally the army of Lyons, 80,000 strong. These,

with Bonaparte's corps of 18,000, just arrived from Italy, Suchet's 15,000, and the 40,000 scattered under the command of Soult, make altogether an army of 180,000 men. I am master of all the strong places in France and Italy, though I know not as yet whether they contain aught but felons and traitors. I am again upon my feet," said he, raising his head proudly, "assisted by this same sword which has opened to me every capital in Europe. I am still the chief of the bravest army in the whole world—of those French battalions of which no portion has suffered a defeat. I will exhort them to the defence of their country by the principles and in the name of liberty. Above my eagles shall be inscribed, 'Independence and our country!' and my eagles will again be terrible. If the chiefs of the army, who owe their splendour to my conquests, wish for repose, let them retire. I will find among those who now wear worsted epaulettes men fit to be generals and marshals. A road that is closed against couriers will soon open before 50,000 men."

As the Emperor uttered these vehement words he strode rapidly up and down the apartment. Suddenly he stopped, and, turning to Caulaincourt—

"Write to Ney and Macdonald to return immediately. I renounce all negotiation. The Allies have rejected the personal sacrifice which I imposed upon myself for the sake of purchasing the peace and the repose of France. They have insolently refused my abdication, and I retract it. I will prepare for the conflict. My place is marked out above or below the surface of a field of battle. May the French blood which is again about to flow fall upon the wretches who wish the ruin of their country!"

Caulaincourt, contemplating with pain the intense excitement into which the Emperor was plunged, and conscious of the intuity, at that moment, of attempting a calm and dispassionate discussion, bowed to the Emperor, and asked leave to retire.

"We are one, Caulaincourt," said the Emperor kindly. "Our misfortunes are great. Go and take some repose. There is, henceforth, none for me. The night will perhaps enlighten me."

In unutterable anguish, Caulaincourt retired to his room and threw himself upon his bed. He knew that, though the Emperor might prolong the bloody struggle, his situation was desperate. Already armies containing six hundred thousand foreigners covered the soil of France. Reserves which would more than double the number were collected on the frontiers, waiting but the signal to pour themselves into the doomed republican Empire. The new government welcomed all who would abandon Napoleon and give in their allegiance. There was now a general rush of the high functionaries to Paris to obtain situations under the new dynasty. Still the Allies stood in terror of Napoleon. They knew that the masses of the people were all in his favour, and they dreaded

some of those bold movements which more than once had astonished Europe. Foreign troops now occupied all the avenues around Fontainebleau. Napoleon was inclosed in a vast knot. At one signal two hundred thousand men could spring upon the little band which still guarded him. But the formidable name of the Emperor still kept the Allies at a respectful distance.

The next day Caulaincourt again saw the Emperor, and informed him of the fearful peril in which he was placed. He endeavoured to dissuade him from any attempt to extricate himself by force, representing the extreme danger of such a step to the country, the army, and himself.

"Dangers!" exclaimed the Emperor; "I do not fear them! A useless life is a heavy burden. I cannot long support it. But, before involving others, I wish to question them as to their opinion respecting this desperate resolve. If my cause, if the cause of my family is no longer the cause of France, then I can decide. Call around me the marshals and generals who still remain. I will be guided by their opinion."

The generals and the marshals, dejected and embarrassed, were soon assembled. "I have offered my abdication," said Napoleon, "but the Allies now impose upon me the abdication of my family. They wish me to depose my wife, my son, and all who belong to my family. Will you allow it? I have the means of outting my way through the lines that surround me. I can traverse and arouse the whole of France. I can repair to the Alps, rejoin Angereau, rally Soult, recall Suchet, and, reaching Eugene in Lombardy, pass into Italy, and there found with you a new empire, a new throne, and new fortunes for my companions, until the voice of France shall recall us to our country. Will you follow me?"

"I listened," says Caulaincourt, "to the Emperor's noble and dignified appeal to the hearts, to the honour of his ancient lieutenants. But those hearts remained cold. They opposed the interests of France, a useless civil war, and the country ravaged by invasion, but they found no word of sympathy for the frightful misfortune which fell upon the benefactor, the sovereign who, during twenty years, had been the glory of France."

Caulaincourt, unable to repress his emotions, was about to leave the apartment. As he rose, the Emperor caught his eye, and understood the movement. "Stop, Caulaincourt," said he; "th taking his seat at the table, he rapidly—

"April 6, 1814.

"The allied sovereigns having declared that the Emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of a general peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces, for himself and his heirs, the throne of France and Italy; and that there is no personal sacrifice, not even that of life itself, which he is not willing to make for the interests of France."

placed this important

in the

hands of Caulaincourt as the basis of new negotiations, he calmly and proudly turned to his generals, and said, "Gentlemen, I wish to be alone." When all had left but Caulaincourt, he added,

"These men have neither heart nor conscience. I am less conquered by fortune than by the egotism and ingratitude of my brothers in arms. This is hideous. Now all is consummated. Leave me, my friend."

"I shall never," says Caulaincourt, "forget these scenes at Fontainebleau. There is nothing in history to be compared with these last convulsions of the French Empire, to the torture of its chief, to the agony of its hours, its days. Never did the Emperor appear to me so truly great."

The tortures of suspense being now removed, the heart of Napoleon seemed relieved of an enormous load. Allowing himself to indulge in no useless repinings, with dignity and gracefulness he submitted to his destiny. He had sufficient self-command at least to assume the aspect of cheerfulness and contentment. No reproaches escaped his lips, and he addressed all around him only in tones of benignity and kindness. The noble and dignified resignation he displayed surprised all, and won their admiration. He conversed familiarly, and as a private citizen, respecting the events of the Revolution and of the Empire, as if they had been matters of a past century, having no reference to himself.

But it was not enough for the Allies that they had driven Napoleon from the throne. He was still enthroned in the hearts of the French people. It was essential to the final success of the cause of the Allies that the reputation of Napoleon should be destroyed, and that the people of France should look upon him as a selfish and merciless monster. The Allies had now the control of the press of all Europe. They could deluge the nations with libels to which Napoleon could make no possible reply. The pen of Chateaubriand was dipped in mingled venom and gall for the accomplishment of this crime. His world-renowned pamphlet on "Bonaparte and the Bourbons" was the most cold, merciless, infamous assassination of character history has recorded. There is no historian who assails Napoleon with more acrimony than Lamartine, and yet even he speaks of this atrocious work in the following terms:—

"M. Chateaubriand, the first writer of the day, did not preserve either his genius or his conscience from the outpouring of insults and calumnies upon a great but a fallen name. He had written a severe pamphlet against the Emperor and in favour of the restoration of the Bourbons, in which he dragged his name through the blood and the charnel-houses of time. He himself performed in it the office of hangman to the reign of the Emperor. He had formerly praised him, even by sacred comparisons, with the heroes of the Bible. After the assassination of the Duke of Enghien, the enthusiasm of the writer, which had changed into contempt, had placed him in a

secret but cautious opposition. He called himself proscribed and persecuted; yet he never was proscribed except by imperial favours, nor persecuted, except by the affected contempt of his master.

However this may have been, he bore about him for several months his unedited pamphlet, as the sword which was to give the last blow to the tyrant. This pamphlet, printed in the night, and delivered in fragments to the journals, inundated Paris in the morning, and very shortly all France, with maledictions against the Emperor and the Empire. Napoleon was there painted in the traits of the modern Attila, and with the features, still more hideous, of a hangman, effecting, with his own hands, the executions in which he delighted. He was represented at Fontainebleau torturing the conscience of Pius VII., and dragging the Pontiff by his white locks on the flags of his prison—a martyr at once to his complaisance for, and resistance of, the crowned upstart.

"M. de Chateaubriand opened all the dungeons, to indicate therein to the people, with his finger, the tortures, the gags, the pretended silent assassination of victims. He raked up all the ashes, from that of Pichegru down to the plague-hospital at Jaffa, to drag from out of the long-buried mass accusations, suspicions, and crimes. It was the bitter speech of the public prosecutor of humanity and of liberty, written by the hand of the Furies against the great culprit of the age. He did not spare his enemy even those vile accusations of sordid avarice and of peculation which penetrate the deepest and tarnish the most in the vulgar and venal souls of the multitude. Robbery, cowardice, cruelty, sword, poison, everything served as a weapon to stab that fame he wished to extinguish. This book, issued leaf by leaf to the public during several days, was the more terrible, inasmuch as it succeeded the long silence of a mute opposition.

"M. de Chateaubriand, in putting forth this character of Napoleon as food for the wickedness of the people, and a homage to the Royalist party, was guilty of an action which no political passion can excuse—the annihilation of a reign by poisoned weapons. But this wicked action, praised at the time because the time required it, was repudiated at a later period by the conscience of the age, though it contributed powerfully then to render the Empire unpopular. When M. de Chateaubriand presented himself to Louis XVIII. to receive his reward in the shape of favours from the new monarchy, the Prince said to him, '*Your book has been worth an army to my cause!*'"

These libels were reiterated in Great Britain in pamphlets and reviews, which were scattered, like autumn leaves, throughout the kingdom. The Tories were triumphant in England, the Allies triumphant on the Continent, the Bourbons triumphant in France. Napoleon was silenced, imprisoned, crushed. No voice, pleading his cause, could obtain a hearing in the universal clamour of his foes. Even now, he who ventures to speak for Napoleon must be prepared to breast

The people of the world

love him; but political influences of tremendous power still assail his memory.

An English writer, W. H. Ireland, Esq., says—“The most trifling circumstances, brought forward to the disparagement of Napoleon, were tortured into the most enormous crimes; everything that had been urged against him in England for many years was readily and most eagerly received by the British nation as indisputable truth; while, on the contrary, any circumstance which gained this country favourable to the Emperor was solely imputed to French flattery and adulation. Scarcely a publication emanated from the press for a series of years, however foreign to French affairs, in which means were not found of introducing something to the disparagement of Napoleon. No less zeal was displayed from the pulpit, the Senate, the bar, and the stage; nay, to such a ridiculous excess was that sentiment carried, that the name of Bonaparte was used to inspire dread in children, for, instead of being told, according to custom, that, if they were naughty, the *old man should take them away*, they were threatened with Bonaparte's coming for them. So true is this statement, that we would challenge any individual in this island, under thirty years of age, to say whether he does not call to mind that such were his earliest impressions respecting Napoleon Bonaparte.”

Thus far the Allies have had it all their own way. They have been accuser, counsel, jury, judge, and executioner. They have also reported the trial and written the biography. But now, after the silence of thirty years, the spirit of Napoleon emerges from its tomb beneath the dome of the Invalides, and, turning to a new generation, solicits another trial. Calmly, yet firmly, let all who value truth and justice insist that he shall not be defrauded of that right.

CHAPTER LXII.

DEPARTURE FOR ELBA.

Deliberations of the Allies—Generosity of Alexander—Napoleon recalls his Abdication—The treaty—Unworthy conduct of the English Government—Interview between Caulaincourt and the Emperor—Illness of Napoleon—Testimony of Antommarchi—Parting with Macdonald—Napoleon's impatience to leave Fontainebleau—Departure of Berthier—The Cuirassier of the Guard—Situation of Maria Louisa—Conversation with Beausset—Grief of the Emperor—Napoleon takes leave of Caulaincourt—Noble address to his officers—Affecting adieu to the Old Guard—Departure for Elba.

THE scenes described in the conclusion of the last chapter occurred in the evening of the 6th of April. The next morning, at sunrise, Caulaincourt again set out for Paris with the unconditional abdication. In the course of the day the important document was presented to the council of the Allies. The entire overthrow of one whose renown had so filled the world moved their sympathies. The march of their troops

upon Fontainebleau was suspended, and an anxious conference was held to determine what should be done with the fallen Emperor and his family.

The Bourbon partisans were anxious that he should be sent as far as possible from France, and mentioned St. Helena. Others spoke of Corfu and of Corsica. Elba was mentioned, and its fine climate highly eulogized. Caulaincourt immediately seized upon this opening, and urged the adoption of Elba. The Bourbonists were alarmed. They well knew the love of the people of France for Napoleon, and trembled at the thought of having him so near. Earnestly they objected.

Alexander, however, generously came to the support of Caulaincourt. After an animated debate, his influence prevailed, and it was decided that the principality of the island of Elba should be conceded to the Emperor Napoleon, to enjoy for life, with the title of sovereignty and proprietorship.

Napoleon, finding that the Allies were not disposed to treat with him, but were simply deciding his fate according to their good pleasure, was stung to the quick. He immediately despatched a courier to Caulaincourt, with the order, “Bring me back my abdication. I am conquered. I yield to the fortune of arms. A simple cartel will be sufficient.”

In the evening he despatched another letter, saying, “Why do you speak to me of the conventions of a treaty? I want none. Since they will not treat with me, and only employ themselves about the disposal of my person, to what purpose is a treaty? This diplomatic negotiation displeases me. Let it cease.”

At five o'clock the next morning Caulaincourt was awakened by another courier. He brought the following message:—“I order you to bring back my abdication. I will sign no treaty. And in all cases I forbid you to make any stipulations for money. That is disgusting.”

In twenty-four hours Caulaincourt received seven couriers. He was utterly bewildered. He had given in the abdication. The Allies were drawing up the terms of the settlement, which were to be presented to Napoleon for his acceptance. The power was entirely in their hands. Caulaincourt, whose solicitude amounted to anguish, was watching the proceedings with an eagle eye, ever ready to interpose in behalf of the Emperor.

A few days of harassing diplomacy thus passed away, and on the 11th of April the treaty, as drawn up by the Allies, was ready. It provided that the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Maria Louisa should retain those titles during their lives; and that the mother, brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces should equally preserve the titles of princes of his family. The sovereignty and right of ownership of Elba was assigned to him, with an annual income from France of 2,500,000 francs. The sovereignty and full property of the duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla were assigned to Maria to descend to her son. The E

mother was to receive from France 800,000 francs a-year; King Joseph and his Queen, 500,000 francs; King Louis, 200,000 francs; Hortense and her son, 400,000 francs; Jerome and his Queen, 500,000 francs; the Princess Eliza, 300,000 francs; the Princess Pauline, 300,000 francs. The annual allowance to the Empress Josephine, which Napoleon had fixed at 8,000,000 francs, was reduced to 1,000,000 francs. The Princes and Princesses of the Imperial Family were also to retain all their private property. Certain domains in France were set aside, the rents of which were to be appropriated to the payment of the above annuities. The private property of Napoleon, however, whether as extraordinary or as private domain, was to revert to the crown.

The Imperial Guard were to furnish a detachment of twelve or fifteen hundred men, to escort Napoleon to his place of embarkation. He was to retain a body-guard of four hundred men, who might volunteer to accompany him to Elba. Two days were allowed for the ratification of the treaty.

The unrelenting hostility with which the English government still pursued the overpowered Emperor is unparalleled in the history of nations. We record with amazement that, when every other government in Europe, without a single exception, hesitated not to recognise the legality of a nation's suffrage as a title to sovereignty, England alone refused to recognise that right, and still persisted in the insulting declaration *that the French nation were rebels, and that Napoleon was a usurper*. They even murmured that the illustrious monarch of the people was granted the pitiable boon of Elba. Had the British commissioners been present at the conference, even the magnanimity of Alexander could not have rescued Napoleon from imprisonment and insult.*

"There was one Power," says Sir Walter Scott, "whose representatives foresaw the evils which such a treaty might occasion, and remonstrated against them. But the evil was done, and the particulars of the treaty adjusted before Castlereagh came to Paris. Finding that the Emperor of Russia had acted for the best, in the name of the other Allies, the English minister refrained from risking the peace, which had been made in such urgent circumstances, by insisting upon his objections. He refused, however, on the part of his government, to become a party to the treaty further than by acceding to it so far as the territorial arrangements were concerned; but he particularly declined to acknowledge, on the part of England, the title of Emperor, which the treaty conferred on Napoleon. Yet,

when we have expressed all the objections to which the treaty of Fontainebleau seems liable, it must be owned that the allied sovereigns showed policy in obtaining an accommodation upon almost any terms, rather than renewing the war by driving Napoleon to despair, and inducing the marshals, from a sense of honour, again to unite themselves with his cause."

With a heavy heart, on the evening of the 11th of April, Caulaincourt set out with this treaty for Fontainebleau. He had disobeyed the Emperor in making no attempt to withdraw the abdication. He had been compelled to exercise his own judgment in the midst of the embarrassments which oppressed him.

Napoleon, as Caulaincourt entered his cabinet fixed upon him a piercing glance, and said—

"Do you at length bring me back my abdication?"

Sire," Caulaincourt replied, "I beseech your Majesty to hear me before you address to me unmerited reproaches. It was no longer in my power to send back to you that act. My first care, on my arrival at Paris, was to communicate it to the allied sovereigns, for the purpose of obtaining a cessation of hostilities. It has served as the basis to the negotiations of the treaty. The official document of the abdication of your Majesty is already inserted in the journals."

"And what is that to me," Napoleon responded, "that they have made it public—that they have inserted it in the journals—if I do not choose to treat in these forms? I will not sign I want no treaty."

The painful debate was long continued. At last Caulaincourt, leaving the treaty on the table, begged leave to retire. "I had not been able," he says, "to prevail upon him to read the whole of it. I returned to my quarters. I had need of rest. My energy was exhausted in this incessant struggle. I almost gave myself up to despair. But my thoughts returned to the sufferings of this great and noble victim, and I found the will and the power to attempt to alleviate them."

In the evening he returned again to the cabinet. The Emperor was in a state of profound dejection. He seemed bewildered with the enormity of his woe. His beloved France was handed over to the Bourbons; all the liberal governments of Europe were overthrown. All his devoted friends fell with him. The most disastrous eclipse darkened the liberties of the world. It was difficult to rouse him from the apathy into which he had sunk.

Caulaincourt was overwhelmed with anguish. He knew that if Napoleon should refuse to accept the terms presented him, a worse fate would be his doom. With the utmost difficulty, the noble duke had won from the Allies even the little mercy they had offered to the dethroned Emperor. But a few hours more remained for his acceptance, and then Napoleon would be again entirely at their mercy, and they might deal with their captive as they would.

—exclaimed Caulaincourt in tones

* "Lord Castlereagh's objections to the treaty were twofold. 1. That it recognised the title of Napoleon as Emperor of France, which England had never yet done, directly or indirectly. 2. That it assigned him a residence, in independent sovereignty, close to the Italian coast, and within a few days' sail of France, while the fires of the revolutionary volcano were yet unbed in both countries."—ALLISON

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

king with anguish, "I entreat you, in the name of your own glory, to come to a decision. Circumstances do not admit of temporising. Sire, I cannot express the agony which preys upon me. But when Caulaincourt, your faithful, your devoted friend, implores you, on his knees, to consider the position in which your Majesty is placed, there must be reasons, most imperative, which urge his perseverance."

The Emperor languidly raised his eyes, fixed them earnestly upon Caulaincourt, and, after a moment's pause, sadly said—"What would you have me do?" He then arose, clasped his hands behind his back, and slowly paced the floor for a long time in silence. Then, turning again to his faithful friend, he said—"It must come to an end. I feel it. My resolution is taken. Tomorrow, Caulaincourt."

It was now late in the evening. Caulaincourt pressed the burning hand of the Emperor and retired. At midnight he was hastily summoned to the bedside of the Emperor, who was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. It will be remembered that Napoleon, just after the battle of Dresden, was seized by a violent attack of colic. Fatigue, sleeplessness, and woe had apparently renewed the attack. These were probably the early paroxysms of that fatal disease which, subsequently developed by captivity and insults, in a few years consigned him to the grave. The Emperor was writhing upon his bed, in frightful convulsions of pain. The big drops of agony oozed from his brow. His hair was matted to his forehead. His eyes were livid and dull, and he smothered the cries which agony extorted by grinding a handkerchief between his teeth. The Emperor evidently thought that he was dying, utterly weary of the world, he was glad to go. Turning his eyes to the duke, he said—

"I die, Caulaincourt. To you I commend my wife and son. Defend my memory. I can no longer support life."

His physician Ivan simply administered a little hot tea. Gradually the cramp in the stomach became less violent, the limbs became more supple, and the dreadful paroxysms passed away.

"The interior of this chamber of death," says Caulaincourt, "this agony, by the pale light of the tapers, cannot be described. The silence was uninterrupted only by the sobbings of those present. There was no witness of this terrible scene who would not have given his own life to have saved that of Napoleon, who, in his domestic retirement, was the best of men, the most indulgent of masters. The regrets of all who served him survive him."

It has been asserted that Napoleon, on this occasion, attempted to commit suicide. There is no sufficient ground for this accusation. In that hour of grief, desertion, and awful agony, that Napoleon longed to die there can be no doubt. No man, under these circumstances, could have wished to live. Breathings for a release from life, which pain extorted from him, have been tortured into evidence that Napoleon had attempted the crime of self-murder. But the

nature of his disease, the remedy applied simply hot tea—the rapid recovery, and his previous and subsequent conduct, have led all impartial men to discharge the dishonouring accusation as groundless."

The lofty nature of Napoleon ever condemned self-destruction as an ignoble and a cowardly act. "Self-murder," said he, "is sometimes committed for love. What folly! Sometimes for the loss of fortune. There it is cowardice. Another cannot live after he has been disgraced. What weakness! But to survive the loss of an Empire—to be exposed to the insults of one's contemporaries—that is true courage."

The Emperor slept for a few moments that profound sleep which follows the exhaustion of intolerable agony. He soon awoke. The morning sun was shining brightly in at his window. With energetic action he drew aside his bed-curtains, arose up in his bed with his accustomed energy, and silently and thoughtfully gazed upon the glories of the lovely morning. The forest and the shrubbery of Fontainebleau were bursting into luxuriant foliage. Innumerable birds, free from all mortal griefs and cares, filled the air with their songs. Napoleon, after a few moments of apparently serene thought, turned to Caulaincourt, and said, in serious tones—

"God has ordained that I should live. I could not die."

"Sire," Caulaincourt replied, "your son—France, in which your name will live for ever—impose upon you the duty of supporting adversity."

"My son! my son!" exclaimed the Emperor, in accents of peculiar tenderness and sadness. "What a dismal inheritance I leave him! A child born a king, to-day without a country! Why was I not permitted to die? It is not the loss of the throne which renders my existence insupportable. There is something harder to bear than the reverses of fortune. Do you know what that is which pierces the heart most deeply? It is the ingratitude of man. I am weary of life. Death is repose. What I have suffered for the last twenty years cannot be comprehended."

At that moment the clock struck five. The cloudless sun of a beautiful spring morning, shining through the damask curtains, coloured

* Dr. Antommarchi, who was with Napoleon at St. Helena during the last eighteen months of the Emperor's life, very decisively rejects the idea of his having attempted suicide. He says:—

"Amiable, kind, hasty, but just, he took a pleasure in exalting the services, and in recalling the noble actions of even those who had offended him. His mind was as inaccessible to hateful passions as it was incapable of yielding to the blows of Fate. He loved to revert to the events of his life, without omitting the slightest details or the most trivial incidents. It is, therefore, highly improbable that, in those moments of unreserved confidence of a patient to his physician, he would have concealed from me the fact of his having made an attempt which must ever be attended with consequences of a most serious nature. The scenes and preparations which such an event suggest may have a most dramatic effect; but their only existence, in the case alluded to, is a fiction of the"

with the rosy tint of health and vigour the serene and expressive features of Napoleon. He pressed his hand upon his expansive brow, and said—

"Caulaincourt, there have been moments in these last days when I thought I should go mad—when I have felt such a devouring heat here! Madness is the last stage of human degradation. It is the abdication of humanity. Better to die a thousand times. In resigning myself to life, I accept tortures which are nameless. It matters not—I will support them."

After a moment's pause, in which his whole soul seemed concentrated in intense thought, he resumed with emphasis—

"I will sign the treaty to-day. Now I am well, my friend. Go and rest yourself."

Caulaincourt retired. Napoleon immediately rose and dressed. At ten o'clock he sent again for Caulaincourt, and, with entire composure and self-possession, as if it were the ordinary business of the day, entered into conversation upon the conditions of the treaty.

"These pecuniary clauses," said he, "are humiliating. They must be cancelled. I am now nothing beyond a soldier. A louis a day will be sufficient for me."

Caulaincourt, appreciating this refinement of sensibility, urged that the necessities of his friends and attendants, who would be dependent upon the means at Napoleon's disposal, would not permit the stipulations in questions to be suppressed.

Napoleon yielded to these considerations, and added—

"Hasten the conclusion of the whole. Place the treaty in the hands of the allied sovereigns. Tell them, in my name, that I treat with a conquering enemy, not with this provisional government, in which I see nothing but a committee of seditious men and traitors."

He requested the two plenipotentiaries, Macdonald and Ney, to come to his cabinet. As they entered, he slowly passed his hand over his forehead, then took the pen and signed the treaty. Rising from his chair, he turned to the noble Macdonald, and said, "I am no longer rich enough to recompense your last and faithful services. I wish, however, to leave you a souvenir, which shall remind you of what you were to me in these days of trial. Caulaincourt," said he, turning to his confidential officer, "ask for the sabre that was given to me in Egypt by Mourad Bey, and which I wore at the battle of Mount Tabor."

Napoleon took the Oriental weapon, and, handing it to the marshal, said—

"There is the only reward of your attachment which I am now able to give you. You are my friend."

"Sire," replied Macdonald, pressing the weapon to his heart, "I shall preserve it all my life. And if I should ever have a son, it will be his most precious inheritance."

Napoleon clasped the hands of the marshal, threw his arms around his neck, and tears filled the eyes of both as they thus parted.

Mindful of his soldiers more than

in this hour, he said to his plenipotentiaries, as they left the room, "My abdication and my ratification of the treaty cannot be obligatory unless the Allies keep the promises made to the army. Do not let the documents go out of your possession until that be done."

The plenipotentiaries immediately returned to Paris. The sovereigns and the members of the provisional government were assembled in council. The treaty, as ratified by the Emperor, was presented. There were various points to be established, which occupied several days, during which great rewards were held out to the prominent and influential men of the Empire who would give in their cordial adherence to the new government. Their support was of essential importance to its stability. The situation in which they were placed was peculiarly trying. They could do nothing more for Napoleon. Their refusal to accept office under the new regime consigned them to suspicion, poverty, and obscurity. Still many, from love to the Emperor, refused to enroll themselves under the banners of the Bourbons. But the great majority were eager to make peace with the new government.

Under these circumstances, Napoleon was exceedingly impatient for the hour of his departure. He sent courier after courier to Caulaincourt, urging expedition. In one of the short notes he wrote, "I wish to depart. Who would have ever supposed that the air of France would become suffocating to me? The ingratitude of mankind kills more surely than steel or poison. It has rendered my existence a burden. Hasten, hasten my departure."

The four great Powers—Russia, Prussia, England, and Austria—appointed each a commissioner to conduct the Emperor to Elba. The sovereigns deemed the escort of an imposing armed force to be necessary. It was feared that the enthusiastic love of the inhabitants of the middle and eastern departments of France for Napoleon might, upon his appearance, break out into an insurrection which would blaze through the whole Empire. In some of the southern departments the Royalists predominated. It was feared that in those sections conspiracies might lead to his assassination. It was therefore deemed necessary that commissioners should accompany Napoleon with a force sufficiently strong to crush the populace should they attempt to rise, and also to protect him from insult and violence. His death would have left an irreparable stain upon the Allies, and a renewal of the war would have been a fearful calamity.

Bernadotte, who had foolishly hoped to obtain the crown of France, was deeply chagrined at the result of his infamy. Notwithstanding the presence of the allied army, he could appear nowhere in the streets of Paris without encountering insult. Crowds daily greeted him with loud cries, "Down with the traitor—the perjurer!" They besieged his residence, until Bernadotte, unable to endure this universal d

taison of his countrymen, left Paris and returned to Sweden.

"He was greatly surprised," says his friend and confidant, Bourrienne, "that the French people could yield so readily to receive back the Bourbons; and I, on my part, felt equally astonished that, with his experience, Bernadotte should have been simple enough to imagine that, in changes of government, the inclinations of the people are consulted."

Caulaincourt returned to Fontainebleau early in the morning of the 16th of April. A small number of grief-stricken soldiers surrounded the palace, still clinging to the Emperor with unswerving fidelity. As soon as they saw Caulaincourt, they testified their appreciation of his services by prolonged shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" The galleries and saloons of the palace were deserted. The brilliant court which once thronged those halls had passed away before the blast of adversity. Napoleon's heart had just been rent by a desertion more bitter than all the rest. Berthier, the companion of his campaigns, who had slept in his tent and dined at his table, and who had been for many years the confidant of all his thoughts, departed silently, and by stealth, and in the night, without even saying adieu.

"Berthier," says Lamartine, "had nourished for fifteen years in his heart one of those passions, at once simple and chivalrous, which formed the guiding-star and the fatality of a whole life. He loved a beautiful Italian, who had formerly fascinated him at Milan, and whom neither war, nor ambition, nor glory, nor the friendship of the Emperor, could for a moment detach from his thoughts and his eyes. In his tent, on the eve of battle, the portrait of this beauty, deified by his worship, was suspended by the side of his arms, rivaling his duty and consoling the pains of absence by the imaginary presence of her he adored. The idea of for ever quitting this beloved object, should the Emperor require from his gratitude his attendance in exile, had led astray the mind of Berthier! He trembled every instant since the abdication, lest his master should put his attachment to too cruel a test by telling him to choose between his duty and his love. This proof he evaded by deserting in the night his companion-in-arms and benefactor. Unfaithful to the exiled Napoleon, through fidelity to love, he fled, as if to bind himself in closer chains by offering his infidelity to the *monarque*."

This unexpected desertion of a long-trying friend, without even one kind word at parting, lacerated anew the already bleeding heart of the Emperor.

Caulaincourt found him walking alone, with measured steps, in the alleys of a little garden, which was almost overshadowed by the chapel of the castle. The young buds of early spring were just bursting into foliage upon the shrubbery of the parterre, and on the oaks of the dense forest of Fontainebleau, which formed the background of the picture. The Emperor was so

absorbed in reverie, that for a moment he did not perceive the approaching footsteps of the duke.

Caulaincourt spoke. Napoleon turned quickly round, and a gleam of gratitude and joy beamed from his countenance as he recognised his faithful friend. He immediately took Caulaincourt's arm, and said, as he continued his walk,

"Is all ready for my departure?"

"Yes, sire," the duke replied, with emotion. He could not repress.

"Tis well, Caulaincourt," Napoleon added; "you exercise for the last time the functions of grand equerry near my person."

Then, in mournful tones, he continued—"Can you believe it, Caulaincourt—Berthier has departed—departed without even wishing me farewell? Berthier was born a courtier. You will see him begging employment of the Bourbons. I am mortified to see men whom I had raised so high bringing themselves so low. What has become of the halo of glory that encircled them? What must the allied sovereigns think of men whom I made the ornaments of my reign? Caulaincourt, this France is mine. Everything by which it is dishonoured is to me a personal injury, I am so identified with it. But I must go in and sit down. I feel fatigued. Hasten, hasten my departure. It is too long delayed."

Just as the Emperor and the duke were leaving the garden, a cuirassier of the Guard, who had been watching an opportunity of speaking to the Emperor, came running in great agitation towards them.

"Please your Majesty," said he, in a trembling, supplicating voice, "I demand justice. An odious act of injustice has been done me. I am thirty-six years old. Twenty-two years I have been in the service. I have my decoration," said he, striking roughly his broad chest, "and yet I am not in the list of those who are to go with your Majesty. If I am thus sent to the right-about, blood shall flow for it. I will make a vacancy among the privileged. This affair shall not pass thus."

"You have, then, a strong desire to go with me?" said Napoleon, deeply touched with the man's fidelity. "Have you well considered this, that you must quit France, your family, your promotion? You are a quartermaster."

"It is not merely a desire, my Emperor," the man replied; "it is my right, my honour, which I claim. I relinquish my promotion. I have my cross—that will suffice. As to my family, you have been my family these two-and-twenty years."

"Very well," said the Emperor; "you shall go with me, my good friend. I will arrange it."

"Thanks—thanks to your Majesty," the poor fellow replied, and he reared, elated with pride and happiness.

All the affections of the Emperor were deeply moved by these tokens of devotion on the part of the common soldiers. Almost overcome with emotion, he convulsively pressed him, and said

"I can only take with me four hundred men, and yet the whole of my brave Guard wish to follow me. Among those faithful soldiers, the question is, which shall be the most ingenious in finding, in the antiquity of his services and the number of his armorial bearings, claims to share with me my exile. Brave, brave men, why can I not take you all with me?"

While these things were transpiring, the Empress, with her son, was at Blois, about one hundred miles south-east from Paris, and seventy miles from Fontainebleau. She was in the deepest distress, and her face was continually bathed in tears. She was but twenty-two years of age, quite inexperienced, had never been trained to any self-reliance, and was placed in circumstances of the greatest possible embarrassment. When informed of the Emperor's abdication, she could not believe it possible that the Allies could contemplate his dethronement. "My father," she said, "would never consent to it. He repeated to me, over and over again, when he placed me on the French throne, that he would always maintain me in that station; and my father is rigidly true to his word."

The Emperor wrote to Maria Louisa daily, and often two or three times a day, keeping her informed of the progress of events. It was, however, with great difficulty that any courier could pass between Fontainebleau and Blois, as bands of Cossacks were prowling about in all directions. Napoleon was afraid to request Maria Louisa to join him, since he had no means of affording her protection, and she would be imminently exposed on the way to insult and captivity.

On the 7th of April the Emperor wrote her a letter, and sent it by Colonel Galbois. With great difficulty the courier succeeded in reaching the Empress. She read the letter in a state of great excitement, and then said—

"My proper place is near the Emperor, particularly now, when he is so truly unhappy. I insist upon going to him. I should be contented anywhere, provided I can but be in his company."

The colonel represented to her that the peril of the journey was so extreme that it was not to be thought of. With great reluctance she yielded, and wrote a letter to the Emperor, which gratified him exceedingly. He immediately wrote to her to advance to Orleans, which was about half-way between Blois and Fontainebleau. She reached Orleans without any personal molestation, though her escort was robbed by the way. She remained in Orleans several days, in the deepest distress and alarm. Her eyes were swollen with continual weeping, and she exhibited an aspect of woe which moved the sympathy of every heart.

Maria Louisa, though possessing but little native force of character, was an amiable woman, and by her gentle spirit won Napoleon's tender attachment. It would be impossible for any woman to have been placed in circumstances of greater perplexity.

"What can I do?" she said in anguish to the Duke of Rorigo. "I write to the Emperor for

advice, and he tells me to write to my father. But what can my father say, after the injuries he has allowed to be inflicted upon me? Shall I go to the Emperor with my son? But if an attempt is made upon the Emperor's life, and he should be compelled to fly, we should but embarrass him, and add to his danger. I know not what to do. I live but to weep."

Maria Louisa was now entirely helpless. A Russian escort was sent from the allied sovereigns, which conducted her without resistance to Rambouillet, an ancient hunting-seat of the Kings of France, about thirty miles from Paris. Here she joined her father, and became, with her son, the captive of the Allies. Guarded by the soldiers who had overthrown her husband, she was conveyed to Vienna. How far her subsequent inglorious career was influenced by inclination or by force, it is impossible now to determine.

The 20th of April was fixed for the departure of the Emperor. During the few intervening days he appeared calm, tranquil, and decided. He still clung to the hope that Maria Louisa and his adored child would be permitted to rejoin him at Elba.

"The air there is healthy," he observed, "and the disposition of the inhabitants excellent. I shall feel tolerably comfortable there, and I hope that Maria Louisa will do so too."

A few days before his departure, his old prefect of the palace, Beausset, in conversation, ventured to state, "It is now to be regretted that we had not concluded peace at Châtillon."

Napoleon, with remarkable composure, replied—

"I never believed in the good faith of our enemies. Every day there were new demands, new conditions. They did not want peace; and then I had declared to France that I never would accede to any terms that I thought humiliating, even though the enemy were on the heights of Mountmartre."

During this same interview, which lasted above two hours, he said—

"What a thing is destiny! At the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube, I did all I could to meet a glorious death in defending, foot by foot, the soil of the country. I exposed myself without reserve. It rained bullets around me. My clothes were pierced, and yet not one of them could reach me. A death which I should owe to an act of despair would be a baseness. Suicide neither accords with my principles nor with the rank which I have filled on the stage of the world. I am a man condemned to live."

General Montholon, who had been on a military reconnaissance, returned from the banks of the Loire. He spoke with enthusiasm of the feeling which animated the soldiers and the people. "By rallying the troops of the south, a formidable force might be assembled," said he.

"It is too late," the Emperor replied. "I could have done it, but they did not wish it. Doubtless I might still hold out another campaign and offer a successful resistance, but I

be kindling a civil war in France, and I will not do so. Besides, I have signed my abdication, and I will not recall what I have done. Let destiny be accomplished."

On the morning of the 19th, the preparations were nearly completed for the departure. As the hour approached in which Napoleon was to bid adieu to all that he had known and loved, though calm and resigned, there were many indications that he was struggling to smother the most excruciating sorrow. His heart yearned for sympathy in this hour of desertion; and yet many of his old companions-in-arms, whom he loved and cherished, were now dancing at the balls of the Allies, and wearing the white cockade of the Bourbons. It is not strange that they wished to avoid a parting interview with the forsaken Emperor. Still, Napoleon hoped that some of them would come. He uttered not one word of reproach, but was overheard repeating sadly to himself the names of Molé, Fontanes, Berthier, and Ney. Every time the sound of a carriage broke upon the silence of the deserted halls of the palace, expectation and anxiety were visible in his looks. Still no one came.

In the course of the day he sent for Caulaincourt. His mien was dignified and composed, but expressive of one upon whom misfortune had heavily fallen.

"Caulaincourt," exclaimed the Emperor, "tomorrow, at twelve o'clock, I shall step into my carriage."

There was a moment's pause, during which Caulaincourt seemed unable to make any reply. The Emperor fixed his eye upon his faithful ambassador, took his hand, and added, in slow and solemn tones—

"Caulaincourt, I am heart-broken. We ought never to part."

"Sire," Caulaincourt exclaimed in despair, "I will go with you. France has become hateful to me."

"No, Caulaincourt," the Emperor rejoined, "you must not quit France with me. You may still be useful to me here. Who is to look to the interests of my family and of my faithful servants? Who is to defend the cause of those brave and devoted Poles, of whom the nineteenth article of the treaty guarantees the right acquired by honourable services?" Think well! It would be a shame for France, for me, for all of us, Caulaincourt, if the interests of the Poles were not irrevocably secured. In conformity with the rights which the nineteenth article gives me, I have caused a statement to be prepared. I have fixed the sums which I wish to be paid to my guard, my civil and military household, and to my attendants. Fidelity cannot be recom-

ensed with money, but at present it is all I have to give. Tell them it is a remembrance which I leave to each individually, as an attestation of their good services. Be on the watch, Caulaincourt, till these arrangements are fulfilled."

After a moment's pause, he added—

"In a few days I shall be established in my sovereignty in the isle of Elba. I am in haste to get there. I have dreamed of great things for France. Time failed me. I told you, Caulaincourt, at Duben, the French nation knows not how so support reverses. This people, the bravest and most intelligent in the world, has no pertinacity but in flying to the contrary. Defeat demoralizes them. During sixteen years, the French nation have marched with me from victory to victory. A single year of disasters has made them forget everything."

He sighed deeply, and continued—

"The way I have been treated is most infamous. They separate me violently from my wife and child. In what barbarous code do they find the article which deprives a sovereign of his rights as a father and a husband? By what savage law do they arrogate the power to separate those whom God has joined? History will avenge me. It will say, 'Napoleon, the soldier, the conqueror, was clement and generous in victory. Napoleon, when conquered, was treated with indignity by the monarchs of Europe.'"

He paused a moment, and then added with bitterness—

"It is a planned thing. Do you not see that, because they dare not blow out my brains with a pistol, they assassinate me by slow degrees? There are a thousand means of causing death."

As Napoleon uttered these words, large drops of perspiration oozed from his brow, and he paced the floor in intense agitation. In reading the record of his anguish, the mind instinctively recurs to the divorce of Josephine. We, perhaps, perceive in it the retributive hand of God, who, in his providential government, does not permit even sins of ignorance to pass away unpunished. Caulaincourt endeavoured to soothe him.

"Sire," he said, "all my zeal, all my efforts shall be exerted to put an end to this impious separation. Your Majesty may rely on me. I will see the Emperor of Austria on his arrival at Paris. The Empress will second me. She will wish to rejoin you. Have hope, sire, have hope."

"You are right, Caulaincourt, you are right," the Emperor more calmly rejoined. "My wife loves me. I believe it. She has never had cause to complain of me. It is impossible that I have become indifferent to her. Louisa is amiable in her disposition and simple in her tastes. She will prefer her husband's house to a duchy granted in charity. And in the isle of Elba I can yet be happy with my wife and son."

Caulaincourt, as he narrates these events, adds—"This hope, which for a moment soothed his grief, I shared not in. I tried the negotiation. I pressed it. I supplicated. I was not seconded or aided by any one. Who knows, if Napoleon had been united to his wife and son, that France

⁴² The nineteenth article of the treaty was as follows:—"The Polish troops of all arms shall have the liberty of returning to their own country, preserving their arms and baggage as a testimonial of their honourable services. The officers, sub-officers, and soldiers shall preserve the decorations which have been granted to them, and the pensions attached to these decorations."

would have had to deplore the misfortune of the hundred days, and subsequently the captivity and death of the hero?"

Napoleon soon regained his wonted composure. He spoke without asperity of the restoration of the Bourbons, and of the difficulties which would render the stability of the new government quite impossible.

"Between the old Bourbons," said he, "and the present generation of Frenchmen, there is an incompatibility of feeling. The future is big with events. Caulaincourt, write often to me. Your letters will make some amends for your absence. The remembrance of your conduct will reconcile me to the human race. You are the most faithful of my friends."

Then cordially grasping the hand of the duke, the Emperor added—

"My friend, we must separate. To-morrow I shall have occasion for all my fortitude in bidding adieu to my soldiers. My brave Guard! faithful and devoted in my good and in my bad fortune! To-morrow I take my last farewell. This is the final struggle that remains for me to make." His voice became tremulous, his lip quivered, and he added, "Caulaincourt, my friend, we shall one day meet again."

Entirely overcome with emotion, he hastily left the cabinet. Such was the final parting of Napoleon with the Duke of Vicenza.

Caulaincourt adds, "I was a league from Fontainebleau before I felt conscious as to how or why I was there. On quitting the Emperor's cabinet, scarcely knowing what I did, I threw myself into my carriage, which was waiting at the entrance to the grand staircase. All was now over. It seemed to me as if I had never before measured the full depth of the abyss. Certainly I had never before so highly appreciated the personal merits of Napoleon. He had never appeared to me more great than at the moment when he was about to depart in exile from France. I was independent in my fortune. I was tired of men and things. I wished for repose. But repose without him! it was the ruin of all the delightful illusions which gave a value to life. I did not comprehend how henceforth I should drag out my colourless existence. I dreamed of travels into remote lands, of mental occupations, which should fill the measureless void of my days to come. I questioned the future, and in the future was written, in letters of blood—**WATERLOO.**"

The high sense of honour with which Napoleon was disposed to discharge his part of the obligations of this treaty, compulsory as it was, is manifest from the magnanimous language with which he released his officers from all further obligations to him, and exhorted them to be faithful to their country under the new government. He assembled in his room the officers still devoted to him who remained at Fontainebleau, and, affectionately looking around upon the group, said, in his farewell words—

"Gentlemen, when I remain no longer with you and when you have another government,

it will become you to attach yourselves to it frankly, and serve it as faithfully as you have served me. I request, and even command, you to do this. Therefore, all who desire to go to Paris have my permission to do so; and those who remain here will do well to send in their adhesion to the government of the Bourbons."

The morning of the 20th dawned. Napoleon had appointed mid-day as the hour of his departure. He remained during the forenoon alone in his cabinet. As the hour approached, the troops of the Imperial Guard were drawn up in the court-yard of the palace, to pay their last token of respect to their exiled Emperor. An immense concourse from the surrounding country had collected to witness the great event. The commissioners of the Allied Powers, the generals of his body-guard, and a few of the officers of the imperial household, assembled, in mournful silence, in the saloon before his cabinet. General Bertrand, grand-marshal of the palace, faithful to Napoleon until the dying scene at St. Helena, announced the Emperor. Napoleon, with a serene countenance and a tranquil air, came forth. The emotions excited in every breast were too deep for utterance, and not a word disturbed the solemn silence of the scene. As the Emperor passed down the line of his friends, bowing to the right and the left, they seized his hand and bathed it with their tears.

As he arrived at the landing of the grand staircase, he stood for a moment and looked around upon the Guard drawn up in the court, and upon the innumerable multitude which thronged its surroundings. Every eye was fixed on him. It was a funeral scene, over which was suspended the solemnity of religious awe. The soldiers were suffocated with sorrow. Acclamations in that hour would have been a mockery. The silence of the grave reigned undisturbed. Tears rolled down the furrowed cheeks of the warriors, and their heads were bowed in unaffected grief. They envied the lot of the little band who were allowed to depart as the companions of their beloved chieftain.

Napoleon cast a tender and a grateful look over the battalions and the squadrons who had ever proved so faithful to himself and to his cause. Before descending into the court-yard, he hesitated for a moment, as if his fortitude were forsaking him. But, immediately rallying his strength, he approached the soldiers. The drums commenced beating the accustomed salute. With a gesture Napoleon arrested the martial tones. A breathless stillness prevailed. With a voice clear and firm, every articulation of which was heard in the remotest ranks, he said—

"Generals, officers, and soldiers of my Old Guard, I bid you farewell. For five-and-twenty years I have ever found you in the path of honour and of glory. In these last days, as in of our prosperity, you have never be models of fidelity and of courage. Europe has armed against us. Still, with men such as you, our cause never could have been lost. We could have maintained a civil war for

years. But it would have rendered our country unhappy. I have therefore sacrificed our interests to those of France. I leave you. *But do you, my friends, be faithful to the new sovereign whom France has accepted.* The happiness of France was my only thought. It shall ever be the object of my most fervent prayers. Grieve not for my lot. I shall be happy so long as I know that you are so. If I have consented to outlive myself, it is with the hope of still promoting your glory. I trust to write the deeds we have achieved together. Adieu, my children! I would that I could press you all to my heart. Let me at least embrace your general

Every eye was now bathed in tears, and here and there many a strong bosom was heaving with sobs. At a signal from Napoleon, General Petit, who then commanded the "Old Guard," a man of martial bearing but of tender feelings, advanced, and stood between the ranks of the soldiers and their Emperor. Napoleon, with tears dimming his eyes, encircled the general in his arms, while the veteran commander, entirely unmanned, sobbed aloud. All hearts were melted, and a stifled moan was heard through all the ranks.

Again the Emperor recovered himself, and said, "Bring me the eagle."

A grenadier advanced, bearing one of the eagles of the regiment. Napoleon imprinted a kiss upon its silver beak, then pressed the eagle to his heart, and said, in tremulous accents—

"Dear eagle! may this last embrace vibrate for ever in the hearts of all my faithful soldiers! Farewell, again, my old companions—farewell!"

The outburst of universal grief could no longer be restrained; all were alike overcome. Napoleon threw himself into his carriage, bowed his sorrow-stricken head, covered his eyes with both hands, and the carriage rolled away, bearing the greatest and noblest son of France into exile.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE EMPEROR AT ELBA.

Equality of the Emperor—Affection of Josephine—

Her death—Napoleon's arrival at Elba—His devotion to the interests of the island—Rural enjoyments—Measures of the Bourbons in France—Comical appearance of Louis XVIII—Plans for the abdication of the Emperor—The income of the Emperor withheld—Conversation with Lord Ebrington—Distracted state of France—Conversation with M. Chabouillon—Napoleon decides to leave Elba—Testimony of the Duke of Rovigo.

NAPOLEON was to embark at Frejus, which is about seven hundred miles from Paris. Eight days were occupied in the journey to the coast. Throughout all the first parts of the journey he was the object of universal respect and affection. Crowds gathered to see him pass along the road, and where relays of horses were to be taken, he was greeted with enthusiastic shouts of "Vive

As he approached those departments farther remote from Paris, where he was less known, and where the Bourbon interest continued strong, it was anticipated that he would encounter many insults. In a few towns, as the cavalcade advanced, cries of "Vive le Roi!" were raised, and, but for the prudent precaution of the commissioners, it is not improbable that he would have been assassinated.

Napoleon had now entirely recovered his equanimity, and appeared social and cheerful. As a matter of precaution, he rode on horseback in advance of his escort, occasionally answering questions to the populace, and laughing good-humouredly at observations often not very complimentary respecting himself. On the 27th he reached Frejus, and, on the evening of the 28th, embarked, under a salute of twenty-one guns, in the British frigate, the "Undaunted." A French vessel had been prepared for his reception, but he refused to sail under the Bourbon flag. Two of the commissioners, the Austrian and the English, accompanied him on board.

During these melancholy scenes, Napoleon could not forget his true and faithful Josephine. She was at Malmaison, overwhelmed with anguish. He wrote to her frequently. In all his letters to Josephine, he seemed to recognise her noble nature and her appreciative spirit. Four days before he left Fontainebleau for Elba, he sent to her the following letter:—

"Dear Josephine,—I wrote to you on the 9th of this month, but perhaps you have not received my letter. Hostilities still continued, and possibly it may have been intercepted. At present the communications must be re-established. I have formed my resolution. I have no doubt this billet will reach you. I will not repeat what I said to you. Then I lamented my situation. My head and spirit are freed from an enormous weight. My fall is great, but it may, as men say, prove useful. In my retreat I shall substitute the pen for the sword. The history of my reign will be curious. The world has, as yet, seen me only in profile. I shall show myself in full. How many things have I to disclose! How many are the men of whom a false esteem is entertained! I have heaped benefits upon millions of ingrates, and they have all betrayed me—yes, all. I except from this number the good Engèle, so worthy of you and of me.

"Adieu, my dear Josephine. Be resigned, as I am, and never forget him who never forgot, and who will never forget, you. Farewell, Josephine!"

"NAPOLEON.

P.S.—I expect to hear from you at Elba. I am not very well."

Josephine, as she read these lines, wept bitterly. All the affections of her soul, elicited anew by the sorrow of her former companion, now gushed forth unrestrained.

"I must not remain here," she said; "my presence is necessary to the Emperor. The duty is, indeed, more Maria Louisa's than mine. • But

DEATH OF JOSEPHINE.

the Emperor is alone—forsaken. Well, I at least will not abandon him. I might be dispensed with while he was happy; now I am sure that he expects me."

In her situation of peculiar delicacy and embarrassment, and not knowing what decision Maria Louisa might adopt, she wrote the following touching lines to Napoleon:—

"Now only can I calculate the whole extent of the misfortune of having beheld my union with you dissolved by law. Now do I, indeed, lament being no more than your friend, who can but mourn over a misfortune great as it is unexpected. Ah, sire! why can I not fly to you? Why can I not give you the assurance that exile has no terrors save for vulgar minds; and that, far from diminishing a sincere attachment, misfortune imparts to it a new force. I have been upon the point of quitting France to follow your footsteps, and to consecrate to you the remainder of an existence which you so long embellished. A single motive restrains me, and that you may divine. If I learn that I am the only one who will fulfil her duty, nothing shall detain me, and I will go to the only place where, henceforth, there can be happiness for me, since I shall be able to console you when you are isolated and unfortunate. Say but the word, and I depart. Adieu, sire! Whatever I would add would still be too little. It is no longer by words that my sentiments for you are to be proved, and for actions your consent is necessary."

A few days after writing this letter, Josephine, crushed by care and sorrow, was taken sick. It was soon evident that her dying hour approached. She received the tidings with perfect composure, and partook of the last sacraments of religion. At the close of these solemn rites she said to Eugène and Hortense, who were weeping at her bedside—

"I have always desired the happiness of France. I did all in my power to contribute to it. I can say with truth, in this my dying hour, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a single tear to flow."

She called for a portrait of the Emperor, gazed upon it long and tenderly, and, fervently pressing it to her heart, breathed the following prayer

"O God! watch over Napoleon while he remains in the desert of this world. Alas! though he hath committed great faults, hath he not expiated them by great sufferings? Just God! thou hast looked into his heart, and hast seen by how ardent a desire for useful and durable improvements he was animated. Deign to approve this my last petition, and may this image of my husband bear me witness that my latest wish and my latest prayer was for him and for my

On the 29th of May, hardly four weeks after Napoleon's arrival in Elba, she died. It was a vernal evening of extraordinary loveliness. The shrubs and the flowers of Malmaison were in full bloom, and the luxuriant groves were filled

with the songs of birds. The sun, throned in gorgeous clouds, was just descending, while gentle zephyrs from the open windows breathed over the pale cheek of the dying Empress. She held the miniature of Napoleon in her hand. Her last looks were riveted upon those features she had loved so faithfully, and faintly exclaiming, "*Island of Elba—Napoleon!*" her gentle spirit passed away into the sweet sleep of the Christian's death. For four days her body remained shrouded in state. More than twenty thousand people—monarchs, nobles, statesmen, and adoring peasants—thronged the chateau of Malmaison to take a last look of her beloved remains. Her body now lies entombed in the antique village church of Rueil, two miles from Malmaison. A mausoleum of white marble, representing the Empress kneeling in her coronation robes, bears the simple inscription—

EUGÈNE AND HORTENSE
TO
JOSEPHINE.

The island of Elba is situated about two hundred miles from the coast of France. Gentle breezes, a smooth sea, and cloudless skies rendered the voyage of five days peculiarly agreeable. The Emperor conversed with perfect frankness and cheerfulness, and, by his freedom from restraint, his good-nature, and his social converse, won the admiration and the friendship of all in the ship. Captain Usher, who commanded the "*Undaunted*," and other distinguished men on board, have left their testimony, that in extent of information, in genius, and in all social fascinations, the Emperor was the most extraordinary man they had ever met. He had been but a few hours on board before he had won the kindly feelings of all the ship's company. Even the common sailors, who had been instructed to believe that he was an incarnate fiend, were heard to say with astonishment, "*Bony is a good fellow, after all!*"

On the evening of the 3rd of May, as the sun was sinking beneath the blue waves of the Mediterranean, the dark mountains of Elba rose in the horizon. As the ship drew near the shore, the Emperor presented to the ship's crew a purse of two hundred napoleons. The boatswain, in behalf of his shipmates, cap in hand, returned thanks, wishing "his honour long life, and better luck next time."

The next morning Napoleon landed, under a royal salute from the English ship, and the discharge of a hundred guns from the battery of Porto Ferrajo, the humble capital of his diminutive domain. Napoleon, instead of proceeding immediately to the palace which had been prepared for his reception, with the simplicity of a private traveller, tarried upon the shore while his property was disembarking, occasionally even rendering assistance with his own hands. The sun was intensely hot. Captain Usher, who stood by his side, felt it severely. Napoleon, noticing his discomfort, playfully expressed surprise that a British officer, belonging to a pre-

session famed for its patient ships, should be so affected.

Napoleon remained for two hours without sitting down, superintending the disembarkation. Then mounting a horse, and inviting Captain Usher to accompany him, he observed that he would take a ride and view the country. They ascended an eminence which commanded a view of nearly the whole island, which is sixteen miles in length, and from two to twelve miles in breadth. The population was thirteen thousand. After gazing for a few minutes upon its whole extent, he remarked, with a smile—

"My empire, it must be confessed, is rather small."

The inhabitants received him with great demonstrations of joy. The peasantry, on meeting him, knelt and prostrated themselves to the earth. Napoleon was much displeased with this debasement, which he attributed to their want of education, and to the humiliation imposed upon them by the monks. But even here the restless energies of his mind, and his intense interest in public improvement, were immediately conspicuous. In the course of two or three days he had visited every spot in his little domain. He examined the mines, the salt-marshes, the vineyards, the woods, the harbours, the fortifications, with a practical and a scientific eye. Extraordinary activity was instantly infused into the little realm. New roads were constructed, canals were dug, and aqueducts reared. A hospital was established, conveniences were introduced to facilitate the fisheries, and improved buildings were reared for carrying on the salt-works. At a short distance from Elba there was an uninhabited island called Rianosa, which had been abandoned, as it had become a lurking-place of the Barbary corsairs. Napoleon sent thirty of his guard, as a colony, to take possession of the island, and sketched out a plan of fortifications to beat off the pirates.

"Europe," he remarked, with a smile, "will say that I have already made a conquest."

All his energies seemed devoted to the promotion of the wealth and the industry of his little realm.

"It has been alleged," says W. H. Ireland, "but without foundation, that the Emperor retained his taste for military exercises. Not one review took place during his residence at Porto Ferrajo, where arms seemed to possess no attractions for him."

Early in June, Madame Letitia and Pauline, impelled by maternal and sisterly affection, came to share the exile of the beloved son and brother. About the same time, the Austrian commissioner took leave and returned to Vienna. The English commissioner was now left alone. His position was humiliating to himself and annoying to Napoleon. Though he was an intelligent man, and Napoleon at first took pleasure in his society, the degrading function he was called upon to perform gradually cooled the intimacy. Napoleon ceased to pay him attention, and he soon found that he was not a welcome guest. Still, he was bound

to keep a watchful eye upon all that transpired at Elba, and to transmit his observations to the English Cabinet. At length, the only way in which he could obtain an interview with the Emperor was by availing himself of the forms of court etiquette, which rendered it proper to call upon the Emperor to take his leave whenever he departed from the island, and also to announce his return.

The presence of the Emperor made the little island of Elba the most conspicuous spot in all Europe. A large number of travellers from all parts of the Continent resorted to Elba in crowds. French, Italian, and Polish officers thronged thither to pay their homage to one whose renown made him, though but the proprietor of a small estate, the most illustrious monarch in Europe. All of a suitable social position were readily admitted to friendly intercourse with the banished monarch. He engaged in conversation with marvellous freedom and frankness, interesting all by the nobleness and the elevation of his views, speaking of the past as history, and of himself as politically dead.

His spirits appeared ever tranquil. No expression of regret escaped his lips, and he seemed disposed to throw the mantle of charity over the conduct of those who had most deeply wronged him. He took an interest in the simple amusements of the peasants, and they addressed him with frankness and affection, as if he were their father. On one occasion, when he was present to witness some of their athletic feats of competition, they requested him to preside as umpire. Very good-naturedly he consented. He animated the competitors by his plaudits, and crowned the victor with his own hand.

He had a farm-house but a short distance from his humble palace in Porto Ferrajo. Every day he rode thither in an open barouche, accompanied by his mother, and occasionally amused himself by going into the poultry-yard and feeding the chickens. His mother was then nearly seventy years of age. She was a remarkably fine-looking woman, her countenance being expressive of both sweetness and dignity.

Napoleon slept but little. He often threw himself upon a couch without removing his clothes, and rose very early in the morning to read and write. He breakfasted between ten and eleven, and then took a short nap. He made himself a very agreeable companion to all who approached him, never alluding with the slightest gloom or regret to his past reverses. He was very simple and unostentatious in his dress, and in all his tastes. The intellectual had such a predominance in his nature that the animal appetite had no room for growth.

The summer thus passed rapidly and pleasantly away. The allied despots, having reconquered Europe, were still assembled in congress at Vienna, quarrelling among themselves respecting the division of the spoils. The Bourbons were fast resuming their ancient tyranny in France. All parties, except a few extreme Loyalists, were disgusted with their sway.

Alexander, who had obtained some new ideas respecting human rights from his interviews with Napoleon, had endeavoured to persuade Louis XVIII. to have some little regard to public opinion.

"The doctrine of divine right to the crown," said the Czar, "is now seen through and repudiated by the people of France. You must obtain an election to the throne by the Senate, that you may be understood to reign by a new title, by a voluntary appeal to the people. It will be prudent to recognise as valid the government of the last twenty-five years. If you date your reign from the death of Louis XVII., thus asserting that since that time you have been the lawful sovereign of France, and that the Empire has been a usurpation, France will be wounded and irritated."

To these common-sense remarks, from the lips of the despotic Czar, Louis haughtily replied—"By what title can the Senate, the instrument and accomplice of the violence and madness of a usurper, dispose of the crown of France? Does it belong to them? And if it did, think you that they would give it to a Bourbon? No! The deaths of my brother and nephew have transmitted the throne to me. In virtue of this title I reign. Europe has placed me on the throne, not to re-establish in my person a man, a race, but a principle. I have no other, I want no other, title to present to France and to the world. You yourself—by what title do you command those millions of men whom you have led here to restore me to my throne?"

Alexander was silenced. The advice of Bernadotte was a little different, and more highly appreciated.

"Sire," said he, "make yourself dreaded, and they will love you. Wear a velvet glove upon a hand of iron."

In this spirit the Bourbons, madly ignoring all the light and advancement of a quarter of a century of revolution, with folly unutterable, endeavoured to consign France again to the gloom and oppression of the Middle Ages.

"The Bourbons," said Napoleon, "during their exile, had learned nothing and had forgotten nothing."

Louis XVIII. was about sixty years of age. He suffered much from the gout, and was so excessively corpulent that he could hardly walk. He conversed with ease, and possessed that quality which his friends called firmness, and his enemies stabbornness. He wore velvet boots that the leather might not chafe his legs. Decorations of chivalry were suspended from broad blue ribbons, which passed over his capacious white waistcoat. His whole costume was fantastically antique. His hair, carefully powdered, was artistically turned up in front, and curled by the hair-dressers upon his temples. Behind it was tied by a black ribbon, from whence it escaped, flowing down upon his shoulders. He wore a three-cornered hat, adorned with a white cockade and a white plume. When the people of Paris and the soldiers beheld this comical-looking

object, under the patronage of the armies of England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, conveyed through the streets of Paris to the Tuileries, to take the place of Napoleon as their sovereign, they were at first exceedingly amused, but their amusement very soon passed away into derision and contempt. They began to murmur more and more loudly for the noble exile of Elba. In very uncourly phrase, they called Louis XVIII. Louis the Hog. They called the Bourbons the swine. A caricature was circulated everywhere through the kingdom, representing a magnificent eagle winging his flight from the Tuileries, while a herd of unwieldy porkers were wallowing in at the gates.

The Bourbons disbanded the Imperial Guard, who could never forget their adored chieftain, and surrounded themselves with a body-guard of Swiss mercenaries. The tri-coloured flag gave place to the ancient standard of the Bourbons. The King haughtily nullified all the acts of the imperial government, ever speaking of the Empire as the usurpation, and dating the first of his ordinances in the nineteenth year of his reign. The right of suffrage was so far abolished that there were but eight hundred thousand voters in the kingdom, instead of about five millions, as under Napoleon. The King insulted the nation by declaring that he held the throne by divine right, and not by the will of the people.

The Bourbons also humiliated France beyond expression by the enormous concessions they made to the Allies. At one sweep they surrendered every inch of territory which France had acquired since the Revolution. Fifteen millions three hundred and sixty thousand souls were thus severed from the Empire. Twelve thousand pieces of cannon, and ammunition in incalculable quantities, were yielded to the victors. Fortresses were dismantled, garrisons containing a hundred thousand men surrendered, and the army was cut down to eighty thousand troops. Thus the Allies disarmed France, and rendered it helpless, before they entrusted it to the keeping of the Bourbon usurpers. The discontent and murmurs of the people became so loud and universal, that it became necessary to establish the most rigid censorship of the press.

When Bernadotte was seduced to turn his traitorous arms against Napoleon, the Allies secretly contracted to annex to Sweden the kingdom of Norway. It became now necessary to pay the thirty pieces of silver. But as the Allies had not the property which they had pledged, they turned themselves into highway men to obtain it. The Norwegians, in the anguish of despair, rose as one man, declaring, "We will live or die for old Norway's freedom." A deputation was sent from Norway to the British government to implore, in most pathetic tones, the mercy of England.

"The engagements of the Allied Powers, however," says Alison, "towards Sweden were too stringent to permit of any attention being paid even to these touching appeals of a gallant people struggling for their independence."

England, without the slightest pretext, even of provocation, sent her fleet to assail Norway by sea, while Bernadotte, by land, poured into the helpless kingdom a powerful army of invasion. The Norwegians fought bravely against such fearful odds. The little kingdom was soon overpowered, and fell, covered with wounds. The Allies, wiping their dripping swords, handed over the bloody prey to Bernadotte. This aroused intense indignation from the Opposition in the British Parliament. It was declared to be the deepest stain which as yet sullied the British government. But the Tories were in the entire ascendency, and haughtily trampled all opposition beneath their feet. This even occurred during the months of September, October, and November of this year.

With the same reckless disregard of all popular rights, the Allies proceeded to punish all those States which had manifested any disposition to throw off the yoke of feudal despotism. The noble Saxons were compelled to drink the cup of humiliation to its dregs. A large part of the kingdom was passed over to the despotism of Prussia; Blücher, with his bloody dragoon, silenced the slightest aspirations for liberty. The Grand Duchy of Warsaw, one of the portions of dismembered Poland which Napoleon had nobly enfranchised, was bound hand and foot, and delivered again to Russia. This most relentless of earth's despotisms swung her knout, and pointed to Siberia, and her trembling victims were silent and still. The Milanese, who for a few years had enjoyed a free government, and a degree of prosperity never known before, were again overrun by the armies of Austria. Truly was it declared in the British Parliament that these acts of violence and spoliation surpassed any with which Napoleon had ever been charged.

Sir Archibald Alison, the eloquent advocate of the British aristocracy, thus apologizes for these acts:—

"All these States which were disposed of, some against their will, by the Congress of Vienna, were at war with the Allied Powers; they were part of the French Empire or of its allied dependencies, and if they were allotted to some of the conquering Powers, they underwent no more than the stern rule of war, the sad lot of the vanquished from the beginning of the world."

As these governments had been sustained by the genius of one man, when he fell they all fell together. The Allies had discernment enough to see where the mighty energy was which sustained the popular institutions of Europe; consequently, they combined against Napoleon Bonaparte alone. Let those who condemn Napoleon for not having organised these kingdoms as Republics answer the question, why did not these people, upon the fall of Napoleon, establish republican institutions themselves?

The fate of Frederick Augustus, the unhappy King of Saxony, peculiarly excited the sympathies of all generous minds. He had been magnanimous in his fidelity to the popular cause, and with corresponding severity he was

After being detained for some time a State prisoner in the castle of Fredericksfeld, while his judges decided his doom, one-third of his dominions was wrested from him and given to Prussia. The King, thus weakened by the loss of two millions of subjects, and rendered powerless in the midst of surrounding despotisms, was permitted to sit down again upon his mutilated throne. Thus all over Europe there was with the people intense discontent. The popular cause was effectually debased, and despotism was rampant.

Napoleon, at Elba, read the European journals with the greatest avidity. He appeared to be quite indifferent to the insults which the Allies and their partisans were lavishing upon him.

"Am I much cut up to-day?" said he to General Bertrand, as he on one occasion brought him the French journals.

"No, sire," the grand marshal replied; "there is no assault to-day upon your Majesty."

"Ah, well," Napoleon replied, "it will be for to-morrow. It is an intermittent fever."

As the summer advanced the Emperor began to be embarrassed for want of money. The sums he had brought with him were expended, and the Bourbons, with dishonour which excited the reproaches even of the Allies, neglected to pay the annuity settled upon the exiled Emperor by the treaty of Fontainebleau. This violation of the compact was without a shadow of justification. Napoleon might have continued the war, and at least have cost the Allies a vast sacrifice of treasure and of blood. It was an act of perfidy to refuse the fulfilment of the treaty. The British government were ashamed of this conduct, and Lord Castlereagh earnestly but unavailingly remonstrated with the Bourbons.

Napoleon, with his accustomed promptness and energy, stopped his improvements, and introduced the most rigid economy into all his expenditures. The chill winds of winter came, and the Emperor retired to his cabinet and to his books, and to conversation with the illustrious men who, in

²⁴ The following remarks of the Duke of Rovigo will commend themselves to every candid mind:—"In spite of all attacks, the brilliant career of the Emperor remains to defend him. It is exclusively the offspring of his genius. His immortal works will long remain as objects of comparison, difficult of attainment for those who shall attempt to imitate him; while Frenchmen will consider them the proudest records in their history. They will also serve as an answer to all those attacks which a spirit of revenge never ceases to direct against him. When time, which analyzes everything, shall have disarmed resentment, Napoleon will be held up to the veneration of history as the man of the people, as the hero of liberal institutions. He will then receive his just meed of praise for his efforts to improve the condition of mankind. A correct idea will then be formed of the resistance he must have encountered. A proper distinction will then be drawn between a dictatorship necessary and a government ruling by the laws; between the crisis of a movement and the settled political existence which it was intended to impart to the nation. Lastly, it will be admitted that no one possessed in so great a degree as himself the means of rendering France happy, and that she would not have idly to be so had it not been for the wars into which enemies had taken pains to involve him, in order to

increasing numbers, looked to visit him. With remarkable unreserve he communicated his impressions, though he could not but have known that they would have been reported all over Europe.

Lord Ebrington records an interesting interview which he had with Napoleon on the evening of the 6th of December.

"Tell me frankly," said Napoleon, "are the French satisfied?"

"So, so," Lord Ebrington replied.

"It cannot be," Napoleon rejoined. "They have been too much humbled. They have had a King forced upon them, and that, too, by England."

He then referred to the pamphlets which had been published in France respecting himself.

"Among them," said he, "there are some which denominate me a traitor and a coward. But it is only truth that wounds. The French well know that I am neither the one nor the other. The wisest plan the Bourbons could have adopted would have been, as regards myself, to pursue the rule by which I was guided in respect to them—that is to say, never permitting any one to state anything either good or bad regarding the family."

"What do you think of the Emperor of Russia?" inquired Lord Ebrington.

"He is an absolute Greek," Napoleon replied. "There is no placing any dependence upon him. He nevertheless is instructed, and possesses some liberal sentiments, which were acquired from the philosophical La Harpe, who was his tutor. But he is so Hippant and deceptive it is impossible to ascertain if his assertions are the result of his real thoughts, or derived from a certain vanity in contrasting himself with his real position."

"The Emperor Francis," he continued, "had more honesty, but less capacity. I would much rather confide in him than in the other. And if he passed his word to anything, I should feel persuaded that, on pledging himself, he had the intention of fulfilling his promise. But his faculties are very circumscribed—no energy, no character."

"As to the King of Prussia, he is a corporal, without an idea beyond the dress of a soldier. He is by far the most stupid of the three."

Conversation then turned to Napoleon's last campaign. "Our ruin," said he, with as much apparent composure as if speaking of an event which occurred during the Middle Ages, "is to be ascribed to Marmont. I had confided to him some of my best troops, and a post of the greatest importance. How could I expect to be betrayed by a man whom I had loaded with kindness from the time he was fifteen years of age? Had he stood firm, I could have driven the Allies out of Paris, and the people there, as well as throughout France, would have risen in spite of the Senate. But, even with Marmont's troops, the Allies numbered against us three to one. After his defection there was no longer any hope."

I might still, however, have been in and have prolonged the war for some

years; but against Europe united I could not have flattered myself with a fortunate result. I soon decided to rescue France from civil war; and I now look upon myself as dead, for to die or to live here is the same thing."

"Were you not surprised," inquired Lord Ebrington, "that Berthier should have been among the first to welcome the arrival of the Bourbons?"

Napoleon answered with a smile, "I have been informed that he committed some such foolishness, but he was not gifted with a strong mind. I had raised him higher than his deserts because he was useful to me in writing. After all, he was an honest soul, who, in case I appeared, would be the first to express his regrets for what he had done, with tears in his eyes."

Again he said, "The only revenge I wish upon this poor Berthier would be to see him in his costume of captain of the body-guard of Louis." With undeniable correctness Napoleon has said, "I never revenged myself for a personal injury during the whole course of my life."

"But what would they do with me," said Napoleon, "supposing I should go to England? Should I be stoned to death?"

"I think," Lord Ebrington replied, "that you would be perfectly safe. The violent feelings against you have been daily subsiding since we are no longer at war."

"I believe, nevertheless," Napoleon rejoined, smiling, "that I should run some risk from your London mob."

He spoke of Lord Cornwallis in the highest terms. "Though not a man," said he, "of superior talents, he was, in integrity and goodness of heart, an honour to his country. He was what I call a specimen of the true race of English nobility. I wish I had had some of the same stamp in France. I always knew," he added, "whether the English cabinet were sincere in any proposals for peace by the persons they sent to treat. I believe, if Mr. Fox had lived, we should have concluded a peace. The manner in which he began his correspondence with Talleyrand gave an incontestable proof of his good faith. You doubtless call to your recollection the circumstance of the assassin. But those leagued with Mr. Fox in the administration were not so pacifically inclined."

"We considered your views of aggrandizement such," said Lord Ebrington, "that many of our statesmen, and Lord Grenville among them, were afraid of making peace with you."

"You were mistaken," Napoleon replied; "I was only desirous of making you just. I respect the English character; but I wanted a free maritime trade. Events, in creating wars, furnished me the means of enlarging my Empire, and I did not neglect them. But I stood in need of some years' repose to accomplish everything I intended for France. Tell Lord Grenville to come and visit me at Elba. I believe you thought in England that I was a very demon; but now you have seen France and me,

you will probably allow that you have in some respects been deceived."

"I then attacked," says Lord Ebrington, "his detention of English travellers, which he justified on the score of retaliation, in our having made prizes at sea before a declaration of war. I replied that such a proceeding had been sanctioned by long use. 'Yes,' he said, 'to you who gain, but not to others who suffer from it; and if you made new laws of nations, I was justified in doing the same. I am fully convinced that in your hearts you allow that I was right, because I displayed energy in that proceeding, and I have, equally with yourselves, somewhat of the pirate about me.'"

Lord Ebrington expressed his surprise at the admirable *sang-froid* with which Napoleon bore his reverses. "All the world," said the Emperor, "has been more astonished in that respect than myself. I do not entertain the best opinion of men, and I have uniformly mistrusted Fortune. My brothers were much more kings than I. They have had the enjoyments of royalty, while I have had little but its fatigues."

The eyes of the people of France were now every day more and more earnestly turned towards Elba. Loud murmurs were everywhere ascending around the Bourbon throne. Louis XVIII. and his friends were alarmed. The Royalists felt that it was necessary to put Napoleon out of the way, as his boundless personal popularity endangered the repose of Europe. Many plots were formed for his assassination, which were communicated to him by his friends. Napoleon was defenceless, and the poniard of the murderer was ever suspended over him. The English cabinet was dissatisfied with his place of exile, as not being sufficiently remote from Europe. The British government was in negotiation with the East India Company for the cession to the crown of the island of St. Helena: It was reported that the Duke of Wellington, who, on his voyage to and from India, had seen this lonely rock, had suggested it as a strong prison for the exile, whom he unworthily allowed himself implacably to hate. The report was everywhere that the Allies were deliberating upon the project of removing the Emperor from Elba to St. Helena.

"After the retreat of the Emperor to Elba," says Lord Holland, "Lady Holland furnished him with one or two packets of English newspapers, which she was informed that he had been anxious to peruse. It is remarkable that in one of those papers was a paragraph hinting a project among the confederates of transporting him to St. Helena. True it was that such an idea, however inconsistent with honour or good faith, was started and discussed before Napoleon left Elba. I stated this fact in the House of Lords, in the debate on the treatment of General Bonaparte, and I was not contradicted. I had it, in truth, from an Englishman of veracity, employed at the Congress of Vienna, who told me it after Napoleon's arrival at Paris, but before the battle of Waterloo. Any well-grounded sus-

picion of such a proceeding was surely sufficient to release the exiled Emperor from the obligations of his treaty and abdication at Fontainebleau, and to justify his attempt to recover the empire he had so recently lost."

Nothing can more clearly show than this state of things the marvellous power of Napoleon. Here was a man, without arms, without money, quietly dwelling on a little island of the Mediterranean, reading his books, conversing in his cabinet, watching over the interests of a few hundred peasants, and yet the power of his name was such, and there was such a tide of sympathy circling around him from the masses of the people on the Continent, that the combined despots of Europe, in the midst of their bristling bayonets, were trembling for fear of him.

The treaty of Fontainebleau had already been shamefully violated, and Napoleon was consequently no longer bound by its obligations. A crisis was manifestly at hand. France was on the eve of another revolution. The nation was earnestly yearning for its deposed Emperor. Napoleon anxiously watched these portentous signs. He studied the journals. He received reports from his friends respecting the distracted state of France, the universal discontent with the Bourbons, the projects for his assassination, or to kidnap him and consign him to close imprisonment. They told him of the affection with which his memory was cherished by the people of France, and their earnest desire that he would return.

It was now near the close of the month of February. He had been upon the island of Elba ten months. His peril was extreme. The assassin's dagger might any day reach his heart, or a band of kidnapers convey him to imprisonment—a thousandfold more to be dreaded than death. He resolved to return to France, present himself before the people, and let them place him upon the throne or send a bullet through his heart, as to them should seem the best.

Pauline visited the Continent, and the most distinguished of the friends of Napoleon gathered around her. On her return she acquainted the Emperor with the remorse of his old companions-in-arms for having joined the Bourbons, and of their urgent entreaty that he would return to France. They all agreed in the declaration that the people, with entire unanimity would replace him upon the throne.

Early in February, Baron Chabonlon, one of the young members of Napoleon's Council of State, in disguise visited Elba. He obtained a private audience with the Emperor, and reports the following conversation as having occurred during the interview:—

"I am informed that you have just arrived from France," said the Emperor. "Speak to me of Paris. Have you brought to me letters from my friends?"

"No, sire—"

Napoleon interrupted him, saying, "Ah! I see they, like the rest, have forgotten me."

"Sire, you will never be forgotten in France," Chaboulon added. "Your Majesty will ever be cherished with emotions of devotion and attachment by all true Frenchmen."

"You are mistaken," said Napoleon. "The French have now another sovereign. Their duty and their happiness command them to think no more of me. They invent a great many fables and falsehoods respecting me in Paris. It is also said that I am to be transferred to Malta or to St. Helena. Let them think of it. I have provisions for six months, cannon, and brave men to defend me, and I shall make them pay dearly for the shameful attempt. But I cannot think that Europe will dishonour itself by arming against a single man, who has neither the inclination nor the wish to injure others. The Emperor Alexander has too much regard for the opinion of posterity to lend himself to such a crime. They have guaranteed to me by a solemn treaty the sovereignty of the island of Elba. I am here in my own house. So long as I do not go out to seek a quarrel with my neighbours, no one has a right to come and disturb me. How are the Bourbons liked in France?"

"Sire," Chaboulon replied, "the Bourbons have not realized the expectations of the French. The number of malcontents increases daily."

"So much the worse, so much the worse," Napoleon sharply rejoined. "But why has not X— sent me any letters?"

"He was afraid," Chaboulon replied, "that they might be taken from me. He has, however, revealed several circumstances, known only to your Majesty and himself, which I am to give as proof that I am worthy of your confidence."

"Let us hear them," the Emperor added.

"I began my detail," Chaboulon writes, "but he exclaimed, without allowing me to finish, 'That's enough. Why did you not tell me that at first? We have lost half an hour.' This storm disconcerted me. He perceived my confusion, and, resuming his discourse in tones of mildness, said, 'Come, make yourself easy, and repeat to me minutely all that has transpired between you and X—.'"

"I proceeded with my narrative, but the Emperor, who, when affected, was incapable of listening to any recital without interrupting by his comments at every moment, stopped me by exclaiming—

"I truly thought, when I abdicated, that the Bourbons, instructed and disciplined by adversity, would not fall again into the errors which ruined them in 1789. I was in hopes the King would govern you as a good man should. It was the only means of making you forget that he had been forced upon you by foreigners; but, since the Bourbons have returned to France, they have done nothing but commit blunders. Their treaty of the 3rd of April has profoundly disgusted me. With one stroke of the pen they have robbed France of Belgium, and of all the territory acquired since the Revolution. They have despoiled the nation of its docks, its arsenals, its

fleets, its artillery, and the immense stores which I had collected in the fortresses and ports which they have now ceded. Talleyrand has conducted them to this infamy. He must have been bribed. Peace on such terms is easy. Had I, like them, consented to the ruin of France, they would not now be on my throne; but I would sooner cut off this right arm. I preferred renouncing my throne rather than to retain it by tarnishing my glory and the honour of France. A degraded throne is an intolerable burden."

"My enemies have published everywhere that I obstinately refused to make peace. They have represented me as a wretched madman, thirsting for blood and carnage. Such language answered their purpose. When you wish to hang your dog, you give out that he is mad. But Europe shall know the truth. I will acquaint it with everything that was said or done at Châtillon. I will unmask, with a vigorous hand, the English, the Russians, and the Austrians. Europe shall judge between us. She will declare on which side lay the knavery and the thirst for shedding blood. I might have retired with my army beyond the Loire, and enjoyed a mountain warfare to my heart's content. I would not. I was weary of carnage."

"My name, and the brave men who remained faithful to me, made the Allies tremble even in my capital. They offered Italy as the price of my abdication. I refused. After once reigning over France, one ought not to reign elsewhere. I chose the isle of Elba. They were happy to accord it to me. The position suits me; for here I can watch France and the Bourbons. All that I have done has been for France. It was for her sake, not for my own, that I wished to make her the first nation on the globe. My glory is secure. If I had thought but of self, I would have returned to a private station. But it was my duty to retain the imperial title for my family and son. Next to France, my son is to me the dearest object in all the world."

During this glowing discourse the Emperor rapidly paced the room, and appeared violently agitated. He paused a moment, and then continued—

"The emigrants know too well that I am here. I discover new plots every day. They have sent to Corsica one of the assassins associated with Georges—a wretch whom even the English journals have pointed out to Europe as a blood-thirsty assassin. But let them beware! If he misses me, I shall not miss him. I will send my grenadiers after him, and he shall be shot as an example to others."

There was again a moment of silence, when the Emperor resumed—

"Do my generals go to court? They must cut a sad figure there."

"Yes, sire," Chaboulon replied; "and they are enraged to see themselves superseded in favour of emigrants who never heard the sound of a cannon."

"The emigrants will never alter," Napoleon rejoined. "I committed a great error when I

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recalled that anti-national race into France. If it had not been for me, they would have died of starvation abroad. But then I had great motives. I wanted to reconcile Europe to us, and close the Revolution. But what do my soldiers say about it?

"The soldiers, sire," said Chaboulon, "never pronounce your name but with respect, admiration, and grief."

"And so they still love me?" said Napoleon, smiling.

"Yes, sire," said Chaboulon; "and I may venture to say that they love you even more than ever. They consider our misfortunes as the effect of treachery, and constantly affirm that they never would have been conquered if they had not been sold to their enemies."

"They are right," said Napoleon. "I am glad to learn that my army preserves the consciousness of its superiority. I see that I have formed a correct opinion of the state of France. The Bourbons are unfit to reign. Their government may be acceptable to priests, nobles, and old-fashioned countesses, but it is utterly worthless to the present generation. The Revolution has taught the people to know their rank in the state; they will never consent to fall back into their former nothingness. The army can never become attached to the Bourbons. Our victories and misfortunes have established between the troops and myself an indestructible tie. The Bourbons are neither loved nor feared. The government is evidently hastening to its fall. The priests and the emigrants are its only partisans. Every man of patriotism or of soul is its enemy. But how will all this end? Is it thought there will be a new Revolution?"

"Sire," replied Chaboulon, "discontent and irritation prevail to such an extent, that the slightest effervescence would inevitably cause a general insurrection, and nobody would be surprised if it were to take place to-morrow."

"But what would you do were you to expel the Bourbons?" said the Emperor. "Would you establish the Republic?"

"The Republic, sire!" said Chaboulon; "no-body thinks of it. Perhaps they would create a Regency."

"A Regency!" exclaimed Napoleon, with vehemence and surprise. "Am I dead?"

"But your absence——," Chaboulon commenced to say.

"My absence," interrupted Napoleon, "makes no difference. In a couple of days I could be back again in France, if the nation were to recall me. Do you think it would be well if I were to return?"

"Sire," said Chaboulon, "I dare not personally attempt to answer such a question; but——"

"That is not what I am asking," impatiently answered Napoleon. "Answer Yes or No."

"Why, then, sire, Yes," said Chaboulon.

"Do you really think so?" the Emperor inquired with tenderness.

"Yes, sire, I am convinced," Chaboulon continued, "and so is Mous. X——, that the people

and the army would receive you as their deliverer, and that your cause would be embraced with enthusiasm. He had foreseen that your Majesty would make inquiries on this point, and the following is literally his answer. 'You will tell the Emperor that I would not dare decide so important a question; but he may consider it an incontrovertible fact, that the government has wholly lost the confidence of the people and the army; that discontent has increased to the highest pitch; and that it is impossible to conceive that the government can stand much longer against such universal dislike. You will add that the Emperor is the only object of the regret and the hope of the nation. He, in his wisdom, will decide what he ought to do.'

Napoleon appeared deeply agitated. His far-reaching vision revealed to him the vastness of the impending consequences. For a long time he walked the floor, absorbed in intensity of thought, and then said—

"I will reflect upon it. Come here to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

At the appointed hour Chaboulon presented himself to the Emperor. After a long conversation, essentially the same which we have recorded, Napoleon said—

"I will set off. The enterprise is vast, it is difficult, it is dangerous. But it is not beyond my compassing. On great occasions Fortune has never abandoned me. I shall set off, but not alone. I will not run the risk of allowing myself to be collared by the gendarmes. I will depart with my sword, my Poles, my grenadiers. All France is on my side. I belong to France. For her I will sacrifice my repose, my blood, my life, with the greatest joy. I have not settled my day of departure. By deferring it, I should reap the advantage of allowing the Congress to terminate; but, on the other hand, I run the risk of being kept a close prisoner by the vessels of the Bourbons and the English, if, as everything appears to indicate, there should be a rupture between the Allies. Depart, and tell X—— you have seen me, and I have determined to expose myself to every danger for the sake of yielding to the prayers of France, and ridding the nation of the Bourbons. Say, also, I shall leave here with my guard on the 1st of April, perhaps sooner."

The Duke of Rovigo writes in his memoirs:—

"The main object of Talleyrand's attention at Vienna was the *abduction of the Emperor*, whom he represented as a weight upon France, and as feeding the hopes of all restless minds. In this respect he was right. The subject of the Emperor engrossed the attention of all parties. The more consideration was bestowed upon the details of the events which had occasioned his downfall, the greater was the interest felt for him. Talleyrand had present to his mind the example of the return from Egypt. He dreaded a second edition of that event. It had so often retarded the tranquillity of Europe, and so easily to perceive that the *abduction of the Emperor*

peror was necessary to the general welfare. M. de Talleyrand, therefore, succeeded in securing the adoption of this course. The Emperor of Russia alone showed any difficulty in assenting to the proposal; but he at last tacitly consented to it.

"M. de Talleyrand was wholly bent on accelerating this operation, which was said at the time to be entrusted to the English admiral, Sir Sydney Smith, whose ostensible mission was to be the command of an expedition against the Barbary States, in the Mediterranean. I only learned this circumstance from what was publicly reported in Paris, where a variety of letters received from London communicated details respecting the Congress, towards which all eyes were then turned. The English newspapers also reported that the Emperor was to be removed to St. Helena; and the report was repeated in the German papers, which the Emperor regularly received at Elba. No doubt was entertained that this operation would soon be carried into effect.

"In the emergency, the Emperor formed the plan of returning to France, as he had done on the former occasion. No alternative was left to him. He knew that it was intended to violate his asylum, in which he had no means of defending himself for any length of time, and where it was now even impossible for him to subsist without the allowance guaranteed, but not paid to him."

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE RETURN FROM ELBA.

Preparations for departure—The embarkation—The announcement—Dictating proclamations—Passing the enemy—First meeting with the troops—Entering Grenoble—Alarm of the Bourbons—Magnanimity of the Emperor.

On the morning of the 26th of February, the Princess Pauline gave a banquet to the officers of the army, to the distinguished strangers, and to the principal inhabitants of the island of Elba. Napoleon, with all his accustomed frankness and buoyancy, conversed with his guests. He chatted very familiarly for a long time with some English travellers, whom curiosity had drawn to Elba. The plans of the Emperor were, however, all locked up in his own heart—revealed to no one. He entered into no conspiracy; but, with sublime self-confidence in the unaided might of his own genius, went forth to the conquest of a kingdom. At a late hour of the evening he retired from the brilliant saloons, taking with him General Bertrand and General Drouot. He then said to them privately—

"We leave the island to-morrow. Let the vessels which are at anchor be seized to-night. Let the Guard be embarked in the morning. No vessel whatever must be permitted to leave the port until we are at sea. Do not allow my intention to be revealed to any one."

The two generals passed the remainder of the night in the execution of these orders. At sunrise in the morning, the officers and soldiers, one thousand in all, were embarked on board Napoleon's little brig, the "Inconstant," and in three merchant vessels. They were so much accustomed to unquestioning obedience, that, without inquiry or hesitation, they yielded to these orders, though not knowing on what expedition they were bound.

At mid-day, the launch of the brig came to the shore, and conveyed the Emperor on board under a salute of cannon. The little fleet of one brig and three transports then weighed anchor. The sails were spread, and a propitious breeze swept them towards the coast of France. The sun shone brilliantly in the azure sky. The genial air of a beautiful spring day was peculiarly invigorating. The music of martial bands floated exultingly over the gentle swell of the sea. Napoleon's countenance beamed with confidence and joy. "The die is cast," he exclaimed, as he turned his eye from the vanishing mountains of Elba towards the unbroken horizon in the direction of the coasts of France. With this little band of faithful followers, barely enough, as Napoleon characteristically said, "to save him, on his first landing, from being collared by the gendarmes," he was advancing to reclaim the throne of France, where the Bourbons were sustained by the bayonets of all the combined despotisms of Europe.

Such an enterprise, in its marvellousness, is unsurpassed by any other during his marvellous career. And yet there was nothing in it rash or inconsiderate. He was driven to it by inexorable circumstances. He could no longer remain in safety at Elba. The Allies recognised no sanctity in their oaths. They had already violated their solemn treaty, and were meditating a piratical expedition for the seizure of his person. He could not flee in disguise, to be hunted a fugitive over the face of the earth. There was no resource open before him but boldly to throw himself into the arms of the people of France, who still loved him with deathless constancy. His resolve was honourable and noble. Napoleon, when the vessels were out of sight of land, stood upon the deck of his little brig, gathered around him the whole ship's company, four hundred in number, and said to them—

"My friends, we are going to France—we are going to Paris!"

It was the first announcement. The soldiers, with shouts of joy, responded, "Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur!" Their exultation was boundless. Anxious to appear on their native soil in neat and martial trim, they immediately dispersed throughout the vessel to burnish their weapons and to repair their uniforms. Napoleon passed along among these groups of his devoted followers, and addressed them in sincere and friendly words, as a father smiles upon his children. Night came. The Emperor entered the cabin, and called for several amanuenses to sit down at the table, each to write a copy of the words he was

about to dictate. Then, pacing the floor, with frequent gesticulation, and earnest and rapid delivery, he uttered the following glowing proclamations:—

"TO THE ARMY.

"Soldiers! We have not been conquered. Two men from our own ranks have betrayed our laurels, their country, their sovereign, their benefactor. Shall those men, who for twenty-five years have been traversing Europe to stir up our enemies against us—who have passed their lives in the ranks of foreign armies, cursing and assailing our beautiful France—shall they now pretend to enchain our eagles—they, who have never been able to endure their fiery glance? Shall we suffer them to enjoy the fruits of our glorious toils, seize upon our honours and our estates, that they may but calumniate our glory? If their reign were to continue, all would be lost—even the memory of our exalted exploits. With what frantic rage do they misrepresent our deeds! They seek to poison that which the world admires. And if there now remain any defenders of our glory, they are only to be found among those enemies whom we have conquered on the field of battle.

"Soldiers! In my exile I have heard your voice, and I have come to you through every obstacle and every peril. Your general, called to the throne by the choice of the people, and elevated on your shields, is restored to you. Come and join him. Cast away those colours which the nation has proscribed, and which, for five-and-twenty years, have served as a rallying-point to the enemies of France. Mount the tri-coloured cockade which you wore at our glorious victories. We must forget that we have been masters of other nations, but let us never suffer them to interfere in our affairs. Who shall pretend to be our master—who is able? Resume the eagles you bore at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, at Wagram, at Friedland, at Tudela, at Eckmühl, at Essling, at Smolensko, at Moscow, at Lutzen, at Wurtzen, at Montmirail. Think you that this handful of Frenchmen, now so arrogant, can endure their glance?

"They may return whence they came. There, if they please, they may reign, as they now pretend that they have reigned during the last nineteen years. Your property, rank, glory, the property, rank, and glory of your children, have no greater enemy than those very princes imposed upon us by foreigners. They are the enemies of our glory; since the recital of so many heroic actions, which have rendered the French people illustrious, fighting against them to shake off their yoke, is their condemnation.

"The veterans of the army of the Sambre and of the Meuse, of the Rhine, of Egypt, and of the Grand Army, are humiliated. Their honourable wounds are stigmatized. Their successes are crimes. These brave men will be rebels, if, as these enemies of the people pretend, legitimate sovereigns were among the foreign
mines. The honours, rewards, partialities which

these princes confer, are for those who served against us and against our country.

"Soldiers! Rally beneath the standard of your chief. His existence is inseparable from yours. His rights are those of the people and of yourselves. His interest, honour, and glory centre but in you. Victory will advance with rapid strides. The eagle, with our national colours, shall fly from steeple to steeple, until it alights upon the towers of Notre Dame. You may then exhibit your wounds with honour; you may boast of your exploits; you will be the liberators of your country.

"In your old age, surrounded and respected by your fellow-citizens, they will listen with veneration to the recital of your noble deeds. You may proudly say, 'I also was of that Grand Army which twice entered the walls of Vienna, and those of Rome, Berlin, Madrid, and Moscow; which cleansed Paris from the pollution with which it was contaminated by treason and the presence of an enemy.' Honour to those brave soldiers, the glory of their native France! Eternal shame to those guilty Frenchmen, of whatever rank, who for five-and-twenty years have fought in foreign armies to rend the bosom of their country!"

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"TO THE PEOPLE.

"Frenchmen! The defection of the Duke of Castiglione surrendered Lyons, without defence, to our enemies. The army which I had entrusted to his command was capable, from the bravery and patriotism of which it was composed, of beating the Austrians, and of taking in the rear the left flank of the enemy's army which threatened Paris.

"The victories of Champaubert, of Montmirail, of Chateau-Thierry, of Vauchamp, of Mormans, of Montereau, of Crayone, of Rheims, of Arcis-sur-Aube, and of St. Dizier; the insurrection of the brave peasantry of Lorraine, of Champagne, Alsace, Franche-Comte, and Burgundy, and the position I had taken in the rear of the enemy's army, cutting it off from its magazines, parks of reserve, convoys, and waggons, had placed it in a desperate situation. The French were on the point of being more powerful than ever. The flower of the enemy's army was lost without resource; it would have been entombed in those vast districts it had so pitilessly ravaged, had not the treachery of the Duke of Ragusa surrendered the capital and disorganized the army. The unexpected conduct of these two generals, who betrayed at once their country, their sovereign, and their benefactor, changed the fate of war. The situation of the enemy was such, that, after the affair which took place before Paris, he was without ammunition, being separated from all his parks of reserve.

"Under these new and extraordinary circumstances, my heart was lacerated, but my soul remained unshaken. I consulted only the interests of our country, and exiled myself upon a rock in the middle of the sea. My life was still useful to you, and is destined to continue so."

would not permit the vast concourse of citizens desirous of sharing my fate to accompany me to Elba. I thought that their presence at home would be useful to France, and I only took with me a handful of brave men necessary for my guard.

"Elevated by your choice to the throne, everything which has been done without your consent is illegal. Within the last twenty-five years France has acquired new interests, new institutions, and a new glory, which can only be guaranteed by a national government, and by a dynasty created by these new circumstances. A prince who would reign over you, seated upon my throne by the power of the same armies which have ravaged our country, would seek in vain to support himself by the principles of feudal power. He could but promote the interests of a few individuals, enemies of the people, who, for the last five-and-twenty years, condemned them in all our national assemblies. Your tranquillity at home and your estimation abroad would be lost for ever.

"Frenchmen! I heard in my exile your complaints and your wishes. You claim a government of your choice, which alone is legitimate. You accused me of slumbering too long. You reproached me with sacrificing to my repose the greatest interests of the nation. I have crossed the sea, amid dangers of every description. I come among you to resume my rights, which are identical with yours. All that has been done, written, or said by individuals, since the taking of Paris, I consign to oblivion. It shall have no influence whatever on the remembrance I preserve of the important services they have rendered; for there are events of such a nature as to be too powerful for the organization of man.

"Frenchmen! There is no nation, however small, which has not the right of relieving itself from the dishonour of obeying a prince forcibly imposed upon it. When Charles VII. re-entered Paris, and overturned the ephemeral throne of Henry VI., he acknowledged that he held his crown from the valour of his brave people, and not from a prince-regent of England. It is likewise to you alone, and to my gallant army, that I am indebted for everything.

Immediately, all who knew how to write among the sailors and the grenadiers of the Guard were called, and a hundred pens were busy transcribing these proclamations, that thousands of copies might be distributed at the moment of disembarkation. A feeble breeze tortured their impatience the next day, as they almost imperceptibly moved along over the mirrored surface of the sea. Towards evening a French brig of war, the "Zephyr," hove in sight, and bore down upon the flotilla. Napoleon ordered all the grenadiers to conceal themselves below, that no suspicion might be excited. At six o'clock the brig was within hailing distance. The commanders of the two vessels stood upon their speaking trumpets in their

hands. After the exchange of a few words, the captain of the "Zephyr" inquired after the Emperor. Napoleon seized the trumpet from the hands of the commander of the "Inconstant" and shouted over the waves, "He is marvellously

The earliest dawn of the next morning showed a seventy-four gun ship steering towards the flotilla. This, for an hour, caused much uneasiness, since it would be impossible to resist such an enemy. The ship, however, passed on its way, paying no heed to the little merchant vessels scattered over the deep, and not dreaming of the prize within its grasp. As the cloud-like sail faded away in the distant horizon, Napoleon assembled his generals around him, and said—

"Now, gentlemen, it is your turn to speak to your companions in glory. Come, Bertrand, take the pen, and write your own appeal to your brothers-in-arms."

The grand marshal excused himself as not being able to find expressions suited to the grandeur of the occasion.

"Very well, then," said Napoleon; "write, and I will speak for you all."

He then, without a moment of hesitation, dictated the following address of the Guard to the army:—

"Soldiers! The drums are beating to arms. We are on our march. Come and join us. Join the Emperor and our eagles. If these men, just now so arrogant, who have always fled at the aspect of our weapons, dare to meet us, where can we find a nobler occasion to shed our blood, and to sing the hymn of victory?"

"Soldiers of the seventh, eighth, and nineteenth military divisions, garrisons of Antibes, Toulon, and Marseilles, disbanded officers and veterans of our armies, you are summoned to the honour of setting the first example. March with us to win back the throne, the palladium of our rights. Let posterity proclaim that foreigners, seconded by traitors, having imposed a disgraceful yoke upon France, the brave arose, and the enemies of the people and of the army disappeared and sunk into oblivion!"

This address was also rapidly transcribed, that each soldier might have several copies to distribute to the French regiments. Towards evening, the blue hills of France emerged from the horizon, in the bright glow of the setting sun. The joy on board the little fleet was inexpressible. Hats and caps waved in the air, and shouts of exultation floated over the water.

"Let us display said the Emperor, "t'nise us."

ly the cockade of E'ba was tossed into the sea, and every soldier replaced upon his cap the tricoloured cockade, which he had preserved as a sacred relic. The excitement and joy were too intense to allow of any sleep. In the dim twilight of the next morning the fleet was gently wafted into the Gulf of Juan, where had previously landed on his:

from Egypt. It was on the 1st of March. At five o'clock, the Emperor disembarked upon the lonely beach near Cannes, and immediately established the bivouac for his Lilliputian army of invasion in an olive grove at a short distance from the shore. Pointing to the olive leaf, the symbol of peace, he said, "This is a lucky omen. It will be realized."

A few peasants, astonished by this sudden apparition, crept from their huts, and cautiously approached the encampment. One of these peasants had formerly served under Napoleon. Immediately recognising his old general, he insisted upon being enrolled in his battalion. "Well," said the Emperor, turning to the grand marshal and smiling, "you see that we have a reinforcement already."

In the course of a few hours this escort of six hundred men, with two or three small pieces of cannon, were safely landed, and were refreshing themselves under the olive grove, preparatory to their strange campaign. They were about to march seven hundred miles, through a kingdom containing thirty millions of inhabitants, to capture the strongest capital in Europe. An army of nearly two hundred thousand men, under Bourbon leaders, was stationed in impregnable fortresses by the way; and the combined despots of Europe had two millions of bayonets still glistening in the hands of their soldiers, all of which were pledged to sustain the iniquitous sway of the Bourbon usurpers. Romance, in her wildest dreams, never conceived of such an enterprise before. Yet the adventure had been carefully considered, and profound wisdom guided every step. The millions of France loved Napoleon almost to adoration. He knew it; and he knew that he deserved it. Napoleon was well aware that all the great elements of success were in his favour, and he had no misgivings.

He passed around among his "children," chatting and laughing familiarly with them. "I see from this spot," said he, "the fright I shall occasion the Bourbons, and the embarrassment of all those who have turned their backs against me." Then, as usual, forgetting all his own perils in solicitude for his friends, he added, "What will become of the patriots before my arrival in Paris? I tremble lest the Bourbon partisans should massacre them. Woe to those who injure them! They shall have no mercy."

It was not till eleven o'clock at night that this little band was enabled to commence its march. The moon shone brilliantly in the cloudless sky. The Poles of the Guard, unable to transport horses from Elba, had brought their saddles, and taking them upon their backs, gaily marched along, bending beneath the weight of their cumbersome luggage. The Emperor purchased every horse he met, and thus, one by one, mounted his cavalry.

Avoiding the large towns, where the Bourbon authorities might be strong, he determined to follow the flank of the mountains. Advancing rapidly all night and most of the next day, they arrived in the evening at Grasse, about fifty miles

from the coast. Here they encamped for the night. The news of the Emperor's landing spread rapidly, and excited everywhere joy and surprise. The peasants crowded to meet him, and implored permission to follow in his train. "I could easily," said Napoleon afterwards, "have taken two millions of these peasants with me to Paris." But he had no wish to triumph by physical force. The love of France was his all-conquering weapon. The next two days, the 3rd and 4th, they advanced sixty miles to Digne. The next day they pressed on thirty miles further to Gap. The enthusiasm was now so general and so intense that Napoleon no longer needed protection against the Bourbon police. The authorities of the Legitimist usurpers were completely overwhelmed by the triumphant people.

Napoleon, in his eagerness, onstripping his Guard, arrived at the city of Gap with but six horsemen and forty grenadiers. There was such a universal burst of love and joy from the inhabitants of this city, as men, women, and children, with shouts and tears, gathered around their own Emperor, that the Bourbon authorities were compelled to fly.

"Citizens," said Napoleon, "I have been deeply penetrated by the sentiments you have evinced for me. You are right in calling me your father, for I live only for the honour and the happiness of France. My return entirely dissipates your disquietude. It guarantees the preservation of all property, of equality between all classes. These rights, which you have enjoyed for twenty-five years, and for which your forefathers have sighed so ardently, now form part of your existence."

Here the proclamations he had dictated at sea were printed. They spread with the rapidity of lightning. The whole population of the country was roused and inflamed, and multitudes which could not be counted were anxious to be enrolled as the Emperor's advance-guard. At two o'clock in the afternoon the Emperor resumed his march, accompanied by a vast concourse, filling the air with their acclamations. No language can describe the scene of enthusiasm. The inhabitants on the route, trembling for the safety of Napoleon, and fearing that the Bourbons might send troops to crush his feeble escort, prepared to sound the tocsin, and to raise a levy *en masse* to protect the sovereign of their choice. There were strong garrisons, and formidable arrays of troops under Bourbon commanders, which he must soon encounter. Napoleon, however, declined the service they tendered.

"Your sentiments," said he, "convince me that I have not been deceived. They are to me a certain guarantee of the inclinations of my soldiers. Those whom I meet will range themselves by my side. The more numerous they may be, the more will my success be assured. Remain tranquil, therefore, in your homes."

They were now approaching Grenoble. The commandant of the garrison there, General Marchand, marched with a force of six thousand men to oppose the Emperor. He posted his

troops in a defile flanked by the mountains and a lake. It was in the morning of the 7th of March. The crisis which was to decide all had now arrived. Napoleon was equal to the emergency. Requesting his column to halt, he rode, at a gentle pace, and almost alone, towards the hostile army. The peasants, who had assembled in vast numbers to witness this marvellous sight, greeted him with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!"

Napoleon, without any hesitation, rode calmly along upon a gentle trot until he arrived within a hundred paces of the glittering bayonets which formed an impassable wall before him. He then dismounted, handed the reins to one of the Poles who accompanied him, crossed his arms upon his breast, and advanced, unprotected and entirely alone, until he arrived within ten paces of the troops. There he stood, the mark for every gun. He was dressed in the simple costume which every Frenchman recognised, with the cocked hat, the grey overcoat, and the high military boots. The commanding officer ordered the soldiers to fire. They seemed to obey. Every musket was brought to the shoulder and aimed at his breast. Had there been one single man among those battalions willing to shoot the Emperor, he would have received from the Bourbons boundless rewards. The report of a single musket would then have settled the destinies of France.

Napoleon, without the change of a muscle of his features, or the tremor of a nerve, continued to advance upon the muskets levelled at his heart. Then stopping, and uncovering his breast, he said, in those resounding tones which, having been once heard, never could be forgotten—

"Soldiers, if there is one among you who would kill his Emperor, let him do it. Here I am."

For a moment there was silence as of the grave. Then the point of one musket fell, and another, and another. Tears began to gush into the eyes of these hardy veterans. One voice, tremulous with emotion, shouted, "Vive l'Empereur!" It was the signal for a universal burst, re-echoed by soldiers and by peasantry in a continuous cataract of sound. The troops from Grenoble, the grenadiers of the Guard, and the peasants, all rushed in a tumult of joy upon the Emperor, who opened his arms to receive them. In the confusion, the Bourbon commander put spurs to his horse and disappeared. When the transport was somewhat moderated, the Emperor, taking gently by the whiskers a veteran whose appearance attracted his attention, said to him playfully—

"How could you have the heart to aim your musket at the Little Corporal?"

The old man's eyes immediately filled with tears. Ringing his ramrod in the barrel of his musket to show it was unloaded, he said—

"Judge whether I could have done thee much. All the rest are the same."

of soldiers and peasants in a circle around him and thus addressed them:—

"I have come with but a handful of brave men, because I rely upon the people and upon you. The throne of the Bourbons is illegitimate. It has not been raised by the voice of the nation. It is contrary to the national will, because it is in direct opposition to the interests of the country, and only exists for the benefit of a small number of noble families. Ask of your fathers, interrogate these brave peasants, and you will learn from their lips the actual state of things. They are threatened with the renewal of the tithe system, of privileges, of feudal rights, and of all those abuses from which your victories had delivered them."

Napoleon now resumed his march, accompanied by a vast crowd of the inhabitants, increasing every moment, and thronging the roads. The battalions from Grenoble acted as the advance-guard to the grenadiers from Elba. As he approached the city, he was met by a messenger, who said—

"Sire, you will have no occasion for arms. Your riding-whip will be sufficient to scatter all resistance. The hearts of the soldiers are every where your own."

As Napoleon approached the city, one of the most important fortified places of France, the enthusiasm of the people exceeded all bounds. The tricoloured cockade was upon all hats. The tricoloured banner waved from the windows, and floated from the battlements and upon the spires of the city. Shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" filled the streets. The soldiers shared the enthusiasm, fraternized with the people, and promised them that they would not fire upon their brothers in arms. It was impossible for the Bourbon officers and magistrates to stem this torrent. In despair they fled, having locked the gates and concealed the keys.

At midnight, from the ramparts of Grenoble, were seen the torches of the multitude, surrounding the Emperor, and advancing towards the city. Shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" rose from the approaching throng, and were echoed back from the walls of the fortress. The inhabitants, in their ardour, wrenched the gates from the hinges, and Napoleon entered the streets in the midst of illuminations and exultations such as earth has rarely witnessed. A countless crowd, almost delirious with joy, bore him to his quarters in an inn. Throughout the night continuous acclamations resounded beneath his windows. The people and the soldiers, almost delirious with joy, fraternized together till the morning in banquets and embraces.

"All is now settled," said Napoleon, "and we are at Paris."

Shortly after Napoleon's arrival at the inn, an increased tumult called him upon the balcony. The inhabitants of Grenoble had come to offer him the gates of the city, since they could not present him with the keys.

His little band was quite exhausted by the rapid march of five days, along dreadful roads

and through defiles of the mountains, often encumbered with snow. He allowed them twenty-four hours' rest in Grenoble.

On the 9th of March, Napoleon resumed his journey towards Lyons.

"He marched out of Grenoble," says Lamartine, "as he had entered it, surrounded by his sacred battalion of the isle of Elba, and pressed on every side by the waves of a multitude which cleared a road for him."

He passed the night at a small town half way between Grenoble and Lyons. Bonfires blazed all the night long, and the whole population united as one man in the most ardent demonstrations of affection and joy.

The intelligence of Napoleon's landing, and of the enthusiasm with which he was everywhere greeted, had now reached Paris. The Bourbons and their friends were in great consternation. The tidings, however, were carefully suppressed, for fear that an insurrection might be excited in the metropolis.²² Vigorous measures were adopted secretly to arrest all the prominent men in the city who were suspected of fidelity to the Emperor. They appointed Bourrienne, who subsequently wrote an atrocious memoir of Napoleon, minister of police.

"He was," says Lamartine, "an old, confidential secretary to Bonaparte, intimately acquainted with his character and secrets, who had been dismissed by the Emperor for malversation, and who was incensed against him with a hatred which guaranteed to the Royalists a desperate fidelity."

The city of Lyons contains two hundred thousand inhabitants. It is distant two hundred and fifty miles from Paris. Louis XVIII., on the 5th, had heard of Napoleon's landing, and his advance to Grenoble. The Count of Artois (afterwards Charles X.) had been despatched to Lyons to concentrate there all the available forces of the kingdom, and to crush the Emperor. He entered the city but a few hours before Napoleon appeared at its gates. Two regiments of the line—one of infantry and one of cavalry—were in the place. Other regiments were advancing by

rapid marches. The local national guard, well armed and well disciplined, amounted to twenty thousand men. But the Count of Artois was received coldly by the troops, and still more coldly by the inhabitants. Wine was freely distributed among the soldiers in the name of Louis XVIII. They drank the wine, shouting "Long live the Little Corporal!" The Count was in despair. He reviewed the troops, harangued them, walked around among them. To one veteran, covered with scars, he said—

"Surely a brave old soldier like you will shout 'Vive le Roi!'"

"Nay," replied the honest warrior, "no one here will fight against his father. 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

The Count was accompanied by a guard of gentlemen, who were his personal friends, and who were pledged for his protection. When they saw the universal enthusiasm in favour of Napoleon, believing the Bourbon cause irretrievably lost, they also perfidiously abandoned the Prince and turned to the Emperor. The Count was compelled to flee from the city, accompanied by only one of his guard. And here again appeared that grandeur of character which was instinctive with Napoleon. He sent the Cross of the Legion of Honour as a reward to this man for his fidelity to the Bourbon Prince. It was accompanied with the characteristic words—

"I never leave a noble action without reward."

And when his treacherous comrades presented themselves to the Emperor, tendering to him their services, he dismissed them with contempt, saying—

"Your conduct towards the Count of Artois sufficiently proves how you would not be my fortune to forsake me. I thank you for your offer. You will return immediately to your homes."

The Bourbons had been forced by foreign bayonets upon the army and the nation, and could claim from them no debt of loyalty. But the personal followers of the Prince were traitors to abandon him in misfortune.

Marshal Lefebvre had remained faithfully with Napoleon at Fontainebleau until after his abdication. He then went to Paris, where he was presented to Alexander.

"You were not, then, under the walls of Paris," said the Czar, "when we arrived?"

"No, sire," Lefebvre replied, "we had the misfortune to be unable to reach here in time."

"The misfortune!" rejoined the Emperor, smiling; "you are, then, sorry to see me here?"

"Sire," replied the honest and noble-hearted marshal, "I beheld with admiration a warrior who, in youth, has learned to use victory with moderation, but it is with the deepest grief that I see a conqueror within my country."

"I respect your sentiments, Monsieur Marshal," the Emperor replied, "and they only add to my esteem for you."

²² The Bourbons inserted in the *Moniteur*, of the 6th of March, the following proclamation, which France must have read with a smile:—

"Bonaparte has escaped from the island of Elba, where the imprudent magnanimity of the allied sovereigns had given him a sovereignty, in return for the desolations which he had brought into their dominions. That man who, when he abdicated his power, retained all his ambition and his fury; that man, covered with the blood of generations, comes at the end of a year, spent seemingly in apathy, to strive to dispute, in the name of his usurpations and his massacres, the legitimate and mild authority of the King of France. At the head of a few hundred Italians and Piedmontese, he has dared again to set his feet on that land which had banished him forever; he wishes to re-open the wounds, still but half closed, which he had made, and which the hand of the King is healing every day. A few treasonable attempts, some movements in Italy, excited by his insane brother-in-law, inflamed the pride of the cowardly warrior of Fontainebleau. He exposes himself, as he imagines, to the death of a hero; he will only die that of a traitor. France has rejected him; he re- France will devour him."

Upon the return of Napoleon, Lefebvre to his side, and consecrated himself anew to the cause which the Emperor so gloriously advocated.

CHAPTER LXV

TRIUMPHAL MARCH TO

Honourable conduct of Macdonald.—R

—Interview with Baron Fleury.—Marshal Ney.—Approaching Auxerre.—Attempt to assassinate the Emperor.—Anxiety of the Emperor that no shot should be shed.—Arrival at Fontainebleau.—Extraordinary scene at Melun.—Entering the Tuilleries.—Enthusiasm of France.—The furrows of Angoulême.—Death of Murat.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th, Napoleon, with his extraordinary cortege of soldiers, peasants, women, and children surrounding him with acclaim, waving branches in the air, and singing songs of joy and victory, approached the single bridge which crossed the Rhône. General Macdonald, who, after the abdication of Napoleon, had honourably taken the oath of fidelity to the Bourbons, was in the discharge of his duty in command of two battalions to defend the entrance of the bridge. But the moment Napoleon appeared, his troops to a man abandoned him. They tore down the barricades, shouted "Vive l'Empereur!" tumultuously rushed into the midst of the imperial escort, and blended with them in acclamations and embraces. Macdonald, perhaps afraid that his own virtue would be unable to resist the contagion, for he loved and almost adored the Emperor, plunged his spurs into his horse, and disappeared.

The entire population of the city, like an inundation, rolled along the quays, the squares, and the streets, welcoming their noble Emperor with thunder-peals of acclamation. There was no city in France which had derived greater benefit from his enlightened and profound policy than the city of Lyons. There was no other place in the Empire where his memory was cherished with deeper affection. As night darkened, the whole city blazed with illuminations. Napoleon was conducted in triumph to the splendid palace of the Archbishop of Lyons, and the citizens themselves, with the affection of children protecting a father, mounted guard over his person. He slept that night in the chamber from which the Count of Artois, in 1793, had fled.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening when the Emperor entered the palace. He immediately sent for Baron Fleury, one of the former secretaries of his cabinet, and the following conversation ensued:—

"Well," said Napoleon, with a smile, "you did not expect to see me again so soon?"

"No, sire," Fleury answered. "Your Majesty alone is capable of causing such surprise."

"What do they say of all this at Paris?" inquired Napoleon. "And public opinion, how is that?"

They are rejoiced at your Majesty's return," Fleury replied. "The struggle between the Bourbons and the nation has revealed our rights, and engendered liberal ideas."

"I know," said the Emperor, "that the discussions the Bourbons have provoked have diminished the respect for power and enfeebled it. There is pleasure and glory in rendering a great people free and happy. I never sinned France in glory. I will not curtail her liberty. I wish to retain no further power than is requisite to enable me to govern. Power is not incompatible with liberty. On the contrary, liberty is never more entire than when power becomes well established. When weak it is capricious; when strong, it sleeps in tranquillity, and abandons the reins loose on the neck of liberty. I know what is requisite for the French. But there must be no licentiousness, no anarchy. Is it thought that we shall come to a battle?"

"It is not," Fleury replied. "The government has not lost the confidence of the soldiers. It is detested even by the officers. All the troops they may send to oppose your Majesty will be so many reinforcements to your cause."

"I think so too," said the Emperor. "And how will it be with the mar hals?"

"Sire," Fleury answered, "they cannot but be apprehensive that your Majesty will remember the desertion at Fontainebleau. Perhaps it would be as well to remove their fears, and personally to make known your Majesty's intention of consigning everything to oblivion."

"No," the Emperor replied, "I will not write to them. They would consider me as under obligations. I will not be obliged to any one. The troops are well disposed; the officers are in my favour; and if the marshals wished to restrain them, they would be hurried along in the vortex. Of my Guard I am sure. Do what they will, that corps can never be corrupted. What is Ney doing? On what terms is he with the King?"

"I think he has no command, sire," said Fleury. "I believe that he has had reason to complain of the court on account of his wife."

"His wife is an affected creature," said Napoleon. "No doubt she has attempted to play the part of a great lady, and the old dowagers have ridiculed her. False tales have been spread respecting my abdication. It has been said that Ney boasted of having ill-treated me, and laid his pistols on my table. I read at Elba that Augereau, when I met him, loaded me with reproaches. It is false. Not one of my generals would have dared, in my presence, to forget what was due to me. Had I known of the proclamation of Augereau, I would have forbidden him my presence. Cowards only insist

His proclamation, which I was reported to have had in my pocket, was unknown to our interview. But let us forget these things. What has been done at the Tuilleries?"

"They have altered nothing, sire. Even the eagles have not been removed," said Fleury.

"Led, and replied, "Th

have thought my arrangement of them admirable. And the King—what sort of a countenance has he? Is his coin handsome?"

"Of this your Majesty may judge. Here is a twenty-five franc piece," Fleury replied, presenting the piece of money to the Emperor.

"What! they have not re-coined Louis?" said Napoleon. "I am surprised. (Turning the piece over.) He does not look as if he would starve himself. But, observe, they have taken away 'God protect France,' to restore their 'Lord preserve the King.' This is as they always were. Everything for themselves;

"It is well to know that," said the Emperor. "Has he seen my son?"

"Yes, sire," said Fleury. "I have been assured that he embraced him with a truly paternal, and exclaimed, 'He is a fellow! How have I been deceived!'"

"What did he mean by that?" inquired Napoleon eagerly.

"They say," Fleury replied, "that he had been informed the young Prince was rickety and imbecile."

"Wretches!" exclaimed the Emperor; "he is an admirable child. He gives every indication
He will

attached to my person? Make inquiry, and conduct them to me. I wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the spirit of the times, and with the present state of affairs. What does Hortense do?"

"Sire," said Fleury, "her house is still the resort of all who know how to appreciate wit and elegance. The Queen, though without a throne, is not less the object of the respect and homage of all Paris."

"She did a very foolish thing," rejoined the Emperor, "in accepting the title of duchess. She has called herself Madame Bonaparte. That name is full as good as any other. If poor Josephine had been alive, she would have advised her better. Was my deceased wife much regretted?"

"Yes, sire," Fleury replied; "your Majesty knows how much she was honoured and admired by the whole French nation."

"She deserved it," said Napoleon. "She was an excellent woman. She had a great deal of good sense. I also regretted her most sincerely. The day when I heard of her death was one of the most unhappy of my life. Was there public mourning for her?"

"No, sire," said Fleury. "Indeed, I think that she would have been refused the honours due to her rank, had not the Emperor Alexander insisted that they should be accorded her. Alexander generously showed himself the protector of the Empress, the Queen, Prince Engène, the Duke of Vicenza, and numerous other persons of distinction, who, but for him, would have been persecuted."

"You love him, it seems," said the Emperor. "What is it supposed the Allies will think of my return?"

"It is thought," Fleury answered, "that Austria will connect herself with your Majesty, and that Russia will behold the disgrace of the Bourbons without regret."

"Why so?" inquired the Emperor.

"It is said, sire," Fleury replied, "that Alexander was not pleased with the Bourbon Princes while at Paris. It was thought that the prediction of Louis for England, and his attributing the regaining of his crown to the Prince Regent, sends him."

city no language can describe. With noble frankness, he spoke to his auditors of the perils and the errors of the past.

"I am not," said he, "altogether

for the misfortunes of France. I was forced on, by imperious circumstances, in the direction of universal empire. That idea I have renounced for ever. France requires repose. It is not ambition which has brought me back; it is love of country. I could have preferred the tranquillity of Elba to the cares of a throne had I not known that France was unhappy and stood in need of me. I have returned to protect and defend those interests to which our Revolution has given birth; to concur with the representatives of the nation in a family compact, which shall for ever preserve the liberty and the rights of Frenchmen. It is my ambition and glory to effect the happiness of the great people from whom I hold everything."

The hours passed in Lyons were not devoted to rest. All the tireless energies of his mind were employed in reconstructing, upon its popular basis, the imperial throne. Decree followed decree with a rapidity which astounded his enemies, and which fanned the flame of popular enthusiasm. Even the most envenomed of Napoleon's historians are compelled to admit the admirable adaptation of these decrees to the popular cause. The magistrates of the Empire were restored to their posts. The tricoloured flag and cockade were reinstated. The vain-glorious cock of the Bourbons gave place on the flag-staff to the imperial eagle. All feudal claims and

of the national domains confirmed in their possessions. The two Chambers established by the Bourbons were dissolved, and the people were requested to meet throughout the Empire, to choose representatives for an extraordinary assembly, to deliberate on present emergencies. These decrees gave almost universal satisfaction. They recognised the rights of the masses, as opposed to the claims of the privileged orders. And consequently now, as throughout his whole career, the masses surrounded Napoleon with their love and adoration.

The preamble to the
the Chambers was i

"Considering that the Chamber of Peers is partly composed of persons who have borne arms against France, and are interested in the re-establishment of feudal rights, in the destruction of the equality of different classes, in the nullification of the sale of the national domains, and, finally, in depriving the people of the rights they have acquired, by fighting for five-and-twenty years against the enemies of their national glory;

"Considering that the powers of the deputies of the Legislative Body have expired, and that the Chamber of Commons has no longer a national character; that a portion of the Chamber has rendered itself unworthy of confidence by assenting to the re-establishment of feudal nobility, abolished by the popular constitution; in having subjected France to pay debts contracted with foreign Powers for negotiating coalitions and subsidizing armies against the French people; in giving to the Bourbon family the title of *legitimate king*, thereby declaring the French people and its *armies rebels*; and proclaiming, also, those emigrants who, for five-and-twenty years, have wounded the vitals of their country, as alone good Frenchmen, thus violating all the rights of the people, by sanctioning the principle *that the nation is made for the throne, not the throne for the nation*;

"We have decreed, and do decree as follows."

The consummate genius and tact of Napoleon were peculiarly conspicuous in these decrees, which created confidence, dispelled apprehensions, confirmed attachments, and inspired the people and the army with boundless enthusiasm. Napoleon still appeared, as ever, the dauntless champion of equality and popular rights.

Baron Fleury, who was an eye-witness of these scenes, says, "Though I have more than once witnessed popular displays of enthusiasm and infatuation, yet never did I behold anything comparable to the joy and tenderness that burst from the Lyoneses. Not only the quays and squares near the palace of the Emperor, but the most distant streets, rang with perpetual acclamations. Workmen and their masters, the common people and citizens, rambled about the city arm-in-arm, singing, dancing, and abandoning themselves to the impulse of the most ardent gaiety. Strangers stopped one another, shook hands, embraced, and offered congratulations on the return of the Emperor. The National Guard, who could not help feeling affected by the confidence Napoleon had displayed by intrusting to it the care of his person, participated in the general intoxication. The day of his departure was that of sorrow to the city, as that of his arrival had proved the signal of unforgotten festivity."

While these scenes were transpiring, the Bourbons had promulgated an ordinance against "the miserable adventurer and his band," in which Napoleon was denounced as an outlaw, and a price set upon his head, and all his abettors were declared rebels. When Napoleon was near Grenoble, the *Monsieur*

that the royal cause was everywhere triumphant, that the invader was already stripped of nearly all his followers, and was wandering a fugitive among the mountains, where, in the course of a few days, he would certainly be made prisoner.

The Bourbons immediately made application to Marshal Ney, who was residing in quiet at his country seat, several miles from Paris, to join his corps and hasten to arrest the advance of Napoleon. Faithful to his trust, he proceeded without delay to Besançon. Upon taking the command, the officers told him that it would be impossible to induce the soldiers to fight against the Emperor. He reviewed the troops. To his utter bewilderment, they greeted him with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!"—that animating cry which he had so often heard ringing over the field of battle, as he guided the eagles of France to victory. Every hour intelligence was reaching him of the supernaturally triumphant progress of the Emperor. Every city and every village through which he passed espoused his cause. The nation was shouting a welcome. The army was everywhere his. The cause of the Bourbons was irrecoverably lost. The suspense of the marshal amounted to anguish. He afterwards said that death itself would have been a relief, to have rescued him from his perplexity. He thought of Krasnoe, where Napoleon, with but ten thousand men, rushed upon the batteries of eighty thousand troops, to fight his way back into the wilds of Russia, that he might rescue his loved companion in arms. In the torture of his suspense, he reassembled his generals in council. "What can I do?" he exclaimed. "It is impossible for me to stop the waters of the ocean with the palm of my hand."

The officers, without hesitation, assured him that the attempt to oppose Napoleon was hopeless. The temptation was too strong for ordinary human virtue to resist. History records, with weeping eyes, that Ney fell into dishonour. He proved faithless to the trust which he had allowed himself to assume, and thus affixed to his name a stigma which must for ever remain uneffaced. Every generous heart will contemplate his fall with grief and compassion. Yielding to the universal impulse, he issued the following proclamation to his troops:—

"Soldiers! The cause of the Bourbons is for ever lost. The legitimate dynasty, which the French nation has adopted, is about to reascend the throne. It is to the Emperor Napoleon, our sovereign, that the sole right of reigning over our beautiful country belongs. Liberty is at last triumphant, and Napoleon, our august Emperor, is about to consolidate it for ever. Soldiers! I have often led you to victory. I am now about to lead you to that immortal phalanx which the Emperor Napoleon is conducting to Paris, where it will be in a few days, and then our hope and happiness will be for ever realized. 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

The excitement of the troops during the read-

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

ing of this proclamation was irrepressible. All discipline was, for a moment, at an end, while prolonged shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" burst from the tumultuous ranks.

On the 18th of March, the very day on which this proclamation was issued, Napoleon left Lyons, to continue his progress towards Paris. A countless multitude were assembled to witness his departure. Stepping upon a balcony, he thus addressed them:—

"Lyonnese! At the moment of quitting your city to repair to my capital, I feel impelled to make known to you the sentiments with which your conduct has inspired me. You always ranked foremost in my affections. You have uniformly displayed the same attachment, whether I have been on the throne or in exile. The lofty character which distinguishes you merits my cordial esteem. At a period of greater tranquillity, I shall return to consider the welfare of your manufactures and of your city. Lyonnese! I love you."

These unaffected words, the sincere utterance of a glowing heart, touched the fountains of feeling. Thousands of eyes were flooded, and voices tremulous with emotion shouted adieu. Napoleon pressed on that night about twenty-five miles to Villefranche, where he slept. The next day, outstripping his army, he advanced some sixty miles further, passing Macon, to Châlons. He was here traversing one of the most densely-populated regions of France. The road-sides were thronged. Triumphant arches spanned the village streets. One continuous roar of acclaim accompanied him all the way. Napoleon entered Châlons in the midst of a cold and drenching storm. Still, nearly the whole population issued from the gates to meet and welcome their beloved Emperor. He was surprised to see several artillery pieces and ammunition-waggons approaching. "They were sent by the Bourbons," said the populace, "to oppose you; but we have taken them, and offer them to you as a present."

In receiving the congratulations of the authorities, he said, in the course of the conversation—

"My court, it is true, was superb. I was an advocate for magnificence, but not as regarded myself. A plain soldier's coat was good enough for me. I was fond of magnificence because it gave encouragement to our manufactures. Without magnificence there can be no industry. I have abolished, at Lyons, all the parchment nobility. Nobility is a chimera. Men are too enlightened to believe that some among them are born and others not. The only distinction is that of talents and services rendered to the state. Our laws know of no other."

On the 15th he went thirty miles further, to Autun, and on the 16th drove sixty miles, to Avalon, encountering congratulations and gratitude every step of his way. The opposition to him was so exceedingly small that it was nowhere visible. On the 17th he continued his journey, in a simple open barouche, twenty-five miles further, to Auxerre. The people were so universally enthusiastic in his favour, that no

tions for his personal safety seemed to be necessary. He rode along, in advance of his troops,panied by a few friends, and with hardly the semblance of guards or attendants.

A few hours after his arrival at Auxerre, he met Marshal Ney. Napoleon, who cherished the nicest sense of honour, had sent to the marshal, before he knew that he had abandoned the Bourbons, the decrees which he had issued at L.

"Napoleon sent him," says Lamartine, "no other communication; for, believing in his honour, he did not insult his fidelity by proposing to him to betray his duty towards his new masters, the Bourbons."

The marshal, as he presented himself before the Emperor, was much confused. He remembered his apparently unfeeling desertion of the Emperor at Fontainebleau. His present position was bewildering and embarrassing in the extreme. He had been untrue to the interests of the Bourbons, to whom he had sworn allegiance. And yet he felt that he had been true to his country. It was a period of revolution and of astounding changes. The marshal was a brave soldier, but not a man of clear and discriminating views in nice questions of morals. Still, an instinct reproached him, and he was exceedingly troubled and unhappy. He began to offer some justification for his unceremonious departure at Fontainebleau, but Napoleon, generously forgetful of all, grasped his hand, and said—

"Embrace me, my dear Ney. I am glad to see you. I want no explanations. My arms are ever open to receive you, for to me you are still the bravest of the brave."

"Sire," said Ney, "the newspapers have told many untruths. My conduct has always been that of a good soldier and a true Frenchman. Your Majesty may always depend on me when my country is concerned. It is for my country I have shed my blood. I love you, sire, but I love my country above all."

"I never doubted your attachment to me," Napoleon replied, "or to your country. It is also love of country which brings me to France. I learned that our country was unhappy, and I came to deliver it from the emigrants and from the Bourbons. I shall be in Paris, without doubt, by the 20th or 25th. Do you think that the allies will attempt to defend themselves?"

"I do not think, sire, that they will," Ney replied.

"I have received despatches," continued Napoleon, "this morning from Paris. The patriots exult with impatience, and are on the point of firing. I am afraid of some quarrel taking place between them and the Royalists. I would not, for the world, that my return should be stained by a single drop of blood. Write to your friends, and say that I shall arrive without firing a single musket. Let all unite to prevent the effusion of blood. Our triumph should be as pure as the cause we advocate."

The Royalists entered into many plots to assassinate the Emperor on the way. The vigilance of Napoleon's friends, however,

him. He seemed himself to have no thought of danger, but plunged, without reserve, into the midst of the crowds who continually surrounded him. In reference to these plots against his life, he said to Baron Fleury—

"I cannot conceive how men, liable to falling into my hands, can be incessantly urging my assassination, and setting a price upon my head."

"I have been desirous of getting rid of them by similar means, they would long ago have been mingled with the dust. Like them, I could have found such assassins as Georges, Brulart, and Maubreuil. Twenty times, if I had so wished, persons would have brought the Bourbon princes bound hand and foot, dead or alive; but I have uniformly despised their atrocious plots. My blood, however, boils when I think that they have dared to proscribe as outlaws, without a trial, thousands of Frenchmen who are marching with us. Is this known to the army?"

"Yes, sire," Baron Fleury replied; "some persons have had the imprudence to inform the soldiers that we were all proclaimed outlaws, and that some of the King's body-guard and other Royalists have set out to assassinate you. The troops have, therefore, sworn to give no quarter."

"This is bad, very bad," exclaimed Napoleon; "I cannot permit it. It is my ardent wish that not one drop of French blood may be shed, and that not a single gun be fired. The soldiers must be restrained."

He immediately dictated the following despatch to General Girard, who had command of the advance-guard:

"I am informed that your troops, being made acquainted with the decrees of Paris, have resolved, by way of reprisals, to murder all the Royalists they meet. You will encounter none but Frenchmen. I forbid you to fire a single musket. Calm your soldiers. Contradict the reports by which they are exasperated. Tell them that I will not enter Paris at their head if their weapons be stained with French blood."

To General Cambronne he wrote:—

"To you I intrust my noblest campaign. Frenchmen expect me with impatience. You will everywhere find friends. Do not fire a single musket. I will not have my crown cost the French one drop of blood."

On the 19th he continued his route towards Fontainebleau, which was distant about seventy-five miles from Auxerre. Napoleon travelled in an open barouche, accompanied only by the carriage of General Drouot, which preceded him, and that of Baron Fleury, which followed. A few Polish lancers galloped by the sides of the carriages. His army followed, several hours' march behind. He met, advancing in strong array, the dragoons of the King's regiment. They had abandoned their Bourbon officers, and, mounting the tricoloured cockade and unfurling the tricoloured banner, with exultant music and shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" were hastening to meet

him, alighted, and addressed them in a tone of sincere and parental affection, which redoubled their enthusiasm. Driving rapidly through the night, he arrived at four o'clock in the morning at Fontainebleau. He was cautioned against exposing himself so recklessly, since it was reported that two-thirds of the King's troops were stationed in the forest. He strangely replied, "My finger to the heavens, 'Our fate is written on high!'"

He immediately, in silence and thoughtfulness, wandered through the garden, then enveloped in the shades of night, which had been the scene of his almost more than mortal agony in the hours of his desertion and his forced abdication. He then visited the library, where he had passed so many hours with Josephine, and had conceived so many plans for the promotion of the grandeur of France. He then retired to the same little chamber, in an angle of the castle, which not a year before had witnessed the anguish of his overthrow, and, casting himself upon a couch, indulged in a few hours of repose.

While the Emperor was entering the forest of Fontainebleau, Louis XVIII., dismayed by the enthusiasm with which all France was greeting Napoleon, entered his carriage and fled, to seek again the aid of those bandied despots who, with bayonets dripping with blood, had placed him on his throne. Again he implored the tyrants of Europe to send their armies to inundate France with the horrors of fire and the sword. This was congenial work for Russia

and Austria, the bandit Powers of

Europe. They had learned to trample popular liberty beneath an iron hoof, as they had swept the whirlwind of war over Hungary and Poland. But the cheek tingles with shame in contemplating constitutional and liberty-loving England dragged by her aristocracy into an outrage so infamous.

About the middle of the day Napoleon entered his carriage, and set out for Paris. And

perhaps the most marvellous scene of this whole unparalleled enterprise. At Melun, about half-way between Fontainebleau and Paris, the Bourbons had decided to make their last attempt to arrest the progress of this one unarmed man. The number of National Guards, and other troops assembled at this place amounted to nearly one hundred thousand. The army was drawn up in three lines, the central and flanks being armed with batteries, while the centre, in great force, blocked up the passage of Paris. The Duke de Berri had command of this force. In the evening Melun from a forest upon the brow of a long declivity, where the spectator has a clear view of the country before him, while those below can easily discern any one who appears upon the

bands, as they endeavoured, by playing the airs of the ancient monarchy, to rouse enthusiasm. At length, about noon, a light tramping of horses was heard, and a single open carriage, followed by a few horsemen, emerged from the trees, and rapidly descended the hill. Soon the soldiers discerned the small cocked hat and grey surtout of their beloved Emperor. A simultaneous sound passed over the mighty host, like the sighing of the wind; then all again was breathless silence. The carriage rapidly approached. Napoleon was now seen standing in the carriage, uncovered, with his arms extended as if to embrace his children. The pent-up flood of love and enthusiasm immediately burst all bounds. Shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" resounded, like peals of thunder, from rank to rank. At that moment the Emperor's Guard appeared upon the brow of the hill. They waved their eagles, and the band struck up the Imperial March.

All discipline was now at an end. The soldiers broke their ranks, and rushed tumultuously towards their Emperor. Napoleon eagerly leaped from his carriage, and received them to his arms. The soldiers embraced as brothers, in the midst of universal shouts and tears. The Bourbon officers, in dismay, with a few hundred cavaliers of the King's household, put spurs to their horses and fled. The Emperor now continued his progress towards Paris, accompanied by a host of soldiers and citizens which could not be numbered.

Pressing rapidly on, in advance of the bands who followed him, about nine o'clock in the evening he entered Paris. A few cavaliers surrounded his carriage, bearing torches. The streets were thronged with excited multitudes, greeting him with acclamations. Crossing the bridge of Concorde, and dashing at full gallop along the quay of the Tuileries, he entered the court-yard of the palace by the arched gallery of the Louvre. Here he found himself surrounded by a vast concourse of devoted friends, almost frantic with joy. "The moment that the carriage stopped," says Alison, "he was seized by those next the door, borne aloft in their arms, amid deafening cheers, through a dense and brilliant crowd of epaulettes, hurried literally above the heads of the throng up the great staircase into the saloon of reception, where a splendid array of the ladies of the imperial court, adorned with a profusion of violet bouquets half concealed in the richest laces, received him with transports, and imprinted fervent kisses on his cheeks, his hands, and even his dress. Never was such a scene witnessed in history."

Thus had Napoleon marched, in twenty days, seven hundred miles through the heart of France, and had again entered in triumph the imperial apartments of the Tuileries. Boundless enthusiasm, from citizens and soldiers, in cities and villages, had greeted him during every step of the way. He had found no occasion to fire a single musket or to draw a sword. Alone and unarmed, he had invaded a kingdom of thirty millions of inhabitants. A bloodless conqueror, he had vanquished all the armies sent to oppose him, and

had, simply by the magic power of that love with which France cherished his memory, driven the Bourbon usurpers from the throne. Was there ever such an invasion, such a conquest as this before? Will there ever be again? A more emphatic vote in favour of a sovereign could by no possibility be given. A more legitimate title to the throne than this unanimous voice of a nation no monarch ever enjoyed. And yet the Allies immediately poured an army of a million of foreigners into France, to drive from the throne this sovereign enshrined in a nation's love, and to force again the detested Bourbons upon an enslaved people. And in the perpetration of this high-handed deed of infamy, they had the unpardonable effrontery to assert that they were contending for the liberties of the people against the tyranny of a usurper. There was a degree of ignobleness in this dishonourable assumption which no language can condemn in sufficiently indignant terms. They, however, accomplished their purpose, and there are thousands of voices who still echo their infamous cry, that Napoleon was a "usurper."

This triumphal journey of Napoleon from Cannes to Paris exhibits by far the most remarkable instance the world has ever witnessed of the power exercised over human hearts by one mighty mind. Napoleon was armed with the panoply of popular rights. He had returned to France to break down the reconstructed fortresses of despotism, and to rescue the people from their oppressors. The heart of France beat sympathetically with his own. In view of such achievements, almost too marvellous for the dreams of fancy, we can hardly wonder that Lamartine should say that, as a man, "Napoleon was the greatest of the creations of God."

The Emperor, notwithstanding the Bourbons had set a price upon his head, issued special orders that they should not be molested; that they should be permitted to retire without injury or insult. He could with perfect ease have taken them prisoners, and then, in possession of their persons, he could have compelled the Allies to reasonable terms. But his extraordinary magnanimity prohibited him from pursuing such a course. Louis XVIII., accompanied by a funeral procession of carriages, containing members of his family, his ministers, and the returned emigrants, trembling and in dismay, retired to Lille, on the northern frontier of France. The inhabitants of the departments through which he passed gazed silently and compassionately upon the infirm old man, and uttered no word of reproach. But as soon as the cortege had passed, the tricoloured banner was run up on steeple and turret, and the air resounded with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" There were powerful divisions of the army distributed through the fortresses of the north; but the moment they heard of the landing of Napoleon, they mounted the tricoloured cockade, and impatiently demanded to be led to his succour.

The Bourbons were well aware that they had nothing to hope from the masses of the people

Their only strength lay in the carressed nobility and in the bayonets of their soldiers. For a year they had been attempting, by disbanding old troops and organizing new battalions, and by placing in command their picked friends, to constitute a band which would be pledged for their support. But love for Napoleon was a principle too strongly implanted in the hearts of all the common people of France to be in any way effaced. Notwithstanding the prayers and the tears of the Bourbon officers, the soldiers unhesitatingly, tumultuously, enthusiastically turned to the undisputed monarch of popular suffrage. The King sought an asylum in the Netherlands. The government of Holland coldly assigned him a retreat at Ghent, a silent and deserted town of aristocratic memories and of decayed grandeur.

The Duchess of Angoulême, the unfortunate daughter of Maria Antoinette, was at Bordeaux. Her long imprisonment in the Temple, and her dreadful sufferings, had moved the sympathies of every generous heart. She was in a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, and surrounded by an army of ten thousand men. Hearing of the landing of Napoleon, she immediately ordered the officers to lead the army to crush the audacious adventurer. They returned to her with the announcement that the soldiers declared that they would not march against the Emperor. With the heroism of her grandmother, Maria Theresa, she descended to the barracks, formed the soldiers in a hollow square around her, and, with tears and sobs, harangued them. The souls of the soldiers were moved. They were mute with respect and compassion. They would not insult a noble and an unfortunate woman. But they loved the independence of France, and the right of choosing their own monarch, and of adopting their own national policy. Silence was their only response to the affecting appeal. She then endeavoured to raise some volunteers.

"Those of you," said she, "who are willing to be faithful to your honour and your King, come out from your ranks and say so."

Not a man moved. A few officers, however, raised their swords, as if offering them in her defence. The duchess counted them, and said, sadly and in despair, "You are very few." She then exclaimed indignantly—

"O God! after twenty years of calamity, how hard it is to be again expatriated! I have never ceased to offer up prayers for the welfare of my country, for I am a Frenchwoman. But ye are no longer Frenchmen. Go: retire from my

"One single voice replied, "We answer nothing. We know how to respect misfortune."

The duchess immediately gave orders for her departure. Accompanied by the roll of drums, she repassed the frowning batteries of the fort and, with a heart torn by the keenest emotions, embarked on board an English sloop of war, and was conveyed to London. From thence she was sent in another ship to join her friends at Ghent. Upon her departure the tricoloured

banner was run up upon battlement, spire, and turret, and shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" resounded through the emancipated streets. When Napoleon heard of the heroic conduct of this princess, whose whole life, from the cradle to the grave, was an unceasing conflict with misfortune and woe, he exclaimed, "*She is the only man of her race.*"

Her husband, the Duke d'Angoulême, son of Charles X., on the 10th of March had left Bordeaux with thirteen thousand troops, hoping to reconquer Lyons and Grenoble. But the people rang the tocsin, and rallied as volunteers from hill and valley, from peasant's hut and workman's shop. The soldiers under the duke went over to their brethren, shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" The Duke d'Angoulême was taken captive.

The Bourbons, on the 6th of March, had published an ordinance, which was published by the Congress of the Allies at Vienna on the 18th, declaring Napoleon and his outlaws, whom any one might shoot at, declining to dishonour himself by taking part in this infamous war of assassination, wrote the following letter to General Grouchy, who held the duke a prisoner:—

"The ordinance of the King, of the 6th of March, and the convention signed at Vienna, would warrant me to treat the Duke d'Angoulême as this ordinance and this declaration would willingly treat me and my family; but, persevering in the resolution which had induced me to order that the members of the Bourbon family might freely depart from France, my wish is, that the Duke d'Angoulême be conducted to Cette, where he shall be embarked, and that you watch over his safety, and protect him from ill-treatment. You will only be careful to keep the funds which have been taken from the public treasury, and to demand of the Duke d'Angoulême his promise to restore the crown diamonds, which are the property of the nation."

Queen Hortense and her two children, one of them the present Emperor of the French, were at the Tuileries to welcome Napoleon. Hortense and her noble brother, Eugène, were cherished with tender affection by their illustrious father. Napoleon devoted a few moments to the full flow of joy and affection. He then, with his accustomed energy—an energy which ever amazed those around him—devoted the rest of the night to expediting orders, re-arranging the government, and composing his cabinet.

"When engaged in mental occupation," says Caulaincourt, "he neither felt fatigue nor the want of sleep. He used to say that twenty-two hours out of twenty-four ought to be usefully employed."

At nine o'clock the next morning, of the court-yard, the staircases, and were thronged by multitudes, in excitement and joy. The Emperor was frequently called for, and occasionally to the window.

salved with frantic acclamations and clapping of hands. The grenadiers of Elba, who in twenty days had marched seven hundred miles, arrived during the night, and bivouacked in the court of the Tuileries, where but a few months before hostile battalions had shouted their insulting triumphs, and had encircled with their bayonets the usurping Bourbons. Every moment regiments from a distance were marching into Paris with unfurled banners and exultant music, till the whole neighbourhood of the palace was covered with troops. As these devoted bands successively arrived, they were received by citizens and soldiers with shouts of welcome, which reverberated long and loud through the streets of the metropolis.

At twelve o'clock, the Emperor, attended by an immense retinue of staff-officers, descended the great stairs of the Tuileries to review the troops. As he rode along the lines, a burst of enthusiasm greeted him which it is impossible to describe. He answered with smiles, with an affectionate nod of the head, and occasionally with those ready words ever at his command, and which never failed to arouse the enthusiasm of those to whom they were addressed.

The Old Guard of Napoleon, now bivouacking in the metropolis, occasionally threw out bitter taunts against the National Guard of Paris for surrendering so promptly to the Allies. Napoleon enjoined upon his grenadiers to keep silence upon that point. To obliterate all traces of unkindness, and to cement their friendship, he requested the Imperial Guard to invite the national troops to a dinner. This festive occasion assembled fifteen thousand soldiers in the Champ de Mars. At the close of the joyous repast, the whole multitude of soldiers, accompanied by a vast concourse of the citizens of Paris, proceeded to the Tuileries, bearing the bust of Napoleon, crowned with laurel. After saluting the Emperor with reiterated acclamations, they repaired to the Place Vendôme, intending to replace the statue upon that proud monument from which the Allies had torn it down. Napoleon interrupted the work, saying nobly—

"It is not at the close of a banquet that my image is again to ascend the column; that is a question for the nation to decide."

The nation has decided the question. The statue of the Emperor, at the bidding of united France, again crowns that majestic shaft. Every evening, martial bands, at the foot of the monument, in those strains which were wont to thrill the soul of Napoleon, salute the image of the most beloved monarch earth has ever known. And now, after the lapse of forty years, upon his birthday, loving hearts still encircle his statue with their annual tribute of garlands of flowers.

There are, however, some who can speak contemptuously of Napoleon Bonaparte. They are to be pitied rather than blamed. Some persons cannot discern difference of colour; others cannot perceive discord or harmony; and there are those who are incapable of appreciating *grandeur*

of character. They are not to be judged harshly. It is their misfortune.

It will be remembered that Murat, in order to save his crown, had joined the Allies and turned his arms against Napoleon. He had not supposed it possible that the Allies, whom Napoleon had so often treated magnanimously in the hour of victory, would proceed to such lengths as to depose the Emperor. The impulsive King of Naples found his alliance with the feudal despots utterly un congenial. His energies were paralysed as he drew his sword against his old companions in arms. As blow after blow, from the multitudinous and unrelenting enemy, fell upon the doomed Emperor, remorse began to agitate the bosom of Murat. When Napoleon was struggling, in the terrific campaign of Paris, against a million of invaders, the King of Naples was hesitating between his apparent interest and a desire to return to heroic duty. On the evening of the 13th of April, two days after Napoleon's abdication at Fontainebleau, Murat was walking thoughtfully and sadly in the garden of his country seat. He was free'y unbosoming his perplexities and his anguish to General Coletta. A courier arrived and placed a note in his hands. He read it in silence, turned pale, and seemed struck as by a thunderbolt. Then, pacing rapidly backward and forward for a moment, he again stopped, gazed intensely upon the ground, turned, and seemed utterly bewildered. General Coletta and several officers of his suite, astonished at the strange appearance of the King, gathered around him. With an expression of indescribable wildness and anguish, he fixed his eyes upon them, and said—

"Gentlemen, Paris has capitulated. The Emperor is dethroned and a captive."

The fearless warrior could say no more. Burying his face in his hands, he burst into a flood of tears. All the memory of the past came rushing upon him, and he sobbed like a child. His irrepressible emotion overcame the whole group, and every eye was dimmed.

The Allies, with characteristic perfidy, defrauded poor Murat of the wages of his treachery. The Bourbons of France immediately determined, at every sacrifice, in order to strengthen the principle of legitimacy, to dethrone Murat, and to effect the restoration of the Bourbons of Naples. The Allies never allowed any treaties which they had signed with the popular party to stand in the way of their enterprises. Upon the pretext that Murat had joined them merely to subserve his own interests, and that he had rendered them but little assistance, England, France, and Austria, at the of Vienna, entered into a secret concert for his expulsion from Naples, and for the restoration of the imbecile Ferdinand and his infamous Queen. Thus they refused to pay their dupe even his poor thirty pieces of silver.

Murat, trembling in anticipation of the approaching storm, was, on the evening of the 4th of March, surrounded by his generals and friends in the Queen's drawing-room. w

brought him the intelligence of the Empire landing at Cannes, and of his march upon Paris. The countenance of the King became radiant with joy. New hope dawned upon him. With characteristic imprudence, he resolved immediately, without any advices from the Emperor, to make an attack upon the Allies. He hoped that the promptness of his zeal would be some atonement for past defection. Deaf to all remonstrances, and as impetuous as when making a cavalry charge, he said to his ministers—

"Italy waits only for a signal and a man. I have eighty thousand soldiers inured to war, and a powerful provincial militia. All the countries washed by the Po invite a liberator. The generals of the old army of Eugene at Milan, and those of Piedmont, write me word that they are ready to revolt, and beneath the tricoloured banner, to form the league of Italian independence. The Congress at Vienna has dissatisfied all people, on both sides the Apennines. Genoa is indignant. Venice is humbled. Piedmont, thrown back into the slavery of the priests and nobles, struggles beneath the double yoke imposed upon it. The Milanese murmur deep and loud at their subjection to the old slavery of Austria and Rome. Its provinces are filling again under that sacerdotal tyranny which begets while it enchains a people who had been for a moment free."

In vain it was represented to him that he could make no effectual headway against the million of soldiers whom the Allies had under arms. Had he waited until the proper moment, he might, aided by the judicious counsel and co-operation of the Emperor, have accomplished great results. But, with characteristic daring, he made a premature and a headlong charge, and was overwhelmed with numbers. His army was cut to pieces. Murat, in his despair, sought death in the midst of the bullets, but could not find it. "Death," he exclaimed indignantly, "will not touch me." He returned, a fugitive, to his palace, threw his arms around the neck of his wife, and, yielding himself to uncontrollable emotion, exclaimed—

"All is lost, Caroline!"

"No," replied the Queen, in the lofty spirit of her imperial brother, "all is not lost. We still our honour, and constancy remains to us in adversity."

As Napoleon, in the greatest triumph, was entering Paris, Murat, in disguise, and in a fisherman's boat, was escaping from Naples. He reached France. The speedy overthrow of Na-

left him a fugitive, pursued by all the vigilance of despotism. After wandering about for many weeks in disguise, enduring every privation and peril, he, while Napoleon was being conveyed a captive to St. Helena, made a desperate endeavour, characteristically bold and diabolical, to regain his throne. He was arrested, summarily tried by a court-martial, and condemned to immediate death. With composure to the sentence, and then sat down

"My dear Caroline,—My last hour has sounded. In a few moments I shall have ceased to live, and you will no longer have a husband. Do not forget me. My life has been stained by no injustice. Farewell, my Achille! farewell, my Lætitia! farewell, my Lucien! farewell, my Louisa! Show yourselves to the world worthy of me. I leave you without kingdom or fortune, in the midst of enemies. Be united. Prove yourselves superior to misfortune. Remember what you are, and what you have been, and God will bless you. Do not reproach my memory. Believe that my greatest suffering, in my last moments, is dying far from my children. Receive your father's blessing. Receive my embraces and my tears. Preserve always in your memory the recollection of your unhappy father.

"JOACHIM.

"Pizzo, 18th October, 1

In this dread hour, when Murat was about to enter the world of spirits, he felt, as every soul not bestial must feel, the need of religious support. All pride of stoicism, and all the glory of past achievements, dwindled into nothingness as the tribunal of final judgment and the retributions of eternity opened before him. He called for a clergyman, received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and wrote, with his own hand, "I declare that I die a true Christian."

With a firm step he then walked to the place of execution. A company of soldiers was drawn up in two lines before him, with loaded muskets. He refused to have his eyes bandaged. For a moment he serenely, and with a smile, contemplated the instruments of execution; then pressing to his lips a picture of his wife and children, which he always wore in his bosom, he said to the soldiers, "Save my face. Aim at my heart." A volley of musketry answered his words, and, pierced by bullets, Joachim Murat fell dead. He was in the forty-ninth year of his age.

Murat, notwithstanding his impetuous bravery, had much sensibility and gentleness of heart. He made the extraordinary declaration to Count Marbourg, his friend and very able minister—

"My sweetest consolation, when I look back on my career as a soldier, a general, and a king, is, that I never saw a man fall dead by my hand. It is not, of course, impossible that, in so many charges, when I dashed my horse forward at the head of the squadrons, some pistol-shots fired at random may have wounded or killed an enemy; but I have known nothing of the matter. If a man fell dead before me, and by my hand, his image would be always present to my view, and would pursue me to the tomb."

The name of Murat will never die. His faults were many, and yet there was much in his character to win affection. With but ordinary intellectual capacities, tender affections, and the utmost impetuosity of spirit, and exposed to every temptation which could crowd upon a mortal soul, it is strange that his career should have been so ended. Much that passes for virtue is but a temptation. God alone can adjust

measurement of human guilt. At his tribunal all these warriors who deluged Europe in blood have appeared. From his lips they have received that righteous judgment from which there can be no appeal.

CHAPTER LXVI.

HOSTILITY OF THE ALLIES.

The cabinet of Louis—Organisation of the government—Benjamin Constant—Address of the Council of State—The school at Ecouen—Quarrel among the Allies—Their consternation—Talleyrand—Eloquent speech of Talleyrand—Decision of the Allies—Infamous outlawry of the Emperor—Duplicity of Wellington and Castlereagh—Opposition in the British House of Commons—Sympathy of the British people with Napoleon—Napoleon's letter to the Allied Sovereigns—His appeal to Europe.

THE soldiers of the Duke of Berri, having trampled beneath their feet the flag of the Bourbons, and elevated with exultant shouts the eagles of the Empire, marched into Paris, and, with irrepressible enthusiasm, demanded to salute their Emperor. Napoleon mounted his horse and rode along the lines, while resounding acclamations burst from the enthusiastic battalions and squadrons before him. He gathered the soldiers around him, waved his hand for silence, and thus addressed them:—

"Soldiers! I came into France with six hundred men, because I relied on the love of the people, and on the memory of the old soldiers. I have not been deceived in my expectations. Soldiers! I thank you. The glory of what we have done is due to the people and to you. My glory is limited to having known and appreciated your affection.

"The throne of the Bourbons was illegitimate, because it had been proscribed by the will of the nation, expressed in all our national assemblies, and because it promoted the interests of but a small number of arrogant men, whose pretensions were opposed to our rights.

"Soldiers! The imperial throne alone can guarantee the rights of the people. We are about to march to drive from our territory those princes who are the auxiliaries of foreigners. The nation will second us with its wishes, and follow our impulse. The French people and I rely upon you. We do not wish to meddle with the affairs of foreign countries; but woe to those who would meddle with ours."

In the midst of peals of applause, resounding through the most distant streets of Paris, Napoleon reascended the stairs of the Tuileries, and entered his former cabinet. Louis Stanislas Xavier had left in such haste, that many memorials of his presence remained behind. The luxurious easy chair, to which his enormous obesity and his many infirmities confined him, was in the corner. A portfolio, forgotten upon the table, contained the private and confidential letters of the King. They were safe in the

keeping of Napoleon, his pride of character, and delicate sense of honour, would not allow him to pry into these disclosures of the private life of his enemies. He ordered them all to be sealed, and to be sent by a despatch to their owner. Some officious person, thinking to gratify the Emperor, had placed upon the table sundry caricatures, holding up the Bourbons to derision. The Emperor indignantly ordered them to be removed. He had too much majesty of soul to indulge in triumph so ignoble. Crucifixes, images, and beads, indices of the devotion or the superstition of Louis, were strewed about the room. "Take them away," said the Emperor, mildly. "The cabinet of a French monarch should not resemble the cell of a monk."

He ordered the map of France to be spread upon the table. As he contemplated its diminished borders, he exclaimed with sadness, "Poor France!" Then turning to Caulaincourt, he said—"I have proclaimed peace throughout my march. As far as depends on me, my promise shall be fulfilled. Circumstances are imperative. I will recognise the treaty of Paris. I can now accept what I could not accept at Châtillon without tarnishing my glory. France was obliged to make sacrifices. The act is done. But it did not become me to strip France to preserve the crown. I take the affairs of the country as I find them. I wish the continuation of peace. It is the sound policy of the Powers not to rekindle the torch of war. I have written to the Empress. She will prevail upon her father to permit her to rejoin me."

Napoleon earnestly desired peace. He even thought it possible, though not at all probable, that the Allies might now consent to the independence of France. It consequently became fatally necessary for him to make no preparation for war. The Allies had still enormous armies in the field, ready at any moment, in locust legions, to pour into France. The armies of France were disbanded, and there were no military supplies. Any movement of Napoleon towards reorganizing his forces would have been seized hold of by the Allies, and proclaimed to the world as a new proof of the "insatiable ambition and bloodthirsty appetite" of the Emperor. Consequently the Emperor was compelled, in the protection of his own reputation, in which alone his strength consisted, to await the result of his proposals for peace, without making any preparation for war. This was a fatality from which there was no escape. Under embarrassments so dreadful, Napoleon was doomed to abide the decision of the Allies.

With incredible rapidity the new government was organized. It met the wishes of the nation. The councillors of state were all men of marked ability, of extended reputation, of special administrative skill, and of well-known devotion to the popular cause. The councillors drew up an address to the Emperor, which was intended for the nation. "Sire!" said they, "the Emperor in reascending the throne, to which he had been elected by the people, re-establish

people in their most sacred rights. He returns to reign by the only principle of legitimacy which France has recognised and consecrated for twenty-five years past."

"Princes," Napoleon replied, "are but the first citizens of the state. Their authority is more or less extended, according to the interests of the nation they govern. Sovereignty itself is hereditary, only because the interest of nations require it. Beyond this principle I know of no legitimacy."

Benjamin Constant was one of the most distinguished of the sons of France. As a writer and an orator, he stood at the head of the republican party. When Napoleon, in accordance with the wishes of the nation, assumed that dictatorial power, without which France could by no possibility have sustained her independence against the combined despots of Europe, Benjamin Constant resolutely turned against the Emperor. But experience had now enlightened him. He had seen despotism triumphant, the Bourbons forced upon France by foreigners, and again driven from the kingdom by an indignant people. He hastened now to give in his adhesion to the Emperor. Napoleon received him as if he had been an old friend. Frankly and truly Napoleon declared that devotion to the popular cause had rendered it essential for him to assume dictatorial power. It was a demonstrable fact.

"The nation," said he, "threw itself at my feet when I assumed the government. You ought to recollect it—you who attempted an opposition. Where was your support—your strength? Nowhere. I assumed less authority than I was invited to take. The people, on my return from Elba, crowding on my footsteps, hurrying from the summits of the mountains, called upon me, sought me, saluted me. From Cannes to Paris I have not conquered, I have administered the government. I am not, as it is said, the Emperor of the soldiers only; I am the Emperor of the peasants, of the plebeians of France. There is sympathy between us. It is not so with the privileged classes. The nobility have served me. They rushed in crowds into my ante-chambers. There is not a post they have not accepted, asked for, solicited. I have had the Montmorencies, the Noailles, the Rohans, the Beauvais, the Montemarques; but there has never been any sympathy. The horse curved—he was well trained; but I felt him quiver. The popular fibre responds to my own. I am sprung from the ranks of the people. My voice acts upon them. There is the same nature between us. They look upon me as their support, as their saviour against the nobles. I have only to make a sign, or simply to avert my eyes, and the nobles would be massacred in all the provinces. But I do not wish to be the king of the mob. Public discussions, free elections, responsible ministers, the liberty of the press, I wish for all that—the liberty of the press above all. It is absurd to stifle it. I am the man of the people. I have never wished to deprive them of liberty for my own pleasure. I have

now but one mission—to raise France up again, and to give it the most suitable form of government. I wish for peace. But I shall not obtain it but by dint of victories. I foresee a difficult struggle—a long war. To maintain it, the nation must support me."

The Emperor's first administrative act was characteristic of his whole career. He convened the electoral colleges in each department, that his resumption of power might be submitted to the suffrages of the whole people. He persisted in this, notwithstanding the Council of State had issued the following decree, whose statements no one would venture to deny:—

"March 25, 1815. The Council of State, in resuming its functions, feels bound to make known the principles which form the rule of its opinions and its conduct.

"The sovereignty resides in the people. They are the only source of legitimate power. In 1789, the nation reconquered its rights, which had for a long time been usurped and disregarded. The National Assembly abolished the feudal monarchy, and established a constitutional monarchy and representative government. The resistance of the Bourbons to the wishes of the French people terminated in their downfall and their banishment from the French territory. The people twice sanctioned by their votes the new form of government established by their representatives.

"1. In the year 1799, Bonaparte, already crowned by victory, was raised to the government by national assent. A constitution created the Consular Magistracy.

An admirable article upon Napoleon, in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, contains the following judicious remarks, which will commend themselves to every impartial mind:—

"The opinions now entertained respecting him may be classed, we think, under the following heads. 1. That he was a usurper. This charge is preferred by two very different parties: 1. By the adherents of legitimacy, who think his noblest course would have been to play the part of General Monk. We need not discuss this point in America, and in the year 1832. 2. The charge of usurpation is also made by some Republicans. We have already observed that, up to the time when Napoleon took the reins of government, no Republic can be said to have existed in France. We need, then, only ask whether the tendency of France was towards a Republic, and whether Napoleon ought to have lent his power to establish it, provided he could have seen the possibility of its permanence. The forms of government, important as they are, are but secondary, compared to the primary elements of national character and political condition, and are always dependent on the latter. The preservation of the new politico-social relations was also to be attended to. If a Republic was incompatible with justice, safety of person and property, internal peace, or national independence, the former ought to have given way to the latter. We believe that there are few persons of judgment who, at present, maintain that at that period a Republic would have comported with the internal and external relations of France. Firmly attached as we are to republican institutions, we yet must admit that, as there must be a difference in the habits of men, according to the materials which they possess for their construction, so governments must differ with the character and condition of the governed." How many there are who are blind to these obvious truths!

"2. A decree of the Senate, on the 2nd of August, 1802, appointed Napoleon Bonaparte Consul for life.

"3. A decree of the Senate, on the 18th of March, 1804, conferred upon Napoleon the imperial dignity, and made it hereditary in his family.

"These three solemn acts were submitted to the approval of the nation. It sanctioned them by nearly four millions of votes. Thus had the Bourbons, during twenty-two years, ceased to reign in France. They were forgotten by their contemporaries. Strangers to our laws, to our institutions, to our manners, to our glory, the present generation knew them not but by the re-

they had stirred up.

foreigners set up a pretended provisional government. They assembled a minority of the senators, and compelled them, in opposition to their trust and their wish, to set aside the existing constitutions, to subvert the imperial throne, and to recall the Bourbon family. The abdication of the Emperor Napoleon was merely the consequence of the unfortunate situation to which France and the Emperor were reduced by the events of the war, by treason, and by the occupation of the capital. The abdication had for its object only the prevention of civil war and the effusion of blood. This act, which was not confirmed by the will of the people, could not destroy the solemn contract which had been formed between the nation and the Emperor. And even if Napoleon might personally abdicate the crown, he could not sacrifice the rights of his son, appointed to reign after him.

"Louis Stanislas Xavier arrived in France. He took possession of the throne. The people, overawed by the presence of foreigners, could not, freely and validly, declare the national wish. Under the protection of the allied army, having thanked a foreign prince for having enabled him to ascend the throne, Louis Stanislas Xavier dated the first act of his authority in the nineteenth year of his reign, thereby declaring that the measures which had emanated from the will of the people were merely the offspring of a long rebellion. All these acts are therefore illegal; done in the presence of hostile armies, and under foreign control, they are merely the work of violence. They are essentially null, and are outrages on the honour, the liberty, and the rights of the people.

"In reascending the throne to which the people had raised him, the Emperor therefore justly re-established the most sacred rights of the nation. He returned to reign by the only principle of legitimacy which France had recognised and sanctioned during the past twenty-five years, and to which all the authorities had bound themselves by oaths, from which the will of the people could alone release them."

Notwithstanding these decisive decrees, the Emperor was so scrupulous respecting any ap-

pearance even of usurpation, that he insisted that the question of his re-election should be submitted to the suffrages of the people. There were now four parties in France—the Bourbonists, the Orleanists, the Republicans, and the friends of the Emperor. The votes were taken, and Napoleon was again chosen to the chief magistracy of France by a majority of more than a million of votes over all the other parties. And still the Allies called this a usurpation.

The saloons of the Tuileries were constantly thronged. Napoleon received all kindly. Members of that Senate which had pronounced Napoleon's forfeiture of the throne, called, tremblingly, with their congratulations. The Em-

my part, I forget all past occurrences.'

The Emperor embraced an early opportunity of visiting the institution he had established at Ecouen for the orphan daughters of the members of the Legion of Honour. These young girls, who had been provided for by the affectionate liberality of Napoleon, gathered around their benefactor with inexpressible enthusiasm. They threw themselves at his feet, and with tears embraced his knees. He took up a spoon to taste their food. The spoon immediately became sacred in their eyes. When he left, they had it out in pieces and moulded into little amulets, which they wore in their bosoms. Nearly all the pupils wore upon their fingers rings of braided hair. One of the young ladies ventured to slip a ring upon Napoleon's finger. Encouraged by the smile of the Emperor, the rest, rushing upon him, seized his hands, and covered them with these pledges of love and gratitude. "Young ladies," said the Emperor, "they shall be as precious to me as the jewels of my crown." On retiring to his carriage, he exclaimed, with moistened eyes, "*Voici le comble de bonheur, ceux-ci sont les plus beaux moments de ma vie.*" "This is the height of happiness; these are the most delightful moments of my life."

The allied sovereigns in the Congress of Vienna had been for months quarrelling respecting the division of the spoils of reconquered Europe. One hundred thousand distinguished warriors, attracted by the splendours of the court within the walls of that voluptuous city, Eighty thousand of the most brilliantly equipped soldiers of the allied armies formed the magnificent cortège for this crowd of princes and kings. Seven hundred ambassadors or plenipotentiaries participated in the deliberations of those ungainly conquerors, who had now again placed their feet upon the necks of the people. The regal revelers relieved the toils of diplomacy with feasting and dances, and all luxurious indulgence. The Emperor of Austria defrayed the expenses of this enormous hospitality. The imperial table alone was maintained at an expense of one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs.

The Allies were involved in a des-

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Saxony, and Italy, and were just on the point of breaking up and turning their arms against each other, when a courier brought to Lord Castlereagh the tidings that Napoleon had left Elba. Talleyrand was at that time making his toilet for a ball, in accordance with the etiquette of the voluptuaries around him. His hands were wet with the perfumes which his *valets de-chambre* had poured upon them, and two barbers were curling and powdering his hair. His niece, the young and beautiful Princess of Courlande, ran into the room with a note from Metternich, marked "secret and in haste." Talleyrand, looking up from the midst of his curling-irons, powders, and perfumes, requested his niece to open and read the note.

She did so, and, turning pale, exclaimed, "Heavens! Bonaparte has left Elba! What is to become of my ball this evening?"

The imperturbable minister, whose external equanimity no possible surprise could derange, after a moment's pause, said, in those low tones of gravity which he had carefully cultivated, "Do not be uneasy, niece, your ball shall take place notwithstanding."

Though the well-trained diplomatist could thus conceal his alarm, it was not so with the other guilty revellers at Belshazzar's feast.

"If a thunderbolt," says Alison, "had fallen in the midst of the brilliant assembly in the imperial ball-room at Vienna, it could not have excited greater consternation than this simple announcement. It was deemed, nevertheless, expedient to conceal the alarm which all really felt."

Talleyrand quietly continued his toilet, and, after shutting himself up for several hours with M. Metternich and Lord Castlereagh, wrote to Louis XVIII., advising him to place no reliance upon the people of France, but assuring him of the continued support of the Allies.

No one knew towards what point the Emperor intended to direct his steps. Five days of doubt, conjecture, and intense anxiety passed before any further intelligence was received. The festivities were all suspended, and Europe thought of but one idea and of one man. A proscribed exile, without money and without arms, floating upon the waves of the Mediterranean, simply by the magic of his name plunged all the courts and all the armies of Europe into commotion. Two powers at that moment equally divided Europe. One power was Napoleon Bonaparte, solitary and alone; the other power was all the combined monarchs, and armies, and navies of Christendom.

On the 5th of March, the Congress received the intelligence that Napoleon had landed in France, and was borne along on resistless waves of popular enthusiasm towards Paris. Amusement and consternation were depicted upon every countenance. The Allies immediately held a council, and, after a few reproaches, all their differences were laid aside in dread of their common foe. The anger of the Allies was vehemently aroused against the people of France for their invincible attachment to Napoleon. The

coalesced despots had heretofore, in defiance of human intelligence, declared Napoleon to be a usurper and a tyrant, crushing the liberties of the people beneath iron hoofs and sabre-strokes. But this unexampled exhibition of a nation's love and homage for a moment struck dumb these lips of falsehood.

"The anger of the sovereigns and their ministers against Napoleon," says Lamartine, "turned into resentment against France herself, the accomplice, either through connivance or servility, of Bonaparte. So long as this focus of war and revolution should exist, there could be no durable peace for the nations—no security for crowns. A European war of extermination against France, which had executed Louis XVI., and twice crowned Napoleon, was the first cry of the sovereigns and their councils. Its immediate conquest, before the nation should have time to furnish armies to Bonaparte, its partition afterwards, that the members of this great body should never be able to join to upheave the weight of the whole world—these were the resolutions uttered in an under-tone."

It seemed in vain to attempt to force upon France the Bourbons. All the Powers were alike disposed to abandon their cause, and to partition France as Poland had been partitioned, or to place upon the throne an energetic man of their own choice.

"I am weary of war," said Alexander. "I cannot employ the whole period of my reign, and the whole forces of my empire, in raising up in France a family which knows neither how to fight nor how to reign. I shall never draw the sword for them again."

Talleyrand stood alone in the Congress to advocate the cause of the Bourbons, to whom only he could look for a reward. The sagacious minister was adequate to his task. For eight days he struggled, single-handed, against the resolve of the combined cabinets of Europe. With diplomatic wisdom, address, and genius, which have perhaps never been surpassed, he faltered not until he had obtained his end. Each day panting couriers brought the tidings of Napoleon's advance, and of the enthusiasm which everywhere greeted him. The allied generals indignantly grasped their swords and demanded a prompt invasion, and the entire subjugation of a people who so pertinaciously claimed the right of choosing their own form of government. The sovereigns, exasperated by this marvellous power of the Emperor over the hearts of the French people, breathed only vengeance. And yet the imperturbable and wily diplomatist of the Bourbons day after day allayed these excitements, and drew his antagonists nearer and nearer to his own counsels.

The morning of the 18th of March dawned. The Allies had determined to come on this day to a final decision. The question was simply this:—

"Shall France be partitioned off, as was Poland, among the other Powers of Europe; or shall we place upon the throne a monarch who

will advocate our cause, like Bernadotte, but more energetic and less unpopular than the Bourbons; or shall we replace the Bourbons again upon the throne?"

The question of the independence of France and the right of the French people to elect their own sovereign was not even suggested. Talleyrand employed the whole night of the 12th in preparation for the momentous decision. As he left his mansion to go to the place of the Congress, he said to his niece and his secretary—

"I leave you in despair. I am going to make the last efforts. If I fail, France is lost, and the Bourbons and I shall not have even the remnant of a country for exile. I know your impatience to ascertain our fate. I cannot send you a messenger during the day, since nothing is allowed to be communicated out of the hall of conference. But be at the window at the hour when my carriage returns, bringing me back a conqueror or conquered. If I have failed, I shall keep myself shut up and motionless. If success has crowned my efforts, I will wave from the carriage window a paper, the signal of our triumph."

The sitting was commenced in the morning, and prolonged late into the day. The speech of Talleyrand—uttered in low, calm, conversational, yet earnest tones—is one of the most persuasive upon record. A theatrical display of gesture and of impassioned intonations would have been grossly out of place in the presence of such an audience, and in a crisis so momentous.

"If you punish France," said Talleyrand, "by dividing it after its conquest, how will you agree together in the distribution of the spoils? And what power can restrain under its hand the members, still living, still convulsive, ever on the stretch to rejoin one another? You have had nothing to dread in France but the revolutionary spirit; you will then have to restrain and combat, at the same time, the two least compressible forces in the political world—the *revol. spirit* and the *spirit of independence*. This double volcano will open its craters even under your own hereditary possessions. Look at Poland! Is it not the spirit of independence which perpetually nourishes there the spirit of revolution? The partition of France would be the ruin of the Continent.

"But it is said that the question is, not to ruin France, but to weaken it, so that it shall not be hurtful to other nations; to exhaust its strength, to occupy it for a time, and then to give it, for its masters, sovereigns with a firmer hand, and a name less unpopular than that of Bourbon! But if you cease to recognise the right of the *legitimacy of kings* in France, what becomes of your own right in Europe? What becomes of this principle, or rather this *religion of legitimacy*, which we have found again under the ruins of the revolutions, subversions, and conquests of twenty years? Did the house of Bourbon offer at this moment only enervated sovereigns to fill the throne, Europe would still be condemned to crown them or to perish. The

cause of Europe is the cause of *legitimacy*; and legitimacy is synonymous with the house of Bourbon. The *partition of France* would be a crime against nations; the *dethronement of the Bourbons* would be a crime against thrones.

"There is but one course which is wise: just. It is to separate the cause of the French nation from that of Bonaparte; to declare personal and exclusive war against him, and to France. You thus weaken Bonaparte by showing him alone to be the only obstacle to the reconciliation of nations, and you disarm France by separating her cause from the cause of Bonaparte. And then it must be declared that Europe will never recognise, under any circumstances whatever, the sovereignty of France but in the house of Bourbon."

The Allies were convinced. They then issued to the world the following infamous decree:—

"The Allied Sovereigns, being informed of the escape of Napoleon Bonaparte, and of his having entered France by force of arms, owe to their own dignity and the interests of society a solemn declaration of the sentiments with which that event has inspired them. By thus infringing the convention which settled Napoleon in the island of Elba, he has destroyed the only legal title to which his existence was attached (*quel son existence se trouvait attachée*). By reappearing in France with the design of disturbing and subverting it, he has deprived himself of the protection of the laws, and made manifest to the universe that there can be neither peace nor truce with him. The Powers therefore declare that *Napoleon Bonaparte has thrown himself out of all the relations of civilized society*; and that, as an enemy and a disturber of the world, he has rendered himself an object of public vengeance."

They then bound themselves by a solemn pledge to pursue to the last extremity, with all the energies of their combined states and kingdoms, the sovereign of the people's choice. This despotic decree was signed by Austria, Spain, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Russia, Prussia, and Sweden. By a secret treaty, concluded on the same day, it was solemnly stipulated that the contracting parties should not lay down their arms till they had effected the complete destruction of Napoleon.

The unprecedented spectacle was now presented of all the monarchies and armies of Europe combined against a single man. Napoleon's only strength consisted in the love of the people, whose cause he had so nobly espoused and so heroically maintained. The strength of the Allies was deposited in their bayonets and their gunpowder. They immediately marshalled their countless armies to crush at once and for ever the child and the champion of popular equality. Austria contributed 350,000 troops under Schwartzberg; England and Prussia furnished an army of 250,000 men to act in concert under Wellington and Blücher; Alexander himself headed his semi-barbarian legions, 200,000

strong. The auxiliaries from other nations raised this formidable armament to one million of men. The fleets of England also girdled France and swept the seas, that there might be no escape for the doomed victim. Such were the forces that were arrayed, with all the enginery of war, to grieve *one man* from the love of the people. Never was a mortal placed in such a position of dignity before. Chateaubriand had pithily said, "If the cocked hat and surtout of Napoleon were placed on a stick on the shores of Brest, it would cause Europe to run to arms from one end to the other."

The public announcement of this high-handed outrage against the independence of France caused not a little embarrassment to the two English ambassadors. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh were perhaps as bitterly opposed to anything like popular reform, and as imperiously devoted to the interests of aristocratic privileges, as any two men to be found on the Continent of Europe. Russia, Prussia, and Austria, powerful in despotism, could exclude all knowledge from their subjects, or could silence with the bayonet any feeble murmurs which should arise from their enslaved peoples. They could boldly avow, in the language of an Austrian Princess, that "sovereigns should be as regardless of the complaints of their subjects as the moon is of the barking of dogs."

But in England it was not precisely so. There was in England a liberal Constitution, a House of Commons, a free press, and an inquisitive people. Consequently, these English nobles did not dare to move so defiantly as did their confederated despots. While, therefore, combining, with intense cordiality, in this attempt to wrest from France the sovereign of its choice, and to force upon the nation a twice-rejected dynasty, they ventured the declaration to the British people, that they only joined the coalition against a common enemy, but that *they had no disposition to interfere with the rights of the French nation in the choice of their own rulers*, "a reservation," says Lamartine, "which was necessary for their justification to the British Parliament."

With this astonishing declaration upon their lips, the British government appropriated, in prosecution of the war for that year, 450,000,000 francs to the navy, 695,000,000 francs to the army, and the subsidies paid to foreign Powers amounted to 275,000,000 francs more. They maintained six hundred and fifty thousand men in arms, and placed fifty-eight ships of the line in commission. The whole war expenses of the year amounted to the unparalleled sum of 2,750,000,000 francs. Such were the herculean energies requisite to crush the illustrious stain of popular rights. Such were the enormous sums wrested from the people of England to maintain despotic authority on the Continent of Europe.

There was in the British House of Commons a band of noble men who breasted all the tremendous power of the British government, in bold denunciation of this great iniquity, and

even then there were so many of the English people whose sympathies were with Napoleon, that those who were in the opposition were accused of seeking popularity by their opposition to the measures of the government.

While the Allies were thus unrelentingly preparing for war, Napoleon was making every possible effort for the promotion of peace. Even when the combined army was advancing through Germany towards the frontiers of France, and when the English vessels were capturing the French ships on all seas, he still disregarded these hostile acts, hoping, by assurances of his readiness to accede to any reasonable propositions, to save his country and Europe from another appeal to the horrors of war. The Austrian ambassador left Paris soon after Napoleon's arrival, refusing to have any official intercourse with the government of the Emperor. Napoleon had not been able to have any communication with Maria Louisa. The Austrian ambassador consented to take a letter to her. He, however, gave it to the Emperor Francis, and it was never placed in her hands. The Emperor Francis being apprehensive that Napoleon might, by some means, succeed in regaining his wife and son, transported them both to his palace, and guarded them vigilantly. To alienate the Empress from her noble husband, she was infamously told, according to the testimony of the Duke of Rovigo, that Napoleon had assembled a harem of beautiful ladies around him, and was happy in their smiles. How far Maria Louisa credited the cruel slander is not known.

In all his pacific overtures Napoleon was sternly repulsed. The Allies would allow no messenger from him to approach them. Alexander greatly admired the grace, intelligence, and amiable virtues of Queen Hortense. Through her mediation Napoleon endeavoured to get access to the heart of the Czar. But the Russian monarch was bound too firmly in the chains of the coalition to escape. He frankly replied to the sorrow-stricken daughter of Josephine, "There can be no peace, not even a truce, with Napoleon." The Emperor then sent his brother Joseph, whose character commanded the respect of every monarch in Europe, on a secret mission to Vienna, to endeavour, by every honourable artifice, to gain the ear of the allied sovereigns. But he found all alike unrelenting. Napoleon then, as his last resort, wrote the following dignified yet earnest appeal for peace to each of the allied sovereigns, and despatched couriers with a copy to each of their respective courts:—

April 4, 1814.

"Sire, my Brother,—You have learned, in the course of the last month, of my return to the shores of France, my entrance into Paris, and the retirement of the Bourbons. The true nature of these events must now be known to your Majesty. They are the work of an irresistible power, the result of the unanimous will of a great nation, which knows its duties and its

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rights. The dynasty which force had imposed upon a great people was no longer calculated for them. The Bourbons had no community with them, either of feeling or manners. France was therefore compelled to withdraw from them. The experiment which had induced me to make so great a sacrifice had failed. France called for a liberator; I therefore returned. From the spot where I first touched the soil of France, the love of my people bore me to the bosom of my capital.

"The first wish of my heart is to repay so much affection with an honourable tranquillity. The re-establishment of the imperial throne was necessary for the happiness of the French. It is my most ardent hope to render it at the same time the means of confirming the peace of Europe. Enough of glory has added lustre, by turns, to the flags of the different nations. The vicissitudes of fate have sufficiently caused a succession of great reverses and signal triumphs. A more noble arena is now open to the sovereigns, and I shall be the first to enter it. After having presented the world with the spectacle of great battles, it will be more grateful to recognise hereafter no other rivalry than that of prolonging the blessings of peace—no other ^{more} than the sacred one of perpetuating the happiness of nations.

"France takes a pride in proclaiming frankly this noble end of all her wishes. Jealous of her own independence, the invariable principle of her policy will be, the most absolute respect for the independence of other nations. If such are, as I cherish the hope, the personal sentiments of your Majesty, the general tranquillity is assured for a long period, and Justice, seated at the confines of states, will alone suffice to guard their frontiers.

"NAPOLEON."

The frontiers, however, were so vigilantly guarded against every messenger from Napoleon, and the Allies were so determined to withdraw themselves from any kind of communication with him, that the Minister for Foreign Affairs could not succeed in forwarding one of these letters to any of the European courts. Under these circumstances, Caulaincourt sorrowfully made the following report to the Emperor and to the nation:—

"Sire,—Alarming symptoms are all at once manifested on every side. An unaccountable system threatens to prevail among the Allied Powers—that of preparing for action without admitting a preliminary explanation with the nation they seem determined to assail. It was reserved for the present epoch to see an assemblage simultaneously interdict all communication with one great state, and close all access to its amicable assurances. The couriers sent from Paris to the different courts have not been able to reach their destination. One could not pass beyond Strasburg. Another, sent to Italy, was stopped at Turin. A third, destined for Berlin and the North, has been arrested at Mayence, ill-treated by the Prussian commandant, and his despatches have been seized. When a b

thus impenetrable rises between the ministry and its agents abroad between your Majesty's cabinet and those of other sovereigns, there is no other method open to your ministry than by the public acts of foreign governments to judge of their intentions.

"In England, orders have been given to augment the British forces as well by land as by sea. Thus the French nation ought, on all sides, to be on its guard. It may apprehend a Continental aggression, and, at the same time, it must watch the whole extent of its coasts against the possibility of descent. In Austria in Russia, in Prussia, in all parts of Germany and in Italy—everywhere, in short, is seen a general armament. On every point of Europe, and at the same moment, troops are preparing, arming, marching."

These were appalling tidings to France. The Empire was already exhausted by the interminable wars into which the Allies had dragged it. It was quite unprepared for a renewal of the dreadful conflict. A million of armed men were crowding mercilessly on to desolate the hills and valleys of France with flames and blood. The boldest hearts in France trembled. The odds were so fearfully unequal, that many were in despair. The Allies, by adroitly separating Napoleon from France, and declaring that they waged war against him alone, led thousands to feel that they must be again compelled to give up their beloved Emperor. Apparently they could retain Napoleon only by passing through the most awful scenes of conflict, carnage, and woe to which a nation was ever exposed. As fathers and mothers looked upon their little households, upon precious sons and lovely daughters, and in imagination heard the tramp of approaching armies, the reverberation of invading guns, the sweep of brutal squadrons, the shout of onset, and the shriek of despair, they turned pale, pressed their children to their throbbing hearts, and still clung to their beloved Emperor. Mothers, with streaming eyes, prepared their sons for the battle. Grey-headed fathers, with tottering steps, crowded the churches to implore God's blessing on the righteous cause.

And still, incredible as it may seem, the Allies, who had the control of all the presses of Europe, unblushingly reiterated the cry, that the insatiably ambitious and bloodthirsty Bonaparte would not be at peace with the nations; and that the repose of the world demanded that he should be hunted down as a beast of prey. The Tory government of England, with its boundless wealth and resources, re-echoed the cry in books, pamphlets, and journals, with which they flooded all lands. It is impossible to paint a demon in blacker colours than Napoleon was painted in hundreds of placards and pamphlets, which were like autumnal leaves. The pen in this was, in g especially, as necessary as the sword. Deep were the wounds which this

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pen of calumny inflicted upon the memory of the Emperor, he never for one moment doubted that his reputation would eventually emerge triumphant from the conflict.

Napoleon, having utterly exhausted all efforts for peace, roused his energies anew to meet the unequal conflict. Jealous of his posthumous fame, and ever keeping an eye upon the final verdict of history, he issued a truthful and an answerable statement of the violation of the treaty of Fontainebleau by the Allies, and of the reasons which consequently induced him to leave Elba, and to accept again from the suffrages of the nation the crown of France. This appeal of the Emperor could only be answered by brute force; and that answer, and that alone, the Allies returned. Napoleon's spirit was saddened as he reflected upon the blood which must again flow in torrents, and upon the woes with which Europe was again to be deluged. But the couaged despots were reckless of blood, and flame, and woe, in the determination, at whatever cost, to give the death-blow to popular liberty.

"If Austria," said Napoleon, "had the courage to make an alliance with me, we could together save the world from Russia. But Austria is already ruled by Alexander, who reigns in Europe. I alone could counterbalance him. My value will not be known till they have destroyed me. But I shall sell my life dearly. They would gladly have me in an iron cage, to show me in chains to the world as a beast of prey. They have not got me yet. I will show them the rousing of the lion. They do not suspect my strength. Were I to put on to-morrow the red bonnet of 1793, it would seal the destruction of them all."

This was true. Had Napoleon yielded to the temptation, and called to his aid that revolutionary fury which, during the Reign of Terror, had deluged France in blood, the head of every aristocrat in France would have fallen, and the surging billows of popular frenzy would have rolled unarrested over the Continent. But this great man stood firm as the advocate of popular rights and of law. He was the barrier against aristocratic usurpation on the one hand, and the maddened violence of frenzied masses on the other. He opposed alike the reign of crowned despots and the reign of terror; the arrogance of the nobles and the violence of the mob; the dominion of the Bourbons and the still more hateful domination of Danton and Marat. He it was who caused order, and law, and popular rights to emerge from the chaos of the Revolution. No temptation could induce him to swerve from this aim. The gales which came from one direction and another compelled him to veer from his course, but he was ever struggling to attain that end.

Napoleon wished to resume the throne by the solemnity of an imposing ceremony. The 1st of June and the Champ de Mars were appointed as the time and place for this festival. A co-

course of citizens and soldiers which could not be counted thronged the most magnificent parade-ground in the world. The minutes of the votes for the re-election of the Emperor were read by the arch-chancellor, and it was declared that the number of votes in the affirmative exceeded by a million those in the negative.

The Emperor, dressed in imperial robes, ascended the elevated platform, where every eye could rest upon him. An altar was erected upon the platform, at which the Archbishop of Rouen, in the performance of religious rites, consecrated the eagles, and implored upon their just cause the blessing of the god of armies. An address from the electors of Paris was then read to the Emperor. It contained the following sentiments:—

"Sire,—The French people had conferred upon you the crown, and you have laid it down without their consent. Their suffrages now impose upon you the duty of resuming it. What does the league of allied kings require? How have we given cause for their aggression? We do not wish for the chief they would impose upon us; and we wish for the one they do not like. We are threatened by invasion. Sire, nothing shall be spared to maintain our honour and independence. Everything shall be done to repel an ignominious yoke. Sire, a throne built up by foreign armies has crumbled in an instant before you, because you have brought to us, from retirement, all the pathways of our true glory, all the hopes of our real prosperity."

Napoleon rose. A shout like the crash of thunder burst from the multitudinous throng. The roar of applause from so many voices is represented by those who heard it as truly appalling. As soon as silence was a little restored, Napoleon made an appropriate reply, commencing with the following words:—

"Emperor, consul, soldier, I owe everything to the people. In prosperity, in adversity, in the field of battle, in council, on the throne, in exile, France has been the sole and constant object of my thoughts and actions."

Then laying aside the imperial mantle, he appeared before the multitude in that simple costume which was the dress of everyday life, and with which they were all familiar. He was again greeted with a burst of enthusiasm such as has seldom been heard by mortal ears. Turning to the soldiers, he said—

Soldiers of the land and sea forces, I confide to you the imperial eagle, with the national colours! You swear to defend it, at the price of your blood, against the enemies of your country!"

A deep, intense, prolonged roar rolled along the squadrons and battalions as they repeated the words, "We swear it! we swear it!" Upon the summit of the platform there was reared a lofty pyramidal throne. Napoleon ascended it, and with every eye riveted upon him, looked around upon the imposing spectacle spread out before him. The bands of all the regiments, in one majestic orchestra, encompassed the throne, and

on this widely-extended field, and the Prussians, leaving ten thousand prisoners in his hands and twenty thousand weltering in blood, fled, as they had ever been accustomed to do, before the genius of Napoleon. Had Ney brought up his force to cut off the retreat of the Prussians, as Napoleon had ordered and expected, not one of the enemy would have escaped, and "Waterloo" would not have been.

Leaving Napoleon a victor upon the plains of Ligny, we must turn again to Ney. On the evening of the 15th, as Ney was approaching Quatre-Bras, night came on, dark, tempestuous, and with floods of rain, before the marshal had reached the cross of the roads. The soldiers were exceedingly exhausted by two days' march, in dreadful weather. Ney, having arrived within a few miles of the place, and encountering no foe, and ascertaining by couriers that there was no enemy at Quatre-Bras, felt sure that he could take the position without any obstacle in the morning. He accordingly considered the enterprise accomplished, and sent a messenger to the Emperor, informing him that he was actually in possession.

The soldiers, half-dead with fatigue, threw themselves upon the flooded sods, and, with the careering tempest for their lullaby, forgot their perils and their toils. Little did they dream that, by those few hours of repose, they were overthrowing the throne of Napoleon, the Empire of France, and popular liberty throughout Europe.

While these heroic defenders of the independence of France were sleeping upon the storm-drenched ground, the Duke of Wellington was attending a very brilliant ball, given by the Duchess of Richmond, at Brussels. In the midst of the gaiety, as Wellington was conversing with the Duke of Brunswick in the embrasure of a window, a courier approached, and informed him, in a low tone of voice, that Napoleon had crossed the frontier, and was, with his army, within ten miles of Brussels. Wellington, astounded by the intelligence, turned pale. The Duke of Brunswick started from his chair so suddenly that he quite forgot a child slumbering in his lap, and rolled the helpless little one violently upon the floor. The news instantly spread through the ball-room. Wellington and all the officers hastily retired. The energies of the Iron Duke were immediately aroused to their utmost tension. Bugles sounded, drums beat, soldiers rallied, and the whole mighty host, cavalry, artillery, infantry, and field-trains were in an hour hurrying through the dark and flooded streets of Brussels.

The night was black and stormy. For three days and three nights the rain had fallen almost without intermission. The roads were miry and flooded. It was but fifteen miles from Brussels to Quatre-Bras. Wellington was as fully aware as was Napoleon of the imminent importance of that post. Through the whole night the inundation of war rolled along the road, mingling its tumult with the uproar of the tempest. In the morning Ney was appalled in discerning, through the driving rain, that Wellington had possession

of Quatre-Bras, and that its recovery, even by the fiercest assault, was doubtful.

At the same time, his perplexity was augmented to anguish by receiving an order from the Emperor, who, relying upon his statement that Quatre-Bras was in his possession, requested him to leave a suitable force behind the intrenchments to prevent Wellington from coming to the aid of the Prussians, while Ney, with all his available squadrons, hastened to cut off the retreat of Blücher.

"The destiny of France," said the Emperor in his despatch to Ney, "is in your hands."

But for this unfortunate failure of Ney Blücher's army would have been entirely annihilated. The next day, Napoleon, with his united force flushed with victory, would have fallen upon Wellington, and the result of the conflict could not have been doubtful. The Hanoverian and Belgian troops were strongly in favour of Napoleon, and were fighting against him by compulsion. They would eagerly have rallied beneath his standard, and the history of the world would have been changed. Upon casualties apparently so slight are the destinies of mankind suspended.

But Ney, instead of being able to cut off the retreat of Blücher, was compelled to employ the whole day in desperate, sanguinary, though unavailing attempts to get possession of Quatre-Bras. Wellington, fully conscious of his peril, urged the march of his troops to the utmost.

"They must not wait for one another," said he, "but march by regiments, by divisions, by companies even; battalion by battalion, company by company; the first ready, the nearest and the bravest. They must not walk, but run, as to a fire. Here we must stand or fall to the last man."

Thus every hour reinforcements were arriving and crowding the post with invincible strength. The anguish of Ney, as he perceived his irreparable fault, was awful.

"You see those balls," said he to Labédoyère, as the shot from the English batteries tore his ranks; "would to Heaven they had all passed through my body!" Galloping up to Kellerman, he exclaimed, in tones of despairing anguish, "One more charge, my dear general! Dash forward at the heart of the English army, and break it at any cost. I will support you. The country requires it of you."

Kellerman, at the head of his cuirassiers, plunged into the dense masses of the foe. A storm of balls, shells, grape-shot, and bullets rolled horses and riders in blood. The feeble and mangled remnants of the squadrons were driven back as by a hurricane.

A series of unparalleled fatalities appear to have thwarted Napoleon's profoundly laid plans throughout the whole of this momentous campaign. The treachery of Bourmont rescued the enemy from that surprise which would unquestionably have secured his destruction. The neglect of Ney to take possession of Quatre-Bras, and the false intelligence sent to Napoleon that

It was occupied, again snatched a decisive victory from the Emperor. And yet this great man, never disposed to quarrel with his destiny, uttered no angry complaints. He knew that Ney had intended no wrong, and he lost not a moment in useless repining. He immediately sent a friendly message to Ney, and calmly gathered up his resources to do what he could under the change of circumstances.

Night again came with its unintermitted storm. It was the night of the 16th of June. The soldiers, drenched, hungry, weary, bleeding, dying, in vain sought repose beneath that inclement sky and in those miry fields. Napoleon, at Ligny, not ten miles from Quatre-Bras, was a victor. Ney, repulsed at every point, slept upon his arms before his indomitable foe at Quatre-Bras. Blücher, with his broken battalions, retreated, unopposed, during the night, towards Wavre. Wellington, informed of this retreat, fell back to form a junction with the Prussian army at Waterloo. Napoleon despatched Marshal Grouchy, with thirty thousand men, to pursue the retreating Prussians, to keep them continually in sight, to harass them in every way, and to press them so hotly that they should not be able to march to the aid of Wellington.

The morning of the 17th of June dawned distastefully upon these exhausted and wretched victims of war, through the clouds and the rain, and the still continued wailings of the storm. The soldiers of Grouchy were so worn down by the superhuman exertions and sufferings of the last few days, that they were unable to overtake the rapidly retreating Prussians. They, however, toiled along through the miry roads with indomitable energy. Napoleon, leaving Grouchy to pursue the Prussians, immediately passed over to Quatre-Bras, to unite his forces with those of Ney, and to follow the retreat of Wellington. Their combined army amounted to about seventy thousand men. With these the Emperor followed vigorously in the track of Wellington.

The Duke had retreated during the day towards Brussels, and halted on the spacious field of Waterloo, about nine miles from the metropolis. Here, having skillfully selected his ground and posted his troops, he anxiously awaited the arrival of Blücher, to whom he had sent urgent despatches to hasten to his aid. Blücher was at Wavre, but a few hours' march from Waterloo, with seventy-two thousand men. The junction of these forces would give Wellington an overwhelming superiority of numbers. He would then have at least one hundred and fifty thousand troops with whom to assail less than seventy thousand.

As night approached, the troops of Napoleon, toiling painfully through the storm, the darkness, and the mire, arrived also on the fatal plain. The late hour at which the several divisions of the French army reached the unexplored field of battle, involved in the obscurity of darkness and the storm, embarrassed the Emperor exceedingly. As the light was fading away, he pointed towards the invisible sun, and said—

"What would I not give to be this day possessed of the power of Joshua, and enabled to retard thy march for two hours!"

Napoleon, judging from the bivouac fires of the enemy that they were strongly posted and intended to give battle, reconnoitred the ground by groping over it on foot, and posted his battalions as they successively arrived. He immediately sent a despatch to Marshal Grouchy, ordering him to press the Prussians vigorously, and to keep himself in a position to combine with the Emperor's operations. For eighteen hours the Emperor had tasted neither of sleep, repose, nor nourishment. His clothes were covered with mud and soaked with rain. But, regardless of exposure and fatigue, he did not seek even to warm himself by the fires around which his drenched troops were shivering. All the night long the rain fell in torrents, and all the night long the Emperor toiled, unprotected, in the storm, as he prepared for the conflict of the morrow.

Wellington's army, variously estimated at from 72,000 to 90,000 in number, was admirably posted along the brow of a gentle eminence, a mile and a half in length. A dense forest in the rear, where the ground gradually fell away, concealed from the view and the shot of the enemy all but those who stood upon the brow of the eminence. Napoleon established his troops, estimated at from 65,000 to 75,000, within cannon-shot of the foe, and on the gentle declivity of a corresponding rise of land, which extended parallel to that occupied by the English.

This dreadful night at length passed away, and the morning of the 18th of June dawned, lurid and cheerless, through the thick clouds. It was the morning of the Sabbath day. The vast field of Waterloo, ploughed and sown with grain, soaked by the rains of the past week, and cut up by the wheels and the tramp of these enormous armies, was converted into a quagmire. The horses sank to their knees in the humid soil. The wheels of the guns, encumbered with adhesive clay, rolled heavily, axle deep, in the mire. Under circumstances of such difficulty, the French were compelled to attack down one ridge of slopes, across a valley, and up another ridge, toiling through the mud, exposed all the way to point-blank discharges from the batteries and lines of the English. Wellington was to act simply on the defensive, endeavouring to maintain his position until the arrival of Blücher.

About eight o'clock the clouds of the long storm broke and dispersed, the sun came out in all its glory, and one of the most bright and lovely of Sabbaths smiled upon Waterloo. The skies ceased to weep, and the veil of clouds was withdrawn, as if God would allow the angels to look down and witness this awful spectacle of man's inhumanity to man.

Napoleon assembled most of his general officers around him to give them his final orders. "The enemy's army," said he, "is superior to ours by nearly a fourth. There are

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however, nifty chances in our favour to ten against us."

"Without doubt," exclaimed Marshal Ney, who had at that moment entered, "if the Duke of Wellington were simple enough to wait for your Majesty's attack. But I am come to announce that his columns are already in full retreat and fast disappearing in the forest of Soignes."

"You have seen badly," the Emperor replied, with calm confidence. "It is too late. By such a step he would expose himself to certain ruin. He has thrown the dice; they are now for us."

At half-past ten o'clock all the movements were made, and the troops were in their stations for the battle. Thus far profound silence had reigned on the field, as the squadrons moved with noiseless steps to their appointed stations. The hospitals were established in the rear. The corps of surgeons had spread out their bandages and splinters, knives and saws, and, with their sleeves rolled up, were ready for their melancholy deeds of mercy. The Emperor rode along his devoted lines. Every eye was riveted upon him. Every heart said, "God bless him!"

"One heart," says Lamartine, "beat between these men and the Emperor. In such a moment, they shared the same soul and the same cause. The army was Napoleon. Never before was it so entirely Napoleon as now. At such a moment, he must have felt himself more than a man—more than a sovereign. His army bent in homage to the past, the present, and the future, and welcomed victory or defeat, the throne or death, with its chief. It was determined on everything, even on the sacrifice of itself, to restore him his Empire, or to render his last fall illustrious. To have inspired such devotion was the greatness of Napoleon; to evince it even to madness was the greatness of his army." Such is the reluctant concession, blended with ungenerous slurs, of Napoleon's most uncandid and most envenomed foe.

The acclamations which burst from the lips of nearly seventy thousand men, thus inspired with one affection, one hope, one soul, resounded in prolonged echoes over the field, and fell portentously on the ears of the waiting enemy.

Indeed, there was so strong a sympathy with the Emperor among the Belgian and Hanoverian troops, who were *compelled* to march under the banner of the Allies, that the Duke of Wellington had great fears that they would abandon him in the heat of battle, and pass over to the generous, sympathising, warm-hearted chieftain of the people. In reference to these German contingents, Sir Walter Scott says—in truthful utterance, though with inelegant phrase—

"They were in some instances suspected to be lukewarm to the cause in which they were engaged, so that it would be imprudent to trust more to their assistance and co-operation than could not possibly be avoided."

At eleven o'clock the horrid carnage commenced. On either side everything was d

which mortal courage or energy could accomplish. Hour after hour, the French soldiers, shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" made onset after onset, up to the very muzzles of the British guns, and were cut down by their terrific discharges like grass before the scythe. The demon of destruction and woe held its high carnival in the midst of the demoniac revelry of those bloody hours. Every discharge which blended its thunder with the roar of that awful battle was sending widowhood and orphanage to distant homes, blinding the eyes of mothers and daughters with tears of agony, and darkening once happy dwellings with life-long wretchedness.

For many hours the whole field was swept with an unintermitted storm of balls, shells, bullets, and grape-shot, while enormous masses of cavalry, in fluent and refluant surges, trampled into the bloody mire the dying and the dead. There were now forty thousand of the combatants weltering in gore. The wide-extended field was everywhere covered with bodies in every conceivable form of hideous mutilation. The flash of the guns, the deafening thunder of artillery and musketry, the groans and the piercing shrieks of the wounded, the dense volumes of smoke, which enveloped the plain in almost midnight gloom, the delirious shouts of the assailants as they rushed upon death, the shrill whistling of the missiles of destruction, and the wild flight of the fugitives, as, in broken bands, they were pursued and sabred by the cavalry, presented the most revolting spectacle of war, in all the enormity of its guilt and of its fiendish brutality. Who, before the tribunal of God, is to be held responsible for that day of blood?

In the midst of these awful scenes, early in the afternoon, as portions of Wellington's line were giving way and flying in dismay towards Brussels, carrying the tidings of defeat, and when Napoleon felt sure of the victory, the Emperor's quick eye discerned, far off upon his right, an immense mass of men, more than thirty thousand strong, emerging from the forest, and with rapid step deploying upon the plain. At first Napoleon was sanguine that it was Marshal Grouchy, and that the battle was decided; but in another moment their artillery balls began to plough his ranks, and the Emperor learned that it was Bulow, with the advance-guard of Blücher's army, hastening to the rescue of Wellington.

This was giving the foe a fearful preponderance of power. Napoleon had now less than sixty thousand men, while Wellington, with this reinforcement, could oppose to him a hundred thousand. But the Emperor, undismayed, turned calmly to Marshal Soult, and said, "We had ninety chances out of a hundred in our favour this morning. The arrival of Bulow makes us lose thirty. But we have still sixty against forty; and if Grouchy sends on his detachment with rapidity, the victory will be thereby on 'y the more decisive, for the corps of Bulow must, in that case, be entirely lost."

Napoleon was compelled to weaken his columns, which were charging upon the wavering lines of Wellington, by despatching ten thousand men to beat back these fresh battalions, thirty thousand strong. The enthusiastic French, armed in the panoply of a just cause, plunged recklessly into the ranks of this new foe, and drove him back into the woods. The Emperor, with his diminished columns, continued his terrible charges. He kept his eye anxiously fixed upon the distant horizon, expecting every moment to see the gleaming banners of Grouchy. The marshal heard the tremendous cannonade booming from the field of Waterloo, and yet refused, notwithstanding the entreaties of his officers, to approach the scene of the terrific strife. He has been accused of treason. Napoleon charitably ascribes his fatal inactivity to want of judgment. The couriers sent to him in the morning were either intercepted by the enemy or turned traitors. Grouchy did not receive the order. In the circumstances of the case, however, to every one but himself the path of duty seemed plain.

General Exelmans rode up to Marshal Grouchy, and said, "The Emperor is in action with the English army. There can be no doubt of it. A fire so terrible cannot be a skirmish. We ought to march to the scene of action. I am an old soldier of the army of Italy, and have heard General Bonaparte promulgate this principle a hundred times. If we turn to the left, we shall be on the field of battle in two hours." Count Gérard joined them and urged the same advice. Had Grouchy followed these counsels, and appeared upon the field with his division of thirty thousand men, probably not a man of the English or Prussian army could have escaped the Emperor. But Grouchy, though he had lost sight of Blücher, pleaded his orders to follow him, and refused to move.

As the French soldiers witnessed the prompt retreat of Bulow's reinforcement, and the Emperor was about to make a charge with the Old Guard, which never yet had charged in vain, they deemed the victory sure. Loud shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" rang along their lines, which rose above the roar of the battle, and fell ominously, in prolonged echoes, upon the ears of the allied troops. A panic spread through the ranks of Wellington's army. Many of the regiments were reduced to skeletons, and some, thrown into disorder, were rushing from the field in fugitive bands. The whole rear of the English army now presented a tumultuous scene of confusion, the entire space between Waterloo and Brussels being filled with stragglers and all the *débris* of a routed army.

Wellington stood upon a gentle eminence, watching with intense anxiety for the coming of Blücher. He knew that he could hold out but a short time longer. As he saw his lines melting away, he repeatedly looked at his watch, and then fixed his gaze upon the distant hills, and as he wiped the perspiration which mental anguish exorted from his brow, he exclaimed, "Would Heaven that Blücher or Ney would come!"

Just at this critical moment, when the Emperor was giving an order for a simultaneous attack by his whole force, two long, dark columns, of thirty thousand each, the united force of Blücher and Bülow, came pouring over the hills, down upon the torn and bleeding flank of Napoleon's exhausted troops. Thus an army of sixty thousand fresh soldiers, nearly equal to Napoleon's whole force at the commencement of the conflict, with exultant hurrahs and bugle-peals, and thundering artillery, came rushing upon the plain. It was an awful moment. It was a thunderbolt of Fate.

"It is almost certain," says General Jomini, who had deserted to the Allies, and was at this time *aid-de-camp* to the Emperor Alexander, "that Napoleon would have remained master of the field of battle but for the arrival of 65,000 Prussians on his rear."

The Emperor's wasted bands were now in the extreme of exhaustion. For eight hours every physical energy had been tasked to its utmost endurance by such a conflict as the world had seldom seen before. Twenty thousand of his soldiers were either bleeding upon the ground or motionless in death. He had now less than fifty thousand men to oppose to one hundred and fifty thousand. Wellington, during the day, had brought up some additional forces from his rear, and could now oppose the Emperor with numbers three to one.

The intelligent French soldiers instantly perceived the desperate state of their affairs; but, undismayed, they stood firm, waiting only for the command of their Emperor. The allied army saw at a glance its advantage, and a shout of exultation burst simultaneously from their lips. The Emperor, with that wonderful coolness which never forsook him, promptly recalled the order for a general charge, and, by a rapid and skillful series of manoeuvres, as by magic, so changed the front of his army as to face the Prussians advancing upon his right and the lines of Wellington before him.

Everything depended now upon one desperate charge by the Imperial Guard, before the Prussians, trampling down their feeble and exhausted opponents, could blend their squadrons with the battalions of Wellington. The Emperor placed himself at the head of this devoted and invincible band, and advanced in front of the British lines, apparently intending himself to lead the charge. But the officers of his staff entreated him to remember that the safety of France depended solely upon him. Yielding to their solicitations, he resigned the command to Ney.

The scene now presented was one of the most sublime which war has ever furnished. The Imperial Guard had never yet moved but in the path of victory. As these renowned battalions, in two immense columns, descended the one eminence and ascended the other to oppose their bosoms to point-blank discharges from batteries double-shot or loaded to the muzzle with grape, there was a moment's lull in the storm of battle. Both armies gazed with awe upon the

scene. The destinies of Napoleon, of France, of Europe, were suspended upon the issues of a moment. The fate of the world trembled in the balance. Not a drum beat the charge. Not a bugle uttered its inspiring tones. Not a cheer escaped the lips of those proud, indomitable men. Silently, sternly, unflinchingly, they rode on till they arrived within a few yards of the batteries and bayonets which the genius of Wellington had arrayed to meet them. There was a flash as of intensest lightning gleaming along the British lines. A peal as of crashing thunder burst upon the plain. A tempest of bullets, shot, shells, and all the horrible missiles of war, fell like hailstones upon the living mass, and whole battalions melted away and were trampled in the bloody mire by the still advancing host. Defiant of death, the intrepid Guard, closing up its decimated ranks, pressed on, and pierced the British line. Every cannon, every musket which could be brought to bear, was directed to this unflinching and terrible foe. Ney, in the course of a few moments, had five horses shot beneath him. Then, with a drawn sabre, he marched on foot at the head of his men. Napoleon gazed with intense anxiety upon the progress of this heroic band, till enveloped in clouds of smoke, it was lost to sight.

At the same moment the Prussians came rushing upon the field, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, entirely overpowering the feeble and exhausted squadrons left to oppose them. A gust of wind swept away the smoke, and as the anxious eye of Napoleon pierced the tumult of the battle to find his Guard, it had disappeared. Almost to a man they were weltering in blood. A mortal paleness overspread the cheek of the Emperor. The French army also saw that the Guard was annihilated. An instantaneous panic struck every heart. With exultant shouts the army of Blücher and of Wellington rushed upon the plain, and a scene of horror ensued at which humanity shudders. The banners of despotic Prussia and of constitutional England blended in triumph, and intertwined their folds over that gory field, where the liberties of Europe were stricken to the dust. Blücher and Wellington, with their dripping swords, met, with congratulations, in the bloody arena. Each claimed the honour of the victory. Together they had achieved it. Wellington's troops were so exhausted as to be unable to follow the discomfited army.

"Leave the pursuit to me," said Blücher; "I will send every man and every horse after the enemy." He fulfilled his promise with a merciless energy characteristic of this debauched and fierce dragoon. No quarter was shown. The unarmed were cut down, and even the prisoners were sabred.

The English soldiers, as usual, were generous and merciful in the hour of victory. They dispersed over the field, and carried refreshments and assistance not only to their own wounded comrades, but also to their bleeding and dying foes.

Napoleon threw himself into a small square,

which he had kept as a reserve, and urged it forward into the densest throngs of the enemy. He was resolved to perish with his Guard. Cambronne, its brave commander, seized the reins of the Emperor's horse, and said to him, in beseeching tones, "Sire, death shuns you. You will but be made a prisoner." Napoleon shook his head and for a moment resisted. But then his better judgment told him that thus to throw away his life would be but an act of suicide. With tears filling his eyes, and grief overspreading his features, he bowed to these heroes, ready to offer themselves up in a bloody sacrifice. Faithful even to death, with a melancholy cry they shouted "Vive l'Empereur!" These were their last words, their dying farewell. Silent and sorrowfully, the Emperor put spurs to his horse, and disappeared from the fatal field. It was the commencement of his journey to St. Helena.⁵⁹

This one square, of two battalions, alone covered the flight of the army as a gallant rear-guard. The Prussians and the English pressed it on three sides, pouring into its bosom the most destructive discharges. Squadrons of cavalry plunged upon them, and still they remained unbroken. The flying artillery was brought up, and pitilessly pierced the heroic band with a storm of cannon-balls. This invincible square, the last fragment of the Old Guard, nerved by that soul which its imperial creator had breathed into it, calmly closing up as death thinned its ranks, slowly and defiantly retired, arresting the flood of pursuit. General Cambronne was now bleeding from six wounds. But a few scores of men, torn and bleeding, remained around him. The English and Prussians, admiring such heroism, and weary of the butchery, suspended for a moment their fire, and sent a flag of truce demanding a capitulation. General Cambronne returned the immortal reply—"The Guard dies; it never surrenders!" A few more volleys of bullets from the infantry, a few more discharges of grape-shot from the artillery, mowed them all down. Thus perished, on the fatal field of Waterloo, the Old Guard of Napoleon. It was the creation of the genius of the Emperor; he had inspired it with his own lofty spirit; and the fall of the Emperor it devotedly refused to survive.

It was now night. The awful clamour of

⁵⁹ "The ranks of the English," according to the statement of Blücher, as quoted by W. H. Ireland, Esq., "were thrown into disorder; the loss had been considerable, so that the reserves had advanced into the line, and the situation of the Duke of Wellington was exceedingly critical. Still greater disorder prevailed in the rear of the English army. The roads of the forest of Soignes were encumbered by waggons, artillery, and baggage, deserted by their drivers, while numerous bands of fugitives had spread confusion and affright throughout Brussels and the neighbouring roads. Had not the French successes been interrupted by the march of Bulow, or if Marshal Grouchy, as the Emperor had every reason to hope, had followed at the heels of the more glorious victory could not have been obtained by the French, as it has been affirmed, on Sunday, that not a single man of the Emperor's army could have escaped."

battle, the rattle of musketry, and the thunder of artillery, the infuriated shouts of the pursuing Prussians, and the shrieks of their victims as they were pierced by bayonets or cut down by sabres, presented a scene of brutal, demoniac war which the imagination even shrinks from contemplating. The bloody field of Waterloo was covered with 40,000 gory bodies. The Duke of Wellington, well satisfied with his day's work, granted his soldiers repose, and left the pursuit to the Prussians. The savage Blücher, with his savage band, all the night long continued the work of death. The French army was dispersed in every direction, and nothing remained for Napoleon but to return as rapidly as possible to Paris, and endeavour to raise new forces to attempt to repel the invasion of the enemy. Such was the bloody deed by which the Allies succeeded in quenching the flame of Continental liberty, and in establishing over Europe Russian, and Prussian, and Austrian despotism. That England should have aided in this work is the darkest blot upon England's escutcheon.

Napoleon immediately turned his steps towards Paris. At one o'clock in the morning he arrived at Quatre-Bras. He stopped here for an hour to give some directions respecting the retreat, and to designate a rallying-point for his fugitive bands, to which he could press forward reinforcements from Paris, and then hastened on to Charleroi. It was a lovely summer's night. The moon shone brilliantly in an unclouded and tranquil sky. All the night long the exhausted Emperor, accompanied by a few of his suite, in silence and anguish urged on his horse, while the thunder and the tumult of the awful pursuit resounded through the clear midnight air appallingly behind him.*

He arrived at this place in the early dawn of the morning. Utterly worn down in body and mind, he threw himself upon a couch for a few moments of repose. But the calamity in which he was overwhelmed was too awful to admit of a moment's slumber. Several of his followers came in with swollen eyes, and haggard countenances, and clothes covered with blood and dirt. As Napoleon contemplated the melancholy spectacle, and appreciated the enormity of the woe which threatened France, he was for a moment quite unmanned. Silently pressing the hand of his friend, Baron Flénry, tears gushed from his eyes, betraying the cruel anguish with which his heart was lacerated.

Again mounting his horse, he pressed rapidly on to Laon, where he arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon. Here he despatched various orders, and sent a frank and honest bulletin to

Paris, concealing nothing of the measurelessness of the calamity. "Here," said he to General Drouot, "is the bulletin of Waterloo. I wish you to hear it read. If I have omitted any essential circumstances, you will remind me of them. It is not my intention to conceal anything. Now, as after the affair of Moscow, the whole truth must be disclosed to France. I might have thrown on Marshal Ney the blame of part of the misfortune of Waterloo. But the mischief is done. No more must be said."

After a few hours of unrefreshing and troubled slumber, the Emperor entered a carriage, and, accompanied by a few friends and a feeble escort, drove all the day, and, just after midnight on the morning of the 21st, arrived in Paris. It was a dark and gloomy hour. The street lamps were flickering and expiring. With characteristic propriety, instead of directing his steps to the Tuilleries, he modestly turned aside to the less ambitious palace of the Elysée. A few servants were at the gate of the palace with glimmering torches. He was received upon the steps by his faithful friend, Caulaincourt. Fatigue and grief had prostrated him into the last stage of exhaustion. His cheek was emaciated and pallid, and his dress disordered by travel. His tottering limbs could hardly support his steps, and his head drooped upon his shoulder. Throwing himself upon a sofa, he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his heart—

"I am suffering here. The army has performed prodigies of valour. It is grievous to think that we should have been overcome after so many heroic efforts. My most brilliant victories do not shed more glory on the French army than the defeat at Waterloo. Our troops have not been beaten; they have been sacrificed, massacred by overwhelming numbers. My Guard suffered themselves to be cut to pieces without asking for quarter; but they exclaimed to me, 'Withdraw! withdraw! You see that death is resolved to spare your Majesty.' And, opening their ranks, my old grenadiers screened me from the carnage by forming around me a rampart of their own bodies. My brave, my admirable Guard has been destroyed, and I have not perished with them."

He paused, overcome by anguish, and heaving a deep sigh, said, "I desire to be alone," and retired to the silence and solitude of his cabinet.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE SECOND ABDICATION.

Anguish of the Emperor—Peril of France—Council convened—Stormy session of the Chambers—Treachery of Fouché—Tumult at the Elysée—The abdication—Napoleon retires—the army—Mazzini

* "He had proved," says Baron Jomini, "at Arcola, Eylau, Katibon, Arcis, and also at Waterloo, that he was not afraid of bullets; and had he not believed in the resources of France, he would have died at the head of the remains of his army; he quitted them because he had not a general of his rear-guard who could not lead them to Laon as well as himself, while no one could replace him at the helm of the vessel of state, which, for instant, was not at his head-quarters, but at the

The Emperor, after communing a short time with his own thoughts in the solitude of his cabinet, took a bath, and then threw himself upon

his bed for a few moments of repose. But the interests at stake were too momentous, and the perils of the hour too terrible, to allow of any slumber. He soon rose, called for Caulaincourt, and, in tones of indescribable calmness and sadness, spoke of the calamity with which France was overwhelmed. His pallid cheek and sunken eye proclaimed the anguish of his mind.

"I feel," said the Emperor, in low tones of utter exhaustion, "that I have received my death-wound. The blow that has fallen upon me at Waterloo is mortal. The enemies' force quadrupled ours. But I had combined a bold manœuvre, with the view of preventing the junction of the two hostile armies. The infamous desertion of Bourmont forced me to change all my arrangements. To pass over to the enemy on the eve of a battle! Atrocious! The blood of his countrymen be on his head. The maledictions of France will pursue him."

"Sire," said Caulaincourt, "you at first rejected that man. How unfortunate that you did not follow your own impulse!"

"Oh, this baseness is incredible!" exclaimed the Emperor bitterly. "The annals of the French army offer no precedent for such a crime. Jomini was not a Frenchman. The consequences of this defection have been most disastrous. It created despondency. Grouchy was too late. Ney was carried away by enthusiasm. Our army performed prodigies of valour, and yet we lost the battle. Generals, marshals, all fought gloriously."

After a moment's pause, he added, "I must unite the two chambers in an imperial sitting. I will faithfully describe to them the misfortunes of the army, and appeal to them for the means of saving the country. After that, I will again return to the seat of war."

But Paris was now in a state of terrific excitement. An army of a million of men, from various quarters, was marching upon the doomed and unarmed Empire. In eight days the conjoined forces of Blücher and Wellington could be in Paris. The political adversaries of Napoleon took advantage of this panic. "France must pass through seas of blood," they exclaimed, "to repel these locust legions. The Allies make war upon Napoleon alone. If we give him up we shall appease them, save France from the horrors of an invasion, and then we can establish a Republic, or choose another Emperor, as we please."

This language was plausible. The Bourbon party expected, in the overthrow of Napoleon, to replace, by the aid of the Allies, Louis Stanislas Xavier. The Republicans of all shades hoped for the establishment of republican institutions. The more moderate and judicious of this party, like La Fayette, thought that France could sustain a healthy and law-abiding Republic. The Jacobin party was ripe for any changes which might bring the lowest democracy into power. These factions in the Chambers all combined against the Emperor. The peril was so imminent, while hostile squadrons were every hour

rushing nearer to Paris, that there was no time for cool deliberation. All was tumult, excitement, feverish haste. The treacherous Fouché was already in communication with the enemy, and plotting, with the most detestable hypocrisy and perfidy, for the restoration of the Bourbons. He knew that successful intrigue in their behalf would bring him a rich reward.

The Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies, somewhat corresponding to the House of Lords and House of Commons in Great Britain, were now in session. The Deputies consisted of five hundred members. Many of them were ardent and ultra Democrats, young and inexperienced men from the provinces, who had never before sat in a legislative assembly. They were easily duped by those wily leaders who were familiar with all the forms of legislative halls, courts, and cabinets, and with all the arts of intrigue. In the confusion and anarchy which ensued, the Peers were almost lost sight of, while the more numerous body of Deputies grasped the reins of power.

Lucien and Joseph, informed of the return of their brother, hastened to the Elysée. Soon the apartments were filled with the great functionaries of the Empire. Some advised one thing and some another. At seven o'clock in the morning the Emperor assembled the Council of State. He saw clearly that, in that awful crisis, it was in vain to rely upon the antagonistic councils and tardy measures of deliberative assemblies. He knew that the salvation of France depended upon the investment of the Emperor with dictatorial power. Prompt and decisive measures alone could save the nation. But he was resolved not to assume that power unless it was conferred upon him by the two Chambers.

The dreadful bulletin of Waterloo was read to the Council, and then Napoleon, with calmness and dignity, thus addressed them:—

"The army is covered with glory. Desertions, misunderstandings, and an inexplicable fatality have rendered unavailing the heroic exertions of our troops. Our disasters are great, but they are still reparable if my efforts are seconded. I returned to Paris to stimulate a noble impulse. If the French people rise, the enemy will be subdued. If, instead of resorting to prompt measures and making extraordinary sacrifices, time is wasted in disputes and discussions, all is lost. The enemy is in France. In eight days he will be at the gates of the capital. To save the country, it is necessary that I should be invested with vast power—with a temporary dictatorship. For the interests of all, I ought to possess this power; but it will be more proper, more national, that it should be conferred upon me by the Chambers."

Carnot rose and said, with deep emotion, "I declare that I consider it indispensable that, during the present crisis, the sovereign should be invested with absolute power."

Many others warmly advocated this view, while even the traitor Fouché, who was now the

agent of the Duke of Wellington, and in correspondence with him, did not venture openly to oppose it. It was, however, cautiously suggested that a strong opposition to the Emperor had arisen in the Chambers, and that it would be probably impossible to get a vote in favour of the dictatorship.

"What is it they wish?" exclaimed Napoleon. "Speak candidly. Is it my abdication they desire?"

"I fear that it is, sire," Regnault answered sadly. "And though it is deeply repugnant to my feelings to tell your Majesty a painful truth, yet it is my belief that, were you not to abdicate voluntarily, the Chamber of Deputies would require your abdication."

To this declaration, the truth of which all seemed to apprehend, there was the response on the part of others, "If the Deputies will not unite with the Emperor to save France, he must save the Empire by his single efforts. He must declare himself a dictator. He must pronounce the whole of France in a state of siege, and he must summon all true Frenchmen to arms."

"The nation," exclaimed the Emperor, in tones which thrilled in every heart, "did not elect the Deputies to overthrow me, but to support me. Woe to them if the presence of the enemy on the French soil do not arouse their energy and their patriotism! Whatever course they may adopt, I shall be supported by the people and the army. The fate of the Chamber, its very existence, depends on my will. Were I to pronounce their doom, they would all be sacrificed. They are playing an artful game. No matter; I have no need to resort to stratagem. I have right on my side. The patriotism of the people, their antipathy to the Bourbons, their attachment to my person, all these circumstances still afford immense resources, if we know how to profit by them."

The Emperor then, with his extraordinary power of lucid argument, developed an admirable plan for repairing the disasters of Waterloo. The whole measure, in its minutest details, was all distinctly mapped out in his mind. His cheek glowed with animation. His voice was strong with hope. Every eye was riveted upon him. The attention of every mind was absorbed in contemplating the workings of that stupendous intellect, which, with renewed vigour, was rising from the most awful reverses and disasters. The measures proposed by the Emperor were so perfected, so maturely considered in all their details, so manifestly and so eminently the wisest which could be adopted, that "the various shades of opinion," says Caulaincourt, who was present, "which had prevailed among the members of the council, at length blended into one. All united in approving the plans of the Emperor."

In the midst of these scenes the Council was interrupted by the entrance of a messenger from the Chamber of Deputies, presenting some resolutions which had passed that body, and which, in their spirit, were decidedly unfriendly to the

La Fayette, whom Napoleon had re-

leased from the dungeons of Olmutz, and restored to liberty and his family, introduced, and, by his strong personal influence, carried, these resolutions. His intentions were unquestionably good, but he erred sadly in judgment. He lived to be convinced of his error, and bitterly to deplore it.

La Fayette, a man of sincere patriotism and of warm and generous impulses, thought that, since the nation had so decisively rejected the Bourbons, if Napoleon would abdicate, the Allies would sheathe the sword, and allow France to establish a Republic. He led the republican party. These were weak dreams for a sensible man to indulge in. All the rival parties united to overthrow Napoleon, each hoping, by that event, to attain its own end. The friends of the Emperor, discouraged by this combined opposition, and trembling before the rapid approach of a million of hostile bayonets, lost heart, and bowed to the storm.

On the 23rd of September, 1824, La Fayette, then on his triumphal tour through the United States, visited Joseph Bonaparte at his mansion at Point Breeze, in New Jersey. The remains of the Emperor were then mouldering in the tomb at St. Helena. All popular rights had been struck down in France by the despotic sceptre of the Bourbons. In a secret conversation with Joseph Bonaparte, La Fayette magnanimously acknowledged his regret at the course he had pursued in the overthrow of the Emperor. "The Bourbon dynasty," he then said, "cannot last. It clashes too much with the French national sentiment. We are all now persuaded in France that the Emperor's son will be the best representative of the reforms of the Revolution." He also, at the same interview, suggested that in two years, by suitable efforts, Napoleon II. might be placed on the French throne.

When Joseph Bonaparte, with Quinette, visited the veteran John Adams, the patriotic patriarch of Quincy, "La Fayette was wrong," said the clear-sighted American Republican. "The Emperor was the true rallying point. The Deputies and the country should have stuck to him after the defeat of Waterloo."

It is not strange, however, that any mind should have been bewildered in the midst of events so perilous, so tremendous, so unparalleled. As Napoleon read these unfriendly resolutions, he turned pale, and said, "I ought to have dismissed these men before I left Paris. I foresaw this. These factious firebrands will ruin France. I can measure the full extent of the evil. I must reflect upon what is now to be done. If necessary, I will abdicate." He then dissolved the sitting of the Council.

That he might not act hastily and without a knowledge of all the circumstances, he decided to send a brief communication to each of the Chambers. Regnault was the messenger to the Deputies, and Carnot to the Peers. "Tell them," said the Emperor, "that I am here, in deliberation with my marshals; that my army is rallying; that I have given orders to stop the retreat, and that I have come to Paris to concert with my government and with the C

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

and that I am at this moment occupied with those measures of public safety which circumstances demand."

The Chamber of Deputies was in such a tumult that Regnault could not even obtain a hearing. The Peers, though in a state of similar commotion, listened respectfully to the message from the Emperor. In a stormy debate the hours of the day passed, and night again spread its gloom over the streets of agitated Paris.

The great mass of the population of Paris, and the people of the faubourgs, in numbers which could not be counted, crowded around the Elysée, and filled the air with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" The trees, the walls, the railings of the palace, and the roofs of the surrounding houses were covered with the living mass, all eager to catch a glimpse of their beloved Emperor. In the darkness, and as the enthusiastic acclamations were rising in wild tumult around, Lucien, that stern Republican who had refused thrones, walked with the Emperor beneath the trees of the garden, and endeavoured to rouse him to bid defiance to the Chambers, and to grasp that dictatorial power by which alone France could now be saved. "Look at these people," said he, "hurrying to you under the impulse of a disinterested instinct. They see in you alone, at this moment, their country and their independence. Listen to those cries. They call upon you for arms. They supplicate you to give a chief to this multitude. It is the same throughout the Empire. Will you then abandon France to the foreigner, and the throne to the factions?"

But nothing could induce Napoleon to raise the banner of civil war. He was struggling, not for himself, but for France. "Am I, then, more than a man," said he, "to bring into union and agreement with me five hundred deluded deputies? And am I a miserable factionist to kindle a fruitless civil war? No, never! Persuade the Chambers to adopt a wise course. I ask for nothing better. I can do everything with them. I could do much without them for my own interest, but without them I cannot save the country. Go and try to induce them to co-operate with me. I consent to that. But I forbid you to harangue these people who are asking for arms. I am ready to try everything for France, but nothing for myself."

"His position at the Elysée," says Caulaincourt, "is unexampled in history. He might, had he been so inclined, have annihilated the traitors by a single word. The crowds who surrounded him would, at the slightest signal, have overthrown any obstacle which stood between Napoleon and the nation. But the Emperor would not consent to excite scenes of carnage. He well knew the terrific nature of popular justice."

The emissaries of Fouché were audacious, violent, and sanguine in the Chamber of Deputies. They endeavoured to overwhelm Lucien with clamour and insult as he conveyed to them the proposition of the Emperor. Caulaincourt, who had followed Lucien, hastened from the Cham-

ber to inform the Emperor of what was passing. The crowd was so dense which surrounded the Elysée that it was with great difficulty the carriage of the minister could pass along. As he entered the palace, and was conversing with the Emperor, the shouts of the populace rose awfully on the midnight air, penetrating as with appalling thunder, the cabinet of the Elysée.

"This is dreadful," said Napoleon. "The mob may be led to the commission of some excess, and I shall be accused of being the cause. These mistaken people wish to serve me, and yet they are doing all they can to injure me."

The judicious and lofty spirit of the Emperor revolted at the idea of arming the lower classes against the magistracy of the Empire. He had been the revered Emperor of the French nation, and he would not stoop, even for an hour, to be the leader of a faction. Moreover his eagle glance penetrated futurity with far more unerring vision than any one around him enjoyed. He distinctly saw all the tremendous peril of the crisis, and that France could only be saved by the cordial co-operation of the whole nation. Napoleon alone, with the opposition of the powerful Chambers, could only extort better terms for himself from the Allies. He could not save France. He might protract a civil war for months, and cause a great amount of blood to be shed; but with a million of exultant enemies crossing the frontiers, France unarmed and exhausted, Royalists and Jacobins combining against him, the Legislative Bodies pronouncing him a usurper, and the Allies offering liberty and peace to France if the nation would abandon Napoleon, it was in vain to hope to save the country.

Many of those who were ready to abandon the Emperor had the folly to imagine that the conquering Allies would respect the independence of France, and allow them to establish the forms, as well as the spirit, of a Republic. In their simplicity, they believed the declaration of the Allies, that they were fighting, not against France, but against Napoleon alone. When Caulaincourt informed the Emperor of the tumultuary scene in the Chambers, and of the demand that he should abdicate, Napoleon exclaimed—

"All is lost! They seem not to be aware that, by declaring the throne to be vacant, they surrender it to the first claimant. The Allies now will not treat. They will dictate their terms, and they must be accepted. The majority of the Chambers is hostile to the Bourbons; and yet there is no doubt that the Bourbons will be again forced upon France. The nation is at the mercy of her foreign enemies. She will pay dearly for the incapacity of her representatives."

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Benjamin Constant, who had urged the Emperor to arm the masses, and thus put down domestic clamour and repel the fo-

foe. He now came in to inform the Emperor, with sadness, that the Chamber of Deputies was about to demand his abdication. Napoleon had not been elected Emperor by the Chambers, but by the people.

"By what right," said Napoleon mildly, "does the Chamber demand of me my abdication? Where is its authority?"

Then, directing attention to the tumultuous acclamations which were continually bursting in thunder-peals from the multitude who crowded around the Elysée, he added—

"These poor people, who now come to console with me in my reverses, I have not loaded with honours and riches. I leave them poor as I found them. But the instinct of country enlightens them. The voice of the nation speaks through their mouths. I have but to say one word, and in an hour the Chamber of Deputies would no longer exist. But not a single life shall be sacrificed for me. I have not returned from Elba to inundate Paris with blood."

Even the most hostile pens have been compelled to record the singular humanity and magnanimity which the Emperor manifested through the whole of this fearful trial. Never was there exhibited more perfect oblivion of self, never more entire devotion to the interests of one's country. Even Lamartine could not refuse this tribute of respect.

"History," he says, "owes this justice to Napoleon, that, whether from a natural horror of popular excesses, the sanguinary spectacle of which had left a sinister expression in his soul since the 10th of August, the massacres of September, and the reeking guillotine; whether, from a soldier-like repugnance to all undisciplined forces, or respect for his future fame, he constantly, both on his return and on his fall, since the 20th of March, refused to form an army of the populace against the nation. He preferred falling with dignity rather than to raise himself by such auxiliaries. On quitting his isle, and braving the Bombons and Europe, he recoiled from the blood of seditious, and from crimes against civilization. Caesar always, but never Gracchus; born for empire, not for the turbulence of factions."

Thus passed the 21st of June. The Chamber of Deputies continued its agitated and stormy session through the night. Napoleon, at a late hour, sick, exhausted, and woe-stricken, in view of the calamities which were overwhelming his country, retired to his pillow. There was but little sleep in Paris that awful night. Vast masses of men were surging through the streets, clamouring for weapons to protect their Emperor and France. The myriad armies of the Allies had encamped one day nearer the doomed metropolis. There was distraction in council, antagonism in action, and all was confusion and dismay. Had the Chamber of Deputies but said the word, the mighty genius or Napoleon would have evolved order from this chaos; have risen all over the Empire

against their invaders as one man, and France might, perhaps, have been saved. Instead of this, the deputies, during the night, insanely discarding the energies of the most gigantic mind upon earth, passed a resolve virtually requesting the Emperor to abdicate. Thus was France delivered over in utter helplessness to the derision and insults of its foes.

The morning of the 22nd dawned. Stormy as had been the events of the night, still more tempestuous were the scenes which the raw day introduced. The Emperor sat in his cabinet, absorbed in painful thought, with his hand spread over his eyes, when a child entered the room, presenting before him, on a tray, coffee and refreshments. For a moment Napoleon did not perceive the entrance of the infantile page, who had occasionally before attracted his notice.

"Eat, sire," the child at length ventured to say. "It will do you good."

The Emperor raised his eyes, looked kindly upon his youthful attendant, and said—

"You come from the village Gonesse, do you not?"

"No, sire," the child replied, "I come from Pierrefite."

"Where your parents," Napoleon added, "have a cottage and some acres of land?"

"Yes, sire," the child replied.

"There," exclaimed the world-weary Emperor, "is true happiness."

At eight o'clock the two Chambers, in intense excitement, were re-assembled, and the enemies of Napoleon, all combining in a majority, were clamorous for his abdication. At an early hour the Emperor convoked the Council of Ministers at the Elysée. News had arrived during the night which added greatly to his embarrassment. Marshal Grouchy had escaped from both Wellington and Blücher, and, with forty thousand troops, had returned to France. Ney and Jerome Bonaparte had rallied, near the frontier, from the rout of Waterloo, nearly forty thousand more. Ten thousand well-trained soldiers, from the environs, had marched during the night into the city, burning with enthusiasm, and ready to die in defence of the Empire and of the Emperor. From the countless throng surrounding the Elysée, an army of fifty thousand men could, in a few hours, be arrayed in martial bands, prepared, with desperation, to beat back the invading foe. Napoleon was entreated by many of his friends to grasp these powerful resources for the preservation of France. Never was a mortal placed before in so torturing a dilemma. A refusal to seize the dictatorship handed France over, in helplessness and humiliation, to the Allies. On the other hand, the bold assumption of power involved the necessity of immediately dissolving the two Chambers by violence, of imprisoning those whose opposition was to be dreaded, exposing France to all the horrible calamities of war, in which cities must be bombarded, vast regions of country ravaged by hostile armi

and the lives of tens of thousands of Frenchmen sacrificed.

The Emperor, though perfectly calm, was serious and sad. He weighed everything in the balance of judgment and humanity. He decided that, with the co-operation of the Chambers, the chances were still strongly in favour of France. Without that co-operation, he deemed it unjustifiable to appeal to the awful decisions of the sword. With this object in view, he sent to the Chambers a statement of the resources at hand, and of his willingness to wield them, to the utmost of his power, for the preservation of the independence of France.

The Chamber of Deputies, bewildered, excited, and irrational, conscious of the power which the Emperor still held, after a stormy debate, sent back a reply, couched in what was intended as respectful terms.

"The war," said the deputation, "in which France is again involved, affects the nation much less than the Emperor. The Allies have proclaimed peace to France, and war against Napoleon alone. Peace can consequently be immediately secured for France if the Emperor will once more sacrifice himself to save his country."

This appeal to the Emperor's devotion to France was deciding the question. The Emperor received the deputation graciously, and promised an immediate reply. As they withdrew, he said to his friends—

"I can do nothing alone. I had called the Assembly together, hoping that it would impart strength to my measures, but its disunion deprived me of the scanty resources at my command. The nation is informed that I am the only obstacle to peace. The time is too short to enable me to enlighten its judgment. I am required to sacrifice myself. I am willing to do so. I did not come to France for the purpose of kindling domestic feuds."

Then, requesting Lucien to take the pen, he paced the floor, and slowly dictated the following act of abdication:—

"Frenchmen!—In commencing the war for the upholding of national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts and all wills, and upon the concurrence of all the national authorities. I had every reason to expect success, and I braved the declaration of the Allies against me. Circumstances appear to me changed. I offer myself in sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declarations, and hate only my person!

"My political life is ended, and I proclaim my son, under the title of Napoleon II., Emperor of the French. The present ministers will provisionally form the council of government. The interest I feel in my son prompts me to request the Chambers to organize, without delay, the regency by a law. Let all unite for the public safety, and to remain an independent nation.

"At the palace of the Elysée, June 22, 1815.

The aged and noble *Carna*, as he heard this abdication read, which surrendered France to the mercy of her enemies, overwhelmed with anguish, buried his face in his hands, and burst into a flood of tears. Napoleon was deeply affected. He immediately went to the grief-stricken statesman, soothingly placed his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "My friend! I have not known you till too late."

The reading of this dignified act created a profound sensation in the Chamber of Deputies. Regnant, inspired by the grandeur of the occasion and the theme, ascended the tribune, and drew a picture so affecting and pathetic of the benefits Napoleon had already conferred upon France, and of the moral sublimity of the act which he had now performed, in sacrificing himself, without condition and without reserve, to the happiness of his country, to wander an exile he knew not where, and to suffer he knew not what, that the whole assembly was plunged into tears, and even his most obdurate enemies were melted. There was, after this glowing speech, a moment of profound silence, interrupted only by the inarticulate murmurs of emotion. The Chamber then, with entire unanimity, decreed a solemn deputation to wait upon Napoleon, and express, in the name of the nation, "the respect and gratitude with which it accepted the noble sacrifice he had made to the independence and happiness of the French people." In this act the Chamber of Peers also united.

It was now night. The throneless Emperor had retired alone to the solitude of his cabinet. It was dimly lighted by a few wax candles. Napoleon received the delegation with great courtesy, and listened, with melancholy resignation, to their congratulations. With slow and serious accent he thus responded:—

"I thank you for the sentiments you express towards me. I hope that my abdication may prove for the happiness of France, but I do not expect it. It leaves the state without a head, and without political existence. The time wasted in overturning the monarchy might have been employed in placing France in a condition to crush the enemy. I recommend to the Chambers speedily to reinforce the armies. Whoever wishes for peace should make preparations for war. Do not leave this great nation at the mercy of foreigners. Beware of being deceived in your hopes. There lies the danger. In whatever situation I may be placed, I shall always be satisfied if France is happy. I recommend my

²¹ "I had the grief," said the Duke of Gaëta, "of being present at the second abdication of Napoleon. He dictated it in the midst of his council, with the same composure with which we had heard him a hundred times dictate his orders when he was in the plenitude of power, only he was more careful in the choice of his phrases and in the construction of his sentences. He read the document over several times, each time making some slight corrections. When he was satisfied with it, he sent it to the Chamber of Deputies. He then retired to his cabinet. Count Mollin and I saw him again in the evening. We found him as calm as we had seen him in the morning. His last adieux were affectionate and touchi—"

son to France. I hope that it will not forget that I have abdicated for him. I have also made this great sacrifice for the good of the nation. It is only with my dynasty that France can hope to be free, happy, and independent."

The morning of the 23rd dawned upon Paris. The allied armies were on the march. France was without a chief, without a government. The Chamber of Deputies was filled with a throng of inexperienced and garrulous men, and a scene of confusion ensued which cannot be described. Everything was proposed and nothing done. Napoleon was a peaceful citizen at the Elysée. He felt that he was swept along on billows of destiny which he could neither guide nor control. The Bourbonists, the Orleanists, the Republicans, and the advocates of Napoleon II. were plunged into inextinguishable turmoil and confusion. This was just what the Bourbonists, headed by Fouché, desired. Could this confusion but be perpetuated for a few days, the Allies would settle the question with their bayonets.

"By such proceedings," said the Emperor sadly, "the Deputies will soon bring back the Bourbons. These men will yet shed tears of blood. They flatter themselves that they can place the Duke of Orleans on the throne, but the English will not permit it."

To meet immediate emergencies, a provisional government was established, with Fouché at its head. This wily traitor, already in correspondence with the Duke of Wellington, was manœuvring, with consummate skill, for the restoration of the Bourbons. At the same time, commissioners were despatched to the head-quarters of the Allies, to propitiate their vengeance by the assurance that Napoleon had abdicated. Fouché had now obtained, through his bribed accomplices, a complete ascendancy over the inexperienced and perplexed members of the Chamber of Deputies. He encountered, however, one great embarrassment. The Emperor was at the Elysée. He was the idol of the people. The streets of the metropolis continued to resound with the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" Immense crowds still thronged the environs of the palace, demanding the Emperor to recall his abdication, and to place himself at the head of the people to repel the Allies.

Two regiments of volunteers from the Faubourg St. Antoine, accompanied by a countless multitude, marched to the gates of the Elysée. A deputation waited upon the Emperor, stating that the traitorous Chamber of Deputies was about to sell France again to the Bourbons, and entreating him to take the reins of government into his own hands, as on the 18th Brumaire.

The Emperor replied, "You recall to my remembrance the 18th Brumaire, but you forget that the circumstances are not the same. On the 18th Brumaire the nation was unanimous in desiring a change. A feeble effort only was necessary to effect what they so much desired. Now it would require floods of French blood, and never shall a single drop be shed by me in the defence of a cause purely personal."

Count Montholon, who was at this time with the Emperor, could not refrain from expressing his regret that Napoleon should thus refuse to avail himself of the proffered arms of the people to save France from the enemy. The Emperor listened attentively to his representations, and then firmly replied—

"Putting the brute force of the mass of the people into action would doubtless save Paris and insure me the crown, without incurring the horrors of civil war, but it would likewise be risking thousands of French lives; for what power could control so many various passions, so much hatred, and such vengeance? No! there is one thing that I cannot forget. I have been escorted from Cannes to Paris in the midst of the bloody cries, 'Down with the priests! Down with the nobles!' No! I like the regrets of France better than her crown."

Fouché and his accomplices in the Chamber of Deputies trembled in view of the Emperor's vast popularity, and were very apprehensive that he might accede to the wishes of the people and frustrate all their plans. Rumours of assassination alarmed his friends. The crowd grew more and more dense, enthusiastic, and clamorous around the Elysée. On the evening of the 25th, Napoleon, putting on a disguise of a round hat and an ordinary travelling dress—not to escape the enmity, but the love of the people—left the Elysée, and, entering the carriage of Las Cases, retired to Malmaison. As the Emperor took his departure, he said to Caulaincourt—

"Remain where you are. Do whatever you can to prevent mischief. Carnot will second you. He is an honest man. For me, all is at an end. Strive to serve France, and you will still be serving me. Courage, Caulaincourt! If you and other honourable men decline to take a part in active affairs, that traitor Fouché will sell France to foreigners."

His devoted step-daughter, Queen Hortense, had gone before to Malmaison, and awaited his arrival. "She restrained her own tears," says Baron Fleury, "reminding us, with the wisdom of a philosopher and the sweetness of an angel, that we ought to surmount our sorrows and regrets, and submit with docility to the decrees of Providence."

The Emperor wandered sadly through the rooms and traversed the beautiful walks endeared to him by the love of Josephine. His demeanour was calm, and to all peculiarly gentle and affectionate.

"Every object here," said he, "revives some touching memory. Malmaison was my first possession. It was purchased with money of my own earning. It was long the abode of happiness; but she who was its chief ornament is now no more. My misfortunes caused her death. Ten years ago I little foresaw that I should one day take refuge here to avoid my persecutors."

The Emperor was now making preparations to leave France and embark for America. The provisional government had assembled at Paris about eighty thousand men. With this force

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behind the intrenchments of the metropolis, they hoped to compel the Allies to pay some little respect to the wishes of France. Napoleon, as usual, entirely devoted to his country and forgetful of himself, issued a farewell proclamation to the soldiers, urging them to be faithful to the new government, and to maintain the honour of the nation. No one will withhold his tribute of respect from the following noble words:—

“Soldiers! While obeying the necessity which removes me from the brave French army, I carry with me the happy conviction that it will justify, by the eminent services which the country expects from it, the praises which our enemies themselves cannot withhold.

“Soldiers! Though absent, I shall follow your steps. I know all the corps, and not one of them will ever gain a signal advantage over the enemy without receiving ample credit from me for the courage it may have displayed. You and I have been calumniated. Men unfit to appreciate your labours have seen, in the marks of attachment which you have given me, a zeal of which I was the sole object. Let your future successes convince them that, in obeying me, it was the country above all things which you served, and that, if I had any share in your affection, I owe it to my ardent love of France, our common mother.

“Soldiers! A few more efforts, and the coalition will be dissolved. Napoleon will recognise you by the blows which you are about to strike. Save the honour, the independence of France. Be, even to the last, the same men I have known you for twenty years, and you will be invincible.

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The provisional government immediately appointed plenipotentiaries to hasten to the headquarters of Wellington and Blücher, and sue for peace. The envoys were instructed that the basis of their negotiations should be—the integrity of the French territory, the exclusion of the Bourbons, and the recognition of Napoleon II. These instructions, however, were intended merely to deceive the French people. As the plenipotentiaries departed, the government, as a mark of respect, sent a committee to inform the Emperor of the instructions given to the envoys. Napoleon replied, “The Allies are too deeply interested in imposing the Bourbons upon you to nominate my son. He will yet reign over France, but his time has not arrived.” This prediction, in its spirit, has been fulfilled. The heir of Napoleon now reigns over France.

Fouché was at that time the agent of Louis XVIII. and of the Duke of Wellington for the restoration of the house of Bourbon. The very day on which these negotiators were appointed, Fouché commissioned M. de Vitrolles to invite Louis to hasten his return to France. Our readers will remember the treasonable efforts of this Royalist when Napoleon was struggling with the Allies on the banks of the Seine.

“You see,” said Fouché to Vitrolles, “the extreme embarrassment of my position. For the

last three months I have risked my head every day for the cause of peace, of France, and of Louis. The Chamber has proclaimed Napoleon II. This is a necessary preliminary step towards the restoration of the Bourbons. This name quiets simple men, who imagine, like my colleague Carnot, that the safety of France and of liberty exists in this chimera of a republican empire under a child who is the prisoner of Europe. They must be allowed to indulge in this delusion for a few days. It will last long enough to enable us to get rid of the Emperor. We can then easily lay aside Napoleon II. and the Duke of Orleans.”

Benjamin Constant was one of the envoys who had allowed himself to be thus deluded by Fouché. Before he departed for the headquarters of the Allies, he went to Malmaison, to take a sorrowful leave of the Emperor. In the course of the conversation, Constant inquired, “Where does your Majesty intend to seek an asylum?”

I have not yet decided,” the Emperor replied, in a tone of great indifference. “Flight I disdain. Why should I not remain here? What can the Allies do to a disarmed man? I may continue to live in this retreat with a few friends, who will remain attached, not to my power, but to my person. If they do not choose to leave me here, where would they wish me to go? To England? But there my residence would be disquieting. No one would believe that I could be tranquil there. I should compromise all my friends. Every mist would be suspected of bringing me to the coast of France. By dint of saying, ‘There, he is come at last!’ I should at length be tempted to come in earnest. America would be a more suitable retreat. I could live there with dignity.

“But, after all, what have I to apprehend in staying where I am? What sovereign could persecute me without dishonouring himself? To one, I have returned the half of his conquered states. How many times has the other pressed my hand, felicitating himself on being the friend of a great man! I shall see, however. I do not wish to struggle against open force. I arrived at Paris to combine our last resources. I have been abandoned with the same facility with which I was received. Well, let them efface, if possible, the double stain of weakness and frivolity. They should at least cover it with some struggle, some glory. Let them do for their country what they will do no longer for me. But I do not hope it. To-day, they give me up to save France; to-morrow, they will give up France to save themselves.”

In conversation with Hortense, he said, “Give myself up to Austria? Never! She has seized upon my wife and my son. Give myself up to Russia? That would be to a *single* man. But to give myself up to England, that would be to throw myself upon a people.”

One of his visitors congratulated the Emperor that the plenipotentiaries were instructed to urge upon the Allies the claims of his son; but Napoleon was not thus deceived. “The Allies,” he

plied, "are too much interested in imposing the Bourbons upon you to give my son the crown. Most of the plenipotentiaries are my enemy. The foes of the father cannot be the friends of the son. Moreover, the Chambers obey the wishes of Fouché. If they had given to me what they have lavished upon him, I should have saved France. My presence, alone, at the head of the army would have done more than all your negotiations."

In confidential intercourse with his friends, he discussed the question of his retreat. He spoke of England, having great confidence in receiving respectful treatment from the British people. His friends, however, assured him that he could not safely trust himself in the power of the British government. He then seemed inclined to go to the United States. Several American gentlemen in Paris sent him the assurance that he would be cordially received by the government in Washington and by the whole American people. At the same time, the Chamber of Deputies pressed his departure from France as essential to successful negotiations with the Allies. The Emperor, to these applications, replied—

"That he was ready to embark, with his household, for the United States, if furnished with two frigates." The Minister for Foreign Affairs instantly ordered the frigates to be equipped; and, as the coats of France were thronged with hostile British cruisers, he applied to the Duke of Wellington for a "safe-conduct." In the meantime, the provisional government, trembling lest the people should yet reclaim their beloved Emperor, sent General Becker to Malmaison with a strong military force, professedly as a guard of honour, but in reality to hold Napoleon as a prisoner.

Napoleon fully understood the meaning of this, but, pretending to be blind to the truth, received his guard as friends. This movement caused great consternation at Malmaison. All were apprehensive that Napoleon might be arrested, exposed to captivity, insult, and death. Hortense wept bitterly. General Gourgaud, with enthusiasm roused to the highest pitch, vowed "to immolate the first man who should dare to lay a hand upon his master."

General Becker was the brother-in-law of General D'Anjou, who fell at Marengo. He revered and loved the Emperor. With tears in his eyes he presented himself, and bowed in homage before the majesty of that moral power which was still undimmed. He assured the Emperor "that he held himself and his troops in entire subjection to the commands of their former master." The Emperor kindly took his arm, and walked, in long conversation, in the embowered paths of the château.

He had now become impatient for his departure. He sent to the government to hasten the preparation of the two frigates. Fouché replied "that they were ready, but that the safe-conduct had not arrived." "I cannot," said he, "dishonour my memory by an act of imprudence which would be called t

frigates be taken with Napoleon on board when leaving port."

But the Duke of Wellington refused to grant any safe-conduct; and the English government multiplied their cruisers along the coast to prevent the escape of the victor. On the evening of the 27th, Fouché and his colleagues, trembling lest Napoleon should be driven by desperation to place himself again at the head of the people, sent him word that the frigates were ready, and begging him to embark without waiting for a safe-conduct. An hour later, bidding that the Allies were near Malmaison, and that the coast was effectually guarded, they revoked this order, and, sending additional troops and gendarmes, ordered General Becker to escort Napoleon to Rochefort, where he was to remain until a safe-conduct could be obtained.

The region through which the Emperor was to pass was thronged with his most devoted friends. He had, however, no wish to rouse them to an unavailing struggle. The provisional government were apprehensive that his presence might excite enthusiasm which it would be impossible to allay. It was, therefore, mutually decided that Napoleon should travel in disguise. General Becker received a passport in which the Emperor was designated as his secretary. As the general presented the passport to the Emperor, Napoleon pleasantly said—

"Behold me, then, your secretary."

"Yes, sire," the noble Becker replied, in tones tremulous with grief and affliction, "but to me you are ever my sovereign."

The French army, composed of the remnant of Waterloo and the corps of Grouchy, sullenly retreating before Wellington and Blücher, were hardly a day's march from Malmaison. Several of the officers were very anxious that Napoleon should place himself at the head of these squadrons and beat back the foe. General Exelmans sent Colonel Senier to Malmaison to urge the Emperor to this desperate enterprise. The colonel was commissioned to say, in behalf of those who sent him—

The army of the North is unbroken, and full of enthusiasm for its Emperor. It is easy to rally around this nucleus everything that remains of patriotism and of military spirit in France. Nothing is to be despaired of with such troops and with such a chief."

Napoleon for a moment paced the floor of his library, absorbed in silent and profound thought. He then said, calmly but firmly—

"Thank your general for me, but tell him that I cannot accept his proposition. To give hope of success, I should require the united support of France. But everything is unsettled, and nobody cares anything about the matter. What could I do alone, with a handful of soldiers, against all Europe?"

The Allies were now at Compiègne, within two days' march of Paris. Portions of the hostile troops had advanced even to Genlis. Napoleon, in the garden of Malmaison, heard bling in the distance the deep thunder of

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their cannonade. The sound of hostile cannon enkindled in his soul a fever of excitement. His whole being was intensely roused. He summoned General Becker into his cabinet, and exclaimed, in accents of deepest emotion—

"The enemy is at Compiègne—at Cenlis! To-morrow he will be at the gates of Paris! I cannot understand the blindness of the government. He must be either an imbecile or a traitor who doubts for a moment the false faith of the Allies. Those persons know nothing of their business. Everything is lost! I will apply for the command of the army under the provisional government. Let them appoint me general in their employ, and I will take the command. Communicate my offer to the government. Explain to them that I have no intention to repossess myself of power; I only wish to fight the enemy, and to force him, by a victory, to grant better conditions. When this result is obtained, I pledge my word of honour that I will quietly retire from France."

General Becker presented the message of the Emperor at the Tuileries. Carnot, a sincere patriot, welcomed the generous proposal. The wily Fouché, whose treachery was now nearly consummated, argued that Napoleon was the sole cause of the war; that his presence at the head of the army would be a defiance to the Allies, and would provoke them to more severe measures; and that if Napoleon were successful, that success would place him again on the throne.

Napoleon's energy, however, was thoroughly aroused. He hoped that the government, in this hour of national humiliation, would accept his services, and allow him to drive the invaders from France. Blücher and Wellington, fearing no enemy, were marching carelessly, with their forces scattered. Napoleon felt sure that, with the enthusiasm his presence would inspire, he could crush both armies, and thus efface the stain of Waterloo. He had dressed himself for the campaign. His chargers, saddled and bridled, were champing the bit at the gates. His aides-de-camp were assembled. He had imprinted his parting paternal kiss upon the tearful cheek of Hortense. General Becker, on returning, presented the reply of the government, courteously but decidedly declining to accept the Emperor's offer. Napoleon received the answer without betraying the slightest emotion, and then said calmly—

"Very well. They will repent it. Give the necessary orders for my departure for the coast. When all is ready, let me know."

In confiding friendship, he said to M. Bassano—

"These people are blinded by their avidity for power. They feel that, were I replaced, they would no longer be anything more than my shadow. They thus sacrifice me and the country to their own vanity. My presence would electrify the troops, and astound the foreign Powers like a clap of thunder. They will be aware that I return to the field to conquer or

to die. To get rid of me, they will grant all you may require. If, on the contrary, I am left to gnaw my sword here, the Allies will decide you, and you will be forced to receive Louis XVIII. cap in hand."

Then, as if convinced and roused to action by this train of thought, he exclaimed—

"I can do nothing better for all of you—for my son and for myself—than to fly to the arms of my soldiers. If your five emperors, alluding to the committee of government, "will not have me save France, I must dispense with their consent. I have but to show myself, and Paris and the army will receive me a second time as their deliverer."

"I do not doubt it, sire," M. Bassano replied; "but the Chambers will declare against you—perhaps it will even venture to pronounce you outlawed. And should Fortune prove unfavourable—should the army, after performing prodigies of valour, be overpowered by numbers—what will become of France and of your Majesty? The enemy will abuse his victory, and your Majesty may have occasion to reproach yourself with being the cause of your country's eternal ruin."

The Emperor remained thoughtful a few moments without uttering a word. His whole soul was absorbed in contemplating the immense interests to be perilled. He then said—

"You are right. I must not take upon myself the responsibility of issues so momentous. I ought to wait till recalled by the voice of the people, the soldiery, and the Chambers."

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Baron Fleury with the information that the allied troops were rapidly approaching Paris, and that the Emperor was in great personal danger.

"I shall have no fear of them to-morrow," the Emperor replied. "I shall depart to-night. I am weary of myself, of Paris, and of France. Make your preparations to leave immediately."

"Sire," Baron Fleury with hesitancy replied, "when I promised yesterday to attend your Majesty, I only consulted my personal attachment. When I mentioned my resolution to my mother, she implored me, by her grey hairs, not to desert her. She is seventy-four years old, and blind. My brothers are all dead. I alone remain to protect her. I had not the heart to refuse."

"You have done well," said Napoleon promptly. "You owe yourself to your mother. Remain with her. Should you, at some future period, be master of your own actions, rejoice me. You will be well received."

"But whither," said the baron, despondingly "will your Majesty go?"

"The path, in truth," the Emperor replied, "is difficult, but Fortune and a fair wind may favour me. I will repair to the United States. They will give me land, or I will purchase some, and we will cultivate it."

"But will the English," said Fleury, "allow you to cultivate your fields in peace? You have

made England tremble. As long as you are alive, or at least at liberty, she will dread your genius. The Americans love and admire you. You have great influence over them. You might, perhaps, excite them to enterprises fatal to England."

"What enterprises?" the Emperor rejoined. "The English well know that the Americans would lose their lives, to a man, in defence of their native soil, but they are not fond of carrying on foreign warfare. They are not yet arrived at a pitch to give the English any serious uneasiness. At some future day, perhaps, they will be the avengers of the seas. But that period, which I might have had it in my power to accelerate, is now at a distance. The Americans advance to greatness slowly."

"Admitting," Flcury continued, "that they can give England no serious uneasiness at this moment, your presence in the United States will at least furnish England with an occasion to stir up Europe against them. The combined Powers will consider their work imperfect till you are in their possession. They will compel the Americans either to deliver you up, or to expel you from their territory."

"Well, then," Napoleon continued, "I will go to Mexico, to Caracas, to Buenos Ayres, to California. I shall go, in short, from shore to shore, and from sea to sea, until I find an asylum against the resentment and the persecution of men."

"But can you reasonably hope," the baron replied, "continually to escape the snares and fleets of the English?"

"If I cannot escape," the Emperor rejoined, "they will take me. The English government has no magnanimity; the nation, however, is great, noble, generous. It will treat me as I ought to be treated. But, after all, what can I do? Would you have me allow myself to be taken, like a child, by Wellington, to adorn his triumph in London? I have only one course to adopt, that of retiring from the scene. Destiny will do the rest. Certainly I could die. I could say, like Hannibal, 'Let me deliver them from the terror with which I inspire them.' But suicide must be left to weak heads and souls badly tempered. As for me, whatever may be my destiny, I shall never hasten my natural end by a single moment."

The savage Blucher, plundering and destroying wherever he appeared, with oaths, with fold oaths, that, could he capture Napoleon, he would hang him on a gallows in the presence of both armies. Wellington was ashamed of the conduct and the threats of his barbarian ally.

General Beckr made defensive arrangements upon the roads leading to Malmaison to secure the Emperor from surprise. A little after midnight, some friends came from Paris with information that the Allies had refused the safe conduct which had been solicited, and that the Emperor had scarcely time to escape captivity by flight.

But where could he find an asylum?

in arms against a single man, could afford him no retreat. England had entire command of the sea, and consequently escape to lands beyond the ocean seemed impossible. It is generally supposed that Fouché contrived all these embarrassments, that he might deliver Napoleon up a captive and a sacrifice to the vengeance of the Allies. Whatever the motive might have been, the facts remain undisputed. Napoleon could not escape the vigilance of the British cruisers by sea. He could not elude the eagle eye of the exasperated Allies on the land. He was helpless. All this he understood perfectly. A kind Providence might open some unexpected door for his escape, but there was no visible refuge.

In answer to the application of the provisional government for passports for the Emperor, the Duke of Wellington, with his accustomed courtesy, responded, "that he had no authority from his government to give any reply whatsoever to the demand for a passport and safe-conduct for Napoleon Bonaparte."

The Emperor received the message without any apparent emotion, and without any remark.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE EMPEROR A CAPTIVE.

Departure from Malmaison—Journey to Rochefort—Embarkation—The blockade—The Emperor seeks refuge in the "Bellerophon"—Voyage to England—Enthusiasm of the English people—Implacability of the government—The British ministry trampling upon British law—The doom of St. Helena—Departure of the squadron—Perfidy of the Allies—The death of Ney.

The morning of the 29th of June dawned, cloudless, and radiant with all the beauty of the early summer. The gardens, the park, the embowered walks of the enchanting chateau of Malmaison were bathed in a flood of surpassing beauty. The Emperor sat in his library, quite exhausted with care and grief. Hortense, emulating the affection and devotion of her noble mother, with pallid cheeks and eyes swollen with weeping, did everything which a daughter could do to minister to the solace of her afflicted father. A few faithful followers, with grief-stricken countenances, were also at Malmaison, determined to share all the perils and sufferings of that friend whom they loved with deathless fervour. The Emperor, whose countenance now betrayed the anguish of his wounded spirit, was writing at a table with great earnestness and rapidity. Caulaincourt was announced. As his faithful friend, endeared to the Emperor by a thousand grateful reminiscences, entered the room, Napoleon raised his head, laid aside his pen, and said, with a faint smile.

"Well, Caulaincourt, this is truly draining the cup of misfortune to the dregs. I wished to defer my departure only for the sake of fighting at the head of the army. I desired only to contribute my aid in repelling the enemy. I have

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had enough of sovereignty. I want no more of it—no more of it. I am no longer a sovereign, but I am still a soldier. When I heard the cannon roar, when I reflected that my troops were without a leader, that they were to endure the humiliation of defeat without having fought, my blood boiled with indignation. All I wished for myself was a glorious death amid my brave troops. But my co-operation would have defeated the schemes of traitors. France has been sold. She has been surrendered up without a blow being struck in her defence. Thirty-two millions of men have been made to bow their heads to an arrogant conqueror without disputing the victory. Such a spectacle as France now presents has not been found in the history of any other nation.”

As the Emperor uttered these words, he rose, and, in his excitement, walked up and down the room. The deep emotion which agitated him

asylum with me: Who knows but that I may one day or other have a Hospital of Invalids in the United States for my veteran Guards?”

Suddenly the galloping of horses was heard in the court-yard. The Emperor advanced to the window. The carriages had arrived for his departure. He heaved a deep sigh, and seemed for a moment much agitated. He advanced towards Caulaincourt, took his hand, gazed for a moment silently, and with a look of inexpressible tenderness in his face, when suddenly the warm and glowing heart of this imperial man was overwhelmed with affection and grief, and his eyes were flooded with tears, which he vainly struggled to repress. Unable to articulate a word, he pressed the hand of his devoted friend, and, in the silent adieu of uncontrollable emotion, departed.

“I will not attempt,” says Caulaincourt, “to

That miserable Fouché imagines that I would assume the sovereignty in the degradation to which it is now reduced. Never, never! The place assigned to the sovereign is no longer tenable. I am disgusted alike with men and things. I am utterly indifferent about my future fate, and I endure life without attaching myself to it by any alluring chimeras. I carry with me from France recollections which will constitute at once the charm and the torment of the remainder of my days. A bitter and incurable regret must ever be connected with this last phase of my singular career. Alas! what will become of the army—my brave, my unparalleled army? The reaction will be terrible. The army will be doomed to expiate its fidelity to my cause, its heroic resistance at Waterloo. Waterloo! what horrible recollections are connected with that name! Oh, if you had seen that handful of heroes, closely pressed one upon another, resisting immense masses of the enemy, not to defend their lives, but to meet death on the field of battle where they could not conquer. The English stood amazed at the sight of this desperate heroism. Wary of the carnage, they implored the martyrs to surrender. This merciful summons was replied to by the sublime cry, ‘The Guard dies; it never surrenders!’ The Imperial Guard has immortalized the French people and the Empire.”

He paused, overcome by emotion, as his mind retraced these memorable scenes. Soon raising his eyes, and fixing them sadly, yet attentively, upon Caulaincourt, he added, in tones of peculiar tenderness—

“And you, all of you who are here, will be pursued and persecuted. Compromised as you are for your fidelity to my cause, what will become of you? All is over, Caulaincourt. We are now about to part. In a few days I must quit France for ever. I will fix my abode in the United States. In the course of some little time, the spot which I shall inhabit will be in a condition to receive the glorious wrecks of the army. All my old companions in arms will find an

cabinet almost in a delirium of despair. Since then my prosaic life has been utterly devoid of interest. I have been invariable to persecution, and have rendered injuries only by cold contempt. There is one regret which presses heavily upon my heart. It is that I cannot live long enough to complete the work of conscience and justice which I am anxious to bequeath to France. By employing the few hours which I can snatch from death in portraying the hero whom fiction hurled from the throne, I feel that I am discharging a sacred duty to my country.

“The wonderful character of Napoleon can only be accurately portrayed by those who had the opportunity of observing him in the relations of private life. They only can paint the thousand traits which characterized his extraordinary mind. Napoleon was more than a hero, more than an Emperor. A comparison between him and any other sovereign, or any other man, is impossible. His death has been void in human nature which probably never will be filled up. Future generations will bow with respect to the age on which the glory of Napoleon Bonaparte shed its lustre. For centuries to come, French hearts will glow with pride at the mention of his exploits. To his name alone is attached inexhaustible admiration, imperishable remembrance.”

The Emperor embraced Queen Hortense, who was overwhelmed with grief, and then took melancholy farewell of other friends whom he was never to see. Every heart seemed lacerated with almost unearthly anguish. As he passed along through the serpentine walk of the enchanting park, attended with all the verdure, the flowers, and the bird-songs of June, and where he had enjoyed so many hours of happiness with his much-loved Josephine, he stopped times, and turned round to fix his last looks upon the familiar and Little did he then imagine but, upon the bleak, storm-

swept rock of St. Helena, was to be his prison and his tomb.

At the gate of the park he entered a plain calèche. General Becker, Count Bertrand, and Savary took the three other seats. Several other carriages followed, occupied by Madame Bertrand and her children, Count Moutoulon, wife, and child, Las Casas and his son, and several devoted officers who were anxious to share the fortunes of the dethroned Emperor. These carriages were to proceed to Rochefort by another road. The Emperor and his companions were habited in the simple travelling-dress of private gentlemen. The distance from Paris to Rochefort, near the mouth of the Charente, is about three hundred miles. The friends of Napoleon were well aware that attempts would be made to secure his assassination on the way. They were secretly well provided with arms for a desperate defence. The emotions excited in every bosom were too strong for utterance. The attitude of the Emperor was calm and dignified. For several hours there was unbroken silence in the carriage. At ten o'clock at night they arrived at Rambouillet, about thirty miles from Malmaison. In this antique castle the Emperor passed the night.

At an early hour the next morning, June 30th, the rapid journey was resumed. After a melancholy drive of two or three hours, they arrived at Chateaudun. The mistress of the post-house hastened to the carriage door, and anxiously inquired if there was any truth in the report that the Emperor had been assassinated. She had hardly asked the question ere she recognised the countenance of Napoleon. For a moment she seemed stunned. Then, raising her eyes to Heaven and clasping her hands, she burst into a flood of tears, and retired weeping bitterly. All were much moved at this touching proof of affection. Driving rapidly all day and night, and meeting with no occurrence to disturb the profound sadness of the route, they arrived, before the break of day, on the morning of the 1st of July, at Tours.

Pressing on some fifty miles farther, they reached Poitiers at mid-day. The roads were dusty, and the heat, from a blazing July sun, sultry and oppressive. At a little post-house outside the town the Emperor remained a couple of hours for repose. At two o'clock he again entered his carriage, and proceeded onward to Niort, where he arrived just as the glooms of night were settling down over the city. Here the Emperor remained for a day. He was recognised by some persons, and the rumour of his arrival spread rapidly through the city. Cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" began to resound through the streets. An immense concourse immediately surrounded the hotel, with enthusiastic acclamations, and with every expression of respect and love. During the whole day his rooms were thronged with officers of the garrison, public functionaries, and influential citizens. Here the Emperor was also informed that all egress from Rochefort by the two frigates

prepared for him was effectually prevented by English ships of war. His position was now in the highest possible degree embarrassing. The officers of the army entreated him to place himself at their head, assuring him that every soldier, and the masses of the people, would rally around him with deathless fervour.

Napoleon might thus have saved himself. He could easily have aroused such enthusiasm throughout France, and presented himself with such imposing power before the Allies, that it would have required a long and sanguinary civil war before the hostile invaders could have subdued him. In this conflict the Allies would have been compelled to sacrifice tens of thousands of lives, and millions of money. Trembling before the genius of the Emperor, they would have been glad to purchase peace with him upon terms which would secure his personal safety and dignified retirement. But in this conflict France would have been deluged in blood; and Napoleon repeatedly declared, and persevered in the lofty resolve, that not one single life should be sacrificed merely to secure benefits or safety to himself. History presents few parallels to such magnanimity.

He was, however, still sanguine in the belief that if the Chambers would unite with him and with France, so as to present a united front to the coalition, the invaders, notwithstanding their locust legions, might still be driven from the Empire. General Becker immediately informed the government that the roadstead of Rochefort was reported as effectually blockaded, and reported to them the enthusiastic desires of the troops that Napoleon would head them to drive out the invaders. At Napoleon's suggestion, in this desperate emergency, General Becker added to this communication, "If, in this situation, the English cruisers prevent the frigates from putting to sea, you can dispose of the Emperor as a general eagerly desirous only of being useful to his country."

To this Fouché replied, "Napoleon must embark without delay. You must employ every measure of coercion you may deem necessary, without failing in the respect due to him. As to the services which are offered, our duties towards France, and our engagements to foreign Powers, do not permit us to accept of them."

The evidence is now conclusive to almost every mind that Fouché had all this time been plotting to betray Napoleon to the Allies. He knew that Europe combined could not maintain the Bourbons upon the throne, so long as the people of France saw any possibility of recalling Napoleon. It was therefore his design to deliver Napoleon up to his enemies. He was afraid to order his arrest until Paris should be engirdled by the bayonets of the Allies. The exasperated people would instantly have risen to the rescue. Under pretence of waiting for a safe-conduct, and affirming that France would be dishonoured by the Emperor's capture, he would not allow the frigates sail when there was the slightest chance of their escaping the British cruisers.

to drive the Emperor on board one so that he could no longer be surrounded by the enthusiasm of the French people, and then to detain the frigates until the English cruisers, by his treachery, should be accumulated in such numbers as to render escape impossible. While, therefore, he was thus urging General Becker to "employ every measure of coercion" to induce the Emperor to embark, secret orders were sent to the maritime prefect of Rochefort not to allow the frigates to sail. "It is utterly impossible," said the order, "for our two frigates to attempt sailing while the enemy retains his present position. It would be proper to wait for a favourable opportunity, which cannot offer for a long time to come."

"The provisional government," says the Duke of Rovigo, "had despatched agents to the coast, and prepared the means of carrying off the Emperor, or, at least, of preventing his eluding the vigilance of the English cruisers. By this means they had it in their power to seize him as soon as the presence of the foreign troops in Paris should have rendered unavailing any opposition that might have sprung from the enthusiasm created by the Emperor's painful situation."

Early in the morning of the 3rd of July, the Emperor arrived in Rochefort. During his short reign, with all the despots of Europe striving to crush him, he had done more to promote the health and the opulence of this city than all the monarchs of France combined who had preceded him. By his orders the extensive marshes surrounding the city had been drained and fertilized, and important works had been erected for defence, and for the promotion of internal improvements. As they rode along, the Emperor pointed out to his companions the once infectious marshes, now filled with ricks of new-mown hay.

"You see," said he, "that the population cheerfully recognise the prosperity which I have created in their country. Wherever I pass, I receive the blessings of a grateful people."

The Emperor's arrival at Rochefort produced a profound sensation. The gardens of the prefecture, where he took his lodgings, were filled with an enthusiastic crowd. Whenever he appeared he was greeted with the most ardent acclamations. "I believe," says the Duke of Rovigo, who was with the Emperor at that time, "that every inhabitant, without a single exception, participated in our feelings." There were several thousand troops in the vicinity. They all transmitted to the Emperor expressions of devoted attachment, and tendered to him their services. There was not a military officer within thirty miles who did not hasten to offer his homage to the Emperor.

Napoleon was desirous of embarking immediately, and of trusting to his good fortune, and to the guns of the frigate, for escape from the enemy. But many obstacles were thrown in the way, and it was not until after the lapse of five days, on the evening of the 8th, that it was announced that the frigates were ready for his

The two frigates, the "Saale" and the "Medusa," which had been assigned for the transportation of Napoleon and his suite, were at anchor in the bay. In the meantime, the English cruisers, guided by information from Fouché, had been doubled all along the coast. A four o'clock in the afternoon the Emperor took an affecting leave of his faithful companions in arms, and, amid the tears of an innumerable throng of people, and their cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" stepped into one of the boats of the "Saale." The vessels were at a long distance from the quay. The wind was boisterous and the sea rough as the Emperor, in silence and sadness, thus bade adieu to the shores of his beloved France. It was eight o'clock in the evening before the boats reached the "Saale." The Emperor slept on board. He found, however, that the frigates were not yet permitted to leave the harbour. Fouché had sent word that the English government would soon transmit the passports by an English ship of war which was cruising off Rochefort. The Emperor had hoped that his peaceful retirement would not be opposed. He had supposed that his enemies would be satisfied by his self-sacrifice, and his retirement to the wilds of the New World.

At daybreak on the morning of the 9th the Emperor landed on the Isle of Aix, off which the frigates were anchored. The whole population of the island, and the regiment of marines in the garrison, crowded to the shore to greet him, and the air was rent with their acclamations. His exile resembled a triumph. In this his last hour upon the soil of France, he was greeted with the warmest testimonials of love and homage. As he returned to the frigate, he was waited upon by the maritime prefect. The Allies were now in possession of Paris. The treacherous Fouché was prepared to resign his power into the hands of the Bourbons. The commander of the frigate was informed that "the act of disembarking Napoleon again upon the soil of France would be declared high treason."

The Emperor passed the 10th on board the frigate, much perplexed in considering the various plans proposed for his escape. "It is, however, evident," says Las Casas, "that, in the midst of this state of agitation, he continues calm and resolute, even to indifference, without manifesting the least anxiety."

Before the break of day on the 11th of July, the Duke of Rovigo and Las Casas were sent with a flag of truce to the commander of the English squadron, to inquire if he would feel himself authorized to allow the frigates, or any other French or neutral vessels, conveying the Emperor, and bound to the United States, to pass free.

About seven o'clock in the morning the envoys arrived on board the "Bellerophon," under the command of Captain Maitland, which was cruising off the harbour. Captain Maitland replied that his orders were to capture any vessel which should attempt to leave the roadstead.

An English brig was the companion of the "Bellerophon," to prevent any vessel from leaving the harbour.

They then inquired, "In the event of the Emperor's adopting the idea of going to England, may he depend upon being received on board your ship, with those who accompany him?"

Captain Maitland frankly and honestly answered, "I will instantly address a despatch to the admiral on the subject. Should the Emperor present himself before I receive a reply, I shall receive him, but in that case I shall be acting on my own responsibility, and I cannot enter into any engagement as to the reception he may meet in England."

Captain Maitland promised, in two days, again to cast anchor in the roads, when he would probably have received his answer from the admiral, and when they could again communicate with him.

Napoleon, upon receiving this reply, reflected upon it for some time, and then resolved, notwithstanding the overwhelming force of the English, to brave all the peril, and endeavour to escape. "Go," said he to the Duke of Rovigo, "and desire the captain of the frigate, in my name, to set sail immediately." Captain Philibert returned the astounding reply that "he was strictly forbidden by the government to sail if the vessels would be exposed to any risk." When the Duke of Rovigo, upon receiving this answer, indignantly exclaimed, "This is all deception; the government is only plotting to deliver up the Emperor to the enemy!" the captain replied, "I do not know, but I have orders not to sail."

When the Emperor was informed of the result, he calmly said, "My secret presentiments told me as much, but I was unwilling to believe it. I was reluctant to suspect that this captain, who appeared a worthy man, could have lent himself to so shameful an act of treachery. What a villain is that Fouché!"

In this fearful emergency, the captain of the "Medusa" came forward with the following heroic proposition. Forgetting every other consideration in devotion to the safety of the Emperor, he begged permission, under favour of the night, to surprise the "Bellerophon" at anchor, to engage her in close combat, and to grapple his vessel to her sides. The sixty-gun frigate could maintain the conflict with her powerful adversary of seventy-four guns for at least two hours before she could be destroyed. The "Bellerophon," impeded and crippled by the action, could not overtake the "Saale," which could not be effectually opposed by the English brig alone, and would thus escape. This plan promised success. A single word from the Emperor would have tossed the captain of the "Saale" into the sea, and have placed the frigate under the command of one of the Emperor's friends. But Napoleon was the last man in the world to think of saving himself by sacrificing the lives of others. He

was not so selfish as to refuse this proof of affection, but

promptly and decisively refused to save himself at the expense of the lives of his friends.

The captain of a Danish vessel, the *Bayadère*, which was a very rapid sailer, offered the Emperor the protection of his flag, and expressed the utmost confidence that he should be able to escape the cruisers. He had prepared a secret recess in his vessel with very great skill, where the Emperor might be concealed should the vessel be searched by the English. Several young officers connected with the naval service fitted out two small fishing vessels, with which they could glide along in the night, near to the shore, and thus escape to sea, and perilously cross the Atlantic.

Upon consultation, both of these plans were rejected. The Emperor was unwilling to separate himself from his friends, and, in securing his own escape, to abandon them to Bourbon vengeance. He also considered it inconsistent with his character to attempt escape in disguise or concealment. Nearly all of his friends were also of opinion that, if Napoleon would throw himself upon the hospitality of England, he would meet from the nation a generous reception. Joseph Bonaparte had made sure of his departure from Bordeaux for the United States. He strikingly resembled his brother Napoleon. He entreated the Emperor to take advantage of the close resemblance and escape in his place, while Joseph should remain in the Emperor's stead. Napoleon would not listen to a proposition which exposed his brother to dangers which belonged to his own destiny. Others urged that it was expedient to renew the war. It was obvious to all that the Emperor had but to place himself upon the shore, and the army everywhere, and all the masses of the people, would rally around him. But to this the Emperor persisted in the reply—

"Civil war can have no other result than that of placing me as Emperor in a better position to obtain arrangements more favourable to my personal interests. I cannot consent to expose my friends to destruction for such a result. I cannot allow myself to be the cause of the desolation of the provinces, and thus to deprive the national party of its true support, by which, sooner or later, the honour and independence of France will be established. I have renounced sovereignty, and only wish for a peaceful asylum."

On the 14th the Emperor again sent Las Casas and Savary on board the "Bellerophon." They returned with the report that Captain Maitland wished them to say to the Emperor, that "if he decided upon going to England, he was authorized to receive him on board, and that he accordingly placed his ship at the Emperor's disposal."

Under these circumstances, the Emperor assembled his friends in council. Nearly all were of opinion that it was best to confide in the honour and the hospitality of England. General Gourgaud and Count Montholon alone dissented. They urged that the generous feelings of the English nation would have but little influence

over the aristocratic *ministry* that the sympathy of the people of England and Ireland with Napoleon was a prominent reason why the republican Emperor was thus dreaded by the cabinet of St. James.

Napoleon, in conclusion, replied, "If there were a prospect of saving France, and not merely of promoting my personal safety, I might attempt a repetition of the return from Elba. As it is, I only seek for repose. Should I once more cause a single shot to be fired, malevolence would take advantage of the circumstance to asperse my character. I am offered a quiet retreat in England. I am not acquainted with the Prince Regent, but from all I have heard of him I cannot avoid placing reliance in his magnanimity. My determination is taken. I am going to write to the prince. To-morrow, at daybreak, we will repair on board the English cruiser."

Napoleon immediately wrote, with the utmost rapidity, and apparently without devoting a moment to the choice either of words or thoughts, the following letter to George IV., then Prince Regent. It is couched in terms of calm, sorrowful, and majestic diction, worthy of the occasion and of the man. Its comprehensiveness, appropriateness, and dignity of expression have commanded universal admiration:—

"Royal Highness,—Exposed to the factions which divide my country, and to the hostility of the principal Powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to sit down at the fireside of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."

It was now four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th. Las Casas and Gourgaud were despatched on board the "*Bellerophon*" to announce the coming of the Emperor the next day. General Gourgaud was also commissioned to take the letter addressed to the Prince Regent to London. He received from the Emperor the following instructions:—

"My *aid-de-camp* Gourgaud will repair on board the English squadron with Count de Las Casas. He will take his departure in the vessel which the commander of that squadron will despatch either to the admiral or to London. He will endeavour to obtain an audience of the Prince Regent, and hand my letter to him. If there should not be found any inconvenience in the delivery of passports for the United States of America, it is my particular wish to proceed to that country. But I will not accept of passports for any colony. In default of America, I prefer England to any other country. I shall take the name of Colonel Muiron or of Duroc. If I must go to England, I should wish to reside in a country house, at the distance of ten or twelve leagues from London, and to arrive there in the strictest *incognito*. I should require a dwelling-house sufficiently capacious to accom-

modate all my suite. I am particularly anxious to avoid London; and this wish must necessarily fall in with the views of the government. Should the ministry be desirous of placing a commissioner near my person, Gourgaud will see that this condition shall not seemingly have the effect of placing me under any kind of confinement, and that the person selected for the duty may, by his rank and character, remove all ideas of an unfavourable or suspicious nature."

General Gourgaud was despatched to England, but was not even allowed to land. His letter was sent by other hands to the Court of St. James.

During the night, several French naval officers again entreated Napoleon not to trust to the British government. They expressed great confidence that they could escape along the shore, and implored him not to place himself in the power of an enemy, to whose honour and generosity it was in vain to make any appeal. While thus deliberating, General Becker arrived in all haste with the information that the Bourbons had sent some officers to Rochefort to arrest the Emperor. Napoleon immediately dressed, and, just as the day was dawning, entered a small brig, the "*Epervier*," to be conveyed to the British cruiser.

The whole party accompanying the Emperor, consisting of officers, ladies, children, and servants, amounted to fifty-nine persons.

"Sire," said General Becker, with deep emotion, "shall I accompany you to the '*Bellerophon*'?"

With that instinctive sense of delicacy, generosity, and honour which ever characterized the Emperor, he promptly replied—

"By no means. We must be mindful of the reputation of France. Were you to accompany me, it might be thought that you had delivered me up to the English. It is entirely of my free will that I proceed to their squadron. I do not wish to expose France to the suspicion of such an act of treachery."

General Becker, like all who had been admitted to the familiar acquaintance of this extraordinary man, was entirely under the influence of that irresistible attraction which he exerted over all who approached him. The general, who had been sent by the provisional government to watch over Napoleon as a spy and a gaoler, endeavoured to reply; but, entirely overwhelmed with grief, he could not articulate a word, and burst into tears.

The Emperor solemnly grasped his hand, and, with that melancholy serenity of countenance which never forsook him—

"Embrace me, general! I thank you for all the care you have taken of me. I regret that I have not known you sooner. I would have attached you to my person. Adieu, general! Adieu!"

sobbing uncontrollably, General Becker could only reply—

"Adieu, sire! May you be happier than we

As the boat approached the ship, the English sailors manned the yards, the marines were drawn up on deck, Captain Maitland and his officers awaited at the gangway, and the Emperor was received with all the respect and etiquette due to his rank, his history, and his misfortunes. As the Emperor placed his foot on board the "Bellerophon," he said—

"Captain Maitland, I come on board your ship to place myself under the protection of the laws of England."

The captain only replied by a low bow. He then led the Emperor into his cabin, gave him possession of the room, and all the officers of the "Bellerophon" were presented. In the meantime the anchors were raised, the sails spread, and the ship was on her way to England. Early in the evening, the "Superb," a seventy-four gun ship, bearing the flag of Admiral Hotham, hove in sight, and signalled the "Bellerophon" to cast anchor. The admiral came on board, and solicited permission to pay his respects to the Emperor, who had retired to his cabin. After a long and friendly interview, the Emperor was invited to breakfast the next morning on board the "Superb." He was received with all the honours due to a sovereign. The admiral and all the officers of the squadron emulated each other in greeting their illustrious guest with a generous hospitality. The admiral invited the Emperor to take passage for England on board his ship, as more capacious and comfortable than the "Bellerophon." The Emperor, with his usual kindness, replied,

"It is hardly worth while for a few days. Besides, I should be sorry to wound the feelings of Captain Maitland, especially if present circumstances are likely to forward him in his career."

As the Emperor was leaving the "Bellerophon" to visit the "Superb," the guard was drawn up on the quarter-deck to salute him. He stopped and requested them to perform several military movements, giving the word of command himself. Perceiving their manner to differ from that of the French, he advanced into the midst of the soldiers, pushed their bayonets aside with his hand, and, taking a musket from one of the rear rank, went through the exercise himself. The officers and the sailors gazed with unutterable amazement upon this exhibition of the republican Emperor.

In consequence of light and contrary winds, nine days passed before the "Bellerophon" cast anchor in an English harbour. The Emperor, with intense interest, made himself familiar with everything on board the ship. He had won golden opinions from all. His mind was relieved from a terrible burden of care, and his spirits were cheerful and buoyant. The discipline on board the ship charmed him, and he was never weary of expressing his admiration. "What I admire most," said he, "is the silence and orderly conduct of the men. On board a French ship, every one calls and gives orders, gabbling like so many geese."

An English officer on board the ship record

"He has stamped the usual impression on every one here, as elsewhere, of his being an extraordinary man. Nothing escapes his notice. His eyes are in every place and on every object, from the greatest to the most minute. All the general regulations of the service, from the lord high admiral to the seamen, their duties, views, expectations, pay, rank, and comforts, have been scanned with characteristic keenness and rapidity. The machinery of the ship, blocks, masts, yards, ropes, rigging, and everything else, underwent similar scrutiny."

The kind reception given to the Emperor on board the ships had repelled all suspicions. He was now proceeding to England with perfect confidence, soothed by cheerful thoughts, and unapprehensive of any hostile treatment there. During the whole passage the Emperor appeared tranquil, and, by his kind and gentle spirit, alleviated the sorrows of his grief-stricken companions. He showed to Captain Maitland the portraits of his wife and child; and tears flooded the eyes of the affectionate husband and father as he tenderly spoke of being separated from those whom he so dearly loved.

During the passage the officers and the crew adopted the etiquette of the Emperor's suite. They addressed him as *Sire* or *Your Majesty*; and, whenever he appeared on deck, every one took off his hat. About nine o'clock in the morning of the 25th the "Bellerophon" cast anchor in the harbour of Torbay. The moment it was announced that the Emperor was on board, the bay was covered with boats crowded with people, men and women of all ranks, eager to catch a glimpse of the man who had filled the wide world with his renown. The Emperor kindly came upon deck several times to gratify their curiosity by the exhibition of himself. All hearts seemed to turn towards him. The owner of a beautiful country seat in sight of the ship sent Napoleon a present of various fruits. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs and scarfs in attestation of sympathy.

Admiral Keith, who was in command at Plymouth, but a few miles from Torbay, wrote to Captain Maitland, "Tell the Emperor that I shall be happy in being made acquainted with anything which may be agreeable to him, and that I will do everything in my power to comply with his wishes. Thank him in my name for the generous attention which he personally ordered to be shown to my nephew, who was brought a prisoner to him after being wounded at Waterloo."

In the night of the 25th the ship weighed anchor and sailed for Plymouth, where she arrived about noon the next day. Immediately the Emperor and his suite perceived a marked change in the manner in which they were treated. Captain Maitland appeared thoughtful, anxious, and extremely sad. A number of armed boats from the other line-of-battle ships and frigates in the harbour took their stations, like sentinels, around the "Bellerophon," and no one was allowed to

without a pass from the admiral. Two

frigates were also placed as guard-ships off the "Bellerophon." Had the British government been apprehensive that the English people would rise and seize Napoleon, and make him their king, they could not have adopted more rigorous precautions. Rumours, taken from the daily papers, passed through the ship, that the Privy Council were deliberating whether to deliver Napoleon to the vengeance of Louis XVIII., to order him to be tried by a court-martial and shot, or to send him a prisoner for life to the dreary rock of St. Helena. The Duke of Wellington, England's proudest noble, who had unworthily allowed himself to cherish feelings of implacable hatred towards the illustrious republican chief, "in his despatches," says Count Montholon, "urged them to adopt bloody and terrible determinations."²²

The earnest and humanely-intended expostulation of the Duke of Sussex induced the government to adopt the lingering execution of insult and privation instead of the more speedy agency of the bullet.

The harbour of Plymouth, still more than at Torbay, was covered with boats of all descriptions. The population for thirty miles around came in crowds to see and to greet the illustrious prisoner. In admiration of his greatness, and with an instinctive sense that he had ever been the friend of the people, they surrounded the ship with one continuous roar of acclamation and enthusiasm. The Emperor was never more cordially greeted even upon the banks of the Seine. His arrival had produced a delirium throughout all England. Notwithstanding the libels of the ministers, the returned soldiers had narrated in every cottage stories of his magnanimity, his kindness, his sympathy with the poor and the oppressed. He was the man of the people, and the people instinctively surrendered to him their love and homage. From all parts of England multitudes were crowding towards Plymouth. There were frequently not less than a thousand boats surrounding the "Bellerophon." The armed guard-boats continually rowing around, though they fired musketry and run down two boats by which several lives were lost, could with great difficulty keep the eager crowd at the prescribed distance of three hundred yards. The enthusiasm was so intense and universal, that the English government became actually apprehensive that Napoleon might be rescued even on board a British line-of-battle ship and in a British harbour.

"Two frigates were therefore," says Sir Walter Scott, "appointed to lie as guards on the 'Bellerophon,' and sentinels were doubled and trebled both by day and by night."

The Emperor was firm, thoughtful, and silent. His friends were overwhelmed with consternation. On the evening of the 30th of July, Sir Henry Banbury, Under-Secretary of State, came on board with Admiral Keith, and from a scrap

of paper, without signature, read to the Emperor the following illegal and infamous decision:—

"As it may perhaps be convenient for General Bonaparte to learn, without further delay, the intentions of the British government, your lordship will communicate the following information:—

"It would be inconsistent with our duty towards our country and the Allies of his Majesty if General Bonaparte possessed the means of again disturbing the repose of Europe. It is on this account that it becomes absolutely necessary that he should be restrained in his personal liberty, so far as this may be required by the foregoing important object. The island of St. Helena has been chosen as his future residence. Its climate is healthy, and its local position will allow of his being treated with more indulgence than could be admitted in any other spot, owing to the indispensable precautions which it would be necessary to employ for the security of his person."

It was then stated that General Bonaparte might select a surgeon and any three officers, excepting Savary and Lallemand, to accompany him, and also twelve domestics; that these persons would be regarded and treated as prisoners of war; and that Sir George Cockburn would sail in a few days to convey the captives to their prison.

Sir George received very rigorous instructions to recognise Napoleon, not as an emperor, but simply as a general. He was to examine every article in the possession of the Emperor, baggage, wines, provisions, plate, money, diamonds, bills of exchange, and saleable effects of all kinds. Everything thus seized was to be placed in the hands of the ministers, and the interest accruing from it was to be appropriated to defraying the expenses of his prison-house.

The members of the household of the Emperor, in the various capacities of household service, were also informed that, if they wished to accompany the Emperor, they must be subjected to all the restraints which might be necessary for securing the person of the distinguished captive.

"This was regarded," says Mr. Bussy, "as an effort to deter his friends from accompanying the exile to his destination, by impressing them with an idea of punishment for vague and undefined offences, and of having before them a life of disquietude from espionage and arbitrary control. If such were really the intention, however, it signally failed; its sole effect being to concentrate the affections of those whom it sought to terrify."

Thus trampling upon the British Constitution, and in defiance of all justice and law, was an illustrious foreigner condemned to imprisonment for life, without trial, and even without accusation. The ministers were so fully conscious of the illegality of the measure that they did not venture even to sign their names to the act. The Emperor listened to the reading of this

²² These facts are proved by the *Times* of the 26th and 26th of July, 1815.

atrocious document in silence, with profound calmness, and without manifesting any emotion. He had obtained such wonderful control over his own spirit, that, in tones gentle and dignified, and with great mildness of manner and countenance, he simply yet eloquently replied—

"I am the guest of England, not her prisoner. I have come, of my own accord, to place myself under the protection of the British law. In my case the government has violated the laws of its own country, the law of nations, and the sacred duty of hospitality. I protest against their right to act thus, and appeal to British honour."

After the admiral and Sir Henry Banbury had retired, Napoleon, in anguish of spirit, remarked to his friends,

"The idea of imprisonment at St. Helena is perfectly horrible. To be enchained for life on an island within the tropics, at an immense distance from any land, cut off from all communication with the world, and everything it contains that is dear to me! It is worse than Tamerlane's iron cage. I would prefer being delivered up to the Bourbons. They style me General! They might as well call me Archbishop. I was head of the Church as well as of the army. Had they confined me in the Tower of London, or in one of the fortresses of England, though not what I had hoped from the generosity of the English people, I should not have had so much cause for complaint. But to banish me to an island within the tropics! They might as well sign my death-warrant at once. It is impossible that a man of my habit of body can exist long in such a climate."

In the despair of this dreadful hour, in which Napoleon first confronted insult, separation from all his friends and from every earthly joy, life-long imprisonment upon the ocean's most dreary rock, and the deprivations and sufferings of those faithful followers who still clung to him, he seemed, for an instant only, to have wavered in his usual fortitude. For a time he slowly paced the floor of the cabin, apparently perfectly calm, yet oppressed by the enormity of the doom descending upon his friends and upon himself. His first thoughts even then seemed to be for his companions. As he slowly walked to and fro, he said, in the absent manner of soliloquy—

"After all, am I quite sure of going to St. Helena? Is a man dependent upon others when he wishes his dependence should cease?"

Then turning to Las Casas, he added—"My friend, I have sometimes an idea of quitting you. This would not be very difficult. It is only necessary to create a little mental excitement (*Il ne s'agit que de se montrer un tant soit peu la tête*), and I shall soon have escaped. All will be over, and you can then tranquilly rejoin your families."

Las Casas, remonstrating warmly against such suggestions, replied—"Sire, we will live upon the past. There is enough of that to satisfy us. Do we not enjoy the life of Cæsar and of Alexander? We shall possess still more; you will repurchase yourself, sire!"

• The cloud immediately passed away from the

spirit of the Emperor. "Be it so," he promptly replied; "we will write our memories. Yes, we must be employed, for occupation is the scythe of time. After all, a man ought to fulfil his destinies. This is my grand doctrine. Very well! Let mine be accomplished." Instantly resuming his accustomed serenity and cheerfulness, he changed the topic of conversation.

The officers of the "Bellerophon" had all become attached to the Emperor. From the captain to the humblest sailors, they were all exceedingly mortified and chagrined at the treatment their illustrious guest was receiving from the ministers." Many English gentlemen in London also eagerly volunteered their efforts to place the outlawed Emperor under the protection of the British Constitution.

The French gentlemen composing the suite of the Emperor were in great consternation, since but four of them could be permitted to accompany him to St. Helena. Their attachment to Napoleon was so strong that all were anxious to share his dreary and life-long imprisonment. Dreadful as was this doom, "we did not hesitate to desire," says Las Casas, "that each of us might be among those whom the Emperor would choose, entertaining but one fear, that of finding ourselves excluded."

Two of the daily London papers generously and warmly espoused the cause of the Emperor. The voice of the people grew louder. The number of boats daily increased, and so crowded that

to keep them at a distance. The Emperor appeared upon deck, he was greeted with constantly-increasing enthusiasm of acclaim. Napoleon began to be cheered by the hope that the despotism of the government would be compelled to yield of public opinion.

The "Northumberland," under the command of Admiral Cockburn, was to convey the Emperor to St. Helena. This ship was at Portsmouth, not quite ready for so long a voyage. The ministers were exceedingly uneasy in view of the developments in favour of the Emperor. They consequently urged the utmost possible despatch to hasten the departure of the ship. Under these circumstances, by the advice of an English lawyer, the Emperor wrote the following protest, to be forwarded to the English government:—

PROTEST.

"I hereby solemnly protest, in the face of Heaven and mankind, against the violence that is done me, and the violation of my most sacred rights in disposing of my person and liberty. I

* The English government felt so embarrassed by conscious guilt, that, a year after, they passed a law to sanctify the crime. Mackintosh, in his "History of England," vol. III., p. 182, drawing a parallel between Napoleon and Mary Queen of Scots, says—

"Neither of them was committed any offence within the jurisdiction of England; consequently, neither of them was amenable to English law. The imprisonment of neither was conformable to the law of the land or the law of nations."

voluntarily came on board the 'Bellerophon.' I am not the prisoner, I am the guest of England. I came at the suggestion of the captain himself, who said he had orders from the government to receive and convey me to England, together with my suite, if agreeable to me. I came forward with confidence to place myself under the protection of the laws of England. When once on board the 'Bellerophon,' I was entitled to the hospitality of the British people. If the government, in giving the captain of the 'Bellerophon' orders to receive me, only wished to lay a snare, it has forfeited its honour and disgraced its flag. If this act be consummated, it will be in vain for the English henceforth to talk of their sincerity, their laws, and liberties. British faith will have been lost in the hospitality of the 'Bellerophon.'

"I appeal to history. It will say that an enemy, who made war for twenty years against the English people, came spontaneously, in the hour of misfortune, to seek an asylum under their laws. What more striking proof could he give of his esteem and confidence? But how did England reply to such an act of magnanimity? It pretended to hold out a hospitable hand to the enemy, and on giving himself up with confidence, he was immolated.

"'Bellerophon,' at sea, Aug. 4, 1815."

In the evening of the next day, as the Emperor was slowly pacing the deck conversing with Las Casas, he quietly drew from under his waistcoat the valuable diamond necklace which Queen Hortense had pressed upon him, and, without slackening his pace, placed it in the hands of Las Casas, saying, "Take care of that for me." He then continued his conversation upon a totally different subject, as if there had been no interruption.

Two plans were formed by legal gentlemen in London to rescue the Emperor from the despotic grasp of the ministers, and to place him under the protection of British law. One effort was to demand the person of Napoleon, through a writ of *habeas corpus*. An attempt was also made to cite him as a witness in an important trial, to prove the condition of the French navy. When the officer arrived to serve the writ on Lord Keith, the admiral contrived to keep the boat off until he had leaped into his twelve-oared barge. There then ensued a race, in which the admiral was of course a victor, but which provoked the mirth of all England, and also roused the indignation of many generous hearts.

The government, alarmed by these determined efforts to rescue their victim from a life-long imprisonment and a lingering death, ordered the "Bellerophon" immediately to put to sea, and to remain cruising off Torbay till she should be joined by the squadron from Portsmouth destined for St. Helena. It is greatly to the honour of the British nation that the ministers, while performing this high-handed crime, could not, with safety, take Napoleon into any harbour in

England. The wind was high and the sea rough, but the "Bellerophon" weighed anchor and pushed out into the stormy waves. Here the ship remained for several days, to the great discomfort of all on board, pitching and rolling on the restless billows."

The Emperor chose as his companions the Grand-Marshal Bertrand, Count Montholon, and Count Las Casas. General Gourgaud was in such despair at being left, and placed so earnestly to be taken, that, notwithstanding the instructions allowed Napoleon to take but three officers, it was consented that Las Casas should be considered, not as an officer, but as private secretary. Thus Gourgaud was included.

On the evening of the 7th, the "Northumberland," with two frigates, arrived at Torbay. Admiral Keith and Admiral Cockburn came on board the "Bellerophon." Both seemed embarrassed and ashamed of the ignominious business they were called upon to perform. Admiral Keith was a gentleman of highly-polished manners. He seemed to feel keenly the insults which his government was heaping upon the Emperor. With crimson cheeks and faltering speech he informed Napoleon that he was ordered to search his luggage and that of his suite, and to take away all the money that could be found. He, however, gave the kind assurance that the English government did not intend to rob General Bonaparte, but that they would act as guardians, and keep his money safely, that he might not squander it in attempts to escape. "When General Bonaparte dies," the government authorized the admiral to say, "he can dispose of his property by will, and he may be assured that his will shall be faithfully executed." The Emperor and his friends were also ordered to surrender their swords. General Bonaparte was also informed that, if he should make any effort to escape, he would expose himself to close confinement. A few months afterwards an act of Parliament was passed, subjecting to the penalty of death any of his suite who should attempt to facilitate his escape.

Admiral Cockburn attended to this humiliating duty of searching the luggage. The French gentlemen refused to be present at an outrage so ignominious. The Emperor's valet, Marchand,

⁹⁴ "The friends of Napoleon in England, meanwhile—, for, notwithstanding the odium which had been uniformly cast upon him by authority, his real character had gradually become known, and the revulsion, consequent upon the detection of falsehood, had naturally converted many, who had been unwitting dupes, into admiring friends, to say nothing of the number of intelligent persons who had never been deceived—used all their influence to soften the rigour of his sentence; and, falling in their appeals to the clemency of the government, they had recourse to other, though certainly as inadequate means, to effect their purpose. It was first sought to procure his removal on shore by a writ of *habeas corpus*; but this process was found to be inapplicable to an alien; upon which a subpoena was issued, citing him to appear as witness in an action brought by a naval officer for libel. This proceeding seems to have alarmed and confounded both the Admiralty Board and its officer, Lord Keith."—*History of Napoleon*, by George M. Basir (London, 1840).

opened the trunks for the search, was faithfully executed. Every article was examined, not even excepting the Emperor's body linen. About one hundred thousand francs were taken, in gold, from the trunks. Twelve thousand five hundred francs, in gold, were left in the hands of Marchand, the Emperor's valet-de-chambre, for his master's present use in remunerating his servants. The admiral was, however, not willing to thrust his hand into the pockets of the Emperor, or to order him to take off his shirt. Thus some four millions of francs, in diamonds and letters of credit, were retained.

The two admirals now came into the cabin where the Emperor, calm and sorrowful, was standing by the stern windows. Las Casas, Count Montholon, General Bertrand, and General Gourgaud, burning with unavailing indignation, were at his side. Lord Keith, in obedience to a command from which his soul revolted, in a voice tremulous with embarrassment and shame, said, "England demands your sword!"

The strange demand seemed to rouse the Emperor from a painful reverie. He looked up with a convulsive movement, placed his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and fixed upon the admiral one of those withering glances which few men had been able to withstand. Lord Keith could go no further. His head, silvered with grey hairs, fell upon his breast. His generous heart refused to inflict another pang upon the illustrious victim before him. Bowing profoundly and with deep emotion to the Emperor, without uttering a word, he withdrew. The secretary of the admiral ventured to remind him that the command of the ministers was explicit that the sword of Napoleon should be surrendered. Lord Keith, turning upon his heel, indignantly replied, "Mind your own business!"

Napoleon then sent for Captain Maitland, and said, "I have requested this visit in order to return my thanks for your kindness and attention while I have been on board the 'Bellerophon,' and also to beg that you will convey them to the officers and ship's company under your command. My reception in England has been far different from what I had anticipated. I have, however, no longer to learn that it is not fair to judge of a people by the conduct of their government. It gives me great satisfaction to assure you that I feel your conduct to me throughout, has been that of a gentleman and a man of honour."

Napoleon took an affecting leave of his friends who were forbidden to accompany him. Their anguish was very great, and many of them wept bitterly. Las Casas, who left both wife and children to devote himself to the Emperor, said to Lord Keith, "You see, my lord, that the only persons who shed tears are those who remain behind." The Emperor affectionately embraced General Lallemand and the Duke of Rovigo after the French manner, clasping them in his arms and pressing his cheek to theirs. He had nerved himself to composure, but tears streamed copiously from their eyes.

• The French government had excluded Savary

and Lallemand from the amnesty, and now the British government prohibited them from accompanying Napoleon to St. Helena. Thus these distinguished men, whose only crime was their generous devotion to their sovereign, were consigned to almost inevitable death. Their subsequent perils and sufferings, while the victims of poverty, persecution, and exile were awful. Piontkowski, a Polish officer who had been raised from the ranks, with tears implored Lord Keith to allow him to follow his beloved Emperor, even in the most menial character.

Mr. O'Meara was the surgeon of the "Bellerophon." He with enthusiasm attached himself to Napoleon, and accepted the appointment of his physician. About eleven o'clock the barge appeared to convey the Emperor to the "Northumberland." As Napoleon crossed the quarter-deck of the ship, the men presented arms, and three ruffles of the drum were beat, such as are used in a salute to a general officer. He uncovered his head, and said, "Captain Maitland, I take this last opportunity of thanking you for the manner in which you have treated me while on board the 'Bellerophon.'" Then turning to the officers who were standing by, he added, "Gentlemen, I have requested your captain to express my gratitude for your attentions to me, and to those who have followed my fortunes." He then advanced to the gangway, but, before descending, bowed two or three times to the crew, who were all assembled in the waist and on the fore-castle. He was followed by the French officers with their ladies, and by Lord Keith. After the boat had shoved off and was a few yards from the ship, he rose, took off his hat, and bowed, first to the officers, and then to the men. He then sat down, and, with perfect composure and politeness, entered into conversation with Lord Keith.

The household of the Emperor, as now composed, consisted of Count and Countess Montholon and child, Count and Countess Bertrand and three children, Baron Gourgaud, Count Las Casas, and Dr. Barry O'Meara. There were also three individuals in the various grades of servants, making in all twenty-four persons.

The orders given by the government to Sir George Cockburn were very explicit that Napoleon should not be recognised as emperor, but simply as general. They persisted to the last in the assumption that he was a usurper. When the Emperor was informed of this decree, he simply remarked, "They may call me what they please; they cannot prevent me from being myself."

The "Northumberland" was manned by more than a thousand sailors. As the barge approached, every eye, of officers and seamen, was riveted upon the man whom the world has pronounced to be the most extraordinary recorded in the annals of time. Universal silence, adding almost religious awe to the solemnity of the ceremonial, prevailed, as the Emperor, with a slow step, ascended the gangway and stood upon the deck. The officers of the "Northumberland" were as

sembled in a group uncovered. The Emperor raised his hat when the guard presented arms and the drums rolled. After addressing a few words, with an air of the most affable politeness, to those near him, he retired to his cabin.

It is, indeed, whimsical to see the British ministers attach so much importance to withholding the title of Emperor from one who had governed so large a portion of Europe—who had been the creator of kings—and whose imperial title had been recognised by every Continental nation. Napoleon was so far superior to such weakness, that he intended to assume the name of Colonel Duroc or Muiron. The assumption, however, that the French nation were rebels, and had no right to elect him their emperor, roused his indignation, and incited him to an honourable resistance.

It can never be sufficiently deplored that England lost so glorious an opportunity of dignifying history by the record of a noble deed. Had the appeal of Napoleon met with a magnanimous response, it would have consigned much of the wrongs the English government had previously inflicted to oblivion. But now no friend of England, who is not lost to all sense of honour, can ever hear the words Napoleon or St. Helena without feeling the cheek tingle with the blush of shame.

Two frigates and seven sloops of war, all with troops on board, were prepared for the voyage, and the next day, the 9th of August, the whole squadron, guarding *one man*, set sail for St. Helena. What a comment upon the grandeur of his character, and the powerful influence he had obtained over the hearts of the people of Europe, that it was deemed necessary to send him to a lonely rock two thousand miles from France, to place an army of bayonets around his solitary hut, and to girdle the island with a squadron of armed ships. Surely Napoleon stands alone and unrivalled in his glory.

While these scenes were transpiring, Blücher and Wellington marched vigorously to Paris. Blücher, with savage barbarity, plundered and ravaged the country through which he marched. The French soldiers, disheartened by the loss of their Emperor, would not fight for the provisional government. A few despairing and bloody battles ensued, when Paris again capitulated, and the English and Prussians triumphantly encamped in the garden of the Tuileries and in the Champs Elysées. France was humiliated. Her crime in choosing her own Emperor was unpardonable. Blücher, drunk with exultation and wine, was with the utmost difficulty restrained from blowing up the beautiful bridge of Jena, which spans the Seine, and the magnificent monument in the Place Vendôme.

The allied sovereigns soon arrived with their countless hosts. France was dismembered without mercy, her strong fortresses were surrendered to the Allies, the Louvre was stripped of all those treasures of art which had been surrendered to France by hostile nations, in recompense for perfidious attacks. The enormous

sum of 1,527,500,000 francs was extorted from the people to pay the Allies for the expense incurred in crushing the independence of France. An army of 150,000 allied troops were stationed in all the French fortresses along the frontier, to be supported by the French people for from three to five years, to keep France in subjection. This scene of exultation was closed by a review of the whole Russian army in one field. The mighty host consisted of 160,000 men, including 28,000 cavalry and 540 pieces of cannon. They were assembled upon an immense plain at a short distance from Châlons. At the signal of a single gun fired from a height, three cheers were given by all the troops. The awful roar, never forgotten by those who heard it, reverberated through France, and fell upon the ear of the enslaved nation as the knell of death. It was despotism's defiant and exultant yell. Then did one and all, except the few partisans of the Bourbons, bitterly deplore that they had not adhered to the Emperor, and followed those wise counsels which alone could save France. Then did it become evident to every mind that the only government which could, by any possibility, be sustained against the encroachment of the Allies and the usurpation of the Bourbons, was the wise and efficient government which Napoleon had established. But it was too late to repent. Napoleon, a captive in a British ship, was passing far away to cruel imprisonment and to a lingering death. France, bound hand and foot, exhausted and bleeding from chastising blows, could resist no more.

By the capitulation of Paris it was expressly declared that "no person should be molested for his political opinions or conduct during the Hundred Days." Wellington and Blücher concluded the capitulation, and their sovereigns ratified it; but the Allies seem never to have paid any regard to their plighted faith. Fifty-eight persons were banished, and three condemned to death. Among these three was Marshal Ney, who had yielded to perhaps the most powerful temptation which had ever been presented to a generous soul. The magnanimity of Napoleon would, with eagerness, have pardoned such a crime. The noble marshal, who had fought a hundred battles for France and not one against her, was led out into the garden of the Luxembourg to be shot like a dog in a ditch. In those days of spiritual darkness, he cherished a profound reverence for the Christian religion. He sent for a clergyman and devoutly partook of the last sacraments of the Gospel, saying, "I wish to die as becomes a Christian."

He stood erect, but a few feet from the soldiers, with his hat in his left hand, and his right upon his heart. Fixing for a moment his eagle eye upon the glittering muskets before him, he calmly said, "My comrades, fire on me." Ten bullets pierced his heart, and he fell dead. A warmer heart never beat. A braver man, a kinder friend, a more devoted patriot never lived. His wife, upon her knees, had implored of Louis

XVIII. the pardon of her husband, but was sternly repulsed. The tidings that he was no more threw her into convulsions, and she soon followed her beloved companion to the grave.

Wellington can never escape condemnation for permitting such a violation of national honour. No matter how guilty Ney might have been deemed by the Allies, the capitulation which Wellington had signed pledged his safety. The weight of the world's censure has fallen upon Wellington rather than upon Blücher, for no one expected anything but barbarism from "Prussia's debauched dragoon." But England's proud duke, unfortunately, at that time allowed his mind to be sadly darkened by angry prejudice.

The following candid testimony from General Baron de Jomini, who had deserted the cause of Napoleon, and had become aid-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander, will be read with interest, as the admission of a political enemy who was not dead to magnanimity:—

"It has been thought that he (Napoleon) would have been treated very differently had he presented himself at the head-quarters of the Emperor Alexander, trusting his fate to the magnanimity of his sentiments. Posterity will judge of the treatment he suffered. Prisoner in another hemisphere, nothing was left him but to defend the reputation history was preparing for him, and which was still being perverted, according to the passions of parties. Death surprised him while writing his commentaries, which have remained imperfect, and this was no doubt one of his greatest regrets. However, he can repose in peace. Pigmies cannot obscure his glory. He has gathered, in his victories of Montenotte, Castiglione, Arcola, Rivoli, the Pyramids, as well as in those of Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Abensburg, Ratisbonne, Wagram, Borodino, Bautzen, Dresden, Champ-Aubert, Montmirail, and Ligny, laurels sufficient to efface the single disaster of Waterloo. His five codes will be titles not less honourable to the suffrages of posterity. The monuments erected in France and in Italy will attest his greatness to remotest ages. His adversaries have reproached him with a tendency to Oriental despotism. I shared this opinion with them for a long time. Only true statesmen should judge him in this respect. What seemed a crime in the eyes of Utopianists, will some day become, to the eyes of enlightened men, his most glorious title to wisdom and foresight. Experience will finally prove who best understood the interests of France, Napoleon or the doctrinaires who undermined his power. The suffrages of sensible men will remain to him."²²

²² The calumniators of Napoleon have declared that 'his power rested upon the most extensive system of corruption ever established.' Colonel Napier, indignant that even an enemy should be so grossly slandered, exclaims

"Where is the proof, or even probability, of that great man's system of government being internally dependent on 'the most extensive corruption ever established in any?' The annual expenditure of France was

CHAPTER LXX.

ST. HELENA.

Adieu to France—The voyage—St. Helena—Ride to Longwood—Description of "The Briers"—Mrs. Abell—The Emperor's mode of life—Destitution of the Emperor—Earnest protest—Petty annoyances—Interesting conversations—The Imperial title refused—Anecdote—The slave—The social character of the Emperor—His candour—Poor Toby—Striking remarks.

It was on the 9th of August, 1815, that the "Northumberland," with the accompanying squadron, set sail for St. Helena. The fleet consisted of ten vessels. As the ships were tacking to get out of the Channel, the Emperor stood upon the deck of the "Northumberland," and watched, with an anxious eye, to catch a last glimpse of his beloved France. At last, a sudden lifting of the clouds presented the coast to view. "France! France!" spontaneously burst from the lips of all the French on board.

The Emperor gazed for a moment in silence upon the land over which he had so long and so gloriously reigned. He then, uncovering his head, bowed to the distant hills, and said with deep emotion, "Land of the brave, I salute thee! Farewell! France, farewell!"

The effect upon all present was electrical. The English officers, moved by this instinctive and sublime adieu, involuntarily uncovered their heads, profoundly respecting the grief of their illustrious captive.

The Emperor, with extraordinary fortitude, resigned himself to his new situation. Though, in self-respect, he could not assent to the insulting declaration of the English ministers that he had been but a usurper, and the French people rebels, he opposed the effect of these instructions with such silent dignity as to command general respect and homage. Such was the magical influence of his genius, as displayed in all his words and actions, that each day he became the object of more exalted admiration and reverence.

He breakfasted alone in his cabin, and passed the day, until four o'clock, in reading or conversing with those of his companions whom he invited to his room. At four o'clock he dressed for dinner and came into the general cabin, where

scarcely half that of England. Napoleon selected public loans, which are the very life-blood of corruption. He left no debt. Under him no man devoured the public substance in idleness because he was of a privileged class.

"His *Cadaastre*, more extensive and perfect than the Doomsday Book, that monument of the wisdom and greatness of our Norman Conqueror, was alone sufficient to endear him to the nation. Rapidly advancing, under his vigorous superintendence, it registered and taught every man the true value and nature of his property, and all its liabilities, public and private. It was designed, and most ably adapted, to fix and secure titles to property, to prevent frauds, to abate litigation, to apportion the weight of taxes equally and justly, to repress the insolence of the tax-gatherer without injury to the revenue and to secure the sacred freedom of the poor man's home. The French *Cadaastre*, although not original, would, from its comprehensiveness, have been, when completed, the greatest boon ever conferred upon a civilised nation by a statesman."—Napier's *Peninsular War*, vol. iv., p. 258.

as frequently amused himself for half an hour with a game at chess. At five o'clock the admiral came and invited him to dinner. The Emperor, having no taste for convivial habits, had seldom, during his extraordinarily laborious life, allowed himself more than fifteen minutes at the dinner-table. Here the courses alone occupied over an hour. Then an hour or two more were loitered away at the wine. Napoleon, out of respect to the rest of the company, remained at table until the close of the regular courses. His two valets stood behind his chair and served him. He ate very frugally, and of the most simple dishes, never expressing either censure or approbation of the food which was provided.

At the hour when ladies in England withdraw from the table, he invariably retired. As the Emperor left, the whole company rose, and continued standing until he had passed from the room. It was the instinctive homage of generous men to the greatest of mankind, resigning himself sublimely to unparelled misfortunes. Some one of his suite, in turn, each day accompanied him upon deck. Here he walked for an hour or two, conversing cheerfully and cordially with his friends, and with any others whom he happened to encounter on board the ship. Without the slightest reserve he spoke of all the events of his past career, of his conflicts, his triumphs, and his disasters. In these utterances from the fulness of the heart, he never manifested the least emotion of bitterness or of irritability towards those who had opposed him. Such was the Emperor's uniform course of life during the voyage of ten weeks.

"He had won," says Lamartine, "the admiration of the English crew by the ascendancy of his name, by the contrast between his power of yesterday and his present captivity, as well as by the calm freedom of his attitude. Sailors themselves are accessible to the radiance of glory and grandeur that beams from the captive. A great name is a universal majesty. The vanquished reigned over his conquerors."

There were several Italians on board the ship, and there were also some midshipmen and common sailors who spoke French fluently. Napoleon seemed pleased in calling these to him, and employing them as interpreters. One day he perceived the master of the vessel, who, as pilot, was responsible for her safe conduct, but who, not having the honour of an epanlette, was not admitted to the society of Admiral Cockburn and his suite. The Emperor entered into a long conversation with the man, was pleased with his intelligence, and, in conclusion, said, "Come and dine with me to-morrow."

The poor master, astonished and bewildered, stammered out in reply, "The admiral and my captain will not like a master to sit at their table."

"Very well," answered the Emperor; "if they do not, so much the worse for them; you shall dine with me in my cabin."

When the admiral rejoined the Emperor, and was informed of what had passed, he very gra-

ciously remarked that any one invited by General Bonaparte to the honour of sitting at his table was, by this circumstance alone, placed above all the ordinary rules of discipline and etiquette. He then sent for the master, and assured him that he would be welcome to dinner the next day.

This unaffected act, so entirely in accordance with the whole life of the Emperor, but so astounding on board an English man-of-war, was, with great rapidity, circulated through the ship. Every sailor felt that there was a bond of union between him and the Emperor. The soldiers of the fifty-third regiment, who were on their passage to St. Helena to guard his prison, and the crew of the ship, were all apparently as devoted to him as French soldiers and French sailors would have been.

After walking for a time upon the deck, the Emperor usually took his seat upon a gun, which was ever afterwards called the Emperor's gun, where, sometimes for hours, he would converse with great animation and cheerfulness. An interested group ever gathered around him. Las Casas was in the habit of recording in his journal these conversations. Napoleon, ascertaining this fact, called for his journal, read a few pages, and then decided to beguile the weariness of the voyage by dictating the history of his campaigns.

October 7th. The fleet met a French ship. An officer of the "Northumberland" visited her, and told the astonished captain that they had the Emperor on board, and were conveying him to St. Helena. The French captain sadly replied, "You have robbed us of our treasure. You have taken away him who knew how to govern us according to our tastes and manners."

The Emperor continued to beguile the weary hours of each day in dictating the memoirs of his campaigns. "When he commenced his daily dictations," says Las Casas, "after considering for a few moments, he would rise, pace the floor, and then begin to dictate. He spoke as if by inspiration; places, dates, phrases—he stopped at nothing."

October 15th. Just as the evening twilight was fading away, a man at the mast-head shouted "Land!" In the dim distance could be faintly discerned a hazy cloud, which was suspended as the pall of death over the gloomy prison and the grave of the Emperor. About noon of the next day, the "Northumberland" cast anchor in the harbour of St. Helena. The Emperor, through his glass, gazed with an unchanged countenance upon the bleak and storm-drenched rock. Ragged peaks, black and verdureless, towered to the clouds. A struggling village adhered to the sides of a vast ravine. Every shelf in the rocks, every aperture, the brow of every hill, was planted with cannon. It was now about a hundred days since the Emperor had left France, and seventy days since sailing from England. The commands of the British ministers were peremptory that the Emperor should not be permitted to land until his prison on shore was made for him. Admiral Cockburn, however, p

refused to be the executioner of such barbarity. With un concealed satisfaction, he informed the French gentlemen that he would take upon himself the responsibility of seeing them all landed the next day.

St. Helena is a conglomeration of rocks, apparently hove, by volcanic fires, from the bottom of the ocean. It is six thousand miles from Europe, and twelve hundred miles from the nearest point of land on the coast of Africa. This gloomy rock, ten miles long and six broad, placed beneath the rays of a tropical sun, emerges like a castle from the waves, presenting to the sea, throughout its circuit, but an immense perpendicular wall, from six hundred to twelve hundred feet high. There are but three narrow openings in these massive walls by which a ship can approach the island. These are all strongly fortified. The island at this time contained five hundred white inhabitants, about two hundred of whom were soldiers. There were also three hundred slaves. The climate is very unhealthy, liver complaint and dysentery raging fearfully. "There is no instance," says Montholon, "of a native or a slave having reached the age of fifty years."

October 16th. Late in the afternoon, the Emperor, with some of his companions, entered a boat, and was conveyed on shore. Before leaving the ship, he sent for the captain, kindly took leave of him, and requested him to convey his thanks to the officers and crew. The whole ship's company was assembled on the quarter-deck and on the gangways to witness his departure. The tears of sympathy glistened in many eyes quite unused to weep. It was a funeral scene, and the sacred silence of the burial reigned as the Emperor passed from the ship and was conveyed by the strong arms of the rowers to his tomb.

The sun had sunk beneath the waves, and twilight had faded away as the Emperor landed and walked through the craggy street of Jamestown. In this miserable village, a small unfurnished room had been obtained for England's imperial captive. His friends put up his iron camp-bedstead, spread upon it a mattress, and placed in the room a few other articles of furniture, which they had brought from the ship. Sentinels, with their bayoneted muskets, guarded the windows and the door of the prisoner. All the inhabitants of Jamestown crowded around the house to catch a glimpse of the man whose name alone inspired all the combined despoticisms of Europe with terror. Napoleon was silent, calm, and sad. He soon dismissed his attendants, extinguished his light, and threw himself upon his mattress for such repose as could then and there be found. Such was the first night of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena.

Upon this barren rock, about three miles from Jamestown, and fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, there was a ravine, situated in the midst of crags and peaks of rock which almost encircled it. In this wild and desolate chasm, almost destitute of verdure, and where a few

dwarfed and storm-twisted gum-trees added to the loneliness of the scene, there was a dilapidated hut. It had been originally a cow-house. Subsequently it had received some repairs, and had occasionally been used as a temporary retreat from the stifling heat of Jamestown. This spot had been selected as the residence of the captive. It was detached from the inhabited parts of the island, was most distant from those portions of the coast accessible by boats, "which," says Admiral Cockburn, "the governor considers it of importance to keep from the view of General Bonaparte," and an extent of level ground presented itself suitable for exercise.

October 17th. At six o'clock this morning the Emperor rode on horseback, accompanied by Admiral Cockburn and General Bertrand, to view the dismal gorge which was to be his prison and his tomb. When he gazed upon the awful doom prepared for him, his heart was smitten with dismay. But in dignified silence he struggled against the anguish of his spirit. The hut was so dilapidated and so small that it would require a month or two, at least, devoted to repairs, before it could be rendered in any degree habitable for the Emperor and his companions. In the admiral's next communication to the British government he wrote—

"I am sorry to add that General Bonaparte, since he has landed here, has appeared less resigned to his fate, and has expressed himself more dissatisfied with the lot decreed him than he did before. This, however, I merely attribute to the first effects of the general sterile appearance of this island around where he now resides, and the little prospect it yields himself and followers of meeting with any of those amusements to which they have been accustomed."

At the same time, the admiral wrote that the force of men and ships which he had with him was not sufficient to hold the captive in security. He asked for two more vessels of war.

As Napoleon, in great dejection, was returning from Longwood, extremely reluctant again to occupy his narrow room in Jamestown, surrounded by sentinels and the curious crowd, he observed a little secluded farm-house, at a place called "The Briers," and inquired if he could not take refuge there until Longwood should be prepared for his residence. A very worthy man, Mr. Balcombe, resided at this place with his family. The house was of one storey, and consisted of but five rooms. Mr. Balcombe, however, cordially offered a room to the Emperor. At the distance of a few yards from the dwelling there was a small pavilion or summer-house, consisting of one room on the ground-floor and two small garrets above. Napoleon, not willing to incommode the family, selected this for his abode. The admiral consented to this arrangement; and here, therefore, the Emperor fixed his residence for two months. His camp-bed was put up in this lower room. Here he ate, slept, read, and dictated. Las Casas and his son crept into one of the garrets. Marchand, Napoleon's

first valet-de-chambre, occupied the other. Mr. Balcombe's family consisted of himself, wife, and four children—two sons and two daughters. One of these daughters, Elizabeth, afterwards Mrs. Abell, has since recorded some very pleasing reminiscences of her childish interviews with the Emperor.

"The earliest idea," says Mrs. Abell, "I had of Napoleon was that of a huge ogre or giant, with one large, flaming red eye in the midst of his forehead, and long teeth protruding from his mouth, with which he tore to pieces and devoured naughty little girls. I had rather grown out of this first opinion of Napoleon; but if less childish, my terror of him was hardly diminished. The name of Bonaparte was still associated in my mind with everything that was bad and horrible. I had heard the most atrocious crimes imputed to him; and if I had learned to consider him as a human being, I yet believed him to be the worst that had ever existed. Nor was I singular in these feelings. They were participated in by many much older and wiser than myself; I might say, perhaps, by a majority of the English nation. Most of the newspapers of the day described him as a demon. All those of his own country, who lived in England, were, of course, his bitter enemies; and from these two sources we alone formed our opinion of him.

"How vividly I recollect my feelings of dread, mingled with admiration, as I now first looked upon him, whom I had learned to fear so much. Napoleon's position on horseback, by adding height to his figure, supplied all that was wanting to make me think him the most majestic person I had ever seen. He was deadly pale, and I thought his features, though cold and immovable, and somewhat stern, were exceedingly beautiful. He seated himself on one of our cottage chairs, and, after scanning our apartment with his eagle glance, he complimented mamma on the pretty situation of the Briers. When once he began to speak, his fascinating smile and kind manner removed every vestige of the fear with which I had hitherto regarded him. His manner was so unaffectedly kind and amiable, that, in a few days, I felt at ease in his society, and looked upon him more as a companion of my own age than as the mighty warrior at whose name the world grew pale.

"I never met with any one who bore childish liberties so well as Napoleon. He seemed to enter into every sort of mirth or fun with the glee of a child, and, though I have often tried his patience severely, I never knew him lose his temper, or fall back upon his rank or age, to shield himself from the consequences of his own familiarity or of his indulgence to me. I looked upon him, indeed, when with him, almost as a brother, or companion of my own age, and all the cautions I received, and my own resolutions to treat him with more respect and formality, were put to flight the moment I came within influence of his arch smile and laugh."

The Emperor seemed to enjoy very much the society of these children. He showed them the

souvenirs which he cherished. Among these was a miniature of his idolized son. The beautiful infant was kneeling in prayer, and underneath were the words, "I pray the good God for my father, my mother, and my country."

As night approached the Emperor retired to his solitary and unfurnished room. It had two doors facing each other, one on each of two of its sides, and two windows, one on each of the other sides. The windows had neither shutters nor curtains. One or two chairs were brought into the room, and the Emperor's iron bedstead was adjusted by his valets. Night, with undisturbed silence and profound solitude, darkened the scene. The damp night wind moaned through the loose and rattling casement near the Emperor's bed. Las Casas, after attempting to barricade the window to protect Napoleon from the night air, climbed, with his son, to the garret, the dimensions of which were but seven feet square. The two valets wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and threw themselves upon the ground before each of the doors. An English orderly-officer slept in Mr. Balcombe's house, and some soldiers were placed as sentinels around the pavilion to prevent the Emperor from escaping. Such was the situation of Napoleon the first night at the Briers.

October 18th. The Emperor breakfasted, without table-cloth or plates, upon the remains of the preceding day's dinner. He immediately resumed the same mode of life which he had adopted on board the "Northumberland." Every hour had its appointed duty. In reading, dictation, and conversation with his French companions, all of whom were permitted to see him every day, even the captivity of St. Helena became for a time quite endurable. The Emperor had sufficient command over himself to appear cheerful, and bore all his privations and indignities in silence.

October 20th. The Emperor invited the son of Las Casas, about fourteen years of age, to breakfast with him. The lad displayed so much intelligence in reply to questions which were proposed to him respecting his teachers and his studies, that Napoleon, turning to Las Casas, said—

"What a rising generation I leave behind me. This is all my work. The merits of the French youth will be a sufficient revenge to me. On beholding the work, all must render justice to the workman; and the perverted judgment or bad faith of declaimers must fall before my deeds. If I had thought only of myself and continuing my own power, as has been continually asserted, I should have endeavoured to hide learning under a bushel; instead of which, I devoted myself to the propagation of knowledge. And yet the youth of France have not enjoyed all the benefits which I intended that they should. My university, according to the plan I had conceived, was a masterpiece in its combinations, and would have been such in its national results."

October 24th. All the friends of the Emperor were assembled around him, and were

melancholy solace in narrating to each other their privations and sufferings."

Las Casas thus describes their situation:—

"The Emperor Napoleon, who but lately possessed such boundless power, and disposed of so many crowns, now occupies a wretched hovel, a few feet square, perched upon a rock, unprovided with furniture, and without either shutters or curtains to the windows. This place must serve him for bed-chamber, dressing-room, dining-room, study, and sitting-room, and he is obliged to go out when it is necessary to have this one apartment cleaned. His meals, consisting of a few wretched dishes, are brought to him from a distance, as if he were a criminal in a dungeon. He is absolutely in want of the necessities of life. The bread and wine are not such as we have been accustomed to, and are so bad that we loathe to touch them. Water, coffee, butter, oil, and other articles are either not to be procured or are scarcely fit for use. A bath, which is so necessary to the Emperor's health, is not to be had; and he is deprived of exercise on horseback.

"His friends and servants are two miles distant from him, and are not suffered to approach his person without being accompanied by a soldier. They are compelled to pass the night at a guard-house if they return beyond a certain hour, or if any mistake occur in the pass-word, which happens almost daily. Thus, on the summit of this frightful rock, we are equally exposed to the severity of man and the rigour of Nature."

As each one told his tale of grievances, the Emperor, who thus far had borne his wrongs with an uncomplaining and serene spirit, was roused. With warmth he exclaimed,

"For what infamous treatment are we reserved? This is the anguish of death! To injustice and violence, they now add insult and protracted torment. If I were so hateful to them, why did they not get rid of me? A few musket-balls in my heart or head would have done the business, and there would, at least, have been some energy in the crime. Were it not for you, and, above all, for your wives, I would receive from them nothing but the pay of a private soldier. How can the monarchs of Europe permit the sacred character of sovereignty to be violated in my person? Do they not see that they are, with their own hands, working their own destruction at St. Helena? I entered their capitals victorious, and, had I cherished such sentiments, what would have become of them? They styled me their brother; and I had become so by the choice of the people, the sanction of victory, the character of religion, and the alliance of their policy and their blood. Do they imagine that the good sense of nations is blind to their conduct? And what do they expect from it? At all events, make your complaints, gentlemen. Let indignant Europe hear them. Complaints from me would be beneath my dignity and character. I must command or be silent."

The next morning, the captain of one of the vessels of the squadron, who was about to return

to Europe, called upon the Emperor. In glowing and rapid utterance Napoleon reiterated his protest against the cruel treatment to which he was subjected, requesting him to communicate his remonstrance to the British ministers. Las Casas immediately made a memorandum of his remarks, as nearly as he could catch the words, and placed it in the hands of the officer, who promised punctually to fulfil his mission. The memorandum was as follows:—

"The Emperor desires, by the return of the next vessel, to receive some account of his wife and son, and to be informed whether the latter is still living. He takes this opportunity of repeating, and conveying to the British government, the protestations which he has already made against the extraordinary measures adopted towards him.

"1. The government has declared him a prisoner of war. The Emperor is not a prisoner of war. His letter to the Prince Regent, which he wrote and communicated to Captain Maitland, before he went on board the 'Bellerophon,' sufficiently proves to the whole world the resolutions and the sentiments of confidence which induced him freely to place himself under the British flag. The Emperor might, had he pleased, have agreed to quit France only on stipulated conditions with regard to himself; but he disdained to mingle personal considerations with the great interests with which his mind was constantly occupied. He might have placed himself at the disposal of the Emperor Alexander, who had been his friend, or of the Emperor Francis, who was his father-in-law. But, confiding in the justice of the English nation, he desired no other protection than its laws afforded, and, renouncing public affairs, he sought no other country than that which was governed by fixed laws, independent of private will.

"2. Had the Emperor really been a prisoner of war, the rights which civilized governments possess over such a prisoner are limited by the law of nations, and terminate with the war itself.

"3. If the English government considered the Emperor, though arbitrarily, as a prisoner of war, the rights of that government were then limited by public law, or else, as there existed no cartel between the two nations during the war, it might have adopted towards him the principles of savages, who put their prisoners to death. This proceeding would have been more humane and more conformable to justice than that of sending him to this horrible rock. Death, inflicted on board the 'Bellerophon,' in the Plymouth Roads, would have been a blessing compared with the treatment to which he is now subjected.

"We have travelled over the most desolate countries of Europe, but none is to be compared to this barren rock. Deprived of everything that can render life supportable, it is calculated only to renew perpetually the anguish of death. The first principles of Christian morality, and that great duty imposed on man to pursue his fate, whatever it may be, may withhold

terminating with his own hand his wretched existence. The Emperor regards it as his glory to live in obedience to these principles. But if the British ministers should persist in their course of injustice and violence towards him, he would consider it a happiness if they would put him to death."

Dreary days lingered away at the Briers, while multitudes of labourers were busy in repairing and enlarging Longwood for the Emperor and his companions. All the building materials had to be carried on the shoulders of the workmen up the steep sides of the rock. Notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the admiral, the work advanced very slowly. The Emperor, by his resignation to his dreadful fate, his cheerfulness, and his, at times, joyous companionship with the children, won the affection of all the Balcombe family.

"At the end of the grapery," says Mrs. Abell, "was an arbour. To this spot, which was so sheltered as to be cool in the most sultry weather, Napoleon was much attached. He would sometimes convey his papers there as early as four o'clock in the morning, and employ himself until breakfast time in writing, and, when tired of his pen, in dictating to Las Casas. No one was ever permitted to intrude upon him when there. From this prohibition I, however, was exempt, at the Emperor's own desire. Even when he was in the act of dictating a sentence to Las Casas, he would answer my call, 'Come and unlock the garden door,' and I was always admitted and welcomed with a smile."

One evening, after minutely examining a little travelling cabinet he had with him, he presented it to Las Casas, saying, "I have had it in my possession a long time. I made use of it on the morning of the battle of Ansterlitz. It must go to your son Emanuel. When he is thirty or forty years old, we shall be no more. This will but enhance the value of the gift. He will say, when he shows it, 'The Emperor Napoleon gave this to my father at St. Helena.'"

He then spoke of the singular developments he found upon his return from Elba of the ingratitude of individuals who had formerly enjoyed his favour. Many letters from these individuals to the friends of the Bourbons were placed in his hands.

"My first impulse," said Napoleon, "was to withdraw protection from these persons, and to order their letters to be printed. A second thought restrained me. We are so volatile, so inconsistent, so easily led away, that, after all, I could not be certain that those very people had not really and spontaneously come back to my service. In that case, I should have been punishing them at the very time when they were returning to their duty. I thought it better to seem to know nothing of the matter, and I ordered all their letters to be burned."

October 31st. The Emperor had now been at the Briers a fortnight. His friends had made his situation a little more comfortable. A tent was spread, which prolonged his one

His cook took up his abode at the Brier, so that it was no longer necessary to transport food after it was cooked, a mile and a half. Table linen and a service of plate were taken from the trunks. Still the hours dragged heavily. The Emperor spent most of his time within doors with his books, his pen, and his companions. He retired very late at night. Unless he did so, he awoke in the night, and then, to divert his mind from sorrowful reflections, it was necessary for him to rise and read.

Annoyances, however, were strangely multiplied. Almost every day some new rule of general surveillance was adopted. The English authorities seemed to be tormented with an insane dread of the Emperor's escape from a rock more than a thousand miles distant from any land, while sentinels, by day and by night, paced around his frail tent, and ships of war cruised along the shores. The grandeur of Napoleon was never more conspicuous than in the vigilance with which he was guarded by his foes. All the monarchies of Europe stood in dread of one single captive. They knew full well that the hearts of the oppressed people in all lands would beat with tumultuous joy at the sound of his voice. Every movement of the Emperor was watched. A telegraph-signal was established, which reported in town everything which occurred at the Briers. The French gentlemen could not communicate with Napoleon in his own room without being accompanied by an English sergeant. This state of things led the Emperor to request Las Casas to direct a note to Admiral Cockburn, remonstrating against measures so harassing and so useless. General Bertrand was commissioned to convey the remonstrance to the admiral.

But General Bertrand, apprehensive that the note would but cause irritation and provoke more severe treatment, ventured not to fulfil his mission. At last the Emperor learned, to his surprise, that the note had not been delivered. He was much displeased, and said to the grand-marshal, "Your not delivering the note, if you were dissatisfied with its tenour, or if you regarded it as dictated by an impulse of anger, was a proof of your devotion to my interests. But this should only have been a delay of some hours. After this delay you ought to have spoken to me on the subject. You well know that I should have listened to you with attention, and should have agreed with your opinions, if you had proved to me that you were in the right. But to delay a fortnight, without telling me that you had not executed the mission with which I charged you, is inexplicable. What have you to reply?"

The grand-marshal only answered that he thought that he had done well in not delivering the note, which he disliked both as to its intention and expression.

"Perhaps you are right, Bertrand," said Napoleon. And then, after a few moments of profound thought, he added, "Yes, Bertrand, you are right. Let my friends here complain. But

my dignity and my character require of me silence."

General Bertrand then, in his own name, addressed a letter to Admiral Cockburn, recapitulating their grievances. In conclusion, he said—

"It is greatly to be desired that the authorities would so conduct themselves towards the Emperor as to banish from his mind all recollection of the painful position in which he is placed. I do not hesitate to say that it is such as barbarians even would be touched by, and have consideration for. It cannot be feared that any escape can be effected from this rock, almost everywhere inaccessible. Why can they not, if it be deemed necessary, increase the guard on the coast, and allow us to ramble over the island without restraint? It were also much to be wished that we might be lodged near the Emperor, to bear him company."

The admiral condescended to degrade himself by heaping insults upon misfortune and helplessness. He returned an answer containing the following expressions:—

"St. Helena Roads, Nov. 6, 1815.

"Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, by which you oblige me officially to explain to you that I have no cognizance of any emperor being actually upon this island, or of any person possessing such dignity having come hither with me in the 'Northumberland.' I do myself also the honour of stating to you, in reply to a part of your note, that it is incompatible with my instructions to permit of your passing beyond the established line of sentries without your being accompanied by an English officer."

It was surely insult enough for the English to refuse to address Napoleon by his imperial title, thus stigmatizing him as a usurper; but to insist that the Emperor's personal friends and subjects, who for many years had recognised him as the most powerful sovereign in Christendom, should insult him in a similar way, and thus condemn themselves as the accomplices of a usurper, was a refinement of barbarity scarcely to be expected from a civilized man. It is impossible to refute the arguments used by the Emperor in defence of the imperial title. He had been constituted Emperor of France by a solemn act of coronation, and with the enthusiastic approval of the French people. It was as puerile in the English ministry to attempt to ignore this title as it would be to speak of *General Augustus Caesar* or *Colonel Charlemagne*. The world has crushed the ignoble attempt in scorn. Who now thinks of calling the Emperor Napoleon *General Buonaparte*? And yet Sir George Cockburn carried this childish affectation so far as to pretend, in his official papers to the English ministry, to doubt who could be meant by *the Emperor* at St. Helena. He wrote to Earl Bathurst—

• "I beg permission to remark to your lord-

ship, upon this curious note, that, although the tenour of it prevented my entering at all into the merits of M. Bertrand's statement, yet General Bonaparte, *if by the term 'Emperor' he meant to designate that person*, inhabits his present temporary residence wholly and solely in compliance with his own urgent and pointed request. I will only detain your lordship, however, while I add, that since my arrival in this island, I have not ceased in my endeavours to render *these people* as comfortable as their situations and the existing circumstances would admit of."

Captain Poppleton, as a spy and a guard was placed in constant attendance upon the Emperor. His instructions contained the following directions:—

"The officer charged with this duty is not to absent himself from the premises where General Bonaparte may be staying more than two hours at a time. He is to endeavour to prevent the slaves upon the island from approaching General Bonaparte, so as to render their being talked to by him likely. Whenever the general rides or walks beyond the boundaries where the sentries are placed, he is to be invariably attended by the officer. Should the general, during such rides or walks, approach the coast, the officer is requested to turn him in some other direction. He is likewise to be particular in informing the admiral whenever he observes any extraordinary movements among any of the Frenchmen, and is also to keep a dragoon in attendance, ready to send off at a moment's warning. He is to take care that the general and all his attendants, after they are established at Longwood, are within the house at nine o'clock."

November 8th. The Emperor was fatigued and indisposed. Las Cases suggested a ride on horseback. Napoleon replied—

"I can never reconcile myself to the idea of having an English officer constantly at my side. I decidedly renounce riding on such conditions. Everything in life must be reduced to calculation. If the vexation arising from the sight of my gaoler be greater than the advantage I can

¹⁶ That Napoleon was contending for an important principle, and that he was not influenced by puerile vanity, in claiming the title of Emperor, is proved beyond all controversy by his readiness to assume an *incognito*, and take the name of General Duroc or Colonel Mouton. But to this the English ministry would not consent. Even the editor of Sir Hudson Lowe's narrative pronounces the course of the English ministry upon this subject utterly unjustifiable. He says—

"It is, I think, difficult to refute the arguments used by Napoleon in favour of his right to be styled Emperor. We, indeed, had not recognised that title; but he was not the less Emperor of France. But there would have been no difficulty in calling him *ex-Emperor*, which would sufficiently have expressed the history of the past and the fact of the present. Or the English ministry might have promptly acceded to his own expressed wish to assume an *incognito*, and take the name of Baron Duroc or Colonel Mouton, which he himself more than once proposed; but Lord Bathurst, as it will be seen, threw cold water on the suggestion when it was communicated to him by Sir Hudson Lowe."—*Journal of Sir Hudson Lowe*, vol. I., p. 47.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

derive from riding, it is, of course, advisable to renounce the recreation altogether."

November 9th. Las Casas, alarmed at the dejection of the Emperor, and his declining health from want of exercise, inquired, with every expression of respect and politeness, of the officer appointed as guard, if it were necessary for him literally to obey his instructions should the Emperor merely take a ride round the house, adverting to the repugnance the Emperor must feel in being every moment reminded that he was a prisoner.

The sympathies of the officer were moved, and he generously replied—

"My instructions are to follow General Bonaparte; but I will take upon myself the responsibility of not riding in the grounds around the house."

Las Casas eagerly communicated the conversation to the Emperor. He replied—

"It is not conformable with my sense of duty to enjoy an advantage which may be the means of compromising an officer."

The Emperor judged with his accustomed wisdom as well as magnanimity; for soon the officer came hastening to Las Casas with the declaration that Admiral Cockburn had positively prohibited him from granting the captive such an indulgence. As this was mentioned to the Emperor, he did not appear at all surprised, but quietly remarked that the horses might as well be returned, as they should have no use for them. Las Casas, exasperated by such cruelty on the part of the admiral, said, with much warmth—

"I will go immediately, and order them to be returned to the admiral."

"No," said the Emperor calmly, "you are now out of temper. It rarely happens that anything is done well under such circumstances. It is always best to let the night pass over after the offence of the day."

November 10th. The Emperor, with Las Casas, took quite a long walk. Returning, he met Mrs. Balcombe and Mrs. Stuart, a lady who was on her voyage to England from Bombay. While conversing with them, some slaves, with heavy burdens on their shoulders, came toiling up the narrow path. Mrs. Balcombe, in rather an angry tone, ordered them to keep back. But the Emperor, making room for the slaves, turned to Mrs. Balcombe, and said mildly—

"Respect the burden, madam!"

Mrs. Stuart, who had been taught to regard Napoleon as a monster, was inexpressibly amazed by this touching incident. In a low tone of voice, she exclaimed to her friend—

"What a countenance, and what a character? How different from what I had been led to expect!"

November 13th. The life at the Briers was very regular. Every day the Emperor dictated to Las Casas. Between three and four o'clock he descended to the garden, and, walking up and down, dictated again to one of the gentlemen who came from town for that purpose. At

half-past five he left the garden, and continued his walk in the path which passed through the lawn in front of Mr. Balcombe's house. In conversation with friends, he enjoyed the social promenade until dinner was announced.

After dinner he returned to the garden, when he had his coffee brought to him. He occasionally made a friendly call upon Mr. Balcombe's family, to whom he became much attached. He then continued his walk and conversation in the garden. When the evenings were serene and illumined by the moon, these conversations were continued until late in the night.

"The Emperor," says Las Casas, "was never more talkative, nor seemed more perfectly to forget his cares, than during these moonlight walks. In the familiarity of the conversations which I thus enjoyed with him, he took pleasure in relating anecdotes of his boyhood, in describing the sentiments and illusions which diffused a charm over the early years of his youth, and in detailing the circumstances of his private life, since he played so distinguished a part on the great theatre of the world."

"I had intended," said the Emperor one evening, "in order to secure the suitable education of the King of Rome, the establishment of the 'Institute of Meudon.' There I proposed to assemble the princes of the imperial house, particularly the sons of those branches of the family who had been raised to foreign thrones. In this institution I intended that the princes should receive the attentions of private tuition, combined with the advantages of public education. These children, who were destined to occupy different thrones and to govern different nations, would thus have acquired conformity of principles, manners, and ideas. The better to facilitate the amalgamation and uniformity of the federative parts of the empire, each prince was to bring with him from his own country ten or twelve youths of about his own age, the sons of the first families in the state. What an influence would they not have exercised on their return home! I doubted not but that the princes of other dynasties, unconnected with my family, would soon have solicited, as a great favour, permission to place their sons in the Institute of Meudon. What advantages would thence have arisen to the nations composing the European association! All these young princes would have been brought together early enough to be united in the tender and powerful bonds of youthful friendship; and they would, at the same time, have been separated early enough to obviate the fatal effects of rising passions, the ardour of partiality, the ambition of success, the jealousy of love."

November 14th. "The coffee," writes Las Casas, "that was served at our breakfast this morning was better than usual. It might even have been called good. The Emperor expressed himself pleased with it. Some moments after, he observed, placing his hand on his stomach, that he felt the benefit of it. It would be diffi-

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cult to express what were my feelings on hearing this simple remark. The Emperor, by thus, contrary to his custom, appreciating so trivial an enjoyment, unconsciously proved to me the effect of all the privations he had suffered, but of which he never complained."

November 18th. The Emperor conversed with much freedom respecting the individuals connected with him in the great events of his career. This induced Las Casas to make the following record:—

"He invariably speaks with perfect coolness, without passion, without prejudice, and without resentment, of the events and the persons connected with his life. He speaks of his past history as if it had occurred three centuries ago. In his recitals and his observations he speaks the language of past ages. He is like a spirit conversing in the Elysian Fields. His conversations are true dialogues of the dead. He speaks of himself as of a third person, noticing the Emperor's actions, pointing out the faults with which history may reproach him, and analyzing the reasons and motives which might be alleged in his justification.

"In viewing the complicated circumstances of his fall, he looks upon things so much in a mass, and from so high a point, that individuals escape his notice. He never evinces the least symptom of violence towards those of whom it might be supposed he has the greatest reason to complain. His strongest mark of reprobation, and I have had frequent occasions to notice it, is to preserve silence with respect to them whenever they are mentioned in his presence."

November 19th. All the French party were invited to dine with the Emperor. He appeared in cheerful spirits, and after dinner said, "Gentlemen, will you have a comedy, an opera, or a tragedy?" They decided in favour of a comedy. The Emperor then took Molière's "Avare," and read to them for some time. After the party had withdrawn, the Emperor retired to the garden for a solitary walk.

November 25th. The Emperor had been for several days quite unwell, and, worn down by the dreadful monotony of his imprisonment, appeared quite dejected. Las Casas found him this morning seated upon a sofa, surrounded by a pile of books which he had been listlessly reading.

"Contrary to the general opinion," says Las Casas, "the Emperor is far from possessing a strong constitution. He is constantly labouring under the effects of cold. His body is subject to the influence of the slightest accidents. The smell of paint is sufficient to make him ill. Certain dishes, or the slightest damp, immediately takes a severe effect upon him. His body is far from being a body of iron. All his strength is in his mind.

"His prodigious exertions abroad, and his incessant labours at home, are known to every one. No sovereign ever underwent so much bodily fatigue. I have known the Emperor to be engaged in business, in the Council of State,

for eight or nine hours successively, and afterwards rise with his ideas as clear as when he sat down. I have seen him, at St. Helena, peruse books for ten or twelve hours in succession, on the most abstruse subjects, without appearing in the least fatigued. He has suffered, unmoved, the greatest shocks that ever man experienced. But these prodigious exertions are made only, as it were, in despite of his physical powers, which never appear less susceptible than when his mind is in full activity.

"The Emperor eats generally very little. He often says that a man may hurt himself by eating too much, but never by eating too little. He will remain four-and-twenty hours without eating, only to get an appetite for the ensuing day. But, if he eats little, he drinks still less. A single glass of wine is sufficient to restore his strength and to produce cheerfulness of spirits. He sleeps very little, and very irregularly, generally rising at daybreak to read or write, and afterwards lying down to sleep again.

"The Emperor has no faith in medicine, and never takes any. He had adopted a peculiar mode of treatment for himself. Whenever he found himself unwell, his plan was to run into an extreme the opposite of what happened to be his habit at the time. This he calls restoring the equilibrium of Nature. If, for instance, he had been inactive for a length of time, he would suddenly ride about sixty miles, or hunt for a whole day. If, on the contrary, he had been harassed by great fatigues, he would resign himself to a state of absolute rest for twenty-four hours. He said Nature had endowed him with two important advantages—the one was, the power of sleeping whenever he needed repose, at any hour and in any place; the other was, that he was incapable of committing any injurious excess either in eating or drinking. 'If,' said he, 'I go the least beyond my mark, my stomach instantly revolts.'

Conversing one day with Mr. Balcombe, the Emperor remarked—

"I have no faith in medicines. My remedies are fasting and the warm-bath. At the same time, I have a higher opinion of the medical, or rather the surgical, profession than of any other. The practice of the law is too severe an ordeal for poor human nature. The man who habituates himself to the distortion of truth, and to exultation at the success of injustice, will, at last, hardly know right from wrong. So with politics, a man must have a conventional conscience. The ecclesiastics become hypocrites, since too much is expected of them. As to soldiers, they are cut-throats and robbers. But the mission of surgeons is to benefit mankind, not to destroy them or to inflame them against each other."

November 28th. Six weeks had now passed away, during which the Emperor had been about as closely imprisoned at the Briers as when on board the ship. The workmen were busy repairing Longwood. The English soldiers were encamped at the Briers. There was a poor negro slave working in Mr. Balcombe's garden.

in whose history and welfare the Emperor became deeply interested. He was a Malay Indian, of prepossessing appearance. He had been stolen from his native land by the crew of an English vessel. The Emperor's sympathies were deeply moved by the old man's story, which bore every mark of truth. Poor Toby became very much attached to the Emperor, who often called at his little hut to talk with him. They were fellow-captives. Toby always called the Emperor the "Good Gentleman."

"Poor Toby," said the Emperor one day, "has been torn from his family, from his native land, and sold to slavery. Could anything be more miserable to himself or more criminal in others! If this crime be the act of the English captain alone, he is doubtless one of the vilest of men; but if it be that of the whole crew, it may have been committed by men perhaps not so base as might be imagined. Vice is always individual, scarcely ever collective."

"What, after all, is this poor human machine? Had Toby been a Brutus, he would have put himself to death; if an Æsop, he would now, perhaps, have been the governor's adviser; if an ardent and zealous Christian, he would have borne his chains in the sight of God, and blessed them. As for poor Toby, he endures his misfortunes very quietly. He stoops to his work, and spends his days in innocent tranquillity."

For a moment the Emperor remained in silence, calmly contemplating the humble slave and then said, as he turned and walked away,

"Certainly there is a wide step from poor Toby to a King Richard; and yet the crime is not the less atrocious, for this man, after all, had his family, his happiness, and his liberty. It was a horrible act of cruelty to bring him here to languish in the fetters of slavery."

Then turning to Las Casas and looking mildly upon him, he said,

"But I read in your eyes that you think he is not the only example of the sort at St. Helena. My dear Las Casas, there is not the least resemblance here. If the outrage is of a higher class, the victims also present very different resources. We have not been exposed to corporeal sufferings; or, if that had been attempted, we have souls to disappoint our tyrants. Our situation may even have its charms. The eyes of the universe are fixed upon us. We are martyrs in an immortal cause. Millions of human beings are weeping for us. Our country sighs, and glory mourns our fate. The prayers of nations are for us."

"Besides, if I considered only myself, perhaps I should have reason to rejoice. Misfortunes are not without their heroism and their glory. Adversity was wanting to my career. Had I died on the throne, enveloped in the dense atmosphere of power, I should, to many, have remained a problem. Now, misfortune will enable all to judge me without disguise."

The Emperor subsequently made efforts to purchase the freedom of Toby and to restore him to his native country. He

Dr. O'Meara to arrange the affair with Sir Hudson Lowe, who was then in command. In reply to these overtures, Dr. O'Meara records Sir Hudson Lowe to have said, "You know not the importance of what you ask. General Bonaparte wishes to obtain the gratitude of the negroes in the island. He wishes to do the same as in St. Domingo. I would not do what you ask for anything in the world."

Napoleon was disappointed and surprised at this refusal, and the poor slave was necessarily left to die in bondage.

CHAPTER LXXI.

FIRST YEAR AT LONGWOOD.

Removal to Longwood—The dilapidated hut—The Emperor's household—Annoyance—Labels upon the Emperor—The new year—Enthusiasm of the English sailors—Serenity of the Emperor—The Emperor's comments upon his career—Arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe—His atrocities—Increasing wretchedness of the Emperor.

On the 10th of December the Emperor was removed to Longwood. With a serene spirit he rode on horseback along the rugged path of barren volcanic rocks a distance of about two miles, until he arrived at his new prison-house. Here he found, in the midst of bleak, storm-washed crags, a long, low, one-storey house, rudely put together, but far too small for the accommodation of the few yet devoted friends who had come to share his captivity. The Emperor examined his prison with serenity, seeming to think more of the comfort of his companions than of his own. About a mile from Longwood, on the road to the Briers, there was a small hotel called Huts Gate, which General Bertrand, with his wife and son, was permitted to occupy. General Gourgaud and Count Las Casas eagerly solicited permission to sleep in tents rather than remain in Jamestown apart from the Emperor. Napoleon was much affected by this proof of attachment. A tent, under the windows of the Emperor, was pitched for General Gourgaud, and a room was hastily prepared for Las Casas. Dr. O'Meara, the English physician of the Emperor, was also under the necessity of dwelling in a tent. In process of time a room was prepared for each of these gentlemen. For the subsistence of the imperial captive and his exiled court the English government appropriated 300,000 francs a-year. The French captives resolutely persisted in treating the Emperor with all that deference and respect which were due to his illustrious character and his past achievements.

The household now consisted of the Emperor, General Bertrand, wife, and three children, Count Montholon, wife, and two children, Count Las Casas and son, General Gourgaud, and Dr. O'Meara. There were also four servants of the chamber, three grooms, and four servants of the table. These had all followed the Emperor to his dreary prison from their love for him.

Dr. O'Meara was an Irish gentleman, and was the surgeon on board the "Bellerophon." As the Emperor's surgeon, in consequence of ill-health, could not go to St. Helena, Dr. O'Meara had eagerly offered his services. A more dreary life can hardly be imagined than that of these captives upon a bleak and barren plain, eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, incessantly swept by ocean gales, where they were most of the time buried in clouds and fogs. A few miserable gum-trees, struggling for life in the midst of the blackened rocks, pained rather than cheered the eye.

The victims were every day harassed by the most senseless annoyances. Their walks were lined by sentinels with loaded muskets. They were not permitted to be out after a certain hour. They were forbidden to converse with the inhabitants of the island. They were not allowed to approach the sea-shore. Sentinels were placed under the Emperor's windows. Pass words and orders were multiplied and incessantly changed. These annoyances were bitterly complained of by the companions of the Emperor. But the silent grandeur with which Napoleon encountered every wrong and every insult forms one of the most brilliant pages of his history. His imperial character is nowhere more conspicuous than in his life at St. Helena. To each individual were assigned appropriate duties, and every hour had its allotted employments. Each day was like all the rest. The gloom of the prison was continually invaded by impertinence and insults, to which the Emperor could only oppose the silent dignity of his renown. His devoted friends, however, surrounded his humble abode with the respectful etiquette of royalty, and thus often shielded him from cruel indignities.

On one occasion, an Englishman, who had frequently called, and had become exceedingly attached to the Emperor, confessed to him, with humility of heart, and, as it were, by way of expiation, that he had formerly believed all the horrible stories which had been related of him. "And how," said he, "could I help crediting them? Our English publications were filled with these statements. They were in every mouth. Not a single voice was raised to contradict them."

Napoleon smiled with perfect good-nature, and said, "Yes; it is to your ministers that I am indebted for these favours. They inundated Europe with pamphlets and libels against me. I was repeatedly urged to adopt measures for counteracting this underground work, but I always declined it. What advantage should I have gained by such a defence? It would have been said that I had paid for it, and that would only have discredited me more. Another victory, another monument—these, I said, are the best, the only answers I can make. Falsehood passes away, truth remains. The sensible portion of the present age, and posterity in particular, will form their judgment only from facts. Already the cloud is breaking. The light is piercing through, and my character grows clearer every

day. It will soon become the fashion in Europe to do me justice.

"Those who have succeeded me possess the archives of my administration and the records of my tribunals. They hold in their pay and at their disposal those who have been the executors and the accomplices of my atrocities and crimes. Yet what proofs have they brought forward? What have they made known?"

"The first moments of fury being passed away, all honest and sensible men will render justice to my character. None but rogues or fools will be my enemies. I may rest at ease. The succession of events, the disputes of opposing parties, their hostile productions, will daily clear the way for the correct and glorious materials of my history. And what advantage has been reaped from the immense sums that have been paid for libels against me? Soon every trace of them will be obliterated, while my institutions and monuments will recommend me to the remotest posterity. It is now too late to heap abuse upon me. The venom of calumny has been exhausted."

January 1st, 1816. All the companions of the Emperor assembled at ten o'clock to present him their kind wishes, in accordance with the custom of the day. The Emperor received them affectionately, and invited them to breakfast, and spend the day with him. "We are but a handful," said he, "in one corner of the world, and all our consolation must be our regard for each other."

During the day, Admiral Cockburn sent to the Emperor his fowling-pieces. It was kindly intended, though it seemed almost like mockery, since there was absolutely nothing to shoot upon the bleak rocks of Longwood. One or two fowling-pieces belonging to the Emperor's suite were also delivered, on condition that they should be sent every evening to the tent of the officer on duty. Such were the petty and humiliating annoyances to which these exiles were continually subjected. They very properly refused to receive the guns on such terms. As there was a whole regiment of British soldiers encamped at Longwood, the admiral at last consented to leave the dangerous weapons in their hands.

One afternoon the Emperor was walking in the garden with Las Casas. A young English sailor approached, with a countenance expressive of enthusiasm and joy, mingled with apprehensions of being perceived by the guard. Gazing earnestly upon the Emperor, he said to Las Casas—

"I shall now die content. I pray to God that Napoleon may be one day more happy."

Such incidents were not uncommon. The sailors of the "Northumberland" all loved the Emperor, and considered him their friend. At the Briers, where Napoleon was not so vigilantly guarded as at Longwood, they often hovered around on a Sunday, to get a last look of their shipmate. On another occasion, a sailor from one of the ships in the harbour suddenly presented himself, and, with tears of affection and

admiration gushing from his eyes, said to Las Casas—

"Tell that dear man that I wish him no harm, but all possible happiness. So do most of us. Long life and health to him."

The sailor had a bouquet of wild flowers in his hand for the Emperor, the only token he could give expressive of his kind feelings. These incidents deeply moved the warm and generous heart of Napoleon. With emotion he said—

"See the effect of imagination. How powerful is its influence! Here are people who do not know me, perhaps have never seen me; they have only heard me spoken of, and what do they not feel? What would they not do to serve me? And the same caprice is found in all countries, in all ages, and in both sexes. Yes, imagination rules the world."

The grounds around Longwood which the Emperor was allowed to pass over without a guard admitted of but half an hour's ride. He was not permitted to traverse the whole of the little island unless accompanied by an English officer. This arrangement was so repugnant to the Emperor's feelings, that he could not consent to ride thus attended. His friends made every effort to induce the admiral to mitigate this harsh and humiliating measure, by placing sentinels upon heights where the Emperor could be seen through his whole ride. The admiral, however, was inflexible. Napoleon, wounded and saddened, decided that he should not pass beyond his allotted limits. His spirit was oppressed by the indignity, and his health impaired by the deprivation.

January 18th. Las Casas borrowed of Dr. O'Meara "The Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte, by Goldsmith." Napoleon read the monstrous, impudent, and obscene libel with surprise. Sometimes he laughed heartily at its folly; again, he shrugged his shoulders, amazed at its shameless and horrid calumny. As he read the infamous attack upon his mother, he exclaimed—

"Ah, madam! poor madam! with her lofty character! If she were to read this! Great

When he read the account of his own debaucheries, he said—

"The author, it seems, wished to make me a hero in every respect. They are in the wrong, however, to attack me on the score of morals, since all the world knows that I have singularly improved them. They could not but know that I was not at all inclined by nature to debauchery. The multiplicity of my affairs would never have allowed me time to indulge in it."

Just then Dr. O'Meara came in. Napoleon said to him, smiling—

"Doctor, I have just read one of your fine London productions against me. It is a very just remark that it is the truth only which gives offence. I have not been angry for a moment, but I have frequently laughed at it."

Some one mentioned the day of the month, the 11th of March. "Well," said the Emperor,

with animation, "It is a year ago to-day. It was a brilliant day. I was at Lyons, on my return from Elba. I was again become a great power. I had founded the greatest empire in the world. What a fatality that my return from the island of Elba was not acquiesced in! that every one did not perceive that my reign was desirable and necessary for the balance and repose of Europe! But kings and people both feared me. They were wrong, and may pay dearly for it."

"What did the kings apprehend? Did they dread my ambition, my conquests, my universal monarchy? But my powers and resources were no longer the same. Besides, I had only defeated and conquered in my own defence. This is a truth which time will more fully develop every day. Europe never ceased to make war upon France, her principles, and upon me. We were compelled to destroy, to save ourselves from destruction. The conflict always existed, openly or secretly, avowed or denied. It was permanent. It only rested with the Allies to give us peace. For ourselves, we were worn out. As to myself, is it supposed that I am insensible to the charms of repose and security when honour does not require it otherwise?"

"Did they apprehend that I might overwhelm them with anarchical principles? But they knew by experience my opinions on that score. They have all seen me occupy their territories. How often have I been urged to revolutionise their states, give municipal functions to their cities, and excite insurrections among their subjects? However I may have been stigmatized by them as the *modern Attila*, *Robespierre on horseback*, they all knew better. Had I been so, I might, perhaps, still have reigned, but they, most certainly, would long since have been dethroned. In the great cause of which I saw myself the chief and the arbitrator, one of two systems was to be followed—to make kings listen to reason from the people, or to conduct the people to happiness by means of their kings. But it is well known to be no easy matter to check the people when they are once set on. It was more rational to reckon a little upon the intelligence and wisdom of their rulers. I had a right to suppose them possessed of sufficient intellect to see such obvious interests. I was deceived. They never calculated at all, and, in their blind fury, they let loose against me that which I withheld when opposed to them. They will see."

"Lastly, did the sovereigns take umbrage at seeing a mere soldier attain the crown? Did they fear the example? The solemnities, the circumstances which accompanied my elevation, my eagerness to conform to their habits, to identify myself with their existence, to become allied to them by blood and by policy, closed the door sufficiently against new comers. Besides, if there must needs have been the spectacle of an uninterrupted legitimacy, I maintain that it was much more for their interests that it should have taken place in my person, one risen from

the ranks, than in that of a prince, one of their own family. For thousands of ages will elapse before the circumstances accumulated in my case draw forth another from among the crowd to reproduce the same spectacle; but there is not a sovereign who has not, at a few paces distance in his palace, cousins, nephews, brothers, and relations, to whom it would be easy to follow such an example, if once set.

"On the other hand, what was there to alarm the people? Did they fear that I should come to lay waste, and to impose chains upon them? But I returned the Messiah of peace and of their rights. This new maxim was my whole strength. To violate it would have been ruin. I repeat it, the people and the sovereigns were wrong. I had restored thrones and an inoffensive nobility; and thrones and nobility may again find themselves in danger. I had fixed and consecrated the reasonable limits of the people's rights. Vague, peremptory, and undefined claims may again arise. Had my return, my establishment on the throne, my adoption, been freely acquiesced in by the sovereigns, the cause of kings and of the people would have been settled; both would have gained. Now they are again to try it; both may lose. They might have concluded everything; they may have everything to begin again. They might have secured a long and certain calm, and might have already begun to enjoy it; instead of that, a spark now may be sufficient to reproduce a universal conflagration. Poor, weak humanity!"

These, surely, are profound views. Candour will admit the Emperor's sincerity. The aspect of Europe now—a restless, heaving volcano—attests their truth.

March 13th. General Bertrand, in accordance with the wish of Napoleon, sent a communication to Admiral Cockburn to inquire if a letter, which the Emperor wished to write to the Prince Regent of England, would be forwarded. The admiral replied that he did not know of any person upon the island by the title of emperor, and that he should not allow any paper to be despatched to England without first reading it.

March 16th. About four o'clock the captain of the "Ceylon," who was about to sail for England, was presented to the Emperor. Napoleon was languid and depressed. He was roused, however, when the captain inquired if they had any letters to send to Europe. The Emperor immediately inquired if he should see the Prince Regent. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he added—

"Inform him that the Emperor was desirous of writing to the Prince Regent, but that, in consequence of the observation of the admiral, that he would open the letter, he had abstained from it, as being inconsistent with his dignity, and with that of the Prince Regent himself; that he had, indeed, heard the laws of England much boasted of, but that he could not discover their benefits anywhere; that he had only now to expect, indeed to desire, an executioner; that the torture they made him endure was inhuman,

savage; that it would have been more open and energetic to have put him to death."

April 3rd. Napoleon was speaking of the terrible perplexity in which he was placed after the battle of Waterloo, at the time of his abdication.

"After all, am I certain," said he, "that the French people will do me justice? Will they not accuse me of having abandoned them? History will decide. Instead of dreading, I invoke its decree. I have often asked myself whether I have done for the French people all they could expect of me. Will they ever know all that I suffered during the night that preceded my final decision?"

"In that night of anguish and uncertainty I had to choose between two great courses. The one was to endeavour to save France by violence, the other was to yield to the general impulse. The measure which I pursued was, I think, most advisable. Friends and enemies, the good and the evil-disposed, all were against me, and I stood alone. I surrendered, and, my decision once taken, could not be revoked. I am not one who takes half measures; besides, sovereignty is not to be thrown off and on, like one's cloak.

"The other course demanded extraordinary severity. It would have been necessary to arraign great criminals and to decree great punishments. Blood must have been shed, and then who can tell where we should have stopped? What scenes of horror might not have been renewed? By pursuing this line of conduct, should I not have drowned my memory in the deluge of blood, crimes, and abominations of every kind, with which libellists have already overwhelmed me. If, after all, I could have saved France at such a price, I had energy sufficient to carry me through every difficulty. But is it certain that I should have succeeded?"

"Yes, I hesitated long; I weighed every argument on both sides. At length I concluded that I could not make head against the coalition without and the Royalists within; that I should be unable to oppose the numerous sects which would have been created by the violence committed on the Legislative Body, to control that portion of the multitude which must be driven by force, or to resist that moral condemnation which imputes to him who is unfortunate every evil that ensues. Abdication was, therefore, absolutely the only step I could adopt. All was lost in spite of me. I foresaw and foretold this but still I had no other alternative."

Las Casas inquired if the Emperor thought he could have saved France with the concurrence of the Legislative Body.

"I would have undertaken it without hesitation," the Emperor replied. "In less time than any considerable mass of the Allies could have assembled before Paris, I should have completed my fortifications, and have collected before the walls of the city upwards of eighty thousand good troops and three hundred pieces of horse artillery. After a few days' firing, the National Guard, the federal troops, and the inhabitants of

Paris would have sufficed to defend the intrenchments. I should then have had eighty thousand disposable troops at my command. Paris would, in a few days, have become impregnable. The appeal to the nation, the magnitude of the danger, the excitation of the public mind, the grandeur of the spectacle, would have drawn multitudes to the capital. I could undoubtedly have assembled upwards of four hundred thousand men, and I imagine the allied force did not exceed five hundred thousand. Thus the affair would have been brought to a single combat, in which the enemy would have had as much to fear as ourselves.

"Meanwhile, I should have surrounded myself with a national senate, men distinguished by national names and worthy of general confidence. I should have fortified my military dictatorship with all the strength of civil opinion. I should have had my tribune, which would have promulgated the talisman of my principles through Europe. The sovereigns would have trembled to behold the contagion spread among their own subjects. They must have treated with me or have surrendered."

"But, sire," exclaimed Las Casas, "why did you not attempt what would infallibly have succeeded? Why are we here?"

"Now," resumed the Emperor, "you are blaming and condemning me; but were I to present to you the contrary chances, you would change your language. Besides, you forget that we reasoned in the hypothesis that the Legislative Body would have joined me; but you know what line of conduct it pursued. I might have dissolved it, to be sure. France and Europe, perhaps, blame me, and posterity will doubtless blame my weakness in not breaking up the Legislative Body after its insurrection. It will be said that I ought not to have separated myself from the destinies of a people who had done all for me; but, by dissolving the Assembly, I could, at most, have obtained only a capitulation from the enemy. In that case, I repeat, blood must have been shed, and I must have proved myself a tyrant."

April 10th. A ship arrived bringing European journals. As Napoleon read the accounts of the increasing agitation in France, and of the deluge of evils which was overwhelming all the departments, he became much excited, and, pacing the floor, he exclaimed,

"How unfortunate was I in not proceeding to America! From the other hemisphere I might have protected France against reaction. The dread of my reappearance would have been a check on their violence and folly. My name would have been sufficient to bridle their excess and to fill them with terror."

"The counter-revolution, even had it been suffered to proceed, must have been lost in the grand revolution. The atmosphere of modern ideas is sufficient to stifle the old feudalists, for henceforth nothing can destroy or efface the grand principles of our revolution. These great and excellent truths can never cease to exist, so

completely are they blended with our times, our monuments, and our prodigies. We have washed away their first stains in a flood of glory, and henceforth they will be immortal. Created in the French tribunes, cemented with the blood of battles, adorned with the laurels of victory, saluted with the acclamations of the people, sanctioned by the treaties and alliances of sovereigns, and, having become familiar to the ears as well as in the mouths of kings, these principles can never again retrograde.

"Liberal ideas flourish in Great Britain, they enlighten America and they are nationalized in France; and this may be called the tripod whence issues the light of the world. Liberal opinions will rule the universe. They will become the faith, the religion, the morality of all nations; and, in spite of all that may be advanced to the contrary, this memorable era will be inseparably connected with my name; for, after all, it cannot be denied that I kindled the torch and consecrated the principle, and now persecution renders me the Messiah. Friends and enemies, all must acknowledge me to be the first soldier, the grand representative of the age. Thus I shall for ever remain the leading star."

April 17th. Sir Hudson Lowe, the new governor of St. Helena, arrived at Longwood, and was presented to the Emperor. His personal appearance was very unprepossessing. After he had withdrawn, the Emperor remarked, "He is hideous. He has a most villainous countenance. But we must not decide too hastily. The man's disposition may, perhaps, make amends for the unfavourable impression which his face produces. This is not impossible."

April 18th. Sir Hudson Lowe presented a paper to all the companions and domestics of the Emperor, stating that they were at liberty to leave St. Helena and return to Europe if they wished to do so. If, however, they desired to remain upon the island, they were required to give a written declaration that such was their wish, and to submit to all the restrictions which might be imposed upon the Emperor. Though this document was understood to involve the necessity of remaining upon that dreary rock during the lifetime of Napoleon, all promptly signed it except General Bertrand. His hesitation wounded the feelings of the Emperor. He simply remarked, however, "Bertrand is always the same. Although he constantly speaks of going, when the time comes he will not have the courage to leave. We must be able to love our friends with all their faults."

April 20th. Colonel Wilks, who had just resigned his office of governor to Sir Hudson Lowe, and who was on the eve of his departure for Europe, called, with his daughter, to take leave of the Emperor. The young lady was presented by Madame Bertrand. The Emperor conversed for some time with the ladies with much cheerfulness and affability. Governor Wilks was a man of extensive information, and the political condition of France soon became the topic of very animated discourse.

"England and France," said the Emperor, "held in their hands the fate of the world, and particularly that of European civilization. What injury did we not do each other? What good might we not have done? Under Pitt's system we desolated the world, and what has been the result? You imposed upon France a tax of two thousand five hundred millions of francs, and raised it by means of Cossacks. I laid a tax of seven thousand millions of francs on you, and made you raise it with your own hands by your Parliament. Even now, after the victory you have obtained, who can tell whether you may not, sooner or later, sink under the weight of such a burden? With Fox's system, we should have understood each other; we should have accomplished and preserved the emancipation of nations, the dominion of principles. Europe would have presented but a single fleet and a single army. We might have ruled the world. We might everywhere have established peace and prosperity, either by dint of force or persuasion. Yes, I repeat, what mischief have we not done? What good might we not have effected?"

April 27th. There were two individuals in the Emperor's suite who, not possessing congenial dispositions, were frequently exposed to misunderstandings and altercations. The Emperor, who watched over his household with paternal fidelity, was deeply grieved at this, and, meeting them both in the drawing-room just before dinner, thus addressed them:—

"You followed me with the view of cheering my captivity. Be united, then; otherwise you but annoy me. If you wish to render me happy, be united. You talk of fighting even before my very eyes. Am I no longer, then, the object of your attention? Are not the eyes of our enemies fixed upon Longwood? You have quitted your families, you have sacrificed everything, from love to me and in order to share my misfortunes; and yet you are now about to aggravate them, and to render them insupportable. Be brothers! I command you, I entreat you as a father. Let us share the few enjoyments that yet remain to us."

The announcement of dinner terminated this parental reprimand.

May 5th. For several days the Emperor had been sick and depressed. Sir Hudson Lowe, by various petty annoyances, seemed determined to make him listen to the clanking of his chains, and to feel their galling weight. The Emperor secluded himself in his chamber and saw no one. It was a damp, chill, gloomy day. As a dismal night darkened over the fog-enveloped rock, a fire was kindled upon the hearth. The Emperor, feverish and languid, was reclining, in his dressing-gown, upon the sofa, enjoying the pulsive light of the flickering fire; no candles were admitted. General Bertrand and Count Las Casas were sitting by the side of the noble sufferer. The conversation turned upon the two great Revolutions of England and France. The Emperor, in calm and quiet tones, gave utterance to the following discriminating and glowing parallel:—

"Both in France and England the storm gathered during the two feeble and indolent reigns of James I. and Louis XV., and burst over the heads of the unfortunate Charles I. and Louis XVI. Both these sovereigns perished on the scaffold, and their families were proscribed and banished.

"Both monarchies became republics, and during that period both nations plunged into every excess which can degrade the human heart and understanding. They were disgraced by scenes of madness, blood, and outrage. Every tie of humanity was broken and every principle overturned.

"Both in England and France, at this period, two men vigorously stemmed the torrent and reigned with splendour. After these, the two hereditary families were restored. Both, however, pursued an erroneous course. They committed faults. A fresh storm suddenly burst forth in both countries, and expelled the two restored dynasties, without their being able to offer the least resistance to the adversaries who overthrew them.

"In this singular parallel, Napoleon appears to have been in France at once the Cromwell and the William III. of England. But as every comparison with Cromwell is in some degree odious, I must add, that if these two celebrated men coincided in one single circumstance of their lives, it was scarce possible for two beings to differ more in every other point."

May 11th. Every day the estrangement between the French gentlemen and Sir Hudson Lowe became more and more marked. The Emperor, however, seldom saw the governor. To-day a note was handed the Emperor by the grand-marshal, inviting *General Bonaparte* to a dinner-party at Plantation House. He glanced over the note, and replied, "This is too absurd. There is no answer."

After passing two hours in the bath, the Emperor took dinner with Las Casas at nine o'clock. He became so animated in conversation that he continued his remarks for two hours. He was much surprised when informed that it was eleven o'clock. "How rapidly," said he, "has time slipped away! Why can I not always pass my hours thus agreeably? My dear Las Casas, you leave me happy."

May 14th. A large party of English gentlemen and ladies arrived at St. Helena by the East India fleet. They were presented to the Emperor in the garden at Longwood. At the close of the interview, one of the gentlemen remarked to one of his companions, "What grace and dignity of manner the Emperor displays! I can scarcely form a conception of the strength of mind necessary to enable Napoleon thus to endure such reverses." They all seemed mortified in contemplating the miserable abode in which the captive was confined. When Dr. O'Meara afterwards mentioned to Napoleon the prejudices which those strangers had entertained, the Emperor smiled, and said, "I suppose they imagined that I was some ferocious horned animal."

May 16th. Sir Hudson Lowe called at Longwood, and desired to see General Bonaparte. The Emperor received him in the drawing-room. The audience was long and angry. At its close, Napoleon said to Las Casas—

"We have had a violent scene. I have been thrown quite out of temper. They have now sent me worse than a gaoler. Sir Hudson Lowe is a downright executioner. I received him to-day with my stormy countenance, my head inclined, and my ears pricked up. We looked most ferociously at each other. My anger must have been powerfully excited, for I felt a vibration in the calf of my left leg. This is always a sure sign with me, and I have not felt it for a long time before. My dear Las Casas, they will kill me here, it is certain."

Abstracted and melancholy, he sat down to his dinner, but was unable to take any food. After a few unavailing attempts to rouse himself to engage in conversation, he yielded to the sadness which overpowered him, and retired to his solitary couch.

May 20th. The Emperor rode out in the calesch. On his return he retired to his chamber, saying to Las Casas, "I am low-spirited, unwell, and fatigued. Sit down in that arm-chair, and bear me company."

"He then," says Las Casas, "threw himself upon his couch, and fell asleep, while I watched beside him. His head was uncovered, and I gazed upon his brow—that brow on which were inscribed Marengo, Austerlitz, and a hundred other immortal victories. What were my thoughts and sensations at that moment! They may be imagined, but I cannot describe them."

"In about three-quarters of an hour the Emperor awoke. He then took a fancy to visit the apartments of all the individuals of his suite. When he had minutely considered all the inconveniences of mine, he said, with a smile of indignation, 'Well, I do not think that any Christian on earth can be worse lodged than you are.'"

May 21st. After dinner to-day, the Emperor took the Bible and read to all the company the book of Joshua, remarking, in connexion with the places which were mentioned, incidents which he had witnessed in the same localities during the Syrian campaign.

May 23th. The Emperor took a ride. Returning, he passed near the English camp. The soldiers immediately abandoned their various occupations, and formed themselves in a line to salute the Emperor as he passed. "What European soldier," said Napoleon, "would not be inspired with respect at my approach?" He was well aware of the feelings with which he was regarded by the English regiment, and consequently avoided passing the camp, lest he might be accused of wishing to excite their enthusiasm.

May 31st. The governor came to-day, and took a rapid circuit around Longwood, but did not have an audience. The Emperor, after dinner, reverted to their last interview. "I behaved very ill to him, no doubt," said he, "and

nothing but my present situation could excuse me; but I was out of humour, and could not help it. I should blush for it in any other situation. Had such a scene taken place at the Tuileries, I should have felt myself bound in conscience to make some atonement. Never, during the period of my power, did I speak harshly to any one without afterwards saying something to make amends for it; but here I uttered not a syllable of conciliation, and I had no wish to do so. However, the governor proves himself very insensible to my severity. His delicacy did not seem wounded by it. I should have liked, for his sake, to have seen him evince a little anger, or pull the door violently after him when he went away. This would at least have shown that there was some spring and elasticity about him; but I found nothing of the kind."

June 13th. The Emperor read several numbers of the *Moniteur*. "These *Moniteurs*," said he, "so dangerous and terrible to many reputations, are uniformly useful and favourable to me. It is with official documents that men of sense and real talents will write history. Now these documents are full of the spirit of my government, and to them I make an earnest and solemn

8th. This day was the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. The circumstance was mentioned. A shade of anguish passed over the features of the Emperor. In slow and solemn tones he said, "Incomprehensible day! Concurrence of unheard-of fatalities! Grouchy! Ney! was there treachery or misfortune? Alas, poor France!"

Here he covered his eyes with his hand, and remained for some time silent. He then added, "And yet all that human skill could do was accomplished. All was not lost until the moment when all had succeeded. In that extraordinary campaign, thrice, in less than a week's space, I saw the certain triumph of France, and the determination of her fate slip through my fingers. Had it not been for the desertion of a traitor, I should have annihilated the enemy at the opening of the campaign. I should have destroyed him at Ligny if my left had done its duty. I should have destroyed him again at Waterloo if my right had not failed me. Singular defeat, by which, notwithstanding the most fatal catastrophe, the glory of the conquered has not suffered, nor the fame of the conqueror been increased! The memory of the one will survive his destruction; the memory of the other will, perhaps, be buried in his triumph."

June 22nd. A package of books and journals arrived from Europe. This was a treasure to the Emperor. In his eagerness, he engaged in unpacking them himself. He passed the whole night in reading. In Park and Horneman's *Travels in Africa* he found generous testimony borne to the assistance he had rendered the travellers in prosecuting their enterprises in Egypt. It was very gratifying to the Emperor thus to find his name mentioned in an English publication, unaccompanied by insulting epithets.

June 27th. The Emperor was reading a review, in which it was mentioned that Lord Castlereagh had asserted, in a public meeting, that Napoleon, ever since his fall, had not hesitated to declare that, as long as he had reigned, he would have continued to make war against England, having never had any object but her destruction.

"Lord Castlereagh," exclaimed the Emperor, must be much accustomed to falsehood, and must place great dependence upon the credulity of his auditors. Can their own good sense allow them to believe that I could ever make such a foolish speech, even if I had such intentions?"

It was also stated that Lord Castlereagh had said in Parliament that the reason why the French army was so much attached to Bonaparte was, that he made a kind of conscription of all the heiresses of the Empire, and then distributed them among his generals.

"Here, again," observed the Emperor, "Lord Castlereagh tells a wilful falsehood. He came among us. He had an opportunity of seeing our manners and of knowing the truth. He must be certain that such a thing was quite impracticable. What does he take our nation for? The French were never capable of submitting to such tyranny. It is important to his policy to render me odious. He is not scrupulous about the means. He does not shrink from any calumny. He has every advantage over me. I am in chains. He has taken all precautions for keeping my mouth shut, and preventing the possibility of my making any reply, and I am a thousand leagues from the scene of action. His position is commanding; nothing stands in his way. But certainly this conduct is the *ne plus ultra* of impudence, baseness, and cowardice."

July 5th. Mr. Hobhouse, of England, the author of a book entitled "The Last Reign of the Emperor Napoleon," sent a copy of his book to Sir Hudson Lowe, with the request that it might be delivered to the Emperor. The governor refused to deliver it, because there was imprinted upon the back, in gilt letters, "To the Emperor Napoleon."

To avoid further difficulty with regard to his address, the Emperor requested General Bertrand to open a negotiation with the governor, and propose that, for the future, the Emperor should take the name of Colonel Duroc or Colonel Muiron.

"I wished," said the Emperor, "to come here *incognito*. I proposed it to the admiral, but the proposal was rejected. They persisted in calling me *General Bonaparte*. I am not ashamed of that name, but I do not wish to receive it from the British government. The governor and his government act absurdly upon this question, and do not understand it at all. I do not call myself Napoleon, the Emperor of France, but the Emperor Napoleon, which is a very different thing, because it is in accordance with the usage of sovereigns who have abdicated. It was thus that James II. preserved his title of King and Majesty after having lost his crown; and King

Charles or Spain preserved his title of King after he had abdicated in favour of his son Ferdinand VII. A pretension is in this case put forward that the French nation had not the right to make me its sovereign without the permission of the King of England. Never shall I yield to that."

July 16th. The governor called and had an audience, which lasted nearly two hours. The Emperor, in describing it to Las Casas, said, "I recapitulated all our grievances without falling into a passion. I addressed, by turns, his understanding, his imagination, his feelings, and his heart. I put it in his power to repair all the mischief he had done, and to recommence upon a plan altogether new. But it was quite in vain. That man has no fibres; nothing is to be expected from him."

July 22nd. It was a delightful day. The inmates of Longwood all breakfasted together under the shade of some gum-trees. "The Emperor," says Las Casas, "took a view of our situation and our natural wants. 'You are bound,' said he, 'when you are one day restored to the world, to consider yourselves as *brothers* on my account. My memory will dictate this conduct to you.' He next described how we might be of mutual advantage to each other, the sufferings we had in our power to alleviate. It was, all at once, a family and moral lesson, alike distinguished by excellent sentiment and practical rules of conduct. It ought to have been written in letters of gold. It lasted nearly an hour and a quarter, and will, I think, never be forgotten by any one of us. For myself, not only the principles and the words, but the tone, the expression, the action, and, above all, the entire affection with which he delivered them, will never be effaced from my mind."

August 18th. Sir Hudson Lowe again sought an interview with Napoleon. The conversation soon assumed an angry tone, and the Emperor, stung by oppression and insults, quite lost his temper. The governor demanded that Napoleon should furnish three hundred thousand francs towards defraying the expenses of Longwood, and also required a reduction in the expenses of the establishment. The Emperor replied with great warmth, reproaching the governor with all the needless vexatious regulations he had adopted. An angry interview ensued, and the gaoler and his illustrious captive separated, each more exasperated than ever.

Sir Hudson Lowe, the next day, said to Dr. O'Meara, "Let General Bonaparte know that it depends entirely upon me to render his situation more agreeable, but if he continues to treat me with disrespect, I will make him feel my power. He is my prisoner, and I have a right to treat him according to his behaviour. I will bring him to reason. He has been the cause of the loss of millions of men, and may be again, if he gets loose. I consider Ali Pasha to be a much more respectable scoundrel than Bonaparte."

Afterwards the Emperor said to Las Casas, "I have to reproach myself with this scene. I

must see this officer no more. He makes me fly into a passion. It is beneath my dignity. Expressions escape me which would have been unpardonable at the Tuileries. If they can be at all excused here, it is because I am in his hands, and subject to his power. It would have been more worthy of me, more consistent, and more dignified, to have expressed all these things with perfect composure. They would, besides, have been more impressive."

August 27th. The conversation to-day led the Emperor to take a rapid review of the events of his reign. "The French and the Italians," said he, "lament my absence. I carry with me the gratitude of the Poles, and even the late and bitter regrets of the Spaniards. Europe will soon deplore the loss of the equilibrium, to the maintenance of which my French empire was absolutely necessary. The Continent is now in the most perilous situation, being continually exposed to the risk of being overrun by Cossacks and Tartars. And the English—the English will deplore their victory of Waterloo. Things will be carried to such a length that posterity, together with every well-disposed and well-informed person among our contemporaries, will regret that I did not succeed in all my enterprises."

September 8th. It was a dreary day of wind and rain. The Emperor sat in his room before a blazing fire. "To-day," said he, "is the anniversary of a hideous remembrance, the massacres of September, the St. Bartholomew of the French Revolution—a bloody stain, which was the act of the commune of Paris, a rival power to the Legislature, which built its strength upon the passions of the dregs of the people. No political change ever takes place unattended by popular fury. The mass of the people never enter into action without committing disorders and sacrificing victims. The Prussian army had arrived within forty leagues of Paris; the famous manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick was to be seen on all the walls of the city; the people had persuaded themselves that the first pledge of the safety of the Revolution was the death of the Royalists. They ran to the prisons, and intoxicated themselves with blood to the cry of 'Vive la Revolution!' Their energy had an electrical effect, by the fear with which it inspired one party and the example which it gave to the other. One hundred thousand volunteers joined the army, and the Revolution was saved."

"I might have saved my crown by letting loose the people against the men of the Restoration. You will recollect, Montholon, when, at the head of your regiments, you wished to punish the treachery of Fouché, and to proclaim my dictatorship. But I did not choose to do so. My whole being revolted at the thought of being king of another mob."

"A revolution is always, whatever some may think, one of the greatest misfortunes with which Divine anger can punish a nation. It is the scourge of the nation which brings it about; and for a long course it is the misfortune of all."

True social happiness consists in regular and peaceful order, in the harmony of every one's relative enjoyments. I gave millions every year to the poor. I made immense sacrifices to aid and assist industry, and yet France has now more poor than in 1787. The reason is, that revolutions, however well conducted, destroy everything instantaneously, and only re-construct society after a considerable time. The French Revolution was a national convulsion, as irresistible in its effects as an eruption of Vesuvius. When the unperceived workings of the people arrive at maturity, a revolution bursts forth.

"The Bourbons are greatly deceived if they believe themselves firmly seated on the throne of Hugh Capet. I do not know whether I shall ever again see Paris, but what I know is, that the French people will one day break the sceptre which the enemies of France have confided to Louis XVIII."

"My son will reign, if the popular masses are permitted to act without control. The crown will belong to the Duke of Orleans, if those who are called Liberals gain the victory over the people; but then, sooner or later, the people will discover that they have been deceived—that the white are always white, the blue always blue, and that there is no guarantee for their true interests except under the reign of my dynasty, because it is the work of their creation."

"I did not usurp the crown. I picked it from the gutter. The people placed it on my head. I wished the name of Frenchman to be the most noble and desirable on the earth. I was king of the people, as the Bourbons are kings of the nobles, under whatever colour they may disguise the banner of their ancestors. When, full of confidence in the sympathy of the nation, I returned from Elba, my advisers insisted that I ought to take notice of some chiefs of the royal party. I constantly refused, answering to those who gave me this advice, 'If I have remained in the hearts of the mass of the people, I have nothing to do with the Royalists. If not, what will some more or less avail me to struggle against the opinion of the nation?'"

Sir Hudson Lowe had informed the Emperor, through Count Montholon, that the expenses of Longwood must be greatly reduced, and the number of Napoleon's household diminished. The expenditure, he said, must not exceed twenty-five thousand francs a month, which would be equal to about five thousand francs a month in England. Should General Bonaparte be averse to this reduction, he must pay the surplus himself. The Emperor promptly replied that he would cheerfully defray all the expenses of his establishment, if the ministers would permit any banking house in St. Helena, London, or Paris, chosen by the British government itself, to serve as intermediators through whom the Emperor could send sealed letters and receive answers. He promised to pledge his honour that the letters should relate solely to pecuniary affairs, requiring a similar pledge, on the part of the banking-house, that the correspondence should be held sacred. Sir

Hudson Lowe refused his assent to this arrangement, stating that no sealed letters could be permitted to leave Longwood. He still, however, insisted upon the reduction, or that the Emperor should pay the surplus. The controversy was long and bitter, and the Emperor was exceedingly annoyed. Sir Hudson Lowe was inexorable, and Count Montholon informed him that, as the Emperor was not permitted by the English government to have access to his property, he had no other means left than to dispose of his plate; and that, accordingly, a portion would be broken up and sent to town for sale monthly, to provide the necessities of life. By dismissing six servants, and introducing rigid economy, the Emperor thought that he could bring the expenses of the establishment to about seven thousand five hundred francs a month. Sir Hudson Lowe furnished five thousand. There was consequently two thousand five hundred left for the Emperor to raise, or to dismiss more of his friends.

September 7th. It was a dark and gloomy day. Napoleon, sick and dejected, did not leave his cheerless apartment. A stormy night settled down over the prisoners. Napoleon sent for Dr. O'Meara. "He was sitting," records the doctor, "in his bed-room, with only a wood fire burning, the flames of which, alternately blazing and sinking, gave, at moments, a most singular and melancholy expression to his countenance, as he sat opposite to it, with his hands crossed upon his knees, probably reflecting upon his forlorn condition." As Dr. O'Meara entered, the Emperor, after a moment's silence, said—

"Doctor, this is beyond your art. I have been trying in vain to procure a little rest. I cannot comprehend the conduct of your ministers. They go to the expense of one million two hundred thousand francs in sending out furniture, wood, and building materials for my use, and, at the same time, send orders to put me nearly on rations, and oblige me to discharge my servants, and make reductions incompatible with the decency and comfort of the house. Then we have aides-de-camp making stipulations about a bottle of wine, and two or three pounds of meat, with as much gravity and consequence as if they were treating about the distribution of kingdoms. I see contradictions which I cannot reconcile; on the one hand, enormous and useless expenditure; and, on the other, unparalleled meanness and littleness. Why do they not allow me to provide myself with everything, instead of disgracing the character of the nation? They will not furnish my followers with what they have been accustomed to, nor will they allow me to provide for them, by sending sealed letters through a mercantile house even of their own selection; for no man in France would answer a letter of mine when he knew that it would be read by the English ministers, and that he would consequently be denounced to the Bourbons, and his property and person exposed to certain destruction. Moreover, your own ministers have not given a specimen of good faith in seizing upon the trifling sum of money that I had in the 'Bellerophon,' which

gives reason to suppose that they would do the same again if they knew where any of my property was placed. It must be to deceive the English nation. Seeing all this furniture sent out, and so much parade and show in the preparations made in England, they conclude that I am well treated here. If they knew the truth, and the dishonour which it reflects upon them, they would not suffer it."

September 16th. Las Casas records—"In the morning, my servant came to tell me that there was neither coffee, sugar, milk, nor bread for breakfast. Yesterday, some hours before dinner, feeling hungry, I asked for a mouthful of bread, and was told that there was none for me. Thus we are denied the very necessities of life. This fact will scarcely be credited, and yet I have stated nothing but the truth.

"In the course of three successive months, the whole of the Emperor's plate, with the exception of one silver-gilt bowl, was broken up and sold. Sir Hudson Lowe thought that the residents at Longwood had money secreted which he could thus extort. When the Emperor found himself reduced to ordinary ware, the physical effect upon him was such that he could eat nothing, and said to me, on leaving the dinner-table, 'It must be allowed, my son, that we are all great children. Can you conceive that I could not conquer my disgust at this badly-served dinner—I who, when I was young, ate from black dishes? In truth, I am ashamed of myself to-day.'"

Sir Hudson Lowe now yielded. He expressed much regret that he had pushed matters to such an extremity, and said that he only acted on the conviction that the captives had a great quantity of gold at Longwood, and "that he would not have allowed a single piece of plate to be broken, could he have supposed that matters would go so far as to reduce General Bonaparte to eat off dishes like those of the lowest colonist in the island."

As soon as the Emperor's friends were informed of his destitution, they immediately placed their fortunes at his disposal. Napoleon's mother, Joseph, Hortense, Pauline, Eliza, Jerome, and Louis, all authorized him to draw freely upon them.

September 30th. The Emperor read in an English newspaper that Lord Castlereagh had again stated in an assembly in Ireland that Napoleon had declared at St. Helena that he never would have made peace with England but to deceive her, take her by surprise, and destroy her; and that, if the French army was attached to the Emperor, it was because he was in the habit of giving the daughters of the richest families of his empire in marriage to his soldiers.

The Emperor, moved with indignation, dictated the following reply:—

"These calumnies, uttered against a man who is so barbarously oppressed, and who is not allowed to make his voice heard in answer to them, will be disbelieved by all persons well-educated and susceptible of feeling. Wh

Napoleon was seated on the first throne in the world, then, no doubt, his enemies had a right to say whatever they pleased. His actions were public, and were a sufficient answer to them. At any rate, that conduct now belonged to public opinion and history. But to utter new and base calumnies against him at the present moment is an act of the utmost meanness and cowardice, and which will not answer the end proposed. Millions of libels have been, and are still published every day, but they are without effect. Sixty millions of men, of the most polished nations in the world, raise their voices to confute them; and fifty thousand Englishmen, who are now travelling on the Continent, will, on their return home, publish the truth to the inhabitants of the three kingdoms of Great Britain, who will blush at having been so grossly deceived."

Thus closed the first year of Napoleon's captivity at St. Helena. The recital of the numerous vexatious annoyances and insults to which he was exposed would be but painful to the feelings of our readers. Those who have a heart for the tragic story can find all the details in the several memorials of St. Helena, illustrated by the official documents of Sir Hudson Lowe.

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE SECOND AND THIRD YEAR OF CAPTIVITY.

New vexations from Sir Hudson Lowe—Napoleon's views of toleration—Remarks on the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens, upon the Congress at Châtillon, upon Russia—The removal of Las Casas—Vulgarity of Sir Hudson Lowe—Libels upon the Emperor—Dilapidated condition of Longwood—Interview with Lord Amherst—Energetic protest.

THE Emperor's health was rapidly failing, and gloom preyed heavily upon the spirits of all his companions. The Emperor could not ride or walk unless accompanied by an English officer. Guards, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, stood before his windows and at his door. He was prohibited from speaking to any inhabitant of the island unless in the presence of an English officer. Sir Hudson Lowe insisted that all the inmates of Longwood should sign the following declaration:—

"I, the undersigned, hereby declare that I wish to remain at St. Helena, and to share the restrictions which are imposed on Bonaparte personally."

The gentlemen at Longwood were unwilling to sign a paper which referred so disrespectfully to their Emperor. They, however, promptly signed the declaration, simply substituting the title Emperor instead of Bonaparte. The governor immediately sent back the paper, demanding that they should sign the one he had sent. Dr. O'Meara told him that he did not believe the French gentlemen would sign the declaration, worded as he wished.

"I suppose," the governor replied, "that they are very glad of it, as it will give them a pretext to leave General Bonaparte, which I shall order them to do."

All the members of the Emperor's suite, in great perplexity, assembled in his room. "These insults," said the Emperor, "which are daily heaped upon those who have devoted themselves to me—insults which there is every probability will be multiplied to a still greater extent—present a spectacle which I cannot and must not longer endure. Gentlemen, you must leave me. I cannot see you submit to the restrictions which are about to be imposed on you, and which will, doubtless, soon be augmented. I will remain here alone. Return to Europe, and make known the horrible treatment to which I am exposed. Bear witness that you saw me sink into a premature grave. I will not allow any one of you to sign this declaration in the form that is required. I forbid it. It shall never be said that hands which I had the power to command were employed in recording my degradation. If obstacles are raised respecting a mere foolish formality, others will be started to-morrow for an equally trivial cause. It is determined to move you in detail, but I would rather see you removed altogether and at once. Perhaps this sacrifice may produce a result."

At eleven o'clock that night, Count Bertrand received a letter from Sir Hudson Lowe, informing him that, in consequence of the refusal of the French officers to sign the declaration he had presented, they and the domestics must all depart for the cape of Good Hope instantly, in a ship which was ready for their reception. This brought them to terms. Overwhelmed with grief and consternation, they, in a body, waited upon Captain Poppleton after midnight and signed the obnoxious paper, which was immediately transmitted to the governor.

October 16th. The Emperor sent for Dr. O'Meara, and requested him to call upon Sir Hudson Lowe again to propose, in order to avoid further difficulty, that the Emperor should assume the name of Colonel Muiron or Baron Duroc. "If the governor consents," the Emperor continued, "let him signify to Bertrand that he acquiesces in one of them, and such shall be adopted. It will prevent many difficulties and smooth the way."

The governor coolly replied that it was a very important communication, which required serious reflection, and that he would lose no time in forwarding it to the British government! The Emperor, in conversation with Dr. O'Meara, after his return from the interview with Sir Hudson Lowe, remarked—

"I abdicated the throne of France, but not the title of Emperor. Sovereigns generally retain their titles. Thus Charles of Spain retains the title of King and Majesty, after having abdicated in favour of his son. If I were in England, I should not call myself Emperor. But they want to make it appear that the French nation had not a right to make me its

sovereign. If they had not a right to make me Emperor, they were equally incapable of making me general.

"Your nation called Washington a leader of rebels for a long time, and refused to acknowledge either him or the Constitution of his country; but his successes obliged them to change and acknowledge both. It is success which makes the great man. It would appear truly ridiculous in me, were it not that your ministers force me to it, to call myself Emperor, situated as I am here, and would remind one of those poor wretches in Bethlehem, in London, who fancy themselves kings amid their chains and straw."

He then spoke of the heroic attachment which his friends had manifested by remaining at St. Helena contrary to his desire. "They had," said he, "an excellent pretext to go, by refusing to sign 'Napoleon Bonaparte,' and next because I ordered them not to sign. But no, they would have signed 'the tyrant Bonaparte,' or any other opprobrious name, in order to remain with me in misery here, rather than return to Europe, where they might live in splendour. The more your government tries to degrade me, so much more respect will they pay to me. They pride themselves in paying me more respect now than when I was in the height of my glory."

October 18th. Las Casas records—"I did not see the Emperor until five o'clock, when he sent for me to attend him in his drawing-room. He continued indisposed, but he had, notwithstanding, been engaged all the morning in dictating to the grand-marshal. He summoned all the individuals of his suite in succession. He was low-spirited and heavy. The weather has an effect on the nerves, and the persecutions which are heaped on us are still worse to bear. Every word uttered by the governor increases our misery. To-day he had signified his intention of removing four of our establishment, which has been the cause of general lamentation among the household. The individuals singled out for their removal regret their separation from their companions, while those who are to remain are tormented by the fear of speedily sharing the same fate." The next day these four companions of the captive were taken from Longwood, and sent in a ship to the Cape of Good Hope.

October 22nd. Dr. O'Meara inquired why the Emperor had encouraged the Jews so much.

"I wanted," he replied, "to make them leave off usury, and become like other men. There were a great many Jews in the countries I reigned over. By removing their disabilities, and by putting them upon an equality with Catholics, Protestants, and others, I hoped to make them become good citizens, and conduct themselves like the rest of the community. I believe that I should have succeeded in the end. Moreover, I wanted to establish a universal liberty of conscience. My system was to have no predominant religion, but to allow perfect liberty of conscience and of thought, to make

all men equal, whether Protestants, Catholics, Mahometans, Deists, or others, so that their religion should have no influence in getting them employments under government."

"Would you have permitted the re-establishment of the Jesuits in France?" inquired Dr. O'Meara.

"Never," the Emperor replied. "It is the most dangerous of societies, and has done more mischief than all others. Their doctrine is, that their general is the sovereign of sovereigns, and master of the world; that all their orders from him, however contrary to the laws, or however wicked, must be obeyed. Every act, however atrocious, committed by them pursuant to orders from their general at Rome, becomes, in their eyes, meritorious. No, no, I would never have allowed a society to exist in my dominions under the orders of a foreign general at Rome."

"It is to be feared," Dr. O'Meara observed, "that the priests and the Jesuits will soon have great influence in France."

"Not at all unlikely," Napoleon replied. "The Bourbons are fanatics, and would willingly bring back the Jesuits and the Inquisition. In reigns before mine the Protestants were as badly treated as the Jews. They could not purchase land. I put them upon a level with the Catholics. They will now be trampled upon by the Bourbons, to whom they, and everything else liberal, will always be objects of suspicion."

October 26th. The Emperor was very unwell. The day was cold and damp. He sat in his chamber by a fire, with a handkerchief bound around his throbbing brow. He was suffering severely from the toothache and ague chills. "What a miserable thing is man!" said he; "the smallest fibre in his body, assailed by disease, is sufficient to derange his whole system. On the other hand, in spite of all the maladies to which he is subject, it is sometimes necessary to employ the executioner to put an end to him. What a curious machine is this earthly clothing! And perhaps I may be confined in it for thirty years longer."

November 1st. The Emperor passed the day in a state of extreme debility. He alluded to the rupture of the peace of Amiens. "The sudden rupture," said he, "of the treaty of Amiens, on such false pretences, and with so much bad faith on the part of the English ministry, and the seizure of several merchant ships even before war had been declared, roused my indignation to the utmost. To my urgent remonstrances, they coolly replied that it was a practice they had always observed. And here they spoke the truth. But the time was gone by when France could tamely submit to such injustice and humiliation. I had become the defender of her rights and glory, and I was resolved to let our enemies know with whom they had to deal. Unfortunately, owing to the reciprocal situation of the two countries, I could only avenge one act of violence by another still greater. It was a painful thing to be compelled

to make reprisals on innocent men. But I had no alternative."

November 2nd. In allusion to the conditions of peace proposed by the Allies at Châtillon, the Emperor remarked—

"I did right in refusing to sign the ultimatum, and I fully explained my reasons for that refusal. Therefore even here, on this rock, amid all my misery, I have nothing to repent of. I am aware that few will understand me; but, in spite of the fatal turn of events, even the common mass of mankind must be convinced that duty and honour left me no other alternative. If the Allies had thus far succeeded in degrading me, would they have stopped there? Would they not have availed themselves of the immense advantages afforded them by the treaty to finish by intrigue what they had commenced by force of arms? Then where would have been the safety, independence, and future welfare of France? Where would have been my honour, my vows? Would not the Allies have ruined me in the estimation of the people as effectually as they ruined me on the field of battle? They would have found public opinion too ready to receive the impression which it would have been their aim to give to it. How would France have reproached me for suffering foreigners to parcel out the territory that had been intrusted to my care! Could the French people, full of the recollections of their glory, have patiently endured the burdens that would inevitably have been imposed upon them? Hence would have risen fresh commotions, anarchy, and desolation. I preferred risking the last chances of battle, determining to abdicate in case of necessity. But, after all, the historian will perhaps find it difficult to do me justice, for the world is so overwhelmed with libels and falsehoods, my actions have been so misrepresented, my character so darkened and misunderstood."

Some one remarked that the clouds of detraction would disperse as his memory advanced in posterity.

"That is very true," the Emperor replied, "and my fate may be said to be the very opposite of others. A fall usually has the effect of lowering a man's character. But, on the contrary, my fall has elevated me prodigiously. Every succeeding day divests me of some portion of my tyrant's skin."

November 6th. The Emperor alluded to Russia. "Who can avoid shuddering at the thought of such a vast mass, unasailable either on the flanks or in the rear, descending upon us with impunity—if triumphant, overwhelming everything in its course; or if defeated, retiring amid the cold and desolation that may be called its forces of reserve, and possessing every facility of issuing forth at a future opportunity? Is not this the head of the Hydra, the Antæus of fable, which can only be subdued by seizing it bodily and stifling it in the embrace? But where is the Hercules to be found? France only could think of such an achievement, and it must be confessed we made but an awkward attempt. Should there

arise an Emperor of Russia, valiant, impetuous, and intelligent—in a word, a Czar with a beard on his chin, Europe is his own."

November 14th. Some new vexation on the part of Sir Hudson Lowe arose. Las Casas remarked, "Ah, sire, this must indeed, increase your hatred of the English!"

Napoleon shrugged his shoulders, and said pleasantly, "That is an ignoble and vulgar spirit. Say rather that, at most, it may increase my hatred of this or that particular Englishman. But, since we are on this subject, let me say that a man—truly a man—never hates. His anger or ill-humour never goes beyond the irritation of the moment—the electric stroke. The man formed for high duties and authority never considers persons; he sees only things, their weight and consequence."

Speaking of a man of powerful mind but of coarse habits, he remarked, "The fault is in his first education. His swaddling-clothes have been neither fine nor clean."

November 16th. Las Casas records—"About three o'clock the Emperor sent for me. He wished to take the air. We were much impressed with his pallid cheek, his emaciation, and his debility. As we passed through the wood, the Emperor saw the fortifications with which we are about to be surrounded, and he could not forbear smiling at these useless and absurd preparations. He remarked that the ground in our neighbourhood had been entirely disfigured by the removal of the kind of turf with which it was covered, and which had been carried away for the purpose of raising banks. In fact, for the last two months, the governor has been incessantly digging ditches, constructing parapets, planting palisades, &c. He has quite blockaded us in Longwood; and the stable, at present, presents every appearance of a redoubt. We are assured that Sir Hudson Lowe often starts out of his sleep to devise new means of security. 'Surely,' said the Emperor, 'this seems something like madness. Why cannot the man sleep tranquilly and let us alone? Has he not sense enough to perceive that the security of our local situation here is sufficient to remove all his panic terrors?'"

November 20th. A new calamity overwhelmed the Emperor. His faithful friend and constant companion was, without a word of warning, torn from him, and, after close imprisonment for a month, was sent, with his son, off to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to England. The pretext for this cruel arrest was, that Las Casas had written a letter, describing the Emperor's situation, to Lady Clavering, and had intrusted it to a servant to be sent to Europe, without passing through the hands of Sir Hudson Lowe. This was a dreadful blow to the Emperor in these dreary hours of solitude and sickness. Las Casas was not permitted to see the Emperor to utter a word of adieu. The Emperor, however, wrote a letter to his agonized companion, containing the following sentiments:—

"My dear Count Las Casas,—My heart is deeply affected by what you now experience. Torn from me fifteen days ago, you have been, since then, imprisoned, in close confinement, without my being able to communicate with you, or to receive from you any intelligence. Your conduct at St. Helena has been, like the whole of your life, honourable and irreproachable. I love to tell you this. A pretext was wanting to seize upon your papers. But your letter to your friend in London could not authorize a visit from the police to you, since it contained no plot, no mystery—since it was only the expression of a heart noble and sincere.

"Your papers, among which it was well known there were some belonging to me, were seized, without any formality, close to my apartment, and with expressions of ferocious joy. I was informed of this some few moments afterwards. I looked through the window and saw them taking you away. I imagined I saw some South Sea Islanders dancing round the prisoners whom they were about to devour.

"Your society was necessary to me. You alone could read, speak, and understand English. How many nights have you watched over me during my illness! Nevertheless, I request you, and, in case of need, command you, to require the governor to send you to the Continent. He cannot refuse, because he has no power over you, except through the voluntary document which you signed. It would be a great consolation to me to know that you were on your way to more happy countries. When you arrive in Europe, whether you go to England or return to France, endeavour to forget the evils you have been called to endure, and be happy in the thought of the fidelity you have shown towards me, and of the affection which I feel for you. Should you see, some day, my wife and son, embrace them. For two years I have, neither directly nor indirectly, heard from them. There has been on this island for six months a German botanist, who had seen them in the garden of Schönbrunn a few months before his departure. The barbarians have carefully prevented him from coming to give me any news respecting them.

"In the meantime, be comforted, and console my friends. My body, it is true, is exposed to the hatred of my enemies. They omit nothing that can contribute to satisfy their vengeance; they make me suffer the protracted tortures of a slow death, but Providence is too just to allow these sufferings to last much longer. The insalubrity of this dreadful climate, the want of everything that tends to support life, will soon, I feel, put an end to an existence whose last moments will be an opprobrium to the English character; and Europe will one day stigmatize with horror that perfidious and wicked man. All true Englishmen will disown him as a Briton.

"As there is every reason to suppose that you will not be allowed to come and see me before your departure, receive my embraces, and the

assurance of my esteem and friendship. May you be happy.

"Yours affectionately,

"NAPOLEON.

"Longwood, Dec. 11th, 1816."

This letter, sealed and directed to Las Casas, was sent to Sir Hudson Lowe. He immediately returned it, with the observation that it could not be delivered until it should be read and approved by the governor. The Emperor was reclining on his sofa when the letter was brought back. He uttered not a word, but, raising his hand over his head, took the letter, broke the seal, and returned it without even looking at the messenger. Las Casas was not permitted again to see the Emperor. On the 30th of December he left the island. His grateful heart throbbed with anguish as he was thus constrained to abandon the unhappy captive to his awful doom.

Napoleon said to O'Meara, "The next to be removed will be Montholon, as they see that he is a most useful and consoling friend to me. I am less unfortunate than they. I see nobody. They cannot stir out without submitting to degrading restrictions. I am sorry that, two months ago, they did not depart. I have sufficient fortitude to stand alone against all this tyranny. It is only prolonging their agony to keep them here a few months longer. After they have been taken away, you will be sent off, and then the crime will be consummated.

"As to myself, I would never make a complaint if I did not know that, were an inquiry demanded by the nation, your ministers would say, 'He has never complained, and therefore he is conscious that he is well treated, and that there are no grounds for it.' Otherwise, I should conceive it degrading in me to utter a word; though I am so disgusted with the conduct of this *shirto*, that I should, with the greatest pleasure, receive the intimation that orders had arrived to shoot me. I should esteem it as a blessing."

Napoleon continued to seclude himself entirely in his room, and endeavoured to forget his woes in constant mental occupation. He saw no company. He would not go out and expose himself to the indignity of being followed and watched wherever he went.

"One day," says Count Montholon, "I was writing from dictation, when the *violet-de-chambre* on duty came to inform him that the governor had, for the last half-hour, been insisting on entering the Emperor's room, in order to assure himself, with his own eyes, that he had not escaped; and that Sir Hudson Lowe declared that he would have the doors forced if they persisted in not opening them to him. The Emperor listened with contemptuous indifference, and, turning round, said—

"Tell my gaoler that it is in his power to change his keys for the hatchet of the executioner, and that, if he enters, it shall be over a

Sir Hudson Lowe heard this answer, and retired, confounded.

Sir Thomas Strange, Judge of the Supreme Court in Calcutta, landed at the island. Sir Hudson Lowe requested the Emperor to grant him an interview.

"Tell the governor," said the Emperor, "that those who have gone down to the tomb receive no visits; and take care that the Judge be made acquainted with my answer."

Count Montholon says, "On receiving this answer from General Bertrand, Sir Hudson Lowe was unable to restrain his anger, and gave way to violent passion. But the conduct of Sir Thomas Reade was, it possible, still more extravagant, and it has been said that, on this occasion, he made use of the following expressions:—'If I were governor, I would bring that dog of a Frenchman to his senses. I would isolate him from his friends, who are no better than himself. Then I would deprive him of his books. He is, in fact, nothing but a miserable outlaw, and I would treat him as such. By G—, it would be a great service to the King of France to rid him of such a fellow altogether. It was a great piece of cowardice not to have sent him at once to a court-martial instead of sending him here.' Such were the men by whom Sir Hudson Lowe was surrounded."

On another occasion, General Meade, who had arrived at the island, was invited to visit Longwood. The letter from the grand-marshal was delivered unsealed to Sir Hudson Lowe, and by him handed to General Meade. He replied, "That he should have been very happy to have availed himself of the invitation, but that he understood restrictions existed, and that he must apply to the governor for permission; and that, moreover, the vessel was under weigh, and he could not well detain her."

"I saw," says Dr. O'Meara, "Sir Hudson Lowe afterwards, who asked me if General Bonaparte had made any observations relative to General Meade's not having accepted the offer made to him. I replied, that he said that he was convinced that Sir Hudson had prevented General Meade from accepting it, and had desired me to tell him that such was his opinion. No sooner had I pronounced this than his Excellency's countenance changed, and he exclaimed, in a violent tone of voice, 'He is a d—d lying rascal, a d—d black-hearted villain. I wished General Meade to accept it, and told him to do so. None but a black-hearted villain would have entertained such an idea. Tell General Bonaparte that the assertion that I prevented General Meade from going to see him is an infamous lie, and the person who said it is a great liar. Tell him my exact words.'" Dr. O'Meara, of course, declined conveying such a message to the Emperor.

January 12th. As Napoleon rose from the table and took his hat from off the side-board, a large rat sprang out of it and ran between his legs. The incident deeply impressed his friends, who painfully contrasted the rat-infested hovel

which the Emperor now occupied with the splendours of the Tuileries and St. Cloud.

February 18th. Dr. O'Meara records—"Saw Sir Hudson Lowe at Plantation House. Found him busied in examining some newspapers for Longwood. Sir Thomas Reade made a long harangue on the impropriety of allowing Bonaparte any newspapers, unless such as had been previously inspected by the governor. Sir Hudson Lowe put aside several papers as not being, in his opinion, proper to be sent to Napoleon, observing that, however strange it might appear, General Bonaparte ought to be obliged to him for not sending him newspapers indiscriminately, as the perusal of articles written in his own favour might excite hopes which, when not ultimately realized, could not fail to afflict him; that, moreover, the British government thought it improper to let him know everything that appeared in the newspapers."

This irritable and vulgar governor, in a moment of passion, sent from his library to his captive an atrocious libel, called the "Secret Amours of Napoleon," and also a book entitled "Famous Impostors, or Histories of many Pitiful Wretches of Low Birth, of all Nations, who have usurped the Office of Emperor, King, or Prince." "Perhaps General Bonaparte," said Sir Hudson, "may find some characters in it resembling himself."

February 28th. The Emperor, after a night of passion and pain, was deeply dejected. The botanist, who had conversed with the Empress and her son just before he left Germany, was on the eve of his departure from the island, without being permitted to see the Emperor. "In the most barbarous countries," said Napoleon to Dr. O'Meara, with deep emotion, "it would not be prohibited, even to a prisoner under sentence of death, to have the consolation of conversing with a person who had lately seen his wife and child. Even in that worst of courts, the revolutionary tribunal of France, such an instance of barbarity and of callousness to all feeling was never known. And your nation, which is so much cried up for liberality, permits such treatment! He must, indeed, be a barbarian who would deny to a husband and a father the consolation of discoursing to a person who had lately seen, spoken to, and touched his wife and child, from whose embrace he is for ever separated by the cruel policy of the few. The Anthropophagi of the South Seas would not practice it. Previous to devouring their victims, they would allow them the consolation of seeing and conversing with each other. The cruelties which are practiced here would be disavowed by cannibals." As the Emperor uttered these words, his voice faltered, and he strove unavailingly to conceal the pangs with which his heart was lacerated.

March 2nd. Napoleon was lying languidly upon the sofa. In conversation, he said to Dr. O'Meara, "In the papers they make me serve for all purposes, and say whatever suits their views. Your ministers have little scruple in having recourse to falsehood when they think it will forward any object they have in view. It is

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always dishonourable and base to belie the unfortunate, and doubly so when in your power, and when you hold a padlock upon the mouth to prevent a reply."

March 3rd. The Emperor appeared quite cheerful and animated. As he paced the floor, he turned to Dr. O'Meara and said, "What sort of a man did you take me to be before you became my surgeon? What did you think of my character? Give me your real opinion frankly."

"I thought you to be a man," O'Meara replied, "whose stupendous talents were only to be equalled by your measureless ambition; and, although I did not give credit to one-tenth part of the libels which I had read against you, still I believed that you would not hesitate to commit a crime when you found it to be necessary, or thought it to be useful to you."

"That is just the answer I expected," the Emperor replied, "and is, perhaps, the opinion of Lord Holland, and even of numbers of the French. Now, the fact is, that I not only never committed any crimes, but I never even thought of doing so. I have always advanced with the opinion of great masses and with events. I have always thought but little of the opinion of individuals, but of that of the public a great deal. Of what use, then, would crime have been to me?"

"In spite of all the libels, I have no fear whatever about my fame. Posterity will do me justice. The good I have done will be compared with the faults which I have committed. I have framed and carried into effect a code of laws that will bear my name to the most distant posterity. From nothing, I raised myself to be the most powerful monarch in the world. My ambition was great, but it was caused by events and the opinion of great bodies. I have always been of opinion that the sovereignty lay in the people. In fact, the imperial government was a kind of republic. Called to the head of it by the voice of the nation, my maxim was, the career open to talents, without distinction of birth or fortune; and this system of equality is the reason that your oligarchy hate me so much."

March 10th. A ship arrived from England, bringing, with other things, a book written by a Mr. Warden in a friendly spirit, describing the appearance of the Emperor on board the "Northumberland." The Emperor perused the book with interest, and remarked—

"The foundation of it is true, but he has badly understood what was said to him. Warden does not understand French. He has acted wrong in making me speak in the manner he has done. Instead of having it stated that it had been conveyed through an interpreter, he puts down almost everything as if I had been speaking to him all the time, and as if he could have understood me. Consequently, he has put into my mouth expressions unworthy of me, and not in my style. Any person who knows me will readily see that it is not in my style."

March 19th. Dr. O'Meara records—"Saw Napoleon in his bath. He was reading the New Testament. I could not help remarking that many people would not believe that he would read such a book, as it had been asserted, and credited by some, that he was an unbeliever."

The Emperor smiled and replied, "Nevertheless, it is not true. I am far from being an Atheist. In spite of all the iniquities and frauds of the teachers of religion, I did everything in my power to re-establish religion. But I wished to render it the foundation and prop of morality and good principles, and not a mere *attaché* of the human laws. Man has need of something wonderful. Moreover, religion is a great consolation and resource to those who possess it."

April 3rd. "Before my reign," said the Emperor, "the oath taken by the French kings was to exterminate all heretics! At my coronation, I swore to protect all worshipers!"

April 4th. Dr. O'Meara gives the following account of the condition of the Emperor's residence at Longwood:—

"The rats are in numbers almost incredible. I have frequently seen them assemble like broods of chickens round the offal thrown out of the kitchen. The floors and wooden partitions which separated the rooms were perforated with holes in every direction. It is difficult for any person who has not actually heard it to form an idea of the noise caused by these animals running up and down between the partitions, and galloping in flocks in the garrets. At night, when disturbed by their entrance into my chamber, and by their running over me in bed, I have frequently thrown my boots, the boot-jack, and everything I could readily reach, at them, without intimidating them in the slightest degree, to effect which I have been at last obliged to get out of bed to drive them away."

"The wretched and ruinous state of the building, the roofs and ceiling of which were chiefly formed of wood, and covered with brown paper, smeared with a composition of pitch and tar, together with the partitions being chiefly of wood, greatly favoured the introduction of those animals, and was productive of another great inconvenience, as the composition, when heated by the rays of the sun, melted and ran off, leaving a number of chinks open, through which the heavy tropical rains entered in torrents. Countess Montholon was repeatedly obliged to rise in the night to shift her own and her children's beds to different parts of the room, in order to escape being deluged. The construction of the roofs rendered this irremediable, as a few hours of sunshine produced fresh cracks. As this book may fall into the hands of some readers who may not credit the above description of Longwood House, I beg to call the attention of respectable persons who may touch at St. Helena to the state of the house in which the exiled sovereign of France breathed his last, after six years of captivity."

May 22nd. An English gentleman spoke with contempt of Louis XVIII. The Emperor fled

"You are badly acquainted with the course of events, and are unjust towards Louis XVIII. Neither he nor any of the princes of the family were deficient in courage during the events of the Hundred Days. They did all they could do. The whole people repudiated them, and merely regarded them as kings of the emigrants. The Bourbons have proved powerless in stopping the reaction provoked by the madness of some incorrigible emigrants, and the antipathy against them became a complete epidemic, which seized on all classes of the nation. Do greater justice to the Bourbons. They are a race of brave men. Their fault consisted in being only the representatives of superannuated interests, and they were consequently repulsed by all the interests of new France."

Again the Emperor remarked—

"No people ever enjoyed a larger share of civil liberty than those of France under my reign. There is no state in Europe which has not had a greater number of individuals arrested and cast into prison under various titles or forms. If the criminal legislation of England be compared with that of France, who can doubt the superiority of the latter? As to the criminal legislation of Austria, Russia, Prussia, and the other states of Europe, suffice it to say that there is neither publicity nor the confrontation of witnesses. My laws are highly esteemed by the Italians, and there is no country into which they have been introduced whose inhabitants have not petitioned for their continuance as a favour. In short, let it be proved that any sovereign has shown himself more anxious than myself to do justice, or has better understood how to identify himself with the interests of his people, and then I shall repent of not having done more. I am, however, conscious that, while on the throne, I constantly made it my first thought and desire to realize my motto, 'Everything for the French people.'"

July 2nd. Lord Amherst, on a homeward voyage, arrived at the island, and was presented to the Emperor. At the close of the general conversation, he offered to transmit to the Prince Regent any request which the Emperor might have to make. Napoleon, with dignity, but in tones of deep suffering, replied—

"Neither your King nor your nation have any right over me. England sets an example of twenty millions of men oppressing one individual. The bill of the 11th of April only serves the purpose of personal hatred. It will, sooner or later, be the shame of England. The Parliament which voted it forgot its sacred character, and, as a legislative body, committed a crime against English honour. I am not allowed to leave this unhealthy but unless accompanied by a guard. I am forbidden to receive letters from my wife, my mother, or my family, except they have been read and commented on by my gaoler."

"Of what use are these odious restrictions here? What man of sense can admit the possibility of my escape, when numerous cruising vessels rove around the island; when posts are

established at all points; when there are signals always ready to correspond with each other; when no vessel can approach or leave St. Helena without having been visited by the governor's agents; and, finally, when hundreds of sentinels are posted around the limits of this place from six in the evening till six in the morning?

"But they do still more, if possible. They wish me to deny a glorious fact—to acknowledge the shame of my country. They will have it that France had no right to place the imperial crown on my head, and pretend to wash away, by a decree of Sir Hudson Lowe, the Loly oil with which the Vicar of Christ anointed my forehead. The name of *General Bonaparte* was the one which I bore at Campo Formio and at Luneville, when I dictated terms to the Emperor of Austria. I bore it at Amiens when I signed the peace with England. I should be proud to bear it still, but the honour of France forbids me to acknowledge the right of the King of England to annul the acts of the French people. My intention was to take the name of Duroc. Your ministers, and their hired assassin, Sir Hudson Lowe, oblige me, by their ignoble intrigues on this subject, to retain the title of the Emperor Napoleon. If your government denies my right to this title, it acknowledges implicitly that Louis XVIII. reigned in France at the time when I signed the peace of Amiens, and when the Lords Lauderdale and Castlereagh negotiated with my plenipotentiaries."

"I always desired peace, and a sincere peace, with England. I wished to fill up the abyss of revolutions, and to reconstruct, without shaking, the European edifice, to the advantage of all, by employing kings to bestow on Continental Europe the blessings of Constitutions—a blessing which your country as well as mine only acquired at the price of a fearful social commotion. I repeat that I always desired peace. I only fought to obtain it. The Congress of Vienna thinks that it will secure this blessing to Europe. It is deceived. War, and a terrible war, is being hatched under the ashes of the empire. Sooner or later, nations will cruelly avenge me of the ingratitude of the kings whom I crowned and pardoned. Tell the Prince Regent—tell the Parliament, of which you are a principal member—that I want, as a favour, the axe of the executioner, to put an end to the outrages of my gaoler."

"Lord Amherst," says Montholon, "heard with emotion these complaints of a great and deeply-wounded soul. He did not seek to conceal the interest he felt in them. He promised to tell all to the Prince Regent, and respectfully offered his services to intervene with Sir Hudson Lowe."

"It would be useless," said the Emperor, interrupting him. "Crime and hatred towards me are equally in this man's nature. It is necessary to his enjoyment to torture me like the tiger, who tears with his claws the prey whose agony he takes pleasure in prolonging."

October 7th. The Emperor, in consequence of

the cruel restrictions to which he was subjected, and the insults to which he consequently was exposed, had for several months refused to leave his room. His health was rapidly declining. To the entreaties of Dr. O'Meara that he would go out and take some exercise, he replied--

"As long as the present system is in force, I will never stir out. Would you have me render myself liable to be stopped and insulted by a sentinel, as Madame Bertrand was some days ago? If I had been in her place it would have occurred, as the sentinel had orders to stop everybody. To avoid the possibility of being insulted, I have shut myself up. By prohibiting me to speak to such persons as I might meet, he has offered to me the greatest insult which could be given to a man. It is true that he has since taken it off; but, if he has the power to make restrictions as he pleases, he may renew it to-morrow upon some pretext. I shall be exposed to daily insults, and may be obliged to give an account of myself to every sentinel who thought it right to fulfil his duty properly."

Dr. O'Meara remarked, "The governor has insisted that you wish to kill yourself, and for that purpose resort to this close confinement."

"Had I intended this," the Emperor replied, "I would have fallen on my sword long ago, and died like a soldier; but I was not foolish enough to attempt my death by the slow agonies of a lingering disease. I have never loved tedious warfare; but there is no death, however slow and painful, that I would not prefer to dishonouring my character. If I were to go out and be once insulted by a sentinel, it would have the effect of doing more injury to my health than six months' confinement. But this man is insensible to any moral feeling."

October 14th. The Emperor was casually informed that Dr. O'Meara was required to make out a daily bulletin of his health. He requested the doctor to show him one. Looking it over, he observed that he was styled *general*.

"I can never consent," said the Emperor, "to be so called by my physician. He must be in my confidence. I must also see these bulletins before they are sent to the governor. A physician is to the body what a confessor is to the soul, and is bound to keep such confession equally secret, unless permitted to divulge it. If you send any more bulletins without showing them to me, you will be acting the part of a spy, which is what the gaffer of St. Helena wishes. I cannot consent that you should style me 'general' in reports which may be sent to France, where I have been once sovereign; as, coming from me, it would appear an acquiescence on my part to such title, which I would rather die than consent to. Unless you agree to this arrangement, I can never see you again as my physician."

Dr. O'Meara communicated the above to Sir Hudson Lowe. He promptly refused to accede to the title Emperor, but was willing that he should be styled Napoleon Bonaparte. When, in the evening, the Emperor was informed of this answer made by the governor, he replied--

"I cannot think of allowing myself to be treated with indignity by my physician. After the proposal I have made to assume the *incognito*, to which no answer has been given, it is the height of insult to insist upon naming me as they like. The more they endeavour to humiliate, the more tenacious shall I be of the title. I lost my throne for a point of honour, and I will lose my life a hundred times rather than allow myself to be debased by consenting to be denominated as my oppressors please."

After some further conversation, the Emperor suggested that the word *patient* (to *malade*) should be used. This proposal was communicated to Sir Hudson Lowe. He, however, unreluctantly refused, declaring that his prisoner should be called only, in any bulletins, *General* *partie*, or Napoleon Bonaparte. When this was reported to the Emperor, he replied--

"The governor wishes to destroy the confidence which exists between me and my physician. When a man has not confidence in his physician, it is useless to have one. Treat me as if I were an Englishman. If I had not taken you, you know that I should have had a French physician, who would not have made bulletins without my permission. Would you, if you attended Lord Bathurst, write bulletins of the state of his complaint, to be printed, or sent to any other than members of his own family, without having first obtained his consent? I insist upon being treated in a similar manner."

Several days passed, during which the Emperor received Dr. O'Meara kindly as a friend, but refused to consult him in reference to his complaints. The Emperor was very unwell, and suffered severely from dejection and pain. At last Sir Hudson Lowe consented that, for the present, no more bulletins should be demanded, and the Emperor received back his physician. "He was never free," says Dr. O'Meara, "from a dull pain in the right side; his appetite was diminished; his legs still swelled, especially towards night; occasional nausea, and great want of sleep." Thus passed the second weary year of imprisonment and outrage.

October 28th. Sir Hudson Lowe had an angry interview with Dr. O'Meara. "Among other elegant expressions," records the doctor, "he said that he conceived me to be a jackal, running about in search of news for *General Bonaparte*. In a paroxysm of rage, he said that I was to consider myself as prohibited from holding any communication whatsoever with Napoleon Bonaparte except upon medical subjects; that I was to have no sort of communication with him upon other points."

November 14th. Sir Hudson Lowe, with whom the Emperor had for a long time refused to have any intercourse whatever, passed by the windows of Longwood. The Emperor remarked--

"I never look upon that governor without being reminded of the assassin of Edward II., in the castle of Berkeley, heating the bar of iron which was to be the instrument of his crime. My nature revolts against him. In my eyes he

seems to have marked him, like Cain, with the seal of reprobation. This does not arise from a prejudice against your nation, as Admiral Cockburn never inspired me with such feelings. I had unreserved confidence in him, and would willingly have received a surgeon or anything else from his hands."

March 10th. Weary months passed away, during which Sir Hudson Lowe, whose name is embalmed in eternal infamy, daily added to the tortures of his dying victim. Dr. O'Meara, for his refusal to be an accomplice with the governor, was loaded with every indignity. At last the governor ventured to make O'Meara, though he was a British officer, a prisoner, and forbade him to leave the precincts of Longwood. This arbitrary act left the doctor no resource but to tender his resignation, which he immediately did. Sadly he called upon the sick and dying Emperor to take his leave.

"Well, doctor," said Napoleon, "you are about to leave us. Will the world conceive that they have been base enough to make attempts upon my physician? I thank you for your care. Quit, as soon as you can, this abode of darkness and crime. I shall expire upon that pallet, consumed by disease, and without any assistance; but your country will be eternally dishonoured by my death."

Every one who befriended the Emperor was persecuted by Sir Hudson Lowe. Mr. Balcombe, who had kindly received Napoleon at the Briers, left for Europe. The Emperor gave him a bill, drawn upon his friends in Europe, for seventy thousand francs, and also granted him a pension, from funds there, of twelve thousand francs a-year. In a kind note which accompanied this significant expression of gratitude, he said—

"I fear that your resignation of your employment in this island is caused by the quarrels and annoyances drawn upon you by the relations established between your family and Longwood, in consequence of the hospitality which you showed me on our first arrival at St. Helena. I would not wish you ever to regret having known me."

The commissioners of the Allies residing upon the island remonstrated so vehemently against the removal of Napoleon's physician, that the governor was compelled to withdraw the restrictions he had imposed upon Dr. O'Meara; and, after having kept him in confinement twenty-seven days, permitted him to resume his place near the Emperor's person.

May 16th. Sir Hudson Lowe issued a proclamation interdicting all officers, inhabitants, and other persons whatsoever, from holding any correspondence or communication with the foreign persons under detention on the island.

July 27th. As Dr. O'Meara was returning from the sick-bed of the Emperor, the following communication was placed in his hands:—

"Plantation House, July 25th, 1818.

"Sir,—I am directed by Lieutenant Sir Hudson Lowe to inform you that by

instruction received from Earl Bathurst, dated 16th of May, 1818, he has been directed to withdraw you from your attendance upon General Bonaparte, and to interdict you all further interviews with the inhabitants of Longwood. Rear-Admiral Plampin has received instructions from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty as to your destination when you leave this island. You are, in consequence, to leave Longwood immediately after receiving this letter, without holding any further communication whatsoever with the persons residing there. I have the honour to be, &c.,

"E

"Lieut. Col., Military Secretary."

"Humanity," says Dr. O'Meara, "the duties of my profession, and the actual state of Napoleon's health, alike forbade a compliance with this unfeeling command. My resolution was adopted in a moment. I determined to disobey it, whatever might be the consequences. Napoleon's health required that I should prescribe for him a regimen, and prepare the medicines which it would be necessary for him to take in the absence of a surgeon, as I was perfectly sure that he would accept of none recommended by Sir Hudson Lowe."

After a melancholy interview, the Emperor said—

"On your arrival in Europe, make inquiries about my family, and communicate to the members of it that I do not wish that any of them should come to St. Helena to witness the miseries and humiliations under which I labour. Bear my affections to my good Louise, to my excellent mother, and to Pauline. If you see my son, embrace him for me. May he never forget that he was born a French prince. Testify to Lady Holland the sense I entertain of her kindness, and the esteem which I bear to her. Endeavour to send me authentic intelligence of the manner in which my son is educated. Adieu, O'Meara. We shall never again. May you be happy."

For two months Sir Hudson Lowe unavailingly endeavoured to force upon the Emperor an English physician, subject to the same restrictions which he had tried to impose upon Dr. O'Meara. At last, on the 28th of September, alarmed at the rapid decline of the Emperor, he withdrew some of his prohibitions, and the Emperor was again enabled to enjoy the luxury of a daily walk in his little garden. For six months the Emperor saw no physician, while his health was continually declining. Thus a third year of his captivity lingered slowly and sadly away.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

FOURTH AND FIFTH VIEWS OF CAPTIVITY.

The medical attendance of Dr. Stockoe—New vexations of Sir Hudson Lowe—Repetitious conversations of the Emperor—Gardening—The Emperor's apartments—Increasing debility—Napoleon's love for children—The fish basin—Amusing incidents—The emetics—The Emperor's filial affection—Traits of domestic character.

THE record of the two months of November and December, 1818, is but the record of the patient endurance of sickness, suffering, and insult. The year 1819 dawned gloomily upon the illustrious captive. His condition was now so deplorable, that, on the 10th of January, he consented that his friends should send for Dr. Stockoe, surgeon on board the English ship "Conqueror."

Dr. Stockoe found the Emperor in a state of severe pain and utter prostration. He made one or two visits; but the authorities of the island were so resolved to make Napoleon yield to the humiliations they exacted, that the doctor was soon compelled to give up his visits. He wrote on the 19th of January:—

"From what has happened to me to-day, I have great reason to believe that my visits to Longwood will be suspended, either by an order from my superiors, or by this duty being made so disagreeable to me that I shall find myself obliged to decline the honour of fulfilling it."

Dr. Stockoe wrote earnestly to Sir Hudson Lowe, but could excite no emotion of mercy, and on the 21st of January he reluctantly took leave of his patient, and the Emperor was again left to suffer and die unrelieved.

The reader who shrinks from the admission that such barbarity could have been practised by a civilized man, will find the above narrative fully corroborated by the testimony of Las Cases, O'Meara, Montholon, and by the journal of Sir Hudson Lowe himself.

Nine months of solitude and woe lingered away, while Napoleon was descending in tortures to the tomb. There was no relenting of cruelty on the part of Sir Hudson Lowe and his accomplices. In the month of August of this year, Count Montholon was sick, and Sir Hudson Lowe refused to correspond with Count Bertrand, and insisted upon a direct correspondence with the Emperor, either by a visit of one of his officers twice a-day to the captive, or by letter. Napoleon was at this time confined to his bed, and ordered his doors to be barred against the violence which was threatened. He was deeply annoyed by the rude attempts which were made to invade the privacy of his sick chamber. These outrages led the Emperor to issue the following declaration:

"On the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 16th of August, 1819, attempts were made, for the first time, to violate the pavilion inhabited by the Emperor Napoleon, which, to this epoch, had been sacrosanct. He resisted against

this violence by shutting and locking the doors. In this situation, he reiterates the protestation which he has made, and caused to be made at several times, that the right of his door shall not be violated unless by walking over his corpse. He has given up everything, and for three years has lived concentrated in the interior of six small rooms, in order to escape from insults and outrages. If baseness is carried to the degree of envying him this refuge, it has been determined to leave him no other than the tomb.

"Labouring for two years under a chronic hepatitis, a disease endemic in this place, and for a year deprived of the assistance of his physicians by the forcible removal of Dr. O'Meara in July, 1818, and of Dr. Stockoe in January, 1819, he has experienced several crises, during which he has been obliged to keep his bed, sometimes for fifteen or twenty successive days. At the present moment, in the midst of one of the most violent crises that he has yet experienced, confined to his bed for nine days, having only patience, diet, and the bath to oppose to the disease, for six days his tranquillity has been disturbed by threats of an attack and of outrages which the Prince Regent, Lord Liverpool, and all Europe well know he will never submit to."

In the year 1819, the British government consented that the friends of Napoleon should send to him from Europe another physician. On the 19th of September of that year, Dr. Antommarchi, who had been selected, arrived at St. Helena. Two ecclesiastics accompanied Dr. Antommarchi, as Napoleon had expressed reiterated and very earnest desires that the ordinances of religion might be regularly administered to his household. One of these, the Abbé Buonavita, was an aged prelate, who had been chaplain to Napoleon's mother at Elba, and also to the Princess Pauline at Rome. The other was a young man, the Abbé Vignali.

September 22nd. Dr. Antommarchi had his first interview with Napoleon. He found him in bed in a small, dark room, very meanly furnished. It was a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon. The room was so dark that, when the doctor first entered, he could not see Napoleon. The Emperor, perceiving this, in gentle tones, requested him to approach. He questioned him very minutely respecting his parents, his past history, his motives for consenting to come to such a miserable rock, and his medical education. Satisfied with his replies, the Emperor entered into a frank and touching conversation respecting his friends in Europe.

He then saw the two abbés. At the close of a confiding and an affecting interview, the Emperor said, in the solemn accents of a man upon the verge of the grave—

"We have been too long deprived of the ordinances of religion not to be eager to enjoy them immediately, now that they are within our power. Hereafter we will have the communion service Sabbath, and we will observe

days recognised by the Concordat. I wish to establish at St. Helena the religious ceremonies which are celebrated in France. On these occasions we will erect a moveable altar in the dining-room. You, Monsieur Abbé, are aged and infirm; I will select the hour which will be most convenient for you. You may officiate between nine and ten o'clock in the morning."

In the evening the Emperor was alone with Count Montholon. The count was not a religious man. He has frankly said, "In the midst of camps I forgot religion." Napoleon, with great joy, informed Montholon of his intention to attend mass the next day. He then uttered the following remarkable confession:—

"Upon the throne, surrounded by generals far from devout—yes, I will not deny it—I had too much regard for public opinion, and far too much timidity, and perhaps I did not dare to say aloud, 'I am a believer.' I said religion is a power—a political engine. But even then, if any one had questioned me directly, I should have replied, 'Yes, I am a Christian.' And if it had been necessary to confess my faith at the price of martyrdom, I should have found all my firmness. Yes, I should have endured it rather than deny my religion! But, now that I am at St. Helena, why should I dissemble that which I believe at the bottom of my heart? Here I live for myself. I wish for a priest. I desire the Communion of the Lord's Supper, and to confess what I believe. I will go to the mass. I will not force any one to accompany me there. But those who love me will follow me."

General Bertrand was an avowed unbeliever, and often displeased Napoleon by speaking disrespectfully of sacred things. The Emperor was one day, about this time, conversing with him upon the subject of atheism.

"Your spirit," said he, "is it the same as the spirit of the herdsman whom you see in the valley below, feeding his flocks? Is there not as great a distance between you and him as between a horse and a man? But how do you know this? You have never seen his spirit. No, the spirit of a beast has the endowment of being invisible. It has that privilege equally with the spirit of the most exalted genius."

"But you have talked with the herdsman. You have examined his countenance. You have questioned him, and his responses have told you what he is. You judge, then, the cause from the effects, and you judge correctly. Certainly your reason, your intelligence, your faculties, are vastly above those of the herdsman. Very well; I judge in the same way. Divine effects compel me to believe in a divine cause. Yes, there is a divine cause, a sovereign reason, an infinite being. That cause is the cause of causes—that reason is the reason creative of intelligence. There exists an infinite being, compared with whom you, General Bertrand, are but an atom; compared with whom I, Napoleon, with all my genius, am truly nothing, a pure nothing. Do you understand? I perceive him—God. I see him—have need of him, I believe in him.

If you do not perceive him, if you do not believe in him, very well, so much the worse for you. But you will, General Bertrand, yet believe in God. I can pardon many things, but I have a horror of an atheism and materialist. Think you that I can have any sympathies in common with the man who does not believe in the existence of the soul? who believes that he is but a lump of clay, and who wishes that I may also be, like him, a lump of clay?"

General Montholon, after his return to Europe, said to M. de Beaumaine—

"Yes, the Emperor was a Christian. With him faith was a natural, a fundamental principle. The religious sentiment was immediately roused when in the slightest degree summoned by an exterior sensation or an incidental thought. When anything cruel or irreligious presented itself, it seemed to do violence to his deepest feelings; he could not restrain himself. He protested, he opposed, and was indignant. Such was his natural character. I have seen it; yes, I have seen it; and I—a man of camps, who had forgotten my religion, I confess it, who did not practise it—I at first was astonished, but then I received thoughts and impressions which still continue with me the subjects of profound reflection. I have seen the Emperor religious, and I have said to myself, 'He died a Christian, in the fear of God!' I cannot forget that old age is upon me, that I must soon die; and I wish to die like the Emperor. I do not doubt, even, that General Bertrand often recalls, as I do, the religious conversations and the death of the Emperor. The general, perhaps, may finish his career like his master and his friend."

The conversation at St. Helena very frequently turned upon the subject of religion. One day Napoleon was speaking of the divinity of Christ. General Bertrand said—

"I cannot conceive, sire, how a great man like you can believe that the Supreme Being ever exhibited himself to men under a human form, with a body, a face, mouth, and eyes. Let Jesus be whatever you please—the highest intelligence, the purest heart, the most profound legislator, and, in all respects, the most singular being who has ever existed—I grant it. Still he was simply a man, who taught his disciples, and deluded credulous people, as did Orpheus, Confucius, Brahma. Jesus caused himself to be adored because his predecessors, Isis and Osiris, Jupiter and Juno, had proudly made themselves objects of worship. The ascendancy of Jesus over his time was like the ascendancy of the gods and the heroes of fable. If Jesus has impassioned and attached to his chariot the multitude, if he has revolutionized the world, I see in that only the power of genius and the action of a commanding spirit, which vanquishes the world as so many conquerors have done—Alexander, Cæsar, you, sire, and Mahomet—with a sword."

Napoleon promptly replied—

"I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of reli-

pires, and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and every other religion the distance of infinity.

"We can say to the authors of every other religion, You are neither gods nor the agents of Deity. You are but missionaries of falsehood, moulded from the same clay with the rest of mortals. You are made with all the passions and vices inseparable from them. Your temples and your priests proclaim your origin. Such will be the judgment, the cry of conscience of whoever examines the gods and the temples of paganism.

"Paganism was never accepted as truth by the wise men of Greece, neither by Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Anaxagoras, nor Pericles. But, on the other side, the loftiest intellects since the advent of Christianity have had faith, a living faith, a practical faith in the mysteries and the doctrines of the Gospel; not only Bossuet and Fénelon, who were preachers, but Descartes and Newton, Leibnitz and Pascal, Corneille and Racine, Charlemagne and Louis XIV.

"Paganism is the work of man. One can here read but our imbecility. What do these gods, so boastful, know more than other mortals? these legislators, Greek or Roman? this Numa, this Lycurgus? these priests of India or of Memphis? this Confucius? this Mahomet? Absolutely nothing. They have made a perfect chaos of morals. There is not one among them all who has said anything new in reference to our future destiny, to the soul, to the essence of God, to the creation. Enter the sanctuaries of paganism—you there find perfect chaos, a thousand contradictions, war between the gods, the immobility of sculpture, the division and the rending of unity, the parceling out of the divine attributes, mutilated or denied in their essence, the sophisms of ignorance and presumption, polluted fêtes, impurity and abomination adored, all sorts of corruption festering in the thick shades, with the rotten wood, the idol, and his priest. Does this honour God or does it dishonour him? Are these religions and these gods to be compared with Christianity?

"As for me, I say no. I summon entire Olympus to my tribunal. I judge the gods, but am far from prostrating myself before their vain images. The gods, the legislators of India and of China, of Rome and of Athens, have nothing which can overawe me. Not that I am unjust to them; no, I appreciate them, because I know their value. Undoubtedly, princes whose existence is fixed in the memory as an image of order and of power, as the ideal of force and beauty, such princes were no ordinary men.

"I see in Lycurgus, Numa, and Mahomet only legislators who, having the first rank in the state, have sought the best solution of the social problem; but I see nothing there which reveals divinity. They themselves have never raised their pretensions so high. As for me, I recognise the gods and these great men as beings like myself. They have performed a lofty part in their times, as I have done. Nothing announces that

On the contrary, there are

resemblances between them and myself, foibles and errors which ally them to me and to humanity.

"It is not so with Christ. Everything in him astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and his will confounds me. Between him and everyone else in the world, there is no possible term of comparison. He is truly a being by himself. His ideas and his sentiments, the truths which he announces, his manner of convincing, are not explained either by human organization or by the nature of things.

"His birth and the history of his life, the profundity of his doctrine, which grapples the mightiest difficulties, and which is, of those difficulties, the most admirable solution; his Gospel, his apparition, his empire, his march across the ages and the realms, everything, is to me a prodigy, a mystery insoluble, which plunges me into a reverie from which I cannot escape, a mystery which is there before my eyes, a mystery which I can neither deny nor explain. Here I see nothing human.

"The nearer I approach, the more carefully I examine, everything is above me, everything remains grand—of a grandeur which overpowers. His religion is a revelation from an intelligence which certainly is not that of man. There is there a profound originality, which has created a series of words and of maxims before unknown. Jesus borrowed nothing from our sciences. One can absolutely find nowhere, but in him alone, the imitation or the example of his life. He is not a philosopher, since he advances by miracles, and, from the commencement, his disciples worshipped him. He persuades them far more by an appeal to the heart than by any display of method and of logic. Neither did he impose upon them any preliminary studies or any knowledge of letters. All his religion consists in believing.

"In fact, the sciences and philosophy avail nothing for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of Heaven and the laws of the Spirit. Also, he has nothing to do but with the soul, and to that alone he brings his Gospel. The soul is sufficient for him, as he is sufficient for the soul. Before him the soul was nothing. Matter and time were the masters of the world. At his voice everything returns to order. Science and philosophy become secondary. The soul has reconquered its sovereignty. All the scholastic scaffolding falls, as an edifice ruined, before one single word—faith.

"What a master and what a word, which can effect such a revolution! With what authority does he teach men to pray! He imposes his belief, and no one, thus far, has been able to contradict him; first, because the Gospel contains the purest morality, and also because the doctrine which it contains, of obscurity, is only the proclamation and the truth of that which exists where no eye can see and no reason can penetrate. Who is the insensate who will say "no" to the intrepid voyager who recounts the marvels of the icy peaks which he alone has had the boldness to visit? Christ is that bold voyager. One can

doubtless remain incredulous, but no one can venture to say it is not so.

"Moreover, consult the philosophers upon those mysterious questions which relate to the essence of man and to the essence of religion. What is their response? Where is the man of good sense who has ever learned anything from the system of metaphysics, ancient or modern, which is not truly a vain and pompous ideology, without any connexion with our domestic life, with our passions? Unquestionably, with skill in thinking, one can seize the key of the philosophy of Socrates and Plato; but to do this, it is necessary to be a metaphysician: and, moreover, with years of study, one must possess special aptitude. But good sense alone, the heart, an honest spirit, are sufficient to comprehend Christianity.

"The Christian religion is neither ideology nor metaphysics, but a practical rule which directs the actions of man, corrects him, counsels him, and assists him in all his conduct. The Bible contains a complete series of facts and of historical men, to explain time and eternity, such as no other religion has to offer. If this is not the true religion, one is very excusable in being deceived, for everything in it is grand and worthy of God. I search in vain in history to find the similar to Jesus Christ, or anything which can approach the Gospel. Neither history, nor humanity, nor the ages, nor Nature, can offer me anything with which I am able to compare it or explain it. Here everything is extraordinary. The more I consider the Gospel, the more I am assured that there is nothing there which is not beyond the march of events and above the human mind. Even the impious themselves have never dared to deny the sublimity of the Gospel, which inspires them with a sort of compulsory veneration. What happiness that book procures for them who believe it! What marvels those admire there who reflect upon it! Book unique, where the mind finds a moral beauty before unknown, and an idea of the Supreme superior even to that which creation suggests! Who but God could produce that type, that ideal of perfection, equally exclusive and original?

"Christ, having but a few weak disciples, was condemned to death. He died the object of the wrath of the Jewish priests, and of the contempt of the nation, and abandoned and denied by his own apostles.

"They are about to take me, and to crucify me," said he. "I shall be abandoned of all the world. My chief disciple will deny me at the commencement of my punishment. I shall be left to the wicked. But then, divine justice being satisfied, original sin being expiated by my sufferings, the bond of man to God will be renewed, and my death will be the life of my disciples, when they will be more strong without me than with me, for they will see me rise again. I shall ascend to the skies, and I shall send to them from heaven a spirit who will instruct them. The spirit of the cross will enable them to understand my Gospel. In fine, they will believe it, they will preach it, and they will convert the world."

"And this strange promise, so aptly called by Paul the 'foolishness of the cross,' this prediction of one miserably crucified, is literally accomplished, and the mode of the accomplishment is perhaps more prodigious than the promise.

"It is not a day nor a battle which has decided it. Is it the lifetime of a man? No! It is a war, a long combat of three hundred years, commenced by the apostles, and continued by their successors and by succeeding generations of Christians. In this conflict all the kings and all the forces of the earth were arrayed on one side. Upon the other I see no army, but a mysterious energy, individuals scattered here and there in all parts of the globe, having no other rallying sign than a common faith in the mysteries of the cross.

"What a mysterious symbol! the instrument of the punishment of the man-God. His disciples were armed with it. 'The Christ,' they said, 'God has died for the salvation of men.' What a strife, what a tempest these simple words have raised around the humble standard of the sufferings of the man-God! On the one side, we see rage and all the furies of hatred and violence; on the other, there is gentleness, moral courage, infinite resignation. For three hundred years spirit struggled against the brutality of sense, the conscience against despotism, the soul against the body, virtue against all the vices. The blood of Christians flowed in torrents. They died kissing the hand which slew them. The soul alone protested, while the body surrendered itself to all tortures. Everywhere Christians fell, and everywhere they triumphed.

"You speak of Cæsar, of Alexander, of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm they enkindled in the hearts of their soldiers; but can you conceive of a dead man making conquests with an army faithful and entirely devoted to his memory? My armies have forgotten me, even while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power! A single battle lost crushes us, and adversity scatters our friends.

"Can you conceive of Cæsar, the eternal emperor of the Roman senate, and from the depths, of his mausoleum governing the empire, watching over the destinies of Rome? Such is the history of the invasion and conquest of the world by Christianity. Such is the power of the God of the Christians; and such is the perpetual miracle of the progress of the faith and of the government of his Church. Nations pass away, thrones crumble, but the Church remains. What is then the power which has protected this Church, thus assailed by the furious billows of rage and the hostility of ages? Where is the arm which, for eighteen hundred years, has protected the Church from so many storms which have threatened to engulf it?

"In every other existence but that of Christ, how many imperfections! Where is the character which has not yielded, vanquished by obstacles? Where is the individual who has never been governed by circumstances or places, who has never succumbed to the influence of the times, who has never compounded with any customs or

passions? From the first day to the last, he is the same, always the same, majestic and simple, infinitely firm and infinitely gentle.

"Truth should embrace the universe. Such is Christianity, the only religion which destroys sectional prejudice, the only one which proclaims the unity and the absolute brotherhood of the whole human family, the only one which is purely spiritual—in fine, the only one which assigns to all, without distinction, for a true country, the bosom of the Creator, God. Christ proved that he was the son of the Eternal by his disregard of time. All his doctrines signify one only and the same thing—Eternity.

"It is true that Christ proposed to our faith a series of mysteries. He commands, with authority, that we should believe them, giving no other reason than those tremendous words, 'I am God.' He declares it. What an abyss he creates by that declaration between himself and all the fabricators of religion! What audacity, what sacrilege, what blasphemy, if it were not true! I say more, the universal triumph of an affirmation of that kind, if the triumph were not really that of God himself, would be a plausible excuse and a reason for atheism.

"Moreover, in propounding mysteries, Christ is harmonious with Nature, which is profoundly mysterious. From whence do I come? whither do I go? who am I? Human life is a mystery in its origin, its organization, and its end. In man and out of man, in Nature, everything is mysterious. And can one wish that religion should not be mysterious? The creation and the destiny of the world are an unfathomable abyss, as also is the creation and the destiny of each individual. Christianity, at least, does not evade these great questions. It meets them boldly. And our doctrines are a solution of them for every one who believes.

"The Gospel possesses a secret virtue, a mysterious efficacy, a warmth which penetrates and soothes the heart. One finds, in meditating upon it, that which one experiences in contemplating the heavens. The Gospel is not a book; it is a living being, with an action, a power which invades everything that opposes its extension. Behold it upon this table, this book surpassing all others" (here the Emperor solemnly placed his hand upon it); "I never omit to read it, and every day with the same pleasure.

"Nowhere is to be found such a series of beautiful ideas, admirable moral maxims, which dazzle like the battalions of a celestial army, and which produce in our soul the same emotion which one experiences in contemplating the infinite expanse of the skies, resplendent in a summer's night with all the brilliance of the stars. Not only is our mind absorbed, it is controlled, and the soul can never go astray with this book for its guide. Once master of our spirit, the faithful Gospel loves us. God even is our friend, our father, and truly our God. The mother has no greater care for the infant whom

"What a proof of the divinity of Christ! With an empire so absolute, he has but one single end, the spiritual melioration of individuals, the purity of conscience, the union to that which is true, the holiness of the soul.

"Christ speaks, and at once generations become his by stricter, closer ties than those of blood—by the most sacred, the most indissoluble of all unions. He lights up the flame of a love which consumes self-love, which prevails over every other love. The founders of other religions never conceived of this mystical love, which is the essence of Christianity, and is beautifully called charity. In every attempt to effect this thing—namely, to make himself beloved—man deeply feels his own impotence. So that Christ's greatest miracle, undoubtedly, is the reign of charity.

"I have so inspired multitudes that they would die for me. God forbid that I should form any comparison between the enthusiasm of the soldier and Christian charity, which are as unlike as their cause. But, after all, my presence was necessary; the lightning of my eye, my voice, a word from me, then the sacred fire was kindled in their hearts. I do, indeed, possess the secret of this magical power, which lifts the soul, but I could never impart it to any one. None of my generals ever learned it from me; nor have I the means of perpetuating my name, and love for me, in the hearts of men, and to effect these things without physical means.

"Now that I am at St. Helena, now that I am alone, chained upon this rock, who fights and wins empires for me? who are the courtiers of my misfortune? who thinks of me? who makes efforts for me in Europe? Where are my friends? Yes, two or three, whom your fidelity immortalizes, you share, you console my exile."

Here the voice of the Emperor trembled with emotion, and for a moment he was silent. He then continued—

"Yes, our life once shone with all the brilliance of the diadem and the throne; and yours, Bertrand, reflected that splendour, as the dome of the Invalides, gilt by us, reflects the rays of the sun. But disasters came; the gold gradually became dim. The ruin of misfortune and outrage with which I am daily deluged has effaced all the brightness. We are mere lead now, General Bertrand, and soon I shall be in my grave.

"Such is the fate of great men! So it was with Cæsar and Alexander. And I, too, am forgotten. And the name of a conqueror and an emperor is a college-theme! Our exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutor, who sit in judgment upon us, awarding censure or praise. And mark what is soon to become of me! Assassinated by the English oligarchy, I die before my time; and my dead body, too, must return to the earth, to become food for worms. Behold the destiny, near at hand, of him who has been called the Great Napoleon! What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and

which is extending over all the earth? Is this to die? Is it not, rather, to live? The death of Christ! It is the death of God."

For a moment the Emperor was silent. As General Bertrand made no reply, he solemnly

"If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, very well, then I did wrong to make you a general."

September 22nd. Dr. Antommarchi called at ten o'clock, and found the Emperor still in bed. He had passed a night of sleeplessness and pain. In the course of the conversation, the Emperor inquired—

"Have you not brought me some books?"

"We have some, sire," Antommarchi replied, "but I do not know what they are. It was not I who purchased them."

"I give you warning," rejoined the Emperor, "that I will see every one of them."

"But, sire," said Antommarchi, "some libels may have slipped in among them."

"Pooh!" replied the Emperor, "the sun has no more spots. The herd of libellists has exhausted its pasture. Let me see everything."

Just then a cart approached Longwood, containing the boxes of books. The boxes were brought in, broken open, and some books taken out and handed to the Emperor.

"No," said he earnestly, "that is not what I want. Look into the box. Examine it carefully. A package sent from Europe must contain something else. Books are not the first thing a father has to look for."

The Emperor was not disappointed. Soon a picture was found of his idolized son, which had been put in by Eugène. Tears immediately gushed into the eyes of Napoleon. He gazed upon the beautiful lineaments of his son long, silently, and earnestly, and pressed them fervently to his lips. The attendants, moved by this outgushing of parental love, stopped their work, and stood in an attitude of heartfelt sympathy.

"Dear boy!" exclaimed the Emperor; "if he does not fall a victim to some political atrocity, he will not be unworthy of his father."

September 23rd. The Emperor had passed the night reading the newspapers, and in the morning was restless and exhausted. He held in his hand the picture of his son, at which he was still looking.

He said he to the doctor, "place this child by the side of his mother; there, nearer to the mantel-piece. That is Maria Louisa. She holds her son in her arms. The two others are portraits of Josephine. I loved her tenderly. The ornaments of my mantel-piece are, as you see, not very sumptuous. The bust of my son, two candlesticks, two gilt cups, two vials of Cologne water, a pair of scissors, and a small glass, are all it contains. This is no longer the splendour of the Tuileries. But no matter. If I am decayed in my power, I am not in my glory. I preserve all my recollections. Few sovereigns have immolated themselves for their

people. A sacrifice so immense is not without its charms."

Dr. Antommarchi thus describes the room which Napoleon occupied:—

"At one end was a small camp-bed of iron, quite plain, with four silver eagles and silk curtains. Two small windows, both without ornament, gave light to the apartment. Between them stood a writing-desk, upon which was a large drawing-case, and before it was an arm-chair, in which Napoleon sat when he was studiously engaged. A second chair was placed to the left of it. On the right was the sword which the Emperor wore at Austerlitz. The door leading to the bath-room was concealed by an old screen, next to which was an equally old sofa, covered with calico. Upon this sofa it was that Napoleon usually reclined, and sought shelter from the dampness and the gnats, with his legs thrust into a sack of flannel, and with a shabby table by his side, on which were his books or his breakfast. The second room was quite as good as the first. Like it, it was built of mud. Its size was seven feet in height, fifteen feet in length, and twelve feet in breadth. It had one window. Its furniture consisted of a camp-bed, several guns, two Chinese screens, a chest of drawers, two small tables, on one of which were books, and on the other bottles; a chair, and a magnificent wash-stand brought from the Elysée. Such was the miserable habitation in which the Emperor was pent up; a noble specimen of British magnificence and sumptuousness!"

September 27th. The Emperor had passed a restless night. As the doctor entered about ten o'clock, he was endeavouring to beguile the weary hours by reading.

"The dampness of the rooms," says Antommarchi, "was excessive. It attacked and destroyed everything. The paltry nankeen, which served as tapestry, was hanging in rags against the walls. We took it down, and endeavoured to place before the Emperor's eyes something more pleasing, by putting up in its stead some linen we had purchased, and which we adorned with some fine birds of Egypt, of which we had a collection painted on paper. We grouped our paintings, and placed in the midst of them an eagle. Napoleon smiled on seeing that symbol of victory. 'Dear eagle!' said he, 'it would still soar on high, if those whom it covered with its wings had not arrested its flight.'"

October 4th. The Emperor was very feeble, and deeply depressed in spirits. He walked out with the doctor, and seated himself upon a tuft of grass beneath some trees. After a few moments of silence, he said—

"Ah! doctor, where is the fine climate of Corsica? Fate has not permitted me to see once more those sights endeared to me by all the recollections of childhood. Had I retired to Corsica, perhaps I should not have thought of seizing again the reins of power. I should not have been vulnerable on every side. The promises made would not have been broken, and I should not be here."

"What recollections Corsica has left me! I still enjoy, in imagination, its meadows and its mountains. Methinks I still tread its soil, and know it by the odour it exhales."

He then entered fully into his plans for the improvement of the island, and added—

"Such were my ideas; but my enemies have had the art of making me waste my existence on the field of battle. They have transformed into the demon of war the man who desired only the blessings of peace. The nations have been deceived by the stratagem. All have risen, and I have been overpowered."

The pathos of these touching words moved the feelings of Antommarchi, and tears filled his eyes. Napoleon observed his emotion, and added, "Ah! doctor, our country! our country! If St. Helena were France, I should love even this frightful rock!"

October 8th. The Emperor was better, and in cheerful spirits. He invited the children of General Bertrand into his room. The children were always delighted with this privilege. They came rushing to Napoleon with their playthings, shouting and laughing in a perfect tumult of joy, and appealing to him as the arbiter of their discussions. The Emperor entered heartily into their sports, and surrendered himself to all the fun and frolic of childhood. He kept them all to dine with him, and dismissed them with the promise that he would soon send for them again. After they had left, he said—

"How happy they are when I send for them or play with them! All their wishes are satisfied. Passions have not yet approached their hearts. They feel the plenitude of existence. Let them enjoy it. At their age, I thought and felt as they do. But what storms since! How much that little Hortense grows and improves! If she lives, of how many young *elegans* will she not disturb the repose? I shall then be no more."

October 15th. The Emperor had passed a restless night, having suffered much acute pain in the liver. He also felt much solicitude respecting Madame Bertrand, who was sick. "We men," said he, "are accustomed to pains and privations, and can bear them; but a woman, deprived all at once of everything that tends to render life cheerful and agreeable, transported to a frightful rock, how much more is she to be pitied, and how much resignation she requires! Madame Bertrand, in consequence of her illness, rises late. She cannot attend mass, and yet she would, perhaps, be glad to hear it said. I did not reflect that she is an invalid when I fixed the hour of the service. I only considered the great age of the good old abbé. Tell her that I order Vignali to go and officiate at her house. Let her inform Vignali of the hour that suits her. He may construct a moveable altar or use ours. Any person may go to that mass whom the countess thinks proper to admit." He then expressed a wish that the abbés should be attentive to the instruction of the children.

Napoleon was much disappointed in

that the two ecclesiastics whom Cardinal Fesch had sent out to him, though very worthy characters, were men of very limited understandings, and of no general information. The old man, Buonavita, remained but a short time upon the island. Napoleon was pleased with his younger chaplain, the Abbé Vignali, and, finding that his education had been neglected, recommended books to him, superintended his studies, and examined him as to his progress. One cannot but be amused at the idea of the Emperor Napoleon occupying the chair of a theological professor at St. Helena. Buonavita once told Napoleon that he resembled the most able of all the Roman generals, namely, Alexander the Great. It is said that, for this blunder, the Emperor condemned him to read ten pages of Rollin every morning, and to repeat the substance of his lesson to him.

Thus terminated the fourth year at St. Helena.

November 13th. The Emperor's symptoms began to assume a more serious character. Each day was accompanied with increasing pain and languor. To-day he was very weak, and with difficulty walked into the garden. He sat down, looked mournfully around upon the bleak and cheerless scene, and said, in melancholy tones—

"Ah! doctor, where is France and its cheerful climate? If I could but see it once more! If I could but breathe a little air that had passed over that happy country! What a specific is the soil that gave us birth! Anteus renewed his strength by touching the earth. I feel that this prodigy would be repeated in me, and that I should revive on perceiving our coasts. Our coasts! Ah! I had forgotten that cowardice has taken victory by surprise. Its decisions are without appeal."

November 18th. The Emperor seemed very comfortable, and, though very weak, was quite free from pain. He accompanied the doctor into the garden, and was surprised at the extreme lassitude he felt. "What am I to do, doctor?" said he.

"You must take some exercise," Antommarchi replied.

"What!" said Napoleon, "in the midst of the red-coats?"

"No, sire," said the doctor. "You must dig the ground, turn up the earth, and so escape from inactivity and insult at the same time."

"Dig the ground!" said the Emperor thoughtfully. "Doctor, you are right. I will dig the ground."

"We returned," says Antommarchi, "in-doors. The Emperor made his arrangements, and the next morning he was already at work. He sent for me. Holding up his spade and laughing, he said, 'Well, doctor, are you satisfied with your patient? Is he obedient enough? This is better than your pills, doctor. You shall not physic me any more.' He then set to work again with new vigour; but, after a few minutes, he stopped, saying—

"This occupation is too laborious. I am exhausted. My hands conspire with my weakness."

ness. You are laughing. I see the cause of your merriment. You pity my fair hands. Never mind; I have always accustomed my body to bend to my will, and I shall bring it to do so now, and inure it to exercise.'

"He did so," says Antommarchi, "and soon grew fond of it. He conveyed the mould from one spot to another, and pressed all Longwood into his service. The ladies alone escaped, though not without difficulty. He laughed at them, pressed them, entreated them, and used every art of persuasion. Things around soon assumed a different aspect. Here was an excavation, there a basin or a road. We made alleys, grottoes, cascades. We planted willows, oaks, peach-trees, to give a little shade around the house. Turning from the ornamental to the useful, we sowed beans and peas. The governor heard of our gardening, and looked upon it with a suspicious eye. He hastened to the spot. I was taking my usual walk. 'Is it by your advice,' said he, 'that General Bonaparte takes this violent exercise?' I assented. He shrugged his shoulders, protesting that he could not see what we were about. 'It is labour lost,' said he; 'these trees will die. Not one will grow up.' I informed the Emperor of my having met the governor, and of our conversation.

"The wretch," said he, 'envies me every minute that he does not embitter. He wishes my death. He calls for that moment. It comes too slowly to satisfy his impatience. But let him be comforted. This horrible climate is charged with the execution of the crime, and I will fulfil its trust sooner than he expects.'

"I broke the furrows," continues Antommarchi; "the Emperor threw the seed and covered it over. One day, as he was arranging a bed of French beans, he perceived some small roots, and began a dissertation upon the phenomena of vegetation. He analysed them with his usual sagacity, and drew from them evidences of a Supreme Being, who presides over the wonders of Nature.

"You do not believe all that," said he. 'You physicians consider such belief a weakness. Tell me, you who have searched the human frame in all its windings, have you ever met with the soul under your scalpel? Where does the soul reside? In what organ? Why is it that physicians do not believe in God? Mathematicians are generally religious.'

December 20th. A month had now passed away, during which the Emperor had enjoyed very comfortable health and tranquil spirits. The inhabitants of Longwood were, however, exposed to innumerable annoyances from the police regulations of Sir Hudson Lowe. Dr. Antommarchi was repeatedly arrested in his walks by the sentries. Napoleon escaped the insult by confining himself at home. Dr. Antommarchi at last wrote a remonstrance to the governor of the island, and also to the British ministry.

"I find myself," said he, "in an almost uninhabitable island, and deprived of every kind of

liberty. Telescopes, pointed to our habitations, pry even into our apartments and telegraphs, very leterously contrived, instantly convey a report of everything that takes place in them. If I wish to stray beyond the narrow limits to which we are circumscribed, I am obliged to accept the company of an agent of the governor, who is ordered to give him a faithful account of every thing I may say or do in his presence. In order to escape from the danger of his communications, I find myself under the necessity of foregoing every kind of relaxation or social intercourse. After half-past six in the afternoon, I am no longer allowed to walk, even in the park near my residence; and, what is worse, the inhabitants of Longwood, who happen to be out after that hour, are not at liberty to return home, as it has happened to me three times. Is it possible to conceive a measure more absurd and tyrannical, particularly in this burning climate?

"At half-past six in the evening, the limits of Longwood, which comprise a circle of about two hundred feet in circumference, are surrounded by a great number of sentries, whose express orders are not to allow any person to go in or come out, and to stop every one that appears. At nine, these sentries narrow the circle they form, and are placed so near our habitations, that I cannot leave my apartment to go to my laboratory, to Count Bertrand's, or even to the stables, without being exposed to receive a thrust of a bayonet, from not knowing how to answer properly to the challenge of the soldiers, addressed to me in a language with which I am not conversant."

Sir Hudson Lowe granted to Dr. Antommarchi a little more liberty. But, insolently speaking of Napoleon as *The Usurper*, he informed Antommarchi that he could receive no communications from him if he persisted in speaking of the *Emperor*.

A few days after this a scene occurred which mirthfully varied, for a few hours, the monotony and gloom of Longwood. They had arranged to dig a basin. The Emperor was dressed in a large pair of trousers and a jacket, with a broad-brimmed straw hat.

Some Chinese labourers, at work upon the basin, were apparently much amused at the Emperor's dress. "What is that they say?" asked the Emperor. "It must be my costume that causes their mirth. It is, indeed, odd enough; but, with all their laughing, they must not be burned up by the heat. Every one of them shall also have a straw hat as a present from me."

The Emperor mounted a horse, and rode up and down for a few moments, and then suddenly galloped off towards Deadwood. Reaching the summit of the mountain, he stopped, looked around with his glass, and swiftly came back again. The whole island was thrown into commotion. Intelligence was immediately communicated to Sir Hudson Lowe. The excited mind of this weak man regarded it as an indication of some fearful plot. Napoleon, being in the mood mischievously to increase his fears, requested the Abbé Vignali to put on a

lar to his own, to mount his horse, take his glass, and ride rapidly, as if making observations. The telegraphs immediately began to operate with nervous alarm. The tranquillity of M. Helena was disturbed. Sir Hudson Lowe, with his retinue, immediately hastened to Longwood. When he found that the whole commotion was occasioned by a peaceful priest riding harmlessly within the limits of his gaol-yard, in confusion, he withdrew.

"I met him," says Antommarchi, "as he was going away. He came to me; gave vent to his anger, declaring that the individual who thus laughed at his expense was a *usurper*. He continued to rave and swear, ending once more by the astounding statement that he was a *usurper*, and that I could not deny the fact."

"The Emperor," exclaimed Antommarchi, in indignant irony, "is indeed a *usurper*. He *usurped* the victory at Toulon, when he snatched the torch from the hands of the invader; and he has *usurped* the admiration of the world by the number and the rapidity of his victories."

"Well," said Napoleon to Antommarchi, as he returned, "what did Sir Hudson Lowe say to you? Is he afraid that I shall some day get wings and fly away, and escape the grave?"

"I know not, sire," Antommarchi replied. "I was relating to him how you *usurped* victory and public admiration. The sketch displeased him, and he retired."

"I pity the poor man," said Napoleon; "but for one day we have teased him too much." The Emperor then turned the conversation.

The works in the construction of the basin were continued for several weeks. One day, as they were laying down the pipes, the weather threatened rain. Napoleon, who ever manifested a parental interest in all who were in his employ, was unwilling that the Chinamen should be exposed. "It is useless," said he to Antommarchi, "that the people should get wet. There is no hurry for this basin. Let them rest. We will resume our task hereafter. I have, besides, some observations to make. Come, follow me. You will find them interesting."

The Emperor led his companion into his bedroom, and showed him some ants, whose habits he had been studying. These little insects had appeared in great numbers, and had climbed his table, on which there usually was some sugar. The ants had discovered this prize, and had established a regular chain of communication between the sugar-basin and their magazine of deposit. Napoleon, unwilling to disturb their plans, yet curious to study their developments of sagacity, now and then moved the barrier, admiring the industry and activity displayed until the sugar was again found.

"This is not instinct," said he; "it is much more; it is sagacity, intelligence, the ideal of civil association. But these little beings have not our passions, our cupidity. They assist, but do not destroy each other. I have vainly endeavoured to defeat their purpose. I have removed the sugar to every part of the room. They have

been one, two, or sometimes three days looking for it. The idea strikes me to surround the basin with water, and see whether that will stop them. Doctor, send for some."

Water was placed around the basin. The buoyant little insects passed over it unharmed. "Let us try vinegar," said the Emperor. The ants no longer ventured even to approach it.

"You see," the Emperor continued, "it is not instinct alone that guides them. They are prompted by something else, but by what I do not know. However, be the principle which directs them what it may, they offer to man an example worthy of reflection and observation. It is only by perseverance and tenaciousness that any object can be attained. Had we possessed such unanimity of views! But nations have also their moments of forgetfulness and lassitude. Allowance must be made for the weakness of human nature. All, however, had not yielded to the storm. A host still preserved the fire and energy which mark the early steps in a career. Europe might have been beaten, and those sovereigns, now so proud of no longer having for their equal a man of the people, would have been eclipsed in my presence."

The Emperor then turned to the discussion of the dogmas of what is called *Legitimacy*. "What ridiculous pretensions!" said he, "what contradictions! Are these principles of legitimacy in conformity with the Scripture—with the laws and maxims of religion? Are nations simple enough to believe themselves the property of a family? Was David, who dethroned Saul, a legitimate? Had he any other rights than those he derived from the consent of his nation? In France, various families have succeeded each other on the throne, and have formed several dynasties, either by the will of the people, represented in their assemblies, or by the votes of the Parliaments, composed of barons and bishops, who at that period represented the nation."

"How many families have also successively occupied the throne of England! The house of Hanover, which succeeded the prince it dethroned, now reigns, because such was the will of the ancestors of the present race of these touchy people, who thought this change of government absolutely necessary to the preservation of their interests, and of their political and religious rights. Some of the old men still living have witnessed the efforts made by the last branch of the Stuarts to land in Scotland, where they were seconded by those whose ideas and sentiments were conformable to their own. The attempt was opposed, and the Stuarts expelled by an immense majority of the people, whose new interests and opinions were opposed to those of that degenerate family."

The Emperor's health now again rapidly declined, and weary months of monotony, languor, and pain passed sadly away. On the 26th of July, 1820, as he was reclining upon the sofa, in his dilapidated, damp, and darkened chamber, his thoughts reverted to Rome, where his revered mother still resided. With emotion he recalled

her affection and tender care bestowed on him in his early years.

"You, doctor," said he, "are strongly attached to me. You regard not contraries, pain, and fatigue, when you can relieve my sufferings; yet all that is not maternal solicitude! Ah! Mamma Letitia!" he exclaimed. Weakened by sickness, and overcome by the gush of affectionate feelings, he buried his face in his hands, and remained for a long time absorbed in silent sorrow.

July 31st. It was a bright and cheerful day. The basin was completed and filled with water. Some fishes had been obtained, and Napoleon was desirous of placing them in the basin with his own hand. He wished all the children of Longwood, whom he had not seen for several days, to accompany him, that he might enjoy their happiness. The little group, buoyant with hope and joy, were soon gathered around the Emperor, whom they so dearly loved. The gloom of Longwood was relieved by this gleam of sunshine, as Napoleon, with his retinue of artless prattlers, went to the water and watched the arrowy movements of the fishes in its crystal depths.

Before returning, he caught in his arms the beautiful little Hortense Bertrand, and, taking from his pocket a very pretty pair of coral earrings, he said, "Where is Doctor Antonmarchi? I want his ministry. He must bore these pretty little ears." They sat down under the shade of an oak-tree. Count Montholon supported the patient. Napoleon looked on. Little Arthur Bertrand was greatly alarmed at these formidable preparations. He clenched his fist, and stamped with indignation, declaring that he would not allow his sister to be hurt.

"You little rogue," said Napoleon, "if you are not quiet, I will have your ears bored also. Come, be obedient." The operation was soon over, and the rings adjusted. Napoleon took the lovely and amiable child in his arms and kissed her, saying, with a smile—

"Go and show your ears to mamma. If she does not approve of the operation, tell her it was not I, but that it was the doctor who did it."

"Yes, sire," said Hortense gaily; and she bounded away to find her mother.

The spirit of Arthur had struck the Emperor. "Observe the firmness of that little urchin," said he; "I was just as resolute at his age. I was noisy and quarrelsome, and feared nobody. But the affection of Mamma Letitia was tempered by severity. She punished and rewarded without partiality. Nothing we did, either good or evil, was lost. She watched over her children with unexampled care; discarding, and stamping with disgrace, every ignoble sentiment and affection, and only allowing our young minds to imbibe impressions of what was great and elevated. She abhorred falsehood, punished disobedience, and did not allow any fault to pass unnoticed."

The middle of September now arrived, and the Emperor was manifestly, though slowly,

his bed, endeavoured to rouse him from his lethargy.

"Ah! doctor," said Napoleon, "forbear. We are happy when we sleep. Wants, privations, cares, and anxiety are then no more." Falling back, he surrendered himself again to the oblivion of his pillow.

Many days of dismal weather now detained the Emperor in his cheerless room; and each day was accompanied by languor, weariness, and pain. A deathly pallor overspread his cheek. Chills shook his frame. His debility was so great that he could with difficulty leave his bed. The fourteenth of October arrived, and thus terminated the fifth year of this unrelenting, lawless, despotic imprisonment.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE LAST DAYS OF NAPOLEON.

Remarks of the Emperor upon his career.—The death of the fishes.—Tydings of the death of the Princess Eliza.—Remarks upon Spain and Italy.—Cruelty of Sir Hudson Lowe.—Anecdotes.—The Emperor's letter to his son.—Receives the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.—His will.—The dying scene.—Death and burial.

THE Emperor had now entered upon the sixth year of his cruel captivity, but God, in mercy, had decreed to him but six months more of suffering. Days and weeks, dark and dreary, still came and went, while fogs enveloped the blackened rock, and storms of wind and rain swept over its bleak and barren heights. On the 22nd of October there was a lull in the disease, and the Emperor transiently revived.

"When my health is once established," he said to Dr. Antonmarchi, "I shall restore you to your studies. You shall proceed to Europe and publish your works. I will not suffer you to waste your existence on this horrible rock. You have told me, if I recollect rightly, that you do not know France. You will then see that country. You will see those canals, those monuments with which I covered it during the time of my power. The duration of that power has been like that of a flash of lightning. But no matter; it is filled with useful institutions.

"I have hallowed the Revolution by infusing it into our laws. My code is the sheet-anchor which will save France, and entitle me to the benedictions of posterity. The plan of levelling the Alps was one of the first, formed at the commencement of my career. I had entered Italy, and, finding that the communications with Paris occupied a considerable time, and were attended with much difficulty, I endeavoured to render them quicker, and resolved to open them through the valley of the Rhôna. I also wished to render that river navigable, and blow up the rock under which it ingulfs and disappears. I had sent engineers to the spot. The expense would have been inconsiderable, and I submitted the plan to the Directory. But we were

away by events. I went to Egypt, and no one thought any more about it.

"On my return I took it up again. I had dismissed the lawyers, and, having no more obstacles in my way, we applied our hammers to the Alps. We executed what the Romans had not dared to try, and traced, through blocks of granite, a solid and spacious road, capable of resisting the efforts of time."

October 26th. The Emperor was seized with shiverings in all his frame, accompanied by intense thirst. The weather was chill and damp, and he had a large fire lighted, at which he vainly endeavoured to warm himself. His strength seemed quite exhausted. "This is not life," said he; "it is mere existence. Death will soon terminate my sufferings. In what a state am I, doctor! Everything seems to weigh upon me to fatigue me. I can scarcely support myself. Have you not, among the resources of art, any means of reviving the play of the machine?"

November 6th. The Emperor, though so weak that he could hardly support himself, walked out to the basin which he had constructed. Upon a bench, by the side of the water, he had been in the habit of spending hours, amusing himself by watching the motions of the fishes, tossing them crumbs of bread, and studying all their habits. Some strange disease attacked them. One after another they perished, and floated upon the top of the water. Napoleon was deeply affected by the death of his little favourites. As he gazed upon one or two floating upon the surface, he said, sadly—

"You see very well that there is a fatality attached to me. Everything I love, everything that belongs to me, is immediately struck."

"From that moment," says Antommarchi, "neither weather nor sickness could prevent him from going daily to visit them himself, and he urged me to see if there were no means of assisting them. I could not conceive whence proceeded this singular mortality, and examined whether it was caused by the water; but the examination was too slow for the Emperor's impatience, and he sent for me several times every day, and despatched me to ascertain whether others had perished. At last I discovered the cause of this accident which grieved Napoleon so much. We had cemented the bottom of the basin with a mastic containing a great proportion of copper, which had poisoned the fishes. We took out those which were still alive and put them in a tub."

November 19th. For many nights the Emperor had enjoyed no refreshing sleep, and a constant pain in the liver tortured him every hour. He had no longer any strength or energy left.

"Doctor," said he, "what a delightful thing rest is! The bed has become for me a place of luxury. I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world. What an alteration! How fallen am I! I, whose activity was boundless, whose mind never slumbered, am now plunged in a lethargic stupor, and must make an effort even to raise my eyelids. I sometimes dictated

upon different subjects to four or five secretaries, who wrote as fast as words could be uttered; but then I was Napoleon, now I am no longer anything. My strength, my faculties, forsake me. I do not live. I merely exist."

A fortnight now passed away, during which the Emperor was so weak, and was plunged in such profound melancholy, that he did not leave his room, and scarcely uttered a word. To the entreaties of the doctor that he would take some medicine, he replied—

"What hope can I entertain? What beneficial effect can I expect from medicines? Doctor, nothing useless should be done."

December 16th. The Emperor continued exceedingly weak and dejected. After a night of sleeplessness and pain, he endeavoured to walk about the drawing-room, but his limbs bent beneath his weight, and he was obliged to sit down.

"They are exhausted," said he, in melancholy tones. "See, there is nothing left—mere skeletons! Everything must have an end. I am fast approaching mine; and I do not regret it, for I have, indeed, no reason to be attached to life."

December 26th. Some newspapers arrived from Europe. The Emperor perused them with the greatest avidity. In them he read the account of the death of his sister Eliza.

"This intelligence," says Antommarchi, "threw him into a state of stupor. He was in an arm-chair, his head hanging down upon his breast, motionless, like one a prey to violent grief. Deep sighs escaped him at intervals. He raised his eyes, cast them down again, fixing them alternately upon me and upon the ground, and looking fixedly at me, without uttering a single word. At last he extended his arm towards me, and I felt his pulse. It was weak and irregular. I wished him to take a little orange-flower water, but he did not seem to have heard me. I entreated him to go out and breathe the open air in the garden."

"Do you think," said Napoleon, in a low and altered tone of voice, "that it can relieve me from the state of oppression under which I am labouring?"

"I do, sire," Antommarchi replied; "and, at the same time, again I entreat your Majesty to use also the beverage I have proposed to you."

Napoleon drank of the orange-water, and said, "You wish me to go into the garden. Be it so." He rose with difficulty, and, leaning upon the doctor's arm, said, "I am very weak. My trembling legs can hardly support me."

It was a beautiful day. The Emperor, assisted by his physician, tottered along as far as the summer-house, where his strength entirely failed him, and he was obliged to sit down upon a bench. He was silent for a few moments, and then said—

"The papers announce that the Princess Elisa died of a nervous fever, and that she has appointed Jerome guardian of her children." After an affectionate eulogium upon her character, he

continued—"I know not how far the news of her death is to be credited in the manner related in the papers; but I think that she cannot have appointed Jerome guardian of her children. To render that admissible, it must be supposed that her husband, Bacciocchi, is either dead or absent; otherwise he is their guardian by the right of law and nature."

The Emperor rose, leaned upon the arm of the doctor, and, looking him steadfastly in the face, said, "You see, doctor, Eliza has just shown us the way. Death, which seems to have overlooked our family, now begins to strike it. My turn cannot be far distant. I have no longer any strength, activity, or energy left. I am no longer Napoleon. You endeavour in vain to revive hope—to recall life upon the point of escaping. Your care is without avail against Fate. Its decrees are immutable, its decisions without appeal. The first person of our family who will follow Eliza to the grave is that great Napoleon who here drags on a miserable existence—who sinks under its weight—but who, however, still keeps Europe in a state of alarm. As for me, all is over. My days will soon end on this miserable rock."

They returned to the house, and the Emperor, exhausted and dejected, threw himself upon his bed. He spoke of his son, whom he could never hope to see again, and of Maria Louisa. The doctor endeavoured to turn his thoughts from these painful recollections. "I understand you, doctor," said the Emperor sadly. "Well, be it so. Let us forget, if indeed the heart of a father can forget."

January 26th. Intelligence arrived at St. Helena of the revolutionary movements in Spain and Naples. "Ferdinand of Spain," said the Emperor, "is a man incapable of governing himself; and, of course, he is incapable of governing the Peninsula. As for the revolution in Naples, I must confess that I did not expect it. Who would ever have supposed that a set of Machezoni would ape the Spaniards, proclaim their principles, and rival them in courage? No doubt that, of the two Ferdinands, one is not better than the other. But the question does not turn upon them, it is upon their respective nations; and between these there is so great a difference in point of energy and elevation of sentiment, that either the Neapolitans are mad, or this movement of theirs is a forerunner of a general insurrection. In the presence, as they are, of the rulers of Italy, what can they do if they are not supported by some great nation? If they are thus supported, I applaud their patriotism; but if it be otherwise, how much I pity my good and dear Italians! They will be immolated, and the sacrifice of their generous blood will not benefit the beautiful soil which gave them birth. I pity them. Unfortunate people! they are distributed in groups, divided, separated among a parcel of princes who only serve to excite aversions, to dissolve the ties which unite them, and to prevent them from agreeing together and co-operating with each other for the attainment of

their common liberty. It was that spirit I was endeavouring to destroy. It was with a view to gain this object that I annexed part of Italy to France, and formed a kingdom of the other part. I wished to eradicate local habits, partial and narrow views, to model the inhabitants after our manners, to accustom them to our laws, and then to unite them together, and restore them to the ancient glory of Italy."

"I proposed to make of all these states thus agglomerated a compact and independent power, over which my second son would have reigned, and of which Rome, restored and embellished, would have been the capital. I should have removed Murat from Naples. From the sea to the Alps only one way would have been acknowledged. I had already begun the execution of that plan which I had formed with a view to the interests of Italy. Workmen were already engaged in clearing Rome of its ruins, and in draining the Pontine Marshes; but war, the circumstances in which I was placed, and the sacrifices I was obliged to ask of the people, did not allow me to do for them what I wished. Such, my dear doctor, were the motives which stopped me."

"Ah! doctor, what recollections, what epochs that beautiful Italy recalls to my mind! Methinks the moment is only just gone by when I took the command of the army which conquered it. I was young, like you. I possessed your vivacity, your ardour. I felt the consciousness of my powers, and burned to enter the lists. I had already given proof of what I could do. My aptitude was not contested, but my youth displeased those old soldiers who had grown grey on the field of battle. Perceiving this, I felt the necessity of compensating the disadvantage by an austerity of principles from which I never departed. Brilliant actions were required to conciliate the affection and confidence of the military, and I performed some. We marched, and everything vanished at our approach. My name was soon as dear to the people as to the soldiers. I could not be insensible to this unanimity of homage, and became indifferent to everything that was not glory. The air resounded with acclamations on my passage. Everything was at my disposal. But I only thought of my brave soldiers, of France, and of posterity."

During the months of January and February, 1821, the Emperor's health was most deplorable, and his sufferings were extreme. Amid the fluctuations of pain and disease, confined to his cheerless chamber, buried in fogs, and with an incessant continuance of storms of wind and rain, the dismal weeks lingered along.

March 4th. The conversation in the Emperor's sick chamber turned upon the fine arts. One present held music in very little estimation, and did not conceal his opinion. "You are wrong," said the Emperor. "Of all the liberal arts, music has the greatest influence over the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement. A well-composed song strikes and softens the mind, and produces

a greater effect than a moral work, which convinces our reason, but does not warm our feelings, nor effect the slightest alteration in our habits."

March 17th. The aged Abbé Buonavita was completely broken down by the dismal climate of St. Helena. To save his life, Napoleon sent him to Europe, settling upon him a pension of three thousand francs.

"Accompany this good old man to Jamestown," said the Emperor, "and give him all the assistance and advice which so long a voyage requires. I should like to know that the good ecclesiastic were already arrived at Rome, and safe from the dangers of the passage. What kind of a reception do you think he will meet with at Rome? Do you not suppose it will be a favourable one? At any rate, they owe it to me to treat him well, for, after all, without me, what would have become of the Church?"

March 20th. Madame Bertrand came in to see the Emperor. She was in very feeble health, but tried to appear cheerful. Napoleon, in a serene frame of mind, said to her, "We must prepare for the fatal sentence. You, little Hortense, and myself are doomed to meet our fate on this miserable rock. I shall go first, you will come next, and Hortense will follow. We shall all three meet again in Paradise." He then repeated the following lines from Voltaire:—

Mais à revoir Paris, je ne dois plus prétendre;
Vous voyez qu'au tombeau je suis prêt à descendre.
Je vais au Roi des rois demander aujourd'hui
Le prix de tous les maux que j'ai soufferts pour lui.
Edm., Act II., Scene 8.

March 29th. The disease preying upon the Emperor was evidently making rapid progress. Napoleon was willing to submit to any external application, but said to the doctor, in a tone of voice expressive of the excessive repugnance he felt, "It is, perhaps, beyond my power to take medicines. The aversion I feel for them is almost inconceivable. I exposed myself to dangers with indifference. I saw death without emotion; but I cannot, notwithstanding all my efforts, approach my lips to a cup containing the slightest preparation. True it is that I am a spoiled child, who has never had anything to do with physic." Then turning to Madame Bertrand, he said, "How do you manage to take all those pills and drugs which the doctor is constantly prescribing for you?"

"I take them," she replied, "without thinking about it, and I advise your Majesty to do the same."

He shook his head, and addressed the same question to General Montholon, from whom he received a similar answer.

"I am, then," said Napoleon, "the only one who rebels against medicine. I will do so no longer. Give me the stuff." He seized the cup eagerly, as if afraid that his resolution would forsake him, and swallowed the dose.

March 31st. The orderly-officer, whose duty it was to certify the presence of Napoleon, was ordered to make a report to Sir Hudson Lowe every day, stating that he had that day seen

"General Bonaparte." The Emperor had now been confined to his bed since the 17th of March. The officer, possessing gentlemanly feelings, could not summon brutality enough to force his way into the chamber of the dying victim. All that Napoleon now asked was that he might be permitted to die in peace, no longer tortured by the hateful presence of his gaolers. Sir Hudson Lowe was enraged. He came to Longwood with his suite, walked all round the house, and threatened the officer with the severest punishment if he did not obey the order.

The officer was greatly embarrassed. He applied to General Montholon and Marchand. They, feeling for his perplexity, arranged matters so that the officer could obtain a view of the Emperor without Napoleon being conscious of his presence. At a moment when the Emperor had occasion to rise from his bed in the darkened room, while Montholon and Antommarchi stood by the languid sufferer, Marchand slightly opened one of the curtains, as if to look out into the garden. The agent of the governor, who stood outside, peeped in, and was thus able to make his report.

Still this did not satisfy Sir Hudson Lowe. He declared that if his agent was not permitted daily to see *General Bonaparte*, he would come to Longwood with his staff and force his way into the house, regardless of consequences. General Montholon endeavoured to dissuade him from the insulting and cruel deed. He represented to him the respect due to misfortune, and how much his unwelcome appearance would discompose and agitate the dying Emperor. Sir Hudson was incapable of appreciating such arguments, and turned a deaf ear to them. Just at this moment Dr. Antommarchi made his appearance, almost suffocated with indignation at this inhuman treatment of his revered patient.

"Where is *General Bonaparte*?" said the governor, haughtily.

"There is no *General Bonaparte* here," Antommarchi as haughtily replied.

"When did he disappear?" rejoined the governor.

"do not recollect precisely," said Antommarchi. "The last battle at which *General Bonaparte* commanded was that of Aboukir. He fought for civilization; you were protecting barbarism. He defeated your allies and threw them into the sea. His victory was complete. I have not heard of *General Bonaparte* since. But hasten and fill up the measure of your indignities by depriving the Emperor of the short remains of his existence."

"The Emperor!" said Sir Hudson Lowe, scornfully; "what emperor?"

"He who made England tremble," replied Antommarchi, "and placed in the hands of the Continent the weapon which will, sooner or later, give the death-blow to your aristocracy."

"That soul," says Antommarchi, with generous indignation, "must be formed of the mud of the Thames who can come and watch for the last of the dying man. The resolution tak

oy the Calabrian was too firm, and his temper too savage, to permit any hope that the rules of decorum or the dictates of humanity would be attended to. Count Bertrand and General Montholon, therefore, sought some other means to appease the storm. They were fortunate enough to persuade Napoleon to consent to calling in a consulting physician. He chose Dr. Arnott, whom the governor made responsible for the presence of the Emperor, and who was obliged to make every day a report, which was transmitted to Plantation House."

April 2nd. The British government had now finished a more comfortable residence for Napoleon than the miserable, dilapidated, rat-infested cabin where the Emperor had thus far been confined. Sir Hudson Lowe's physician, Dr. Arnott, urged his being removed. The dying Emperor listened to him without answering a word, and then turning to his friend, Dr. Antommarchi, said, "Is that your opinion, doctor?"

"No, sire," Antommarchi replied. "The fever is too violent. The removal from one house to another might be attended with the most serious consequences."

"You have heard," said the Emperor to Dr. Arnott. "We must think no more about it."

Dr. Arnott still ventured to urge the removal, but the Emperor made no reply.

April 5th. The Emperor passed a night of extreme suffering. He was heard, in a moment of anguish, to exclaim, "Ah! since I was to lose my life in this deplorable manner, why did the cannon-balls spare it?"

April 6th. It was now twenty days since the Emperor had been able to shave. The doctor had often endeavoured to persuade him to order one of his servants to shave him, but he had always eluded the subject. At last the inconvenience became so great, that he expressed a wish to be shaved. The doctor proposed to send for a barber. The Emperor pondered the subject for a moment, and then said, "I have always shaved myself. Nobody has ever put his hand on my face. I am now without strength, and must, of necessity, resign and submit to that against which my nature has always revolted. But no, doctor," he added, "it shall not be said that I have thus suffered myself to be touched. It is only you whom I will allow to shave me."

The doctor pleaded inexperience, and urged the Emperor to employ a more skilful hand.

"Very well," said the Emperor, "it shall be as you like; but certainly no one but yourself shall ever boast of having put his hands on my face."

April 7th. The Emperor was a little more comfortable. Summoning his strength, he rose, shaved himself, dressed, and sat down in his arm-chair. As he was reading one of the European journals, he came to an offensive anecdote in reference to two of his generals. He remarked, "No doubt faults were committed. But who is exempt from faults? The citizen, in the quiet tenour of his easy life, has his moments of weakness and strength. And

grown old in the midst of the hazards of war, who have constantly had to contend with all kinds of difficulties, should never have been inferior to themselves at any moment—slight have always exactly hit the mark."

April 15th. The Emperor devoted the whole morning to writing his will. It commenced as follows:—"1. I die in the Apostolical Roman religion, in the midst of which I was born, more than fifty years ago. 2. It is my wish that my ashes may repose upon the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well. 3. I have always had reason to be pleased with my dearest wife, the Empress Maria Louisa, and retain for her, to my last moments, the most tender sentiments. I beseech her to watch over my son, in order to preserve him from the snares which yet environ his infancy. 4. I recommend to my son never to forget that he was born a French prince, and never to allow himself to become an instrument in the hands of the triumvirs who oppress the nations of Europe. He ought never to fight against France, or to injure her in any manner. He ought to adopt my motto, *Everything for the French people.*"

He then remembered, in kind and munificent bequests, all of his old friends who were still living, and the widows and the children of those who were dead. No one escaped his grateful memory.

April 17th. At three o'clock in the afternoon Napoleon sent for Count Montholon. His face was flushed, and his eye beamed with peculiar lustre.

"My mind has been roused," said he, "in talking with General Bertrand about what my executors should say to my son when they see him. I wish, in a few words, to give you a summary of the counsels which I bequeath to my son. You will thus be more easily enabled to detail my ideas to him. Write."

The Emperor then rapidly dictated the following extraordinary letter:—

"My son should not think of avenging my death. He should profit by it. Let the remembrance of what I have done never leave his mind. Let him always be, like me, every inch a Frenchman. The aim of all his efforts should be to reign by peace. If he should recommence my wars out of pure love of imitation, and without any absolute necessity, he would be a mere ape. To do my work over again would be to suppose that I had done nothing. To complete it, on the contrary, would be to show the solidity of the basis, and explain the whole plan of an edifice which I had only roughly sketched. The same thing is not done twice in a century. I was obliged to daunt Europe by my arms. In the present day, the way is to convince her. I saved the Revolution, which was about to perish. I raised it from its ruins, and showed it to the world beaming with glory. I have implanted it in France and in Europe. They cannot

Let my son bring into being

all that I have sown. Let him develop all the elements of prosperity inclosed in the soil of France, and by these means he may yet be a great sovereign.

"The Bourbons will not maintain their position after my death. A reaction in my favour will take place everywhere, even in England. This reaction will be a fine inheritance for my son. It is possible that the English, in order to efface the remembrance of their persecutions, will favour my son's return to France. But in order to live in a good understanding with England, it is necessary, at any cost, to favour her commercial interests. This necessity leads to one of these two consequences—war with England, or a sharing of the commerce of the world with her. This second condition is the only one possible in the present day. The exterior question will long take precedence, in France, of the interior. I bequeath to my son sufficient strength and sympathy to enable him to continue my work, with the single aid of an elevated and conciliatory diplomacy.

"His position at Vienna is deplorable. Will Austria set him at liberty unconditionally? But, after all, Francis I. was once in a more critical position, and yet his French nationality was nothing impaired by it. Let not my son ever mount the throne by the aid of foreign influence. His aim should not be to fulfil a desire to reign, but to deserve the approbation of posterity. Let him cherish an intimacy with my family, whenever it shall be in his power. My mother is a woman of the old school. Joseph and Eugene are able to give him good counsel. Hortense and Caroline are superior women. If he remains in exile, let him marry one of my nieces. If France recalls him, let him seek the hand of a princess of Russia. This court is the only one where family ties rule policy. The alliance which he may contract should tend to increase the exterior influence of France, and not to introduce a foreign influence into its councils. The French nation, when it is not taken the wrong way, is more easily governed than any other. Its prompt and easy comprehension is unequalled. It immediately discerns who labours for and who against it. But then it is necessary always to speak to its senses, otherwise its uneasy spirit gnaws; it ferments and explodes.

"My son will arrive after a time of civil troubles. He has but one party to fear, that of the Duke of Orleans. This party has been germinating for a long time. Let him despise all parties, and only see the mass of the people. Excepting those who have betrayed their country, he ought to forget the previous conduct of all men, and reward talent, merit, and services wherever he finds them. Chateaubriand, notwithstanding his libel, is a good Frenchman."

"France is the country where the chiefs of parties have the least influence. To rest for support on them is to build on sand. Great

things can be done in France only by having the support of the *mass of the people*. Besides, a government should always seek for support where it is really to be found. There are moral laws as inflexible and imperious as the physical ones. The Bourbons can only rely for support on the nobles and the priests, whatever may be the Constitution which they are made to adopt. The water will descend again to its level, in spite of the machine which has raised it for a moment. I, on the contrary, relied on the whole mass of the people, without exception. I set the example of a government which favoured the interests of all. I did not govern by the help of, or solely for, either the nobles, the priests, the citizens, or tradesmen. I governed for the whole community, for the whole family of the French nation.

"My nobility will afford no support to my son. I required more than one generation to succeed in making them assume my colour, and preserve, by tradition, the sacred deposit of my moral conquests. From the year 1815, all the *grandeues* openly espoused the opposite party. I felt no reliance either on my marshals or my nobility, not even on my colonels; but the whole mass of the people, and the whole army, up to the grade of captain, were on my side. I was not deceived in feeling this confidence. They owe much to me. I was their true representative. My dictatorship was indispensable. The proof of this is, that they always offered me more power than I desired. In the present day there is nothing possible in France but what is necessary. It will not be the same with my son. His power will be disputed. He must anticipate every desire for liberty. It is, besides, easier in ordinary times to reign with the help of the Chambers than alone. The Assemblies take a great part of your responsibility, and nothing is more easy than always to have the majority on your side; but care must be taken not to demoralise the country. The influence of the government in France is immense; and if it understands the way, it has no need of employing corruption in order to find support on all sides. The aim of a sovereign is not only to reign, but to diffuse instruction, morality, and well-being. Anything false is but a bad aid.

"In my youth I, too, entertained some illusions; but I soon recovered from them. The great orators, who rule the Assemblies by the brilliance of their eloquence, are, in general, men of the most mediocre political talents. They should not be opposed in their own way, for they have always more noisy words at command than you. Their eloquence should be opposed by a serious and logical argument. Their strength lies in vagueness. They should be brought back to the reality of facts. Practical arguments destroy them. In the Council there were men possessed of much more eloquence than I was. I always defeated them by this simple argument, *two and two make four*.

"France possesses very clever practical men. The only thing necessary is to find them, and to

⁹⁷ Nothing can more strikingly show the exalted character of Napoleon than his readiness to forgive the atrocious libel of Chateaubriand. We have but few examples of a spirit so magnanimous and self-forgiving.

give them the means of reaching the proper station. Such a one is at the plough who ought to be in the Council; and such another is minister who ought to be at the plough. Let not my son be astonished to hear men, the most reasonable to all appearance, propose to him the most absurd plans. From the Agrarian law to the despotism of the Grand Turk, every system finds an apologist in France. Let him listen to them all; let him take everything at its just value, and surround himself by all the real capacity of the country. The French people are influenced by two powerful passions, the love of liberty and the love of distinction. These, though seemingly opposed, are derived from one and the same feeling. A government can only satisfy these two wants by the most exact justice. The law and action of the government must be equal towards all. Honours and rewards must be conferred on the men who seem, in the eyes of all, to be most worthy of them. Merit may be pardoned, but not intrigue. The order of the Legion of Honour has been an immense and powerful incitement to virtue, talent, and courage. If ill-employed, it would become a great evil, by alienating the whole army if the spirit of court intrigue and coterie presided at its nominations or in its administration.

"My son will be obliged to allow the liberty of the press. This is a necessity in the present day. In order to govern, it is not necessary to pursue a more or less perfect theory, but to build with the materials which are under one's hand; to submit to necessities, and profit by them. The liberty of the press ought to become, in the hands of the government, a powerful auxiliary in diffusing, through all the most distant corners of the empire, sound doctrines and good principles. To leave it to itself would be to fall asleep on the brink of a danger. On the conclusion of a general peace, I would have instituted a Directory of the Press, composed of the ablest men of the country, and I would have diffused, even to the most distant hamlet, my ideas and my intentions. In the present day, it is impossible to remain, as one might have done three hundred years ago, a quiet spectator of the transformations of society. Now one must, under the pain of death, either direct or hinder everything.

"My son ought to be a man of new ideas, and of the cause which I have made triumphant everywhere. He ought to establish institutions which shall efface all traces of the feudal law, secure the dignity of man, and develop those germs of prosperity which have been budding for centuries. He should propagate, in all those countries now uncivilized and barbarous, the benefits of Christianity and civilization. Such should be the aim of all my son's thoughts. Such is the cause for which I die a martyr to the hatred of the oligarchs, of which I am the object. Let him consider the holiness of my cause. Look at the regicides! They were formerly in the councils of a Bourbon. To-morrow they will return to their country, and I and mine expiate in torture the blessings which I desired to bestow

on nations. My enemies are the enemies of humanity. They desire to fetter the people, whom they regard as a flock of sheep. They endeavour to oppress France, and to make the stream reascend towards its source. Let them take care that it does not burst its bounds.

"With my son, all opposite interests may live in peace; new ideas be diffused and gather strength, without any violent shock, or the sacrifice of any victims, and humanity be spared dreadful misfortunes. But if the blind hatred of kings still pursues my blood after my death, I shall then be avenged, but cruelly avenged. Civilization will suffer in every way if nations burst their bounds, and rivers of blood will be shed throughout the whole of Europe; the lights of science and knowledge will be extinguished amid civil and foreign warfare. More than three hundred years of troubles will be required in order to destroy in Europe that royal authority which has, but for a day, represented the interests of all classes of men, but which struggled for several centuries before it could throw off all the restraints of the Middle Ages. If, on the other hand, the North advances against civilization, the struggle will be of shorter duration, but the blows more fatal. The well-being of nations, all the results which it has taken so many years to obtain, will be destroyed, and none can foresee the disastrous consequences. The accession of my son is for the interest of nations as well as of kings. Beyond the circle of ideas and principles for which we have fought, and which I have carried triumphantly through all difficulties, I see nought but slavery and confusion for France and for the whole of Europe.

"You will publish all that I have dictated or written, and you will engage my son to read and reflect upon it. You will tell him to protect all those who have served me well, and their number is large. My poor soldiers, so magnanimous, so devoted, are now, perhaps, in want of bread. What courage, what good sense is there in this French people! What buried riches, which will, perhaps, never again see the light of day! Europe is progressing towards an inevitable transformation. To endeavour to retard this progress would be but to lose strength by a useless struggle. To favour it is to strengthen the hopes and wishes of all.

"There are desires of nationality which must be satisfied, sooner or later. It is towards this end that continual progress should be made. My son's position will not be exempt from immense difficulties. Let him do by general consent what I was compelled by circumstances to effect by force of arms. When I was victorious over Russia in 1812, the problem of a peace of a hundred years' duration was solved. I cut the Gordian knot of nations. In the present day it must be untied. The remembrance of the thrones which I raised up, when it was for the interest of my general policy so to do, should be effaced. In the year 1815 I exacted from my brothers that they should forget their royalty, and only take the title of French princes. My son should

follow this example. An opposite course would excite just alarm.

"It is no longer in the North that great questions will be resolved, but in the Mediterranean. There, there is enough to content all the ambition of the different Powers; and the happiness of civilized nations may be purchased with fragments of barbarous lands. Let the kings listen to reason. Europe will no longer afford matter for maintaining international hatreds. Prejudices are dissipated and intermingled. Routes of commerce are becoming multiplied. It is no longer possible for one nation to monopolize it. As a means by which my son may see whether his administration be good or the contrary, whether his laws are in accordance with the manners of the country, let him have an annual and particular report presented to him of the number of condemnations pronounced by the tribunals. If crimes and delinquencies increase in number, it is a proof that misery is on the increase, and that society is ill-governed. Their diminution, on the other hand, is a proof of the contrary.

"Religious ideas have more influence than certain narrow-minded philosophers are willing to believe. They are capable of rendering great services to humanity. By standing well with the Pope, an influence is still maintained over the consciences of a hundred millions of men. Pius VII. will be always well disposed towards my son. He is a tolerant and enlightened old man. Fatal circumstances embroiled our cabinets. I regret this deeply. Cardinal Fesch did not understand me. He upheld the party of the Ultramontanes, the enemies of true religion in France. If you are permitted to return to France, you will still find many who have remained faithful to my memory. The best monuments which they could raise to me would be to make a collection of all the ideas which I expressed in the Council of State for the administration of the empire; to collect all my instructions to my ministers, and to make a list of the works which I undertook, and of all the monuments which I raised in France and Italy. In what I have said in the Council of State, a distinction must be made between the measures good for the moment, and those whose application is eternally true.

"Let my son often read and reflect on history. This is the only true philosophy. Let him read and meditate on the wars of the greatest captains. This is the only means of rightly learning the science of war. But all that you say to him, or all that he learns, will be of little use to him if he has not, in the depth of his heart, that sacred fire and love of good which alone can effect great things. I will hope, however, that he will be worthy of his destiny."

April 19th. After several days and nights of very severe suffering, the Emperor appeared a little better. He spoke of distinguished military chieftains. "Mariborough," said he, "was not a man whose mind was narrowly confined to the field of battle. He fought and negotiated. He

was at once a captain and a diplomatist. Has the 20th Regiment his campaigns?"

"I think not," answered Dr. Arnott.

"Well," added the Emperor, "I have there a copy of them, which I am glad to offer to that brave regiment. Take it, doctor, and you will place it in their library as coming from me."

Sir Hudson Lowe censured the doctor for receiving the book. He would not allow it to be presented to the regiment, fearing that it would increase the love which those English soldiers already manifested for Napoleon. "Doctor Arnott," says Lord Holland, "in the noble spirit characteristic of his nature, 'was ordered by his superiors to return the book, first, because it had not been transmitted through the Government House, and, secondly, because it was in the name of the Emperor Napoleon, not of *General Bonaparte*. Pitiful, narrow-minded malignity, disgraceful alike to the government and its agents!'"

April 20th. The Emperor enjoyed a temporary respite from pain. He was in cheerful spirits. Seeing that some of his friends hoped that he was permanently better, he looked at them with a placid smile, and said—

"My friends, you are mistaken. I am better to-day, but I feel, nevertheless, that my end is approaching. After my death, every one of you will have the consolation of returning to Europe. Some of you will see your relations again, and some your friends, and I shall join my brave companions in the Elysian Fields. Yes, Kléber, Desaix, Bessières, Duroc, Ney, Murat, Massena, Berthier, will all come to meet me. They will speak to me of what we have done together, and I will relate to them the last events of my life. On seeing me again, they will all become once more animated with enthusiasm and glory. We will talk of our wars with the Scipios, Hannibal, Cæsar, Frederick. There will be pleasure in that, unless," he added, smiling, "it should create an alarm in the spirit-world to see so many warriors assembled together."

At this moment Dr. Arnott came in. The Emperor received him with much affability, and, after a few moments' conversation, said, "It is all over with me, doctor. The blow is struck. I am near my end, and shall soon surrender my body to the earth. Bertrand, approach, and translate to this gentleman what you are going to hear. It is the relation of a series of indignities worthy of the hand which has bestowed them. Express my full meaning. Do not omit a single word.

"I had come to seek the hospitality of the British people. I asked for a generous protection. To the subversion of every right held sacred upon earth, chains were the reply I received. I should have experienced a different reception from Alexander. The Emperor Francis would have treated me with more respect and kindness. Even the King of Prussia would have been more generous. It was reserved for England to deceive and excite the sovereigns of Europe, and to give to the world the unheard-of spectacle of four great Powers cruelly leagued

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

one man. Your Ministers have chosen this horrible rock, upon which the lives of Europeans are exhausted in less than three years, in order to end my existence by assassination. And how have I been treated since my arrival here? There is no species of indignity or insult that has not been eagerly heaped upon me. The simplest family communications, which have never been interdicted to any one, have been refused to me. No news, no papers from home, have been allowed to reach me. My wife and son have no longer existed for me. I have been kept six years in the tortures of close confinement. The most uninhabitable spot on this inhospitable island—that where the murderous effects of a tropical climate are most severely felt—has been assigned to me for a residence; and I, who used to ride on horseback all over Europe, have been obliged to shut myself up within four walls, in an unwholesome atmosphere. I have been destroyed piecemeal by a premeditated and protracted assassination. The infamous Hudson Lowe has been the executor of these atrocities of your Ministers. You will end like the proud Republic of Venice; and I, dying upon this dreary rock, far from those I hold dear, and deprived of everything, bequeath the opprobrium and horror of my death to the reigning family of England."

At one o'clock at night the Emperor expressed a desire to converse with the Abbé Vignali. He remained in private communication with his spiritual adviser for an hour. When the abbé retired, Montholon returned to the room. He found the Emperor serene and thoughtful. After a few moments of religious conversation, Napoleon turned upon his pillow and fell asleep.

April 21st. Though the Emperor was exceedingly feeble, he passed much of the day dictating and writing. In the afternoon he sent for the Abbé Vignali, and said to him—

"Abbé, I wish you to officiate in my chamber after my death." He then entered minutely into the subject, describing the religious solemnities which he wished to have observed. Dr. Antommarchi was a sceptic, and had often displeased Napoleon by his irreverent remarks. Perceiving a contemptuous expression upon the countenance of the doctor, the Emperor turned to him with severe and indignant rebuke.

"You are an atheist, sir," said he. "You are a physician. Physicians believe in nothing, because they deal only in matter. You are above these weaknesses; but I am neither a philosopher nor a physician. I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. Be an atheist if you will, sir; but as for me, I was born a Catholic, and I will fulfil all the duties which religion imposes, and seek all the solace which it administers. It is not every one who can be an atheist."

"I wish you, Monsieur Abbé," he continued, turning to Vignali, "to say mass in the chapel every day, and to continue to say it after my death. You will not cease until I am buried. As soon as I am dead, I wish you to place a crucifix upon my bosom, and your altar at my

; and you will not omit solemnizing the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and offering daily prayers until I am buried."

"How can you?" said Napoleon to Antommarchi, after the abbé had taken his leave "carry your incredulity so far? Can you not believe in God, whose existence everything proclaims, and in whom the greatest minds have believed?"

On another occasion Antommarchi coolly records: "Napoleon spoke of different kinds of worship, of religious dissensions, and of the plan he had formed to reconcile all sects. Reversees, however, occurred too soon to allow him to carry that plan into execution; but he had, at least," the unbelieving Antommarchi continues, "re-established religion, and that was a service the results of which were incalculable; for, after all, if men had no religion, they would murder each other for the best pear or the finest girl."

April 24th. "The Emperor," says Montholon "has again spoken to me of his will. His imagination is unceasingly employed in seeking to find resources from which to gratify his liberality. Each day brings to his mind the remembrance of some other old servant whom he would wish to remunerate."

April 25th. The Emperor slept quietly most of the night. Count Montholon sat at his bedside. At four o'clock in the morning Napoleon started up, and exclaimed, in dreamy delirium, "I have just seen my good Josephine, but she would not embrace me. She disappeared at the moment when I was about to take her in my arms. She was seated there. It seemed to me that I had seen her yesterday evening. She is not changed. She is still the same, full of devotion to me. She told me that we were about to see each other again, never more to part. Did you see her?" He soon again fell asleep.

In the morning General Bertrand read to him from an English journal. He happened to fall upon a very atrocious libel against Caulaincourt and Savary, as being peculiar culprits in what the English called the *assassination* of the Duke d'Enghien. The magnanimity of Napoleon revolted at the idea of allowing the odium of any of the unpopular acts of his reign to be laid upon his friends.

"This is shameful!" said the Emperor; and then, turning to Montholon, continued, "Bring me my will." Without saying another word, he opened the will and interlined the following declaration:—

"I caused the Duke d'Enghien to be arrested and tried, because that step was essential to the safety, interest, and honour of the French people, when the Count d'Artois was maintaining, by his own confession, sixty assassins at Paris. Under similar circumstances, I would act in the same way."

Having written these few lines, without adding a word, he handed back the will to Montholon. There is something very remarkable in this declaration. In the first place, Napoleon solemnly

assumes all the responsibility of the act. He takes upon himself whatever may be attached to it which is blameworthy. In the second place, he is very accurate in his statement. He says, "I caused the Duke d'Enghien to be *arrested and tried*." The evidence is very conclusive that Napoleon, notwithstanding the proof of his treason, intended to have pardoned him. His *execution* Napoleon deeply deplored. He, however, would ask for no abatement of the censure on that score, but held himself answerable for the acts which occurred under his reign.

He afterwards called his valet, Marchand, to take the inventory of the contents of some caskets. He took from one of them a diamond necklace and gave it to Marchand, saying—

"Take this. I am ignorant in what state my affairs may be in Europe. The good Hortense gave me this, thinking that I might have need of it. I believe it to be worth two hundred thousand francs. Hide it about your person. When you reach France, it will enable you to await the provision which I make for you in my will. Marry honourably. Make your choice among the daughters of the officers or soldiers of my old Guard. There are many of those brave men who are happy. A better fate was reserved for them, had it not been for the reverse of fortune experienced by France. Posterity will acknowledge all I would have done for them, had circumstances been different."

The Emperor then dictated the following letter, which Montholon was to write to Sir Hudson Lowe to announce his death.

"Monsieur le Gouverneur,—The Emperor breathed his last on the —, after a long and painful illness. I have the honour to communicate this intelligence to you. The Emperor has authorized me to communicate to you, if such be your desire, his last wishes. I beg you to inform me what are the arrangements prescribed by your government for the transportation of his remains to France, as well as those relating to the sons of his suite. I have the honour to be, &
MONTHOLON."

April 28th. The prostration of the Emperor was extreme. He spoke of his death with great composure. "After my death," said he, "which cannot be far distant, I desire that you will open my body. I insist, also, that you promise that no English medical man shall touch me. If, however, the assistance of one should be indispensable, Dr. Arnott is the only one whom you have permission to employ. I further desire that you will take my heart, put it in spirits of wine, and carry it to Parma to my dear Maria Louisa. You will tell her that I tenderly loved her—that I never ceased to love her. You will relate to her all you have seen, and every particular respecting my situation and death. I particularly recommend to you carefully to examine my stomach, and to make a precise and detailed report of the state in which you may find it, which report you will give to my son. The vomitings,

which succeed each other almost without interruption, lead me to suppose that the stomach is, of all my organs, the most diseased. I am inclined to believe that it is attacked with the same disorder which killed my father—I mean, a scirrhus in the pylorus. I began to suspect that such was the case as soon as I saw the frequency and obstinate recurrence of the vomitings. I beg that you will be very particular in your examination, that, when you see my son, you may be able to communicate your observations to him, and point out to him the proper medicines to use. When I am no more, you will go to Rome. You will see my mother and my family, and will relate to them all you may have observed concerning my situation, my disorder, and my death upon this dreary and miserable rock."

From this effort he soon sank down in complete exhaustion, and deliriously murmured broken and incoherent sentences.

April 29th. The Emperor was rapidly sinking. His sufferings depriving him of sleep, at four o'clock in the morning he requested Montholon to bring a table to his bedside, and he occupied himself for two hours in dictating two projects, one on the use to which the Palace of Versailles should be appropriated, and the other on the organization of the National Guard for the defence of Paris.

In the morning, Dr. Antommarchi found the Emperor, though fast sinking, calm and rational. To his suggestion that a blister should be applied to the stomach, he replied—

"Since you wish it, be it so. Not that I expect the least effect from it; but my end is approaching, and I am desirous of showing, by my resignation, my gratitude for your care and attention."

The feverish state of his stomach induced him to drink much cold water. With characteristic gratitude, he exclaimed—

"If Fate had decreed that I should recover, I would erect a monument upon the spot where the water flows, and would crown the fountain, in testimony of the relief which it has afforded me. If I die, and my body, proscribed as my person has been, should be denied a little earth, I desire that my remains may be deposited in the Cathedral of Ajaccio, in Corsica. And if it should not be permitted me to rest where I was born, let me be buried near the limpid stream of this pure water."

May 2nd. The Emperor was in a raging fever during the night, and quite delirious. His wandering spirit retraced the scenes of the past, visited again his beloved France, hovered affectionately over his idolized son, and held familiar converse with the companions of his toil and his glory. Again the lurid storms of war beat upon his disturbed fancy, as his unrelenting assailants combined anew for his destruction. Wildly he shouted—

"Steingel, Desaix, Massena! Ah! victory is declaring. Run! hasten! press the charge! They are ours!"

Suddenly collecting his

ness he sprang from the bed, but his limbs failed him, and he fell prostrate upon the floor.

At nine o'clock in the morning the fever abated, and reason returned to her throne. Calling the doctor to his bedside, he said to him earnestly—

"Recollect what I have directed you to do after my death. Proceed very carefully to the anatomical examination of my stomach. I wish it, that I may save my son from that cruel disease. You will see him, doctor, and you will point out to him what is best to be done, and will save him from the cruel sufferings I now experience. This is the last service I ask of you."

At noon the violence of the disease returned, and Napoleon, looking steadfastly and silently upon the doctor for a few moments, said—

"Doctor, I am very ill; I feel that I am going to die."

He immediately sank away into insensibility. All the inmates of Longwood were unremitting in their attentions to the beloved sufferer. He was to them all, from the highest to the lowest, a father whom they almost adored. The zeal and solicitude they manifested deeply moved the sensibilities of the Emperor. He spoke to them in grateful words, and remembered them all in his will. As he recovered from this insensibility, he spoke faintly to his companions, enjoining it upon them to be particularly careful in attending to the comfort of the humble members of his household after he should be gone.

"And my poor Chinese," said he, "do not let them be forgotten. Let them have a few scores of Napoleons. I must take leave of them also."

It is refreshing to meet such recognitions of the brotherhood of man.

May 3rd. At two o'clock in the afternoon the Emperor revived for a moment, and said to those who were appointed the executors of his will, and who were at his bedside—

"I am going to die, and you to return to Europe. You have shared my exile, you will be faithful to my memory. I have sanctioned all good principles, and have infused them into my laws and acts. I have not omitted a single one. Unfortunately, however, the circumstances in which I was placed were arduous, and I was obliged to act with severity, and to postpone the execution of my plans. Our reverses occurred. I could not unbend the bow, and France has been deprived of the liberal institutions I intended to give her. She judges me with indulgence. She feels grateful for my intentions. She cherishes my name and my victories. Imitate her example. Be faithful to the opinions we have defended, and to the glory we have acquired. Any other course can only lead to shame and confusion."

He then sent for the Abbé Vignali. A moveable altar was placed at the Emperor's bedside. All retired except the abbé. Napoleon then, in silence and in solitude, upon his dying bed, received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. After the solemn ordinance, Count

returned to the room. The tranquil tone of the Emperor's voice, and the placid expression of his countenance, indicated the serenity of his spirit. He conversed for a few moments on religious subjects, and peacefully fell asleep.

"Open the window, Marchand," said the Emperor, as he awoke in the morning, to his valet; "open it wide, that I may breathe the air, the good air which the good God has made." *

May 5th. The night of the 4th of May, dark, cheerless, and tempestuous, enveloped St. Helena in even unwonted gloom. The rain fell in torrents. A tornado of frightful violence swept the bleak rocks. Every tree which Napoleon had cherished was torn up by the roots and laid prostrate in the mud. The dying Emperor, unconscious of everything which was passing around him, tossed restlessly upon his pillow. And now occurred the most affecting scene which had yet been witnessed in this chamber of suffering. The children of the family were introduced, to look, for the last time, upon their friend, now insensible, and breathing heavily in death. They had not seen him for more than a month. Shocked at the change which had taken place in that countenance, which had ever been accustomed to contemplate them with so much benignity and affection, they for a moment gazed upon the pallid and emaciated features with hesitation and terror. Then, with flooded eyes and loud sobbings, they rushed to the bedside, seized the hands of the Emperor, and covered them with kisses and with tears. All present were overpowered with emotion, and the deep respiration of the dying was drowned in the irrepressible lamentations of the mourners. Young Napoleon Bertrand was so overcome by the heartrending spectacle that he fainted, and fell lifeless upon the floor. In the midst of this tragic scene, one of the servants, who had been sick for forty-eight days, rose from his bed, and, emaciated, pallid, delirious, and with disordered dress, entered the room. In fevered dreams he imagined that the Emperor was in trouble, and had called to him for help. The delirious and dying servant stood tottering by the side of his dying master, wildly exclaiming, "I will die for him."

The hours of the night passed slowly away, while the expiring monarch, insensible and motionless upon his pillow, breathed heavily, and occasionally disturbed the solemn silence of the scene by inarticulate murmurs.

"Twice I thought," says Count Montololon, "that I distinguished the unconnected words, 'France—Army—Head of the Army—Josephine.'"

This was at six o'clock in the morning. During the rest of the day, until six o'clock in the evening, he was lying upon his back, with his right hand out of the bed, and his eyes fixed, seemingly absorbed in deep meditation, and without any appearance of suffering. A pleasant and peaceful expression was spread over his face. Just as the sun was sinking behind the clouds of that sombre and tempestuous

day, the spirit of Napoleon passed the earthly veil, and entered the vast unknown.

"Isle of Elba—Napoleon," were the last utterances of the loving and forgiving Josephine. "France—the Army—Josephine," were the last images which lingered in the heart, and the last words which trembled upon the lips of the dying Emperor.

Napoleon had earnestly expressed the wish that his remains might repose on the banks of the *Seine*, in the midst of the French people whom he had loved so well; but if that privilege were denied to him, he prayed that his body might be taken to his native island, and deposited in the tomb of his fathers at Ajaccio; but if the English government declined also granting that request, he entreated his friends to bury him in a secluded spot which he had selected at St. Helena, beneath a weeping willow which overshadowed the limpid spring from which he had received so many draughts of cold water. With his glowing affections, he loved this spring as if it had been a personal friend.

Application was immediately made to Sir Hudson Lowe for permission to remove the remains to Europe. He, in reply, informed the friends of Napoleon that the orders of his government were imperative that the body was to remain at St. Helena. He, however, stated that it was a matter of indifference to him in what part of the island *General Bonaparte* was buried. They entreated, almost with tears, permission to take the revered remains home to his relatives and friends. But Sir Hudson, obedient to the requisitions of his government, was necessarily inexorable. The aristocrats of Europe feared Napoleon even in his grave. The governor would not consent, notwithstanding the most affecting supplications and entreaties on the part of Madame Bertrand, to allow even the stomach and the heart to be removed.

After a very careful *post-mortem* examination, the body was prepared for burial. The *valet-de-chambre* dressed the Emperor as he was usually dressed in life, with white waistcoat and breeches, black cravat, long boots, and cocked hat. He was thus placed upon the bed in his small bedroom, which was dressed in black. The cloak which Napoleon had worn at Marengo was spread over his feet. A silver crucifix was placed upon his chest. Behind his head was an altar, where the Abbé Vignali stood, reciting the prayers of the Church.

Napoleon had won the affections of all the inhabitants of the bleak rock. Rapidly the tidings of his death spread to every individual. An immense crowd was soon assembled at Longwood. During the afternoon of the 6th and the whole of the 7th, an unending procession passed slowly and solemnly through the room, gazing in silent and religious awe upon the lifeless remains. Even Sir Hudson Lowe said, in this sad hour—

"He was England's greatest enemy, and mine too; but I forgive him."

The morning of the 8th of May dawned with unusual brilliance upon the blackened cliff of

St. Helena. A perfect calm had succeeded the storm, and not a cloud floated in the resplendent skies. An invigorating sea-breeze passed gently over the island, and all the inhabitants were assembled at Longwood, to pay their last token of respect to the remains of the captive who had rendered their island immortal. At half-past twelve o'clock at noon the grenadiers placed the heavy triple coffin, of tin, lead, and mahogany, upon the hearse. It was drawn by four horses. Twelve grenadiers walked by the side of the coffin to take it upon their shoulders where the bad state of the road prevented the horses from advancing. The Emperor's household, dressed in deepest mourning, followed, immediately behind the hearse. Their hearts were stricken with grief, deep and unaffected. The admiral and the governor, with the officers of the staff, respectfully joined the procession on horseback. All the inhabitants of St. Helena, men, women, and children, in a long, winding train, reverently followed. The English garrison, which had been stationed upon the island to guard the Emperor, two thousand five hundred strong, lined the whole of the left side of the road nearly to the grave. Bands of music, stationed at intervals, breathed their requiems upon the still air. The soldiers, as the procession passed, fell into the line and followed to the grave.

At length the hearse stopped. The grenadiers took the coffin on their shoulders, and carried it along a narrow path which had been constructed on the side of the mountain to the lonely place of burial. The coffin was placed on the verge of the grave. The Abbé Vignali recited the burial-service, while all were overpowered by the unwonted solemnity and sublimity of the scene. During the funeral march, the admiral's ship in the harbour had fired minute-guns, and, as the coffin descended to its chamber of massive masonry, deep in the earth, three successive volleys, from a battery of fifteen guns, discharged over the grave, reverberated along the cliffs and crags of St. Helena. The willows which overhung the tomb were immediately stripped of their foliage, as each one wished to carry away some souvenir of the most extraordinary man the world has ever known.

The officers of the household of the Emperor, upon the day of his death, had ordered a stone to be prepared, to rest upon his grave, with this simple inscription:—

"N A P O L E O N,

Born at Ajaccio
the 15th of August, 1769,
Died at St. Helena
the 5th of May, 1821."

The graver had already cut this inscription, when Sir Hudson Lowe informed the friends of the Emperor that the orders of the British government were imperative that no inscription could be allowed on the tomb but simply the words *General Bonaparte*. It was a cruel insult thus to pursue their victim even into the grave. Remonstrances were unavailing. The f

gentlemen at last obtained the poor boon of having a stone to cover the grave without any inscription whatever.

On the 27th of May the devoted household of Napoleon sadly embarked for Europe. The day before their departure, they went in a body to the tomb of the Emperor, and covered it with flowers, and did homage to the memory of their revered friend with tears which could not be repressed. They then embarked in an English ship, and waved a last adieu to that dreary rock where they had endured five and a half years of exile and of woe, but where they had also won the homage of the world by their devotion to greatness and goodness in adversity. One of their number, however, Sergeant Hubert, in the enthusiasm of his deathless devotion, refused to abandon even the grave of the Emperor. For nineteen years he continued at St. Helena, daily guarding the solitary tomb; and when, at the united voice of France, that tomb gave up its sacred relics, and they were removed to repose on the banks of the Seine, beneath the dome of the Invalides, among the people he had loved so well, this faithful servant followed them to their final resting-place.

CHAPTER LXXV.

FRANCE DEMANDS THE REMAINS OF THE EMPEROR.

Rejection of the Bourbons.—Petitions from the people.—The Emperor's statue.—France applies to the British government.—The response.—Frigates despatched for the remains.—The exhumation.—The return voyage.—Triumphal ascent of the Seine.—The reception in Paris.—Entombed at the Invalides.

THE history of most men terminates with the grave. It is not so with Napoleon. His wild and wondrous story is continued beyond the dying hour and the silence of the tomb. Nine years passed away since the burial of the Emperor, during which the long agony of St. Helena increasingly engrossed the attention of the world. Every memorial of his cruel sufferings was eagerly sought for, and a chord of sympathy was struck which vibrated in all human hearts.

In the notable three days of July, 1830, the French nation rose as one man, and for the third time expelled the Bourbons from the throne of France. In accordance with the prediction of Napoleon, the crown was placed upon the brow of Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans. Two months had hardly elapsed after this event ere, early in October, a petition was presented to the Chamber of Deputies, requesting that the remains of Napoleon might be claimed of the British government and restored to France. The enthusiasm which his name ever inspired, but which had been repressed under the feudal monarchy of the Bourbons, now found free utterance.

said M. de Montigny upon this

occasion, "re-established order and tranquillity in our country. He led our armies to victory. His sublime genius put an end to anarchy. His military glory made the French name respected throughout the whole world, and his name will ever be pronounced with emotion and veneration."

This petition was followed by many others, and a flame was enkindled in the hearts of the people which could not be repressed. It may be supposed that the government of Louis Philippe regarded with some apprehension this enthusiasm in behalf of the memory of Napoleon; but resistance was vain. There was no alternative but to attempt to take the lead in the universal movement.

On the 8th of July, 1831, by a national ordinance it was decreed that the statue of the Emperor Napoleon should be replaced upon the column in the Place Vendôme. The now humbled Allies, who had, with sacrilegious hands, torn down that statue from its appropriate summit, no longer ventured to resist its triumphant ascension.

On the 29th of July, 1832, the son of Napoleon, born King of Rome, but named by his grandfather the Duke of Reichstadt, died, at the age of twenty-one years, a dejected prisoner in the palace of his maternal relatives. Thus the direct line of the Emperor Napoleon became extinct.

The statue of the Emperor, in accordance with the national decree, was elevated upon its glorious pedestal on the 1st of June, 1833, with great pomp, and amid the universal acclamations of France. Upon that majestic column were inscribed the words—

"Monument reared to the glory of the Grand Army, by Napoleon the Great. Commenced the 15th of August, 1806. Finished the 15th of August, 1810.

"28th of July, 1833, Anniversary of the Revolution of July, and the year Three of the reign of Louis Philippe I., the statue of Napoleon has been replaced upon the column of the Grand Army."

By similar ceremonies on the 1st August, 1834, a statue of Napoleon was placed in the court-yard of the Royal Hotel of Invalides. On the 14th of September of the same year, the Court of Cassation, the highest court of appeal in France, rendered homage to the most profound legislator the world has ever known by suspending, in the Council Chamber, a magnificent portrait of Napoleon, representing the Emperor pointing to the immortal Napoleonic Code. These acts of grateful recognition were but the prelude to a scene of national homage which arrested the gaze of the world, and which, in all the elements of sublimity and of triumph, must for ever remain without a parallel.

It will be remembered that the Emperor had written in his will, with his own hand, "It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people

whom I have loved so well." The French nation, liberated from the bayonets of the Allies, now, with united voice swelling from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, demanded of the English government the remains of their beloved Emperor.

On the 5th of May, 1840, the anniversary of Napoleon's death, the application was made to the government of Great Britain, by M. Guizot, in the following official note. M. Thiers was at that time at the head of the French ministry.

"The undersigned, ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of his Majesty the King of the French, has the honour, conformably to instructions received from his government, to inform his excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs to her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, that the King ardently desires that the mortal remains of Napoleon may be deposited in a tomb in France, in the country which he defended and rendered illustrious, and which proudly preserves the ashes of thousands of his companions in arms, officers and soldiers devoted with him to the service of their country. The undersigned is convinced that her Britannic Majesty's government will only see in this desire of the King of the French a just and pious feeling, and will give the orders necessary to the removal of any obstacle to the transfer of Napoleon's remains from St. Helena to France."

Times were now changed, and this demand could not be denied. The response was speedy and cordial. On the 9th of May, Lord Palmerston transmitted the following reply, in which it will be observed with pleasure that the English government no longer stigmatized the renowned Emperor of France as a usurping general, but promptly recognized his imperial title:—

"The government of her Britannic Majesty hopes that the promptness of its answer may be considered in France as a proof of its desire to blot out the last trace of those national animosities which, during the life of the Emperor, armed England and France against each other. Her Majesty's government hopes that if such sentiments survive anywhere, they may be buried in the tomb about to receive the remains of Napoleon."

This was all the amendments which the English government could make for its unpardonable crime against the independence of nations. Justice exults in seeing the charge of usurpation thus retracted, in the recognition of the imperial title of the monarch of popular suffrage. Napoleon, in his tomb, had gained the victory.

On the 12th of May the French ministry made the following communication to the Chamber of Deputies:—

"Gentlemen,—The King has ordered his Royal Highness the Prince of Joinville to proceed, with his frigate, to the island of St. Helena, to receive the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon. We come to ask of you the means to receive them worthily upon the soil of France and to erect for Napoleon his last

tomb. The government, anxious to accomplish a great national duty, has addressed itself to England. It has demanded of her the precious deposit which Fortune had surrendered into her hands. The frigate charged with the mortal remains of Napoleon will present itself, on its return, at the mouth of the Seine. Another vessel will convey them to Paris. They will be deposited in the Invalides. A solemn ceremony, a grand religious and military pomp, will inaugurate the tomb which is to receive them for ever. It is important, gentlemen, to the majesty of such a commemoration, that this august sepulture should not be in a public place, in the midst of a noisy and inattentive crowd. It is proper that it should be in a silent and sacred spot, which can be visited with awe by those who respect glory and genius, grandeur and misfortune. He was Emperor and King. He was the legitimate sovereign of our country. With such a title, he could be interred at St. Denis. But Napoleon must not have the ordinary sepulture of kings. He must still reign and command in the building in which the soldiers of the country repose, and to which all who may be called upon to defend it will go to draw their inspirations. His sword will be placed upon his tomb. Under the dome, in the midst of the temple consecrated by religion to the God of armies, art will raise a tomb, worthy, if possible, of the name which is to be engraven upon it. This monument must be of simple beauty, but of noble form, and have that aspect of solidity and firmness which appears to defy the action of time. The monument of Napoleon must be as imperishable as his fame. Henceforward France, and France alone, will possess all that remains of Napoleon. His tomb, like his renown, will belong only to his country."

This announcement, so nobly expressed, was received by the Chamber of Deputies and by the whole of France with a tumultuous burst of applause. The Prince de Joinville, with two armed ships, was immediately sent to St. Helena. General Gourgaud, General Bertrand, and Count Las Casas, the companions of the Emperor's imprisonment, accompanied the expedition. A coffin of solid ebony, elaborately carved in the shape of the ancient sarcophagi, was constructed, large enough to inclose the coffins in which the Emperor was interred, so that his ashes might not be disturbed. One single word, NAPOLEON, in letters of gold, was placed upon the face of this massive and polished sarcophagus. A very magnificent funeral pall of velvet, sprinkled with gold bees, and bordered with a broad band of ermine, was also provided. At each corner was an eagle, embroidered in gold, and surmounted with the imperial crown.

On the 8th of October the two ships cast anchor in the harbour of St. Helena, and were received with friendly salutes from the forts, and also from the English ships of war which were in the roadstead awaiting the arrival of the French vessels. The 15th of October was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival of the august

at this dreary rock. This day was appointed for the exhumation of his remains. Precisely at midnight, the British royal engineers, under the direction of the governor-general of St. Helena, and in presence of the French and English commissioners, commenced their work.

After nine hours of uninterrupted labour, the earth was dug from the vault, the solid masonry removed, and the heavy slab which covered the internal sarcophagus was lifted by means of a crane. Prayers were then offered, and, with uncovered heads, the coffin was carefully raised and conveyed to a tent which had been prepared for its reception. With religious awe, the three coffins of mahogany, lead, and tin were opened, and, upon carefully lifting a white satin veil, the body of the Emperor was exposed to view. The remains had been so effectually protected from dampness and the air, that, to the surprise of all, the features of the Emperor were so little changed, that he was instantly recognized by those who had known him when alive. His military dress exhibited but slight decay, and he reposed, in marble beauty, as if he were asleep. The emotion experienced by all was deep and unutterable. Many burst into tears. The hallowed remains were exposed to the external air less than two minutes, when the coffins were again closed and soldered with the utmost care, and were then placed in the massive ebony sarcophagus which was brought from Paris, and which was also protected by a strong box of oak.

In the meantime, clouds darkened the sky, the rain fell in torrents, dense sheets of mist enveloped the crags in almost midnight gloom, and a dismal tempest wailed its dirges over the gloomy rock. Minute-guns from the forts and from the ships in the harbour blended their thunders with the sublime requiem of the ocean and of the sky. Still, nearly all the inhabitants of St. Helena, regardless of the deluging storm, were at the grave and followed in the procession from the tomb to the ships. The funeral car was drawn by four horses, each led by a groom, while eight officers walked by the side of the hearse. All the military, naval, and civil authorities of the island accompanied the remains, with crape on the left arm; and, by the express invitation of the governor, the successor of Sir Hudson Lowe, all the gentlemen of the island were invited to attend in mourning. The whole military force of St. Helena, consisting of the regular soldiers and the militia, were also called out to honour these marvellous obsequies, in which repentant England surrendered Napoleon to France. As the vast procession wound slowly around among the rocks, the most soul-subduing dirges of martial bands blended with the solemn booming of minute-guns and with the roar of the elements. The streets of Jamestown were shrouded in crape, the yards of the shipping peaked, and all their flags at half-mast.

At the quay, where the English lines terminated, the Prince de Joinville had assembled around him the French officers, all in deep mourning. As the car approached, they stood in re-

verential silence, with heads uncovered. The car stopped within a few paces of the mourning group. The governor-general of St. Helena then advanced, and, in the name of the British government, surrendered to France the remains of the Emperor. The coffin was then received beneath the folds of the French flag, exciting emotions in the bosoms of all present such as cannot be described. From that moment the same honours which the Emperor had received while living were paid to his mortal remains. Banners were unfurled and salutes were fired as the coffin was conveyed in a cutter, accompanied by a retinue of boats, to the ship. It was received on board between two ranks of officers under arms, and was then placed in a consecrated chapel constructed for the purpose, and illuminated with waxen lights. A guard of sixty men, commanded by the oldest lieutenant, rendered to the remains imperial honours. The ladies of St. Helena had offered, as a homage to the memory of the Emperor, a rich banner, embroidered with their own hands. This graceful token from the English ladies was suspended in the chapel. The affecting scenes of the day were closed by the appropriate observance of those religious rites which the serious spirit of the Emperor had so deeply revered.

The vessels sailed from St. Helena on the 18th of October, just twenty-five years and three days from the time when Napoleon was landed upon the island a captive, to pass through the long agony of his death. As they were crossing the equator on the 2nd of November, a French ship of war met them with the alarming intelligence that hostilities had probably already commenced between England and France upon the subject of the Turkish-Egyptian treaty. The danger of capture was, consequently, imminent. The Prince de Joinville immediately resolved that, in case he should meet with a superior force, rather than surrender the remains of the Emperor again to the English, the ship and its inmates should go down to accompany the ashes of Napoleon to a common sepulchre in the abysses of the ocean. Fortunately, however, this cloud of war was dissipated.

On the 2nd of December, the anniversary of the great victory of Austerlitz, the two funeral frigates entered the harbour of Cherbourg. Three ships of war, the "Austerlitz," the "Friedland," and the "Tilsit," immediately encircled, with protecting embrace, the ship which bore the sacred relics. All the forts and batteries, and all the ships of war, fired a salute of twenty-one guns each. The coffin was then transferred to the steam-ship "Normandy," which had been, at great expense and with exquisite taste, prepared for the occasion. On the 9th, the convoy entered the mouth of the Seine. A magnificent chapel had been constructed upon the unobstructed deck of the steamer, in which the coffin was placed, so raised as to be conspicuous to all who might crowd the banks of the stream. A very imposing effect was produced by the number of wax lights and flambeaux which, by day and by night,

threw a flood of light upon the coffin. The imperial mantle, sweeping to the floor, covered the sarcophagus. On a cushion at the head of the coffin rested the imperial crown, veiled with crape. An armed sentry was stationed at each corner of the chapel. At the head of the coffin stood an ecclesiastic in full canonicals. Several general officers were grouped near him. The Prince de Joinville stood alone at the foot of the coffin.

Thus the *cortège* approached the city of Havre. Watchful eyes had discerned its coming when it appeared but as a dark speck in the dim blue of the horizon. The whole city was in commotion. Minute-guns were fired; funeral bells were tolled; and the still air was filled with dirges from well-trained martial bands. All business was suspended. Every sound was hushed but the appropriate voices of grief. The crowd, oppressed with a religious awe, preserved the most profound silence as the imperial steam-ship, with her black hull and tapering masts, to which were attached the banners of France gently fluttering in the breeze, glided majestically to her appointed station.

At this place arrangements had been made to convey the remains, by a small steamer, up the River Seine, one hundred miles, to Paris. The taste and the wealth of France were lavished in the attempt to invest the occasion with all possible solemnity and grandeur. The steamer "Parisian" led the way, filled with the high dignitaries of the kingdom. Then followed a second steamer, with the crew of the frigate which had borne the remains from St. Helena. After this came the imperial barge, bearing the sacred ashes of the dead. It was richly, but with great simplicity, draped in mourning. The sarcophagus was so elevated in the chapel that every eye could behold it. Ten other steamers composed this unparalleled funeral train.

On the morning of the 10th of December, just as the rising sun was gilding the cloudless skies, the imposing flotilla of thirteen funeral barges, saluted by tolling bells, and solemnly-booming guns, and soul-stirring requiems, left its moorings, and majestically commenced the ascent of the river. The back country, for thirty miles on either side, had been almost depopulated, as men, women, and children crowded to the banks of the stream, in homage to the remains of the great man who was worthily enthroned in all their hearts. The prefect of the Lower Seine had issued the following proclamation to the inhabitants:—

"Fellow-citizens! The department of Lower Seine will be first traversed by the funeral *cortège*, proceeding, under the direction of his Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville, towards the capital of the kingdom, where memorable solemnities are to be enacted in the presence of the great bodies of the state, and illustrated by all the prodigies of art. There is no event in history which presents itself with such a character of grandeur as that which accompanies

the removal of the remains of the Emperor Napoleon. When the vessel containing those venerated ashes shall advance slowly along the river, you will receive it with that religious feeling and those deep emotions which are ever produced by the recollection of the misfortunes of the country, its triumph, and its glory. You will render the last honours to that great man with the calmness and dignity becoming a population which has so often experienced the benefit of his protecting power and of his special solicitude."

As the *cortège* passed along, an innumerable multitude gazed in silence, but with tearful eyes, upon the sublime spectacle. Every battery uttered its saluta. From the turret of every village church the knell was tolled; and there was not a peasant's hut passed on the route which did not exhibit some testimonial of respect and love. The city of Rouen, containing one hundred thousand inhabitants, is situated half-way between Havre and Paris. The sagacious policy of the Emperor had contributed much to its prosperity, and had rendered it one of the chief commercial and manufacturing cities in the kingdom. "Paris, Rouen, and Havre," said he, on one occasion, "shall form one great city, of which the Seine shall be the main street."

Such were the noble objects of Napoleon's ambition. But the Allies thwarted his generous plans by their assailing armies, and hunted him down as if he had been a beast of prey. The mayor of Rouen, in preparation for the reception of the remains of the Emperor, thus addressed the inhabitants of the city:—

"Beloved Fellow-citizens! After twenty-five years of exile in a foreign land, Napoleon is at last restored to us. A French Prince, the worthy son of our Citizen King, brings back to France what remains of the great Emperor. In a few days these glorious ashes will rest in peace under the national safeguard of his glory and the remains of his invincible phalanxes. A few moments only are allowed to salute the coffin of the hero who caused the French name to be respected throughout the world. Let us employ them in solemnly manifesting the sympathies which are in the hearts of a population over whom the Emperor once extended his powerful and protecting hand. Let us unite, with a religious feeling, in the triumphal funeral reserved to him by the city where his glory and genius are stamped with immortal grandeur."

From the adjoining country more than one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants had flocked to Rouen. Both banks of the river were richly decorated, and long galleries had been constructed, draped in costly silks, for the accommodation of the countless throng. Many lofty pyramids were erected, covered with rich purple satin, and spangled with golden tears. Upon the base of these pyramids were inscribed the names of the principal battles of the Empire. A triumphal arch, of majestic proportions,

spanned the whole stream, covered also with silk, and brilliantly decorated with bees of gold. Twenty thousand yards of silk were used in this structure, and thirty-six thousand bees. Two ships of honour, imposingly decorated, and covered with the flags of all nations, were so stationed that the funeral procession of steamers might pass between them. The bridges of Rouen were embellished with the highest decorations of art, and from every steeple and turret, and from almost every window of the city, tricoloured banners were floating in the breeze.

Before mid-day, all the inhabitants of the city and its environs were assembled, cuirassiers, judges and advocates, ecclesiastics, the National Guard with drooping banners draped in mourning, students, members of the Legion of Honour, retired officers, the veteran and wounded soldiers of the old armies of the Empire, fifteen hundred in number, all at their appointed stations. As these veterans, torn and battered by the storms of war, traversed the streets in long military array, many of them in extreme old age, and all of them bearing in their hands crowns of *immortelles* and laurel, marching with reversed arms and to the mournful music of the muffled drum, their eyes moistened with tears and their faces flushed with inexpressible emotion, they were greeted with that fervour of enthusiasm which bursts from the soul when moved to its profoundest depths. They were the representatives of Napoleon; they were his children. There was probably not one among them all who would not have gladly laid down his life for his beloved chieftain.

Just at noon of a serene and brilliant day, the funeral procession of steamers made its appearance, moving noiselessly and majestically along the mirrored surface of the river. A sublime peal of artillery from ships, batteries, and the cannon of the National Guard, louder than Heaven's heaviest thunders, announced that the Emperor was approaching. The scene of emotion which ensued no language can exaggerate. The Emperor, though in death, was restored, triumphant in love and homage, to his empire. The honour of France was retrieved, for her most renowned and adored monarch no longer slept, a captive, beneath the soil of his enemies.

The speed of all the boats was slackened, that the spectators might have a better opportunity to witness the imposing pageant. On reaching the suspension bridge, over which, like the bow of promise, rose the triumphal arch, the imperial barge paused for awhile, and the military veterans, defiling along, cast their crowns of flowers at the foot of the coffin, while, with wailing voices, they tremulously shouted "Vive l'Empereur!" The shout which had so often thrilled in the heart of the Emperor fell upon the cold and leaden ear of death. Did Napoleon, from the spirit-land, witness this scene, and rejoice in the triumph of his fame? The veil is impenetrable.

The imperial barge then passed under the

h, and took her station in the centre of a circle, surrounded by the remainder of the steamers. The bells of the churches tolled the funeral knell, minute-guns were fired, the archbishop read the burial service, while dirges from many martial bands were breathed plaintively through the air. Immediately after this act of homage to the dead, a salute announced that the ceremony would henceforth assume a triumphal character. The Emperor had returned to his grateful people, and was to be received as if still living. The bells rang out their merriest peals. All the bands played national airs. The troops presented arms. The artillerymen of the National Guard fired a salute of one hundred and one rounds; and, though all eyes were dimmed with tears, and all voices were tremulous with emotion, the clangour of bells, the thunder of artillery, and the peal of trumpets were drowned in the delirious and exultant shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" It was the shout of an enfranchised people, in thunder-peal announcing to astonished despotisms the final triumph of popular suffrage in the re-enthronement of the monarch of the people's choice.

The same evening, the procession moved on towards the excited, throbbing, expectant metropolis. The banks of the Seine, from Havre to Paris, are thickly planted with cities and villages. As the flotilla passed along, it was continually received with every possible demonstration of attachment to Napoleon, and of national rejoicing at the recovery of his remains. The shores were lined by thousands of spectators, and the inhabitants of every district did everything in their power to invest the scene with the most impressive splendour. Thousands came from Paris to witness a spectacle so singular and sublime.

At Asnières lay the massive and gorgeous ship which had been built expressly to convey the remains of the Emperor up the Seine. A receptacle for the coffin had been constructed upon the deck, in the form of an Egyptian temple, open at both sides, with a flat roof, supported at the corners by four gigantic statues. The entrance to this temple was by a flight of steps. An immense gilded cage formed the figure-head of the vessel. Tripods, blazing with many-coloured flames, were placed around the tomb. This magnificent and costly piece of craftsmanship was, however, found to be too heavy to be towed up the Seine in season for the ceremony appointed on the 15th. But at this place the vessel joined the convoy, adding greatly to its effect.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th, the flotilla arrived at Courbevoie, a small village about four miles from Paris. Here the remains were to be transferred from the steamer to the shore. Thousands from Paris thronged the village and its environs to witness the imposing pageant. A colossal statue of the beloved Josephine arrested universal attention, as she stood there to greet her returning husband. Maria Louisa, the daughter of the Corsairs, was then

aving ingloriously at Parma. No one thought of her. At the head of the quay an immense column was raised, one hundred and fifty feet high, surmounted by a globe six feet in diameter, and crowned by a lordly eagle glittering in gold. Upon the base of the column were inscribed the words—

"It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well."

A Grecian temple, one hundred feet high, was constructed at the termination of the wharf, under which the body was to lie in state until transferred to the funeral car. Richly-decorated tripods, twenty feet high, emitted volumes of flame, producing a very impressive effect. Here Sergeant Hubert, who for nineteen years had kept watch at the solitary grave of Napoleon at St. Helena, landed. All the generals immediately gathered around him with cordial embraces, and he was received by the people with deep emotion.

During the night, all the vessels of the flotilla were brilliantly illuminated. The next morning the sun rose resplendently glowing in the clear, cloudless, serene sky. Thousands exclaimed, "It is the Sun of Austerlitz!" For a week, multitudes, not only from the distant cities of France, but from all parts of Europe, had been arriving to witness this unrivalled spectacle of sublimity. For nearly four miles from the esplanade of the Invalides, along the Quay d'Orsay, the Pont de Concorde, the Champs Elysées, the Avenue de Neuilly, the Pont de Neuilly to the village of Courbevoie, the road was lined by thousands of spectators, and crowded with an indescribable opulence of embellishments. The excitement of the war-worn veterans of the Invalides amounted almost to delirium. The whole National Guard of Paris was drawn out to escort the remains. The Polish emigrants, many of them men of high distinction, sent a deputation, earnestly requesting permission to assist in the funeral ceremonies of the only monarch who had ever expressed any sympathy in their cause. Louis Philippe, the King of the French, with all the members of the Royal Family, and the members of the Chamber of Deputies and the Chamber of Peers, were assembled beneath the gorgeous dome of the Invalides, to render homage to the returning Emperor. The embellishments in Paris, along the path of the procession, surpassed everything which had ever been attempted before. The Arc de la Triomphe was decorated with most imposing grandeur. A colossal image of the Emperor stood upon its towering summit, looking serenely down upon his own marvellous triumph, and surrounded by those flags and eagles which his victories had rendered immortal.

The view down the spacious avenue of the Champs Elysées was imposing in the extreme. Each side was lined with lofty columns, surmounted by gilt eagles, and decorated with tricoloured flags. Colossal statues, triumphal

arches, immense vases blazing with variegated flames, and the assemblage of a countless multitude of spectators, presented a spectacle never to be forgotten.

The imperial car was composed of five distinct parts, the basement, the pedestal, the caryatides, the shield, and the cenotaph. The basement rested on four massive gilt wheels. This basement, which was twenty-five feet long and six feet high, and all the rich ornaments with which it was profusely embellished, were covered with frosted gold. Upon this basement stood groups of cherubs, seven feet high, supporting a pedestal eighteen feet long, covered with burnished gold. This pedestal, elevated thirteen feet from the ground, was constructed with heavy cornice, richly ornamented. It was hung in purple velvet, falling in graceful drapery to the ground, embroidered with gold and spotted with bees. Upon this elevated pedestal stood fourteen caryatides, antique figures larger than life, and entirely covered with gold, supporting with their heads and hands an immense shield of solid gold. This shield was of oval form, and eighteen feet in length, and was richly decorated with all appropriate ornaments. Upon the top of this shield, nearly fifty feet from the ground, was placed the cenotaph, an exact copy of Napoleon's coffin. It was slightly veiled with purple crape, embroidered with golden bees. On the cenotaph, upon a velvet cushion, were placed the sceptre, the sword of justice, the imperial crown, in gold, and embellished with precious stones. Such is a general description of this funeral car, the most sumptuous that was probably ever constructed.

This imperial chariot of velvet and gold, impressing every beholder with its gorgeous and sombre magnificence, was drawn by sixteen black horses yoked four abreast. These steeds were so entirely caparisoned in cloth of gold that their feet only could be seen. Waving plumes of white feathers adorned their heads and manes. Sixteen grooms, wearing the imperial livery, led the horses.

At half-past nine o'clock in the morning, after prayers had been read over the body, twenty-four seamen raised the coffin on their shoulders, and, following the procession of the clergy, conveyed it to the Grecian temple. There it was deposited for a short time, while the clergy again chanted prayers. The seamen then again took up their precious load, and conveyed it to the triumphal car. It was placed in the interior of the vehicle, its apparent place being occupied by the cenotaph upon the summit of the shield. As the car commenced its solemn movement, the sun and moon were both shining in the serene and cloudless sky, gilding with extraordinary splendour this unparalleled scene. No language can describe the enthusiasm inspired, as the car passed slowly along, surrounded by the five hundred sailors who had accompanied the remains from St. Helena, and preceded and followed by the most imposing military array which the Kingdom of France could furnish. More than a

million of people were assembled along the line of march to welcome back the Emperor. All the bells in Paris were tolling. Music from innumerable bands filled the air, blending with the solemn peal of minute-guns and of salutes of honour from many batteries. The multitude shouted, and sang, and wept. In a roar as of thunder, the Marseillaise Hymn resounded from ten thousand voices, and was echoed and re-echoed along the interminable lines.

The Church of the Invalides, in the splendour of its adornings, resembled a fairy palace. The walls were elegantly hung with rich drapery of violet velvet, studded with stars of gold, and bordered with a massive gold fringe. The eight columns which support the dome were entirely covered with velvet, studded with golden bees. It would require a volume to describe the splendours of this room. Beneath its lofty dome, where the massive tomb of Napoleon was ulteriorly to be erected, a tomb which would cost millions of money, and which would require the labour of years, a magnificent cenotaph, in the form of a temple, superbly gilded, was reared.

This temple was pronounced by all judges to be one of the happiest efforts of decorative art. Here the remains of the Emperor were for a time to repose. Thirty-six thousand spectators were seated upon immense platforms on the esplanade of the Invalides. Six thousand spectators thronged the seats of the spacious portico. In the interior of the church were assembled the clergy, the members of the two chambers of Deputies and of Peers, and all the members of the royal family, and others of the most distinguished personages of France and of Europe.

As the coffin, preceded by the Prince de Joinville, was borne along the nave upon the shoulders of thirty-two of Napoleon's Old Guard, all rose and bowed in homage to the mighty dead. Louis Philippe, surrounded by the great officers of state, then stepped forward to receive the remains.

"Sire," said the Prince, "I present to you the body of the Emperor Napoleon."

"I receive it," replied the King, "in the name of France." Then, taking from the hand of Marshal Soult the sword of Napoleon, and presenting it to General Bertrand, he said, "General,

I charge you to place this glorious sword of the Emperor upon his coffin."

The King then returned to his throne, the coffin was placed in the catafalque, and the last wish of Napoleon was gratified. The funeral mass was then celebrated. The King of France sat upon one side of the altar, accompanied by the Queen, and all the Princes and Princesses of the Royal Family. The ministers and the marshals of the kingdom, the Archbishop of Paris, with his assistant bishops and clergy, and all the prominent civil and military authorities of France, gathered reverentially around the mausoleum in this last sublime act of a nation's love and gratitude. As the solemn strains of Mozart's Requiem, performed by three hundred musicians, floated through the air, all hearts were intensely moved. Thus ended a ceremony which, in all the elements of moral sublimity, has no parallel.

In beautiful tribute to the warm affections of the Emperor, France, in 1847, placed by his side the ashes of two of his most devoted friends, General Bertrand and General Duroc, each of whom had been grand marshal of the imperial palace, as if to cheer, by their love and companionship, the solitude of the tomb.

France has also established, in grateful commemoration of the virtues of her illustrious Emperor, an annual religious celebration of the return of his ashes, to be observed through all coming time, on the 15th of December, at his tomb beneath the dome of the Invalides.

With such honours has France received back her Emperor, who had been torn from her by combined despotisms. Napoleon, in death, has become the victor over all his foes. Every generous heart now does homage to his lofty character. His last wishes are accomplished, and his ashes repose in the bosom of his beloved France, amid the imperishable monuments of his wisdom, his goodness, and his glory. France has reared for him a mausoleum which is a nation's pride, and he is enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen as monarch was never enthroned before. Through all coming ages, travellers from all lands will, with reverential awe, visit the tomb of Napoleon. His noble fame is every day extending. The voices of obloquy are becoming more faint and few, and soon will be hushed for ever.

